



THE
Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,
AND
INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING
ORIGINAL PAPERS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS;
TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; SKETCHES AND TALES; ANECDOTES,

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM
NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS,

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES,
ETC.

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

IT being customary to render an account of our Stewardship, we beg to address a few lines to the Reader, on the completion of this, our Thirty-sixth Volume of **THE MIRROR**.

With instruction to mingle delight ; to elicit and encourage diffident and retiring merit ; to promote and extend the exertions of genius and of science ; to cherish and confirm the moral relations of life, and to uphold native talent and dignity of character, has been our unceasing aim, most particularly during the past half-year.

With the intent of enriching our Embellishments, we have availed ourselves of the assistance of British Artists, who have, in the most distant latitudes, made original drawings on the spot, of the place or person represented. Among these, we would enumerate :—Singapore ; James Town, St. Helena ; and the Grave of Napoleon ; the Emperor and late Empress of China, from Paintings at Peking ; and St. Jean d'Acre ; all of them at this moment connected with momentous affairs, and of paramount interest in the Foreign political world.

To Buildings at home we have not been less attentive, either to such as are of new erection, or the remains of old ones which would otherwise have been blotted out from remembrance. Of such kind are the following :—The Reform Club House, Pall Mall ; Views of the Exterior of St. Bartholomew's Church, with the Exhumation of Bishop

Coverdale's Remains; the Free School, Cheshunt; the ancient Wesleyan Meeting House, Lambeth, with Bunyan's Pulpit; the Old Bath House, Clerkenwell; St. George's National School, Camberwell; the Westminster Literary and Mechanic's Institution; the Frontages of the Old and New Adelphi Theatre, &c.

It would be a sad dereliction of duty, did we not acknowledge, which we do with pride, the very great increase of talented Correspondents; to whom we tender our warmest thanks for so marked a preference.

With the wishes of a HAPPY NEW YEAR, we now offer this Volume to our readers as—an AMULET, to charm away for awhile care and sorrow from their brow—a PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP, that may be safely presented by them to an admired female, or a promising youth—a WINTER'S WREATH for the Christmas Parlour or New Year's Fête—a KEEPSAKE, worthy of acceptance by all who deserve such a mark of esteem.

MEMOIR

OF

COMMODORE SIR CHARLES NAPIER, K.C.B.

" Sans tache."

THE noble family of the Napiers is said to be descended from the ancient Earls of Lennox; so created in the reign of King Malcolm III., 1057, and who took the name of Napier from the following event:—King David II., in his wars with the English, convoking his subjects to battle, the Earl of Lennox sent Donald, his second son, with such forces as his duty obliged him; and, coming to an engagement, where the Scots gave ground, this Donald, snatching his father's standard from the bearer, and valiantly encountering the enemy with the Lennoxmen, the fortune of the battle changed, and they obtained the victory; and thereupon every one advancing and reporting their acts, (as the custom was,) the king declared that they all had done valiantly, but there was one amongst them who had *na pier*, (no equal,) upon which the said Donald took the name of Napier; and had, in reward of his good services, the lands of Gosfield, and other estates in the county of Fife.

Among the numerous members of this illustrious family, we find Sir Alexander Napier, of Merchiston, Knight, who in the reign of King James II. [1450.] was made Comptroller of Scotland; and by James III., [1463.] Vice-Admiral.* His grandson, Sir Alexander Napier, was made Master of the Mint by James VI., [James I., of England.]† To him succeeded John Napier, the celebrated mathematician.‡ This distinguished gentleman was succeeded by his son Sir Archibald, the first Lord, who accompanied James I. to England: and was made by him [1615] one of the Privy Council, Deputy Treasurer, Lord Chief Clerk, and one of the Senators of the College

* He was one of the ambassadors sent to England in 1451; and, in 1468, was sent with the Lord Chancellor to negotiate the marriage between King James III., and the King of Denmark's daughter. He died in 1473.

† He accompanied that monarch to England, was sworn a Privy Councillor, and, in 1615, constituted Lord Chief Clerk.

‡ He was born in 1550, and educated at the University of St. Andrews; after which he travelled abroad, and on his return to Scotland, devoted himself to the cultivation of science and literature. Being much attached to astronomy and spherical geometry, he wished to find out a method of calculating such triangles, sines, tangents, &c., shorter than the usual one. To the exertions arising out of this desire is to be attributed his admirable invention of logarithms, and the actual construction of a large table of numbers in arithmetical progression, in correspondence with another set in geometrical progression; the property of which is, that the addition of the former answers to the multiplication of the latter. The result of these important labours he published in 1614, under the title of "*Logarithmorum Canonis Descriptio*." He also made several improvements in spherical trigonometry, and was regarded by the celebrated Kepler as one of the greatest men of the age. The last publication, which appeared in 1616, was his "*Rabdologia, seu Numerationis per Virgulas*," which work contains an explanation of the use of his celebrated "*Bones or Rods*," with several other ingenious modes of calculation. He died at Merchiston, on April 3, 1617, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was also author of a "*Plain Discovery of the Revelation of St. John*," 1593; and of a letter to Anthony Bacon, entitled, "*Secret Inventions*," the original of which is in the Archbishop's library at Lambeth.

of Justice for Scotland: by Charles I. he was continued in the Treasurer's Office; made one of the extraordinary Lords of Session; on the 2d of March, 1627, created a baronet, and on the 4th of May following, a baron;* Archibald, the second lord, continued during his whole life true to his duty to his king, by most eminent services. He retired with his uncle, the Duke of Montrose, to the continent, where he died in 1660.

The Title has been retained in the same noble family to the present day—the existing baron being the ninth of that name.

The subject of this Memoir [born March 6, 1786,] is the son of the Hon. Charles Napier, R.N., son of Francis, the eighth Baron Napier.

Scotland enjoys the enviable honour of having produced a far greater number of illustrious warriors than any other nation; and among her heroes whose warlike deeds have been recorded in the temple of Fame, few will shine more resplendently than those of the intrepid and lion-hearted CHARLES NAPIER. Of the numerous and heroic services of this brave and truly eccentric commander, we cannot do better than quote his own words contained in an address to the burgesses of Portsmouth, at the election, Dec. 1832:—

“In the course of my canvass (said the gallant officer), I have been asked who I am? I'll tell you. I am Captain Charles Napier, who, twenty-five years ago, commanded the Recruit brig, in the West Indies, and who had the honour of being twenty-four hours under the guns of three French line of-battle ships, flying from a British squadron, the nearest of which, with the exception of the Hawk brig, was from five to six miles astern the greatest part of the time. I kept flying double-shotted broadsides into them. One of these ships, the Hautpolt, only, was captured by the Pompey and Castor, the other two escaped by superior sailing. Sir Alexander Cochrane, my commander-in-chief, promoted me on the spot into her. At the siege of Martinique, the *Æolus*, *Cleopatra*, and *Recruit*, were ordered to beat up in the night, between Pigeon Island and the Main, and anchor close to Fort Edward. The enemy, fearing an attack, burned their shipping. At daylight in the morning, it appeared to me that Fort Edward was abandoned; this, however, was doubted. I offered to ascertain the fact, and with five men, I landed in open day, scaled the walls, and planted the union-jack on the ramparts. Fortunately, I was undiscovered from Fort Bourbon, which stood about one hundred yards off, and commanded it. On this being reported to Sir Alexander Cochrane, a regiment was landed in the night. Fort Edward was taken possession of, and the mortars turned against the enemy. I am in possession of a letter

* On the breaking out of the rebellion, he took a decisive part in favour of his sovereign, and was one of those who signed the Association at Cumbenauld, in 1641; was imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh the same year, and after obtaining his release, accompanied the Marquis of Montrose to the south of Scotland, and died in 1645, at the age of 70.

from Sir A. Cochrane, saying that 'my conduct was the means of saving many lives, and shortening the siege of Martinique.'

"I had once the misfortune of receiving a precious licking from a French corvette; the first shot she fired broke my thigh, and a plumper carried away my mainmast. The enemy escaped, but the British flag was not tarnished.

"On my return to England, in command of the *Jason*, I was unshipped; but, as I could not lead an idle life, I served a campaign with the army in Portugal, as a volunteer, when I was again wounded. At the battle of Busaco, I had the honour of carrying off the field, my gallant friend and relative, Colonel Napier, now near me, who was shot through the face. Busaco was not the only field where he shed his blood; at Corunna he was left for dead; but, thank God, he escaped with six wounds.

"On my return to England, I was appointed to the *Thames*, in the Mediterranean; and, if I could bring the inhabitants of the Neapolitan coast into this room, they would tell you that from Naples to the Fare-point, there was not a spot where I did not leave my mark, and brought off with me upwards of one hundred sail of gun-boats and merchant vessels. I had the honour of running the *Thames* and *Furiense* into the small mole of Ponza, which was strongly defended; and before they could recover from their surprise, I captured the island without the loss of a man. I was then removed to the *Euryalus*, and had the good fortune to fall in with two French frigates and a schooner. I chased them in the night close into Calvi, in the island of Corsica, passing close under the stern of one, plumpering her as I passed; and though we were going eight knots, I tried to run aboard of her consort, who was a little outside, standing athwart my hawse; the night was dark, the land close, and she succeeded in crossing me, but I drove her ashore on the rocks, where she was totally wrecked, and her consort was obliged to anchor close to her. The *Euryalus* wore round, and got off, almost brushing the shore as she passed. These ships were afterwards ascertained to be armed *en flute*, mounting 22 guns each, and the schooner 14. From the Mediterranean, I was ordered to America; and if my gallant friend, Sir James Gordon, was here, he would have told you how I did my duty on that long and arduous service, up to the Potomac. He would have told you, that in a tremendous squall, the *Euryalus* lost her bowsprit and all her topmasts, and that in twelve hours she was again ready for work. We brought away a fleet from Alexandria,—were attacked going down the river by batteries built close to what was the residence of the great Washington, and I was again wounded in that action, in the neck.*

"On the peace taking place, I went on half-pay, where I remained till I was appointed to the *Galatea*, which ship I commanded* for three years on this station; and I hope and trust that I have faithfully done my duty, during that period, to my King and country."

* For these and other services, he received the Cross of the Companion of the Bath.

At the termination of the above service, he retired into private life: but, although he had, for a time, laid aside the sword of Mars, he took up the pen, and in the *United Service Journal*, are several proofs of his literary talent, particularly in the Journal of 1832, vol. I, wherein are an excellent series of "Observations on the construction and qualities of the Vernon and Castor, and on Naval Architecture in general." These were two vessels, whose comparative merits much engaged naval attention at the time, the one being built by the Navy Board, and the other by Captain Symonds. In the course of the article, Commodore Napier shews that he had himself studied well the theory and practice of ship-building, for he thus remarks; "Four years ago, I sent to the Admiralty, a model of a ship—it is now at the United Service Museum. She was 212 feet long, and the same breadth as the Nelson." This paper is throughout valuable for many suggestions thrown out upon points in question.

In the same year's Journal, vol. II, is a paper entitled "Remarks on Steam Vessels," and also at p. 385, "Remarks on the State of the Navy," by the same talented pen.

The persevering habits of our hero not allowing him any leisure, we now find him, as before mentioned, standing as a candidate to represent Portsmouth in Parliament; at the close of the poll, the numbers stood as follow:—

CARTER	686
BARING	601
NAPIER	218

In 1833, Captain Napier succeeded Admiral Sartorius in the command of Don Pedro's fleet, and achieved a signal victory over the more numerous and powerful squadron of Don Miguel, off Cape St. Vincent, which the gallant Briton, with his brave followers, captured in the course of twelve minutes, by boarding, *a la Nelson!* for which service, he was created Viscount Cape St. Vincent, in Portugal, and received the Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword.

In July 1837, he presented himself to the Electors of Greenwich, as a candidate on Reform principles, but was unsuccessful, the numbers voted being thus:—

ATTWOOD	1361
BARNARD	1192
NAPIER	1150

We hear little of our gallant Commander, until his appointment, in 1840, to the *Powerful*, of 84 guns, with the rank of Commodore; when, after completing his crew, he sailed to join Admiral Stopford off the Syrian coast; where, at Beyrout, and at Acre, he has added fresh laurels to the wreath already won: and Her Majesty, in admiration of such valorous conduct, appointed him, December 4, 1840, a Knight Companion of the Order of the Bath. In Egypt we leave him, awaiting the fulfilment of events; being, in accordance with the motto of his family arms, when called on by his country, always—

"READY, AY, READY."

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No. 1013.]

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1840.

[Price 2d.



ST. GEORGE'S, CAMBERWELL, NATIONAL SCHOOL.

ST. GEORGE'S, CAMBERWELL, NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

THIS very elegant and truly commodious Gothic structure has lately been erected by public subscription, at the very moderate expense of 2,000*l.*, under the judicious direction of that aspiring architect, Mr. William Gooding Colman. It is built of brick, with stone dressings, the roof being covered with the green Bangor slate, of Gothic shape. Over the principal entrance is a tablet, bearing this inscription:—

ST. GEORGE'S, CAMBERWELL, NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

The first stone of these Schools was laid on the 28th October, 1839, (being the seventh anniversary of the reopening of St. George's Church.)

BY HENRY KEMBLE, ESQ., M. P.

The Rev. Samuel Smith, M. A. Minister.

Ferdinand Richard Camroux } Churchwardens.
John Owen Hart

The school-room is ninety feet, six inches long, and twenty-two feet high; but, by a judicious contrivance, they are divided by a temporary partition, which can, with the greatest ease, be removed, when the room may be wanting for lectures, concerts, &c., for which purpose it is made peculiarly available, having a boarded roof, so highly essential to the concentration of sound. Adjoining this school-room, are a waiting-room, master's and mistress's rooms, and other requisite offices.

The Camberwell National Schools, which are in close connection with St. George's Church, were first instituted in the year 1824, for two hundred and fifty children; but, in consequence of the increasing population of the neighbourhood, it became necessary that more commodious schools should be built, to contain at least four hundred and fifty children, with sufficient offices: the Directors, impressed with the importance of the subject, and also in order to comply with the benevolent intentions of the late Mr. Joseph Ward, (one of the original Directors of the Schools, and who, in 1835, bequeathed the handsome sum of 500*l.*, in order to secure, as much as possible, ample accommodation for instruction, upon religious principles, strictly in accordance with the established church,) erected the above school.

How needful such institutions as these are at such a period, is made manifest by the evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, during a late session of Parliament, that in one district alone, out of 4,577 children, 3,299 were not receiving any education at all. In another, out of 812 children under twelve years of age, only 65 were under any instruction whatever, and, though these may be extreme cases, yet different degrees of approach to them are but too general. Surely such institutions ought, therefore, to increase and multiply. If we look back upon the schemes and speculations of different kinds, which, even in the last few years, have found in this metropolis, encouragement and sup-

port—if we contemplate the resources which have never been found to fail where any project appeared to open the way for worldly gains—if we see the unsparing supplies which are ever ready to uphold the splendours of pompous celebrations—can it be doubted that a spirit of enlarged philanthropy and Christian piety will be found ready to promote objects of such public utility, public ornament, and public charity, as the erection of schools for the proper education of the children of the land.

Schools such as these, in each succeeding generation, make the parents better learn to estimate the benefits of education, and their children to gain the industrious habits which it inspires. They have a tendency to generate prudence, industry, sobriety, and orderly habits: to create habits of respect to the law and the magistrate, to teach the sacredness of the right of property, and to strengthen the natural affections. They are according to a system, which tends to move on with a constantly accelerated velocity, and perpetually to widen the sphere of its operations, while the increase which it produces is knowledge, industry, wealth, morality, good order, and happiness. Such are the well-ripened and estimable fruits which such schools are fitted to bring forth. By seminaries of English education such as these, England will undoubtedly in the end, be largely benefitted; and, supported as the above schools are, by voluntary contributions, the hand of charity ought not to be stint or niggardly.

As we have before stated, the foundation-stone was laid on the 28th October, 1839, with the customary solemnities. Afterwards the assembly adjourned to St. George's Church, when the Rev. Mr. Smith delivered an appropriate address on the benefits of Scriptural education, and the dangers that must accrue from dissociating religious and secular instructions. In the afternoon, two hundred children sat down to dinner at the River Hotel, when they were addressed by the vicar, the Rev. Henry Melville, and the Rev. Mr. Smith.

With the view of aiding the Building Fund, a Fancy Sale was held on the 25th, 26th, and 28th of last month, which Her Majesty the Queen Dowager was pleased to patronize, graciously transmitting 10*l.*; and it is with much pleasure we learn, that the sale produced about 450*l.*

The above School is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions.

The School opened on Thursday last, when an examination of the scholars took place, by the ministers of the parish and other divines, in the presence of a numerous audience.

It will amply repay any of our readers to inspect the above truly interesting, and, at this time, important building: the master will gladly give every information, and receive donations.

SWEET MEMORIES OF WINDERMERE.

FAR away, far away, o'er the mountains and dell,
Where the white snows of winter spread icy and cold,
Where the wild fox below, and the vulture above,
Look down from their mountain-heights dizzy and old;
Where the flowers of the summer are wither'd and gone,
And the green mountain-moss clings alone to the ground,

Till ye come to a valley as lovely and lone
As the bright shining stars that are blinking around,
And the sweet voice of nature comes full on the ear,
From the beautiful shores of the calm Windermere.

Oh, Mary, dear Mary, the thought of that meeting
Comes over me now like a dream of the past;
And ye'll deem it not strange that these sorrowful
tears

Trickle down o'er my bosom so scalding and fast,
When you think of the lullaby that loves you so deeply,
How ye clung round his neck, and in whisperings half-
spoken,

Said, keep, in remembrance of Mary, this ring,
Her heart you should have—but her heart it is broken,
And I wip'd from thine eyelid the hot gushing tear,
On the beautiful shores of the calm Windermere.

And we walk'd by the sides of those lullaby waters,
The broad lake before us, so rasy and still,
Not a murmur awaken'd the silence so holy,
Save the song of the nightingale over the hill;
And ye look'd, dear, so fondly, and told me so sweetly,
That the softness around thee sank deep in thine heart;

That the dark hour was coming in sever asunder
The two loving bosoms that death should not part;
And we parted so often—still, still clinging near,
To the beautiful shores of the calm Windermere.

Farewell to the rocks, and the mountains so cloudy,
Farewell to thy musical nature and shore;
Farewell to the smile, and the blue eyes adoring,
Mine own shall behold you in rapture no more,
The cold hand of death presses heavily on me,
The warm blood of life from my body is gone;
The light of these dim eyes is fast, fastly fading,
Oh, when will the slumbers of darkness come on?
Yet the last lingering name shall be thine, Mary, dear,
And the beautiful shores of the calm Windermere!

T. H. GLAMORGAN.

THE FORGIVEN MARY MAGDALEN.

SHE sat beneath an aged tree,
Lost in a pleasing reverie;
Her eyes no longer wept the tears,
That had be-dimmed their light for years;
Her heart at peace with all below,
Had lost its weary weight of woe.

What dreams of glory glad her now!
She sees a wreath to crown her brow;—
That, lately rank in sorrow vain
Had never hoped to rise again;
She hears the voices soft and sweet,
Of angels thronging round to greet
Her soul, that doth such favour share,
Pardoned by Him who reigneth there.

She looked upon the glowing sky
Reflected in her trusting eye,
She felt her waiting home was there:
Then turned her to the earth so fair
That would not long enchain her there,
Whose heart was in another sphere;
She thought all nature seemed to join
In breathing forth the words divine,—
That bade her many sorrows cease,
"Thy faith hath saved thee—go in peace!"

Slow set the sun—and ne'er before
To her charmed eye such glory bore;
It seemed to typify to her,
The closing of her own career;
A cloudy morning it had been,
Darkened by tempest, wind, and rain,
But Noon, full many a glorious ray
Had brought to gild the closing day.

MARIA R.

SHADES OF THE DEAD.—No. I.

[In an age when the majority of writing is demoralizing, and the imaginations of many are thereby apt to fall into error or decay, it is especially useful to set up before the eyes of men, the portraits of the great minds which now exist for us only in their thoughts or actions: and to display them for the reverential love of present times, in their living personalities, and surrounded, as golden statues in a temple, by unstained and sacred air.]

COLUMBUS.

Columbus in the Days of his Poverty.

The wondrous magic-lantern of history shows him to us as a poor way-farer, accompanied by his son, and appearing on foot at the gate of a monastery to implore bread for his boy. The tall and majestic pauper, with his ruddy cheek tinged by years and hardship, and bright hair so early turned to snow, must have presented a singular portrait of freshness and courage, battered, but not overthrown by misfortune. There was a spirit in his clear grey eye, which, while he discoursed to the Prior of Santa Maria de Rabida, on his designs and convictions, would indicate that he had in himself that union of the heroic and saintly character required for so perilous an enterprise. And probably, he who heard Columbus speak with the honest and earnest simplicity through all his life so peculiarly belonging to him, must have perceived a power in his words that softened the contrast, so strange to us, between the condition of the solitary beggar, and the vastness of the thought which he announced.

The Visions and Thoughts of his early Days.

We trace him with more than the interest which follows a hero of romance through the doubtful and adventurous years of his earlier life. There is a meditative curiosity which yearns to discover in what obscure and silent conjuncture of his vigorous manhood, the idea of the world's completion by his urns, first dawned over his imagination. With how many strange thoughts and misgivings, and momentary temptations of a magical fancy, and recurring terrors at the very rashness of his own conception must this great man have contended, whether in his narrow chamber, or on the unsteady deck of some paltry bark, guided between Spain and Italy, with a crew of half-a-score men, by him who was first to break the gates of the Atlantic. Image him in his little cabin, studying by the flickering light of a solitary lamp, and to the sound of the winds and waters, the marvellous descriptions of Marco Polo, or the more pregnant pages of Scripture, in which, with tremulous, yet confident expectation, he taught himself to read the memorable prophecies of his own enterprises, and evidences of his special selection. Image the poor adventurer, the son of

the Genoese wool-comber, and a sailor since his early boyhood, wrestling for the sense of some dark saying, which he wanted learning to interpret, and finding its significance come gradually glimmering, as it were, out of the page, at the call of his earnest reliance : conceive him weighing, hesitating, trembling, turning to the stars an eye of hope, repeating a hasty supplication to the saints, reviewing in his thoughts the large and mixed array of testimonies on which he had employed years in building up his trust, resting at last with secure triumph in the certainty which God had given him, till again he turned away with terror to consider the inadequacy of his means for the fulfilment of his mission : thus, by the effort of an honest imagination let us paint Columbus, and we shall help ourselves to think what and how great he was.

State of the World before his Discovery.

The ancient world, so far as any single nation knew it, was a narrow island of solid soil, rooted to the centre, and overarched by its own definite firmament, while all beyond was vision, mystery, and the substance of a dream. Men looked from their fields and watchtowers into distant lands, as we gaze from some hill-side upon the vague brightness and mingling colours of the evening clouds and the calm ocean. The earth of which they had knowledge, was encompassed by imagination and tradition, with a thousand mythological kingdoms, with the cities of Meru, the golden bowers of Olympus, the Gardens of the Hesperides glimmering through the desert, the icy habitations of Caucasus, and the banquet-halls of Ethiopia. The Greek, who saw the stars arising out of the sea, might fancy that they had won their brightness from the glorious islands of Antilla, or Atlantis, in which they reposed by day, and were hidden in the distance from the eyes of men. Along the doubtful margin of the actual world, gigantic monsters and lovely shadows walked half visible. Mighty lands in the conception of the Christian, around the more certain sphere in which he dwelled, were peopled with the holy descendants of Seth, with the progeny of demons, with angels themselves, and innumerable wondrous ministers of human temptation, or servants of saintly triumph. A broad belt filled with beings as strange as the shapes of the zodiac, encircled in the mind of every one the little region to which he was himself accustomed, commanded his awe, and repelled his inquiry.

Viewed as a Dissolver of Old Superstitions.

Of the men who have dissipated these fancies, have fixed the clouds into solidity, and chased the shadows from the ends of the earth, the chief is Columbus. He accomplished more than any one else, towards making us masters of the world on which we tread ; and giving us, instead of yawning abysses, and realms of vapour, wide waters

for our ships, and lands for the city and the plough. He has rendered to the world an imperishable service. He stands in history as the completer of the globe : the conqueror who has added to the commonwealth of mankind, unheard of provinces and barbarous tribes. The barrier within which we moved with reluctant terror, like a lion in a circle of protruded spears, impetuous but fearful, was broken down by that Genoese sailor, and all around us was laid open to our onset. The mound on which so many phantoms poised themselves and displayed their wings, was by him uprooted from their foundation, and made to mingle with the sky. Thenceforward there was no limit to the action of any thought : no walls confined the arena of human enterprise, but those which the nature of things has appointed.

The Religiousness of Columbus' Mind.

In his own letters, addresses, and narratives, that which strikes us as different from the writings of any other bold and instructed seaman, is the constant appeal to religious authority. He was a diligent student of the Bible, and from it he draws a hundred misapplied predictions. In his conviction, the attempt to which he devoted himself was designed from of old by Providence, and he, as its selected minister, was watched over by saints and angels, and the mother of the Lord pointed his path along the waters. The cross was the ensign of his triumph ; and his task was almost accomplished, when he had first displayed the emblem of his faith on the shores of the New World.

The Child-like Simplicity of Columbus.

Columbus, the great overthrower of the fantastic and mysterious idolatries which were founded on the ignorance of mankind, the man who, more than all others, routed the vague phantoms, that to the mind of every one, filled the unknown earth, wanted not a child-like simplicity in the truths of religion. He separated for ever the two worlds of the infinite and the finite, and cleared our knowledge of each by drawing a broad line between them, while his genius enlarged and completed the domain of man's physical exertion. And though, as we have seen above, the mind of Columbus was in many respects dark and weak, yet in this it was strong, that he held fast to a religious hope and reliance, which taught him to refer immediately to God, whatever of clear knowledge and new illumination he possessed. He felt himself marked out and appointed, with the other special servants of heaven, to perform a high spiritual work. The vividness of his intuition, the strength of his hope, he did not seek to account for, from the accidents of his character, or the scattered learning of his life. He thought that all was given to him for a predicted purpose, and that he was ranged among the patriarchs and prophets chosen from of old to do the

work of Providence. Yet was his piety vastly humble : he was, indeed, in all things childlike : childlike in his humility, childlike in his confidence ; childlike in the keenness and freshness of all his sensations ; yet was it he who discovered, and by this very unfearing simplicity of heart, that New World which has changed the whole condition and subsequent history of the old.

Columbus regarded imaginarily.

The name of the discoverer of America would give us, if we wanted accurate knowledge, the conception of a vast and iron mind, trampling over obstacles, compelling kings and seas to yield to him, and realizing the cloud-like dreams of antiquity, by an act of will as imperative and irresistible as that by which the ocean-god framed and lifted over the water the island of Apollo. He connects himself with the stern benefactors, the heroic shadows of antiquity, Jason, and the warlike Bæchus, and wandering Hercules. The fancy naturally conceives of him as a mighty spectral shape leaning, like some old sea-phantom, on a gigantic rudder, and fixed for ever in dim and unmoving sublimity, on some icy crag of Darien, with two worlds of water spread below him. A form remote, immense, and unapproachable, alone seems suitable to his fame. We cannot imagine him as a man beat back by daily opposition, impeded by the follies of the vulgar, checked and stung by the reptile of society ; and the act which revealed a second world, likens itself in our thought, to the simplicity and singleness of a creation.

But, alas ! this bold, imposing, and right-onward course, this unity and distinctness of action, can scarcely exist among men, but in some false and melo-dramatic appearance. To struggle and agonize, to win a little way by much exertion ; to be attended in our completest triumphs by the shame of some particular favour, or to be cut off in the midst of hopes brighter than any we have realized, is the fate of humanity. In Columbus, we do not discover one great inspiration displaying itself in action as soon as attained, and leaving to him whom it favoured, nothing for the future, but to die in his renown. He does not delineate himself with a few vague shadowy lines, in which none of the half-tints and finer lineaments of man can be discerned. But we see him throughout, made up of much greatness and some weakness, encompassed with obstructions so petty, that one would wish him to blow them away like cobwebs, yet so strong that, giant as he was, he frequently could not escape from them : often baffled, and sometimes irritated, by the despicable ; and such, that his effigy ought to be moulded by the historian in gold, not virgin, but tormented into purity by the furnace.

FORMATION OF A NEW COMPANY.

"This is the patent age of new invention."—BYRON.

LAST week, at the Castle in the Air and Bubble Tavern, Vapour Street, a number of influential gentlemen assembled for the purpose of forming themselves into a *new company*, with the view of imparting permanent happiness to the whole human race. The gentleman, at whose house several philanthropic individuals met on a former occasion,* was called to the chair.

Chairman.—You, doubtless, recollect, gentlemen, that we, or the greater part of us, assembled some months ago, for the praiseworthy purpose of endeavouring to establish, with the aid of a sufficient fund, a system for the diffusion of universal happiness. That meeting, you may remember, owing to the coarse vulgarity of Mr. Common Sense, and the practical wit of Dr. Jokewell, broke up very abruptly, and in great confusion. I have to inform you, that although our laudable efforts were then frustrated, the fund at our disposal remains untouched. I, therefore, propose, that we immediately form ourselves into a Company, and that the said fund be employed, as we, in our wisdom, shall hereafter determine. Gentlemen, you will, no doubt, be highly satisfied, and much pleased, by my assurance, that Mr. Common Sense and his facetious friend, are to be excluded from our society for ever. I am now surrounded, I trust, by none but men of lofty sentiments and expanded principles. If you are such as I believe you, surely a noble plan may speedily be formed for the attainment of universal joy and felicity. (*Loud cheers.*) I am anxious to hear what you have to advance upon this important subject.

Mr. Teachall.—During the last fifty years, much has been effected for improving the condition of man ; but he does not yet enjoy that supreme happiness which, in my humble opinion, this beautiful world is capable of affording him. We must push forward the advantages we have already gained, and not relax in our exertions until we have advanced men and things to the very highest degree of perfection. The acme of earthly bliss may be arrived at by means of education and the diffusion of knowledge. I do not mean a limited education,—every human being must be duly instructed in the classics ; and I propose that colleges be immediately founded in all towns and villages, where the dead languages, and all other kind of learning, may be taught by efficient masters. The legislature must pass an act, requiring every man and woman, at the age of twenty years, to be proficient in Greek and Latin, divinity, law, physic, &c. Gentlemen, imagine to yourselves the delight you will experience, at hearing a dirty scavenger in the street, exhort, with all the dignity and eloquence of an archbishop, &

* See *Mirror*, No. 366, Vol. 34, page 149.

group of attentive listeners to be virtuous and good; or at hearing a poor fishwoman learnedly descant to a customer, on the natural history of fish in general! (*Tremendous cheers.*)

Sir Hurry Onward.—In order that education and science may be universally disseminated, and that commerce may thrive, the present mode of intercourse between countries and towns must be considerably improved. It is essentially necessary for us to have cheaper and more expeditious travelling, and we should devise the best means of accomplishing this object. Steam is not yet capable of conferring prodigious benefits upon us; and, to convince you that its present power may be immensely augmented, I beg to remind you, that the ordinary velocity of the wind is thirty-five miles an hour, and the usual rate of speed on the Great Western Railway is thirty-nine miles an hour; so that, with all our boasted science, we can only travel four miles an hour faster than the wind! This tardiness is a stigma on the enterprising spirit of man. Much remains to be done—steam must be improved, and railways of greater magnitude must be constructed. We can now be conveyed to America in ten or twelve days—but why not be able to accomplish the distance in four or five days? A tunnel has been made under the Thames—that undertaking ought to stimulate us to attempt a similar excavation beneath the bed of the Atlantic. A railway, with efficient locomotive power, might be introduced into the tunnel, and thus we might, conveniently and safely, travel from Liverpool to New York, in less than half the time that is now required for that purpose. (*Immense cheering.*) In order that the tunnel, when finished, may be properly lighted, it will be expedient to form a new Gas Company, under the designation of “Atlantic Ocean Tunnel Gas Company.”

Mr. Soaraway.—Considering what has been achieved by the genius and perseverance of man, I by no means think the formation of the projected tunnel impracticable; but I must protest against it, because I do not think that mankind will be much benefited by it. Besides, it will exhaust our fund, and timid people might object to travel so far under the bottom of the ocean. Instead, therefore, of agreeing to Sir Hurry Onward's scheme, I humbly beg to propose that a more elevated and economical mode of transportation be adopted. Balloons were invented in the year 1794, but their utility has not yet been discovered, in consequence of our inability to guide them to specified places. I advise that a liberal premium be offered to any individual who will invent a method of steering balloons at pleasure, with the view that they may be brought into universal use, and supersede all the present modes of conveyance on land and sea. The largest kind will constitute the Royal Navy, in place of the unwieldy wooden ships now in vogue; and trading balloons to

all parts of the world, will ensure great advantages to merchants, and happiness to mankind in general. In large towns, balloon-oaks and hackney-balloons may be introduced for the accommodation of the inhabitants. Instead of coaches for carrying the mail, we will have mail balloons established between all the principal towns; and the introduction of parachutes, for the convenience of passengers wishing to alight at any of the intermediate towns and villages, will be very desirable. The balloon system of travelling, gentlemen, will prove remarkably pleasant, and will be highly conducive to health, the possession of which, ought to make every one happy. Man will find himself elevated, his views will be expanded, and he will no longer be a groveling creature upon the face of the earth. (*Great cheering.*)

Mr. Warypacc.—From the commencement of the reign of George the Third to the present day, novel inventions have been heaped upon man; but, instead of becoming happy in proportion to the number of inventions already known, he is discontented and restless. Science has enabled him to soar above the tops of the highest mountains, and he can travel along the surface of the earth with the speed of the wind. Curious and stupendous machinery performs, with incredible rapidity, the greatest part of his work. Bodily exertion has, comparatively, become unnecessary; the strength of man, in these days of scientific improvement, is but little required—he is provided with abundance of steam and gas, but he wants bread. It will surely be admitted, that all inventions introduced for the purpose of dispensing with manual labour, are, however beautiful in themselves, destructive to human happiness, I therefore propose, that we petition parliament to interdict the working of all steam engines in future, and to pass no more bills for the construction of railroads. Let us, henceforth, resolve to purchase no articles of manufacture but those actually made with hands, and to read no more books printed by steam-presses. I prefer post-horses to locomotive engines, and am quite satisfied to travel at the good old rate of ten miles an hour. (*Immense cheering.*)

After a few observations made by *Sir Sensual Vain*, *Mr. Lawless*, and *Mr. Morbid-mind*, it was resolved, by a large majority of the meeting, that nature should be made subservient to art, and that, in order to ensure the happiness of mankind, the world should be turned *inside out*. G. W. N.

HINDOO MYTHOLOGY.

THE CREATION.

IN one of the sacred volumes of the Hindoos, entitled the Institutes of Menu, it is stated, that the self-existing power, having willed to produce various beings—at first, with a thought, created the waters, in which he placed a productive seed, that in course of

time, became an egg. In this egg, the divine being deposited himself, where he lay in a state of inactivity, during a whole year of the Creator; a period, which, according to the Hindoos, consists of 1,555,200,000,000 solar years. Sir W. Jones informs us, that a Calpa or grand period, containing the reigns of fourteen Manus, constitutes one day of Brahma. This period, according to the books of the Hindoos, comprises 4,320,000,000 years, which multiplied by 360, the number of days in a divine year, gives the above amount. At the end of this period, having caused, by his thought, the egg to divide in two, the divine being was, himself, born in the form of Brahma, the great forefather of all spirits; thus, from THAT WHICH IS, the first cause, was produced the divine male, famed in all worlds under the appellation of Brahma. This is described in the Hindoo books, as the great transformation of the Divine Being, from neuter to masculine, for the purpose of creating the worlds; and, that under this masculine form of Brahma, the Divine Being effected the rest of the creation; in the accomplishment of which, the Hindoos believe he was engaged 17,064,000 years. From the two divisions of the egg, he framed the heaven above, and the earth beneath; in the midst, he placed the subtle ether, the eight regions, and the permanent receptacle of waters. He created an assemblage of inferior deities, with divine attributes and pure souls, and a number of genii exquisitely delicate; and, he prescribed the sacrifice ordained from the beginning. He gave being to time, and the divisions of time; to the stars also, and to the planets; to rivers, oceans, and mountains; to level plains and uneven valleys. For the sake of distinguishing actions, he made a total difference between right and wrong; and ensured all sentient creatures to pleasure and pain. That the human race might be multiplied, he caused the Brahmen to proceed from his mouth, the Chatriya from his arm, the Vaisya from his thigh, and the Sudra from his foot. Before he created other races of men, and living creatures, the Mighty Power divided his own substance, and became half male, half female. By this female, the male half produced Viraj, a demi-god and saint; Viraj, by virtue of austere devotion, produced Menu, also a demi-god and saint. Menu, being desirous of giving birth to a race of men, produced ten lords of created beings; namely, Marichi, Atri, Angiras, Pulastya, Pulaha, Cratu, Prechetas, Vasishtha, Bhṛigu, and Narada. By the command of Menu, these ten lords produced seven other Manus and deities, and the mansions of deities, and great sages, and also benevolent genii, and fierce giants, blood-thirsty savages, heavenly quiriters, nymphs, and demons, huge serpents and snakes of smaller size, birds of mighty wing, and separate companions of Pitris or progenitors of mankind; lightnings and thunderbolts, clouds and coloured bows of Indra, falling meteors,

earth-rending vapours, comets, and luminaries of various degrees; horse-faced sylvans, apes, fish, and a variety of birds; tame cattle, deer, men, and ravenous beasts with two rows of teeth; small and large reptiles, moth, lice, fleas, and common flies; with every biting guat, and immovable substances of distinct sorts.

W. G. C.

FEMALE PERFECTION

OF THE GREEK AND CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

THERE is no conception which has so entirely departed from us, and which it is so difficult to revive, as that of the standard of female perfection, as it existed among the ancients. We do not mean that it is impossible for us, with our Christian eyes, to contemplate, and admire, and reverence, and all but love, the Antigones and Electras of the Greek drama. As long as we retain any true feeling of the beautiful, till we become converted into mere worshippers of the idols around us,—a state immediately preceding that in which we lose all perception even of what is lovely in them,—so long shall we continue to visit those shrines, and to find, each time we bow down before them, fresh supplies of strength and purity. But the most exquisite of these exquisite beings can never become an abiding presence with us. They live in the distant world; and our communion with them, though sacred, can never be friendly. Surrounded as we are, by the sorrowful and spiritual beauty of so many Madonnas and Magdalens, our minds must be reluctant to dwell constantly in a region from which they are excluded.

No,—it is only in our intercourse with such creatures as

"The lonely lady married to the moon,
And gentle Una with her milk-white lamb,"

that affection and tenderness are blended with adoration and wonder. The mild spirit of Christianization rules the minds of our writers now. Even Goethe, in his character of Iphigenia, has found this feeling in many passages predominant over the classical elements and frigidity he desired to attain; and Iphigenia, ceasing to be a Greek, becomes a modern, Shakspearian, Christian woman.

The same is observable in Wordsworth's *Laodamia*. In that exquisite poem, wherein he wished to be strictly classical, he could not help feeling that the additional excitements of moving love and intense passions were needed, in order to give him the same interest in a Greek woman, with which we are naturally inspired by the homely and quiet lives of his Margarets and Emilies. And if great men have found difficulties in the experiment, the blunders of little men who have repeated it after them have often been melancholy and disgusting. One half of them—who are called classical, and upon the strength of that reputation are admired

by young ladies, and made professors of poetry at Oxford—merely take from the fair creatures of our own land, all their love, and tenderness, and passion, and then say, Behold a Greek! If there is any person who believes them, we should not despair of convincing him, that a picture of Titian, *minus* the colouring, and warmth, and beauty, is the same thing as a statue of Praxiteles.

Another and opposite method is that of which there are many apostles in this country. These hold, that Christianity has introduced into the world a great many inconvenient restraints upon the freedom of woman's feelings. "Let us, therefore," they argue, "take these restraints away from the women of the present day, and what will remain?" A Greek, to be sure—a beautiful, languishing, loving, sensual Greek, who gratifies the instincts of her warm heart, and was never plagued with notions of sin, or warnings of futurity! And there are men who in good faith think this a Greek ideal—one in whom Sophocles would have delighted: who really are not aware that the Greek standard was vastly *more* stately and severe than the Christian, and that the difference consists in the one being a mere ideal, inhabiting a sphere in which mortals could never dwell, and therefore exerting no influence over their daily pursuits and habits: and the other being a divine humanity—like ourselves, as well as like God—connected with us by a ladder set on earth and reaching heaven, upon which the angels are ascending and descending continually.

Biography.

JOHN HOLLAMBY

Was born at Frant, in the county of Sussex, and brought up to the trade of his father—that of a miller. At an early age, he was placed under the tuition of a woman,

"Whom we schoolmistress name,
Boasting unuly brats with birch to tanr."

at a place called Boll's Oak Green, in the same parish; and this, with the exception of a few months at Mount Zion Chapel School, Tunbridge Wells, constituted the whole of his scholastic education.

In the year 1828, he then having a family of eight children, was persuaded to publish some of his poetical pieces, which he did, under the title of "The Unlettered Muse."

The reception which these met with, induced him to put forth a second edition, with additions, the following year. This little work procured him many new friends. Complimentary letters were sent him on the occasion; amongst others, one from Mr. Richard Lower, of Chiddingfold—himself no mean poet.

His effusions, both in prose and verse, have, at different times, appeared in the *Sussex Advertiser*, the *Brighton Guardian*, the *Gazette*, the *Patriot*, and the *Hastings Iris*;

and, although most of them have been anonymous, yet some have been thought worthy of being transferred to the columns of the Metropolitan Press. As he has always applied himself steadily to his occupation, he has never experienced those vicissitudes which too frequently attend the humble followers of "The Muses."

He has retained his situation at Hailsham, for the last thirty years, contented and happy; in one of his late poetical pieces, he has expressed himself in the following words,

"My time rolls on about an even course,
But seldom better, and but seldom worse;—
Fortune and I but rarely disagree,
I ask but little, and she gives it me."

The following is a very fair specimen of our author's powers, and which cannot fail to attract, from the originality of the idea—its sweetness lies in its simplicity.

FLORA'S FASHIONS.

BY JOHN HOLLAMBY.

When first Madame Flora in public appears,
How modest and neat is her dress;
On her bosom the snowdrop or crocus she wears,
Which simplicity seems to express.

But like other ladies of changeable taste,
She soon seems ambitious to shine—
The crocus and snowdrop are quickly displaced,
For flowers more gaudy and fine.

And then she puts on her rich "mante of green,"
Bespangled with purple and gold;
How gay is her air—how enchanting her mien—
How gorgeous and fair to behold.

Sweetbriar and moss-rose her tresses enweave,
When dressed for the sweet month of May;
So lovely she seems—Oh! it makes the heart grieve,
That beauty like hers must decay.

For all her gay splendour, by winter's stern power,
E're long in the dust will be laid,
To moulder and perish—Ah! beauty's a flower,
That blooms but to wither and fade.

March 28, 1840.

PHENOMENON OF NATURE.

FROG FOUND IN COAL.

As two colliers were in one of the rooms of the Old Muirfield pit, at Gargieston, they found a living frog imbedded in the solid seam of coal, at least twelve fathoms beneath the surface of the earth. The niche in which it had lived was perfectly smooth inside, of the exact shape of the frog, and without a crack or crevice to give admittance to air. The hind legs of the animal were at least a third longer than usual, the fore legs shorter, the toes longer and harder, and its general colour was of a bronze shade. It leaped briskly about the moment that it was excavated from its narrow cell. How many centuries it has been shut out from light and air, and entombed in its dreary dormitory, it is impossible to say—certain it is, that although diminutive in form, and with great brilliancy of eye, it has a most antediluvian aspect.—*Edinburgh Courier*, June, 1840.



MERCER'S HALL AND CHAPEL, CHEAPSIDE, 1521.

THE above rude sketch is copied from Aggas's Plan of London, [about 1560.] It represents the Hall and Chapel of the Mercers. Weaver, thus describes the building:—"Before the hospital (of St. Thomas of Acon) towards the street, was a fayre and beautiful chappell arched over with stone, which stood before the great olde chappell (St. Thomas's church,) and over which was the Mercers' Hall, a most curious piece of work." It was erected by Sir John Allen, Mayor, and destroyed in the fire of London. The great conduit in Cheapside, which stood slantwise in the street, is seen immediately below it. Conduits for the conveyance of Thames water, were built (between 1471 and 1478) also at Dowgate, Leadenhall-street, Old Fish Street, Aldermanbury, Fleet Bridge, Cripplegate, near the extremity of Lamb's Conduit Street, Fleet-street, and Gracechurch-street. The author of the 'Burning of London,' p. 144, thus quaintly expresses himself.—"Mothinks these several conduits of London, stood like so many little, but strong, forts, to confront and give check to that great enemy, Fire, if any occasion should be. There, mothinks, the water was as it were, intrenched and ingarrisoned. The several pipes and velicles of water, that were within those conduits, all of them charged with water, till by the turning of the cocks they were discharged again, were as so many soldiers within those forts, with their musquetry charge, ready to keep and defend those places."

In the time of James I., Mercers' chapel became a popular place of resort, from the attractive preaching of the learned Italian archbishop of Spalatro, who had become a convert to Protestantism, and who, in 1617, had for his auditors the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, earl of Arundel and Pembroke, the Lords Zouch and Compton, and other noble and distinguished persons; and the chapel continued for many years afterwards, to be used for Italian sermons, which were preached to English merchants who had resided abroad, and who partly defrayed the expense of the establishment.

The present Mercer's Hall, in Cheapside, was built on the exact site of the above ancient structure.

"SALLY IN OUR ALLEY."

THE above pleasing, and truly English, ballad was written (circa 1729,) by the talented, but unfortunate HARRY CAREY, father of the once celebrated George Saville Carey. The error long prevailed that it was written on *Sally Salisbury*, a celebrated courtesan of the time, but which the author, in a volume of his poems, assures his readers that, as innocence and virtue had ever been the boundaries of his muse, so in this little poem, he had no other view than to set forth the beauty of a chaste and disinterested passion, even in the lowest class of human life, where simple love burns with more ardour than when clogged with combustibles of wealth and title. The occasion was this; a shoemaker's apprentice making holiday with his sweet-heart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs,* and all the elegancies of Moorfields: from thence proceeding to the farthing pye-house,† he gave her a collation of buns, cliecccakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the author dodged them: charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he drew that little sketch of nature—"Sally in our Alley," but, being at that time young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by his then acquaintances for the performance, which, nevertheless, made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of Addison, who often expressed his high admiration of the production. To those of our readers who have had the delicious treat of hearing the manly notes of Incedon, while singing the above ballad, we need not dilate on the hearty applause and soul-stirring effect which his warbling always elicited. When are we again to hear a pure *English ballad*? Italian and German squalling have superseded the unsophisticated strains of peerless British song—native talent seems looked on with abhorrence. On the evening of the marriage of George the Third, the dancing at St. James's Palace commenced with "Good morrow to your nightcap!" and none but English singers and English musicians were engaged. But—no matter! Come what will, what may,

"The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

EVENING.

When the evening skies are darkling,
When the evening-star is sparkling,
When the glowing sun is set,
And the dewy lawn is wet,
When the evening-breeze is blowing
Nature's spicy blossoms strowing,
Hearing sweets from ev'ry bow'r,
Then is Nature's sweetest hour!

When the peaceful woods are ringing,
Where the nightingale is singing,
When the weary cotters creep
Homeward to their welcome sleep,
When the troubles of the breast
Are forgot in dreamy rest,
Lost in slumber's blessed pow'r,
Then is Nature's sweetest hour!

E. M.

* Now called "Ups and Downs."

† Most probably the one then in Marylebone Fields.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.*

Among the great branches of science which the present generation has either seen to arise as of new creation, or to spring forward by a sudden and general impulse, into a fresh and more luxuriant state of development, there is none more eminently practical in its bearings and applications than that of Terrestrial Magnetism.

In this science, however, no single observer, whatever be his zeal and industry—no series of observations, however long continued and exact, made at a single place, can add much to our knowledge of the highly intricate laws and relations which prevail in it. For this purpose, the assemblage and comparison of observations, made in every region of the globe, and extending over long periods of time, are requisite. In order to master so large a subject, multitude must be brought to contend with mass, combination and concert to predominate over extent and diffusion, and systematic registry and reduction to fix and realize the fugitive phenomena of the passing moment, and place them before the eye of reason in that orderly and methodical arrangement which brings spontaneously into notice both their correspondencies and differences.

In the science, therefore, of terrestrial magnetism, we are yet busied in building and pulling down, casting and recasting our design, piecing together our scaffolding, and securing our foundations, for a far greater and more massive edifice than was at first contemplated. But already some portions have begun to assume a symmetry, and to convey to the experienced eye glimpses, if not of the plan and dimensions, at least of the general style and character of the future whole.

For the consummation of this great purpose, voyages and travels especially destined to this object need to be undertaken—particular districts traversed and retraversed—stations not only visited but resided in. In a word, the time is exactly arrived for a powerful and united effort on the part, not of individuals, but of nations, to place on record the actual state of those data, on a scale, and with an exactness worthy of the subject, and so to render the present epoch a secure point of departure for future ages. Such an effort is now in course of being made, and it will be our object, in the remainder of this article, to explain the immediate circumstances which have led to it—the nature, aim, and extent of the operations themselves—the leading part which our own country has taken in them—and the general views which ought to guide, and which we conceive to have guided its promoters in recommending and urging its adoption on their respective governments, as a matter of national concern.

The extension of the system of simultaneous observation, over a favourite object of its ori-

ginal projector, Von Humboldt, was made by him, in April, 1836, the subject of a distinct appeal to the Royal Society, in his letter to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex (then president of that venerable body.) In this letter he, amongst other things, urges the establishment of regular magnetic stations in the British possessions in Canada, Australia, the Cape, and between the tropics, not only for the observation of the momentary perturbations of the needle, but also for that of its periodic and secular movements.

This appeal did not fall on deaf ears. The subject was readily taken up by the Royal Society, and an application to government for a grant of money for the purchase of instruments, as readily listened to. The organization, however, of so wide a plan proved no light matter, and delays ensued. While thus in abeyance, a movement from another quarter gave a decisive turn to the whole, by striking at once an outline so full and sweeping as to meet all the exigencies of the case.

This outline is contained in a series of resolutions adopted by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at their meeting at Newcastle in 1838; and exhibiting, as these resolutions do, a clear view of the general nature and objects of the operations contemplated, and now in progress, we cannot do better than extract them from the most authentic reports of that meeting which have hitherto appeared.

"Resolved 1. That the British Association views with high interest the system of simultaneous magnetic observations which have been for some time carrying on in Germany and various parts of Europe, and the important results to which they have already led: and that they consider it highly desirable that similar series of observations regularly continued in correspondence with, and in extension of these, should be instituted in various parts of the British dominions.

"2. That this Association considers the following localities as particularly important:—Canada, Ceylon, St. Helena, Van Diemen's Land, and Mauritius, or the Cape of Good Hope: and that they are willing to supply instruments for their use.

"3. That in these series of observations, the three elements of horizontal direction, dip, and intensity, or their theoretical equivalents, be insisted on, as also their hourly changes, and on appointed days their momentary fluctuations.

"4. That the Association considers it highly important that the deficiency yet existing in our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism in the southern hemisphere should be supplied by observations of the magnetic direction and intensity, especially in the high southern latitudes between the meridians of New Holland and Cape Horn: and they desire strongly to recommend to Her Majesty's government the appointment of a naval expedition expressly directed to that object.

"5. That in the event of such expedition being undertaken, it would be desirable that the officers charged with its conduct should prosecute both branches of the observation alluded to in Resolution 3, so far as circumstances will permit.

"6. That it would be most desirable that the observations so performed, both at the fixed stations, and in the course of the expedition, should be communicated to Professor Lloyd.

"7. That Sir J. Herschel, Mr. Whewell, Mr. Peacock, and Professor Lloyd, be appointed a Committee to represent to government these recommendations.

"8. That the same gentlemen be empowered to act as a Committee, with power to add to their number,

* Condensed from the current number of the Quarterly Review, No. cxxxii., June, 1840.

for the purpose of drawing up plans of scientific co-operation, &c., relating to the subject, and reporting to the Association.

"9 That the sum of £400 be placed at the disposal of the above-named Committee, for the above-mentioned purposes."

In consequence of these resolutions, a memorial was addressed to government by the committee named in them, embodying the chief arguments for taking up the cause as a national concern, and specifying more particularly the objects proposed to be accomplished, and the means of accomplishing them.

The presentation of this memorial was backed, not only by the personal arguments and representations of its framers, but by similar, and even more urgent representations on the part of the president and council of the Royal Society, who, on this occasion, in a manner most honourable to themselves, and casting behind them every feeling but an earnest desire to render available to science, the ancient and established credit of their institution, threw themselves unreservedly, and with their whole weight, into the scale, with immediate and decisive effect. The strong interest taken in the cause by their president, the Marquis of Northampton, on all occasions a warm and zealous friend to science, contributed, without doubt, not a little to this result.

These objects, at once recognized by a British government, are taken up with a liberality which ensures success, if success be possible. In the present instance this has been eminently the case. Every point suggested in the above-cited resolutions has been ordered to be carried out into full execution, and every observation recommended, provided for in the most ample manner. Ships, buildings, instruments, and, what is of infinitely the most importance, officers and observers, selected with care, and imbued with the full spirit of their work, have been provided and appointed; while, so far from the general intention being thwarted by lukewarmness or negligence in the execution, every department of the public service concerned in it, or to which it became necessary to apply in the arrangement of details, responded with alacrity to the call.

Of the four observatories recommended, three, viz.—those at St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, and in Canada, are placed under the direction of the Master General of the Ordnance, Sir H. Vivian, by whom the necessary orders for their equipment were issued, and every disposition made for their establishment on a footing of complete efficiency, with a promptness indicating no small interest in the success of the undertaking. At the same time, Lieut. J. H. Lefroy, J. Eardley Wilmot, and C. J. Riddell, of the Royal Corps of Artillery, young officers, full of zeal and intelligence, were appointed as directors of those respective observations, and directed to communicate with Major Sabine, R. A., as their immediate military superior. To each observatory are attached three assistants, with a view to the continuance of the observations

through the twenty-four hours. Shortly after their appointment, these officers proceeded to Dublin to receive the necessary instructions in the manipulation of the instruments, and practice of the new system of observation, from Professor Lloyd, who volunteered the performance of that highly important duty on this and on every subsequent occasion, sparing neither time nor pains in its performance.

The fourth observatory (at Van Dieman's Land) will be conducted by an officer (Lieut. T. H. Kay, R. N.), to be landed with a similar complement of assistants from one of the vessels destined for the antarctic voyage, which also carries out the observers and instruments for the St. Helena and Cape stations.

One immediate effect of this hearty adoption of the project by the British government, was, to call into action the no less hearty and effectual co-operation of the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company. That great and powerful body, on every occasion where scientific objects have come recommended to them from quarters which may be held a guarantee for their importance and utility, have shown themselves liberal, even to profusion, in their support—and, in this instance, when applied to by the Royal Society to that effect, not a moment was lost by them in complying with the wish expressed by that learned body, for the establishment of three, (afterwards increased to four) magnetic observatories in their dominions and dependencies, similar and similarly equipped in every respect to those established by government, and destined to a strictly simultaneous and corresponding course of observations. The stations thus ultimately fixed on are, Madras—Seydlah, at an elevation of nearly 8,000 feet in the Himalayas—Singapore, as the furthest attainable eastern point—and Aden on the Red Sea, as a point highly important in itself from its position with respect to the magnetic equator, which passes nearly through it, as well as from its constituting a link in a chain of stations of high interest, extending in longitude from St. Helena to Singapore.

A basis so extensive, thus afforded for a great combined system of corresponding observation, by which the magnetic state of the whole globe at the present epoch should be, as it were, struck off at a blow, and placed on record for ever, not only justified, but demanded that every exertion should be made to procure the co-operation of foreign countries on a regular and concerted plan. In performance of this duty, the Royal Society again bestirred itself by circulars addressed to the various scientific bodies and individuals in its correspondence, by representations to official authorities abroad, and where it could be done without a breach of etiquette, to personages in the highest station: and in order that the plan of operations should be so arranged, as to consult, as far as possible, the convenience of Russian and German observers, Professor Lloyd, accompanied by Major Sabine, at the request

of the society, visited Göttingen and Berlin, where, being met by M. Kupffer, the director of the Russian magnetic observatories (who for that purpose had undertaken a journey from Petersburg) in personal conference with that eminent and zealous observer, and with Messrs. Von Humboldt, Erman, and Gauss, they were enabled to agree on a scheme of co-operation, which, being subsequently matured by communication with other of the chief European observers, has ultimately been adopted by general consent.

The success of these measures to secure an extensive co-operation may be collected from the following summary of stations, at which it is now certain that magnetic observatories co-operating for the most part to the full extent, but at all events so far as the *personnel* of the establishment will allow, in the proposed plan, and furnished with instruments identical with, or equivalent to, those supplied to the British observatories, are either already established, or in immediate course of being so, the instruments being ordered, and the observers appointed.

British Stations.—1. Dublin, (Professor Lloyd;) 2. Toronto,* (Lieut. Riddell, R. A.;) 3. St. Helena,† (Lieut. Lefroy, R. A.;) 4. Cape of Good Hope, (Lieut. J. Eardley Wilmot, R. A.;) 5. Van Diemen's Land, (Lieut. J. H. Kay, R. N.;) 6. Madras,‡ (Lieut. Ludlow;) 7. Semla, (Capt. Bulleau;) 8. Singapore,§ (Lieut. Elliot;) 9. Aden, (Lieut. Yule.) In addition to which, each ship of the naval expedition under the command of Capt. Ross, is provided with a corresponding set of apparatus, to be erected and used in concert, wherever opportunity may offer. (10, 11.)

Russian.—12. Boulowa; 13. Helsingfors, (M. Nervaander;) 14. Petersburg, (M. Kupffer, General Superintendent;) 15. Sitka; 16. Catherineburg; 17. Kasan; 18. Barnaul; 19. Nertschinsk; 20. Nicolajeff, (M. Knorre; 21. Tiflis; 22. Pekin.]

* *Austrian*.—23. Prague, (M. Krell;) 24. Milan, (Sig. Della Vedova?)

United States.—25. Philadelphia, (Professor Bache;) 26. Cambridge, (Professors Lovering and Bond.)

French.—27. Algiers, (M. Aimé.)

Prussian.—28. Breslau,¶ (M. Boguslawski.)

Bavarian.—29. Munich, (M. Lamont, Director of the R. Observatory.)

Belgian.—30. Brussels, (M. Quetelet, Director of the R. Observatory.)

Egyptian.—31. Cairo (M. Lamerti.)

Hindoo.—32. Trevandrum, (Mr. Caldecott, Astronomer to the Rajah of Travancore.)

There is every reason to expect that this list will be largely increased within the present year. Indeed, six or seven more stations might already be inserted from our knowledge of communications in progress.

The great development of the Russian system is partly owing to the continuance in

activity of the observatories established at the instance of Baron Von Humboldt: partly to the indefatigable zeal and activity of M. Kupffer, on whom their general direction devolves—seconded by representations from England. The occurrence of an Egyptian observatory, established by the extraordinary man who now rules the destinies of that country—and of a Hindoo one, maintained by the liberality of a native prince, and placed under the direction of an English observer, who has already rendered excellent service to magnetic science—are scientific novelties, which will be viewed with interest, as we believe them to be the first instances of potentates, whom European pride regards as semi-barbarous, placing themselves so far within the pale of civilization, as to co-operate in any scientific proposition.

In casting our eyes over this list, we perceive the whole continent of South America unrepresented, though abounding in stations of great interest. We could have wished also to see Otaheite included in the list of primary stations; for, though aware that measures have been taken to secure *some* observations there, yet its importance well merits for it, this distinction. May we not hope that the omission will (before it is too late) be supplied by the missionaries, in whose hands the entire direction of the government and the resources of that island may be considered as placed. We know not a point on the surface of the globe, so interestingly situated for a physical observatory, or at which, independent of its magnetic interest, the tides, the winds, the barometric oscillations, the habitudes of earth, air, and ocean, all present themselves under aspects so peculiar and so highly deserving, to be diligently noted and recorded.

Regarded as a branch of that great assemblage of facts and theories which relate to the physical constitution of this our planet—the forces which bind together its mass, and animate it with activity—the structure of its service—its adaptation for life, and the history of its past changes—the nature, movements, and infinitely varied affections of the air and ocean, and all which our continental neighbours understand by their term, *physique du globe*—(a phrase, of which our “terrestrial physics” is rather a faint and inexpressive reflection)—the science of terrestrial magnetism occupies a large and highly interesting place. Its relations lie among those mysterious powers which seem to constitute the chief arcana of inanimate nature, and wondrous truths, from the configuration of our globe—the distribution of temperature in its interior—the tides and currents of the ocean—the general course of winds and the affections of climate—the different direction and intensity of the magnetic forces, and a thousand other circumstances are now to be derived, sorted, and systematized, to give to science a prouder position, and confer on mankind, at large, inestimable benefits.

The time is now, therefore, fairly arrived,

* Substituted for Montreal, originally proposed. This observatory is already in activity, and observations have been received from it.

† Already in activity.

‡ Substituted for Ceylon, originally proposed.

§ Substituted for Bombay, originally proposed.

¶ From Pekin a complete series cannot be expected; but, so far as practicable, the observatory there (already in activity,) will co-operate.

¶ This observatory is supplied with British instruments.

when other great branches may be considered as entitled to share in the public support and encouragement which has hitherto fallen to the lot of, perhaps, astronomy alone, and will surely be granted by all who duly consider the parent state and prospects of science. The great problems which offer themselves on all hands for solution—problems which the wants of the age force upon us as practically interesting, and with which its intellect feels itself competent to deal, are infinitely far more complex, and depend on data which, to be of use must be accumulated in vast masses, over a wide field, and worked upon with a great and systematized power. The collecting, arranging, and duly combining these data are operations which, to be carried out to the extent of the requirements of modern science, lie utterly beyond the reach of all private industry, means, or power. Our demands are not merely for a slight and casual sprinkling to refresh and invigorate an ornamental or luxurious product, but for a copious, steady, and well-directed stream, to call forth from a soil ready to yield it an ample, healthful, and remunerating harvest.

BURNS, AND HIS FELLOW PLOUGHMEN.

If without presumption we may speak of the difference between the ploughman upon whom the world has bestowed no more praise than he deserved, and his fellows, we would say that it consisted, not in his being a much wiser man than they—for Heaven can testify that he knew as little as the dullest of them about the laws of mechanics, and what was the construction of the plough with which he turned up the sods, or how these sods were classified in the cabinets of the geologists;—but if he in any degree was other than they, it was on this account, that while they merely drove an instrument, which they called a plough, and turned up from the ground what they named sods, and measured their course by the aspect of the heavens, and the habitual instinct which taught them to fly from the rain, or profit by the sunshine—to him that plough, and those sods, and that sky, and the rain, and the sunshine, were all living things, which he knew, felt, and believed in; they were all distinct, all real; they became, though we knew not how, parts of himself, and then he became and knew himself to be a man. And every hour something new seemed added, not so much to what he saw, as to what he was. But this is the perilous point for man—a feeling so strong comes, in many cases, eventually to overpower him, so that his own powers take possession of him, till that which had been life and consciousness becomes pride, and in the mad desire to make higher proof of his strength by defying the conscience which restrains it—he oftentimes throws away in the arms of some vain Dalilah, that moral dignity in which, as in the locks of Sampson, lies the secret of

his might; and thereupon will that man's perceptions wax dimmer, and his belief become less strong, and the clouds become to him clouds of the valley merely, and the flowers will lose their brilliancy, and the earth its greenness; and though in that man's verse Nature may still look fresh (for that she may have consecrated to herself) yet in his heart will she be dead and cold. And because of pride and arrogance will the last state of that man be grievously bad, owing to the high glory of his first.

SHIPS EMBEDDED IN THE EARTH.

The number of great vessels which have at different periods been swept into destruction by the winds and waters, is not to be computed. Suddenly surprised by tornados, maelstroms, gulph-streams or other tremendous powers, hundreds of ships are on record, that, hurried from their moorings, have been driven inland, and swallowed up by the earthquakes that followed the inundations of the sea. Of many that have been thus suddenly imbedded in the earth, the following, if a short, is a fearful list.

In 1462, it is recorded by Fulgosas, as some men were working a mine near Berno in Switzerland, they found a ship 100 fathoms deep in the earth, with anchors of iron, and sails of linen, with the remains of forty men.

Pairre Naxis relates a like history of another such ship having been found under a very high mountain.

Eusebius Newcombergus the Jesuit, in his 5th book of Natural History, says, that near the port of Lima, in Peru, as the people were working a gold mine, they found a ship, on which were many characters very different from ours. Strabo also relates, in his first book, that the wrecks of ships have been found 375 miles from the sea.

Dr. Plott, in his Natural History of Staffordshire, relates a story, that the mast of a ship, with a pulley hanging to it, was found in one of the Greenland mountains. Is it to be supposed that these ships, which have been found beneath the surface of the earth, were antediluvian ships? If they were, (and mankind know the use of ships before the flood,) it is not probable that all mankind except Noah and his family, would have been drowned by a deluge of waters.

Is it not more probable, that violent earthquakes since the deluge have been the means of swallowing up these ships? but the sea must, at that time, have covered that part of the land where they have been found.

In 1692, on the 7th of June, the town of Port Royal, in Jamaica, was in two minutes totally destroyed by an earthquake: many ships were also swallowed up.

In 1746, Callao, a sea-port town in Peru, was violently shaken by an earthquake, and of 5,000 inhabitants, only 200 were saved. The sea rolled in upon the town in mountainous waves; ships of burden were conveyed

over the garrison walls : and one ship, which arrived from Chile the preceding day, was conveyed to the foot of the mountains, and left on dry ground.

In 1755, on the 1st of November, Lisbon, in Portugal, was also destroyed by an earthquake : many ships in the harbour were also swallowed up, only their masts appearing above water : the sea suddenly rolled in like a mountain, ships were driven from their moorings, and tossed about with great violence.

Cadiz, on the same day that Lisbon was destroyed, was violently shaken by an earthquake, and the inhabitants were yet more alarmed at the appearance of a wave coming towards the town at least sixty feet higher than common : it beat in the breast-work of the walls, and carried pieces of eight or ten tons weight forty or fifty yards from the wall, and passed over a parapet sixty feet above the ordinary level of the water.

In 1818, an account was received at the Admiralty of a discovery made in the south of Africa, about 20 miles north of Cape Town. Some persons, in digging, happened to strike upon what appeared a beam of timber : but tracing it, they found a ship deeply imbedded in the soil. A plank of it accompanied the account of the discovery to the Admiralty.

ON THE ANTIQUITY OF TREES ;

OR, LES AUBRES SECLAIRES.

THE longevity of trees is a subject of interest, to the knowledge of which a value must be justly attached, when it is known that some trees were contemporary with the *oldest generations of mankind*. They have, in certain cases, thrown light on the history of monuments ; as the monuments in return have reflected the same light of knowledge on those ancient trees that grew near them. The specimens of those patriarchs of the vegetable world are numerous, and if their immense age be only ascertained with precision, there will even be found in these facts some means of fixing an approximative date to the last revolutions of the globe.

Old books abound in mention of these ancients of creation. The oaks in the Hercynian forest are mentioned* as—"vastitas sylva, intacta avis et congenita mundo." Josephus ranks the great turpentine tree at Idumea with the *Creation*. Adanson found a baobab, which, by ingenious and plausible calculations, he proved to be 5150 years old ; and the taxodium (*cupressus disticha*) which, by similar reasonings, may be much older. There was a cypress in Persia, in girth as much as five men could span, believed to be 2500 years old. Scaliger reports of an enormous tree growing in Troglodytic India : there was the Delian palm coeval with Apollo, and the platanus by which Socrates used to swear.

* Pliny. lib. xvi., c. 2.

The Cedars.—Those on Lebanon, measured in 1660 by Maundrel and Pocock, were supposed to be then about 609 years old, and about 800 years old in 1787, when again seen by M. Labellerdière.

The Oaks are among the patriarchs of Europe ; but the study of them has been attended with doubt ; partly because this tree is one of those which, the woodmen confess, is the most affected by soil ; partly because persons have confounded the wood of the *Quercus pedunculata*, which grows quickly and spires up in height, whereas the *Quercus sessiliflora* is of slow growth, and becomes harder and more tortuous ; from this confusion there exists an impossibility of comparing documents on the subject. Among the oldest and bulkiest of this tribe may be mentioned, that called Damory's in Dorsetshire, the Boddington oak, and the Norbury oak of Dr. Platt.

The Elm obtains a very large size and a very rapid growth ; one possessed by M. de Candelle appeared to be about 335 years old ; it grew near the town of Morges, in a light wet soil ; it fell during a calm season, probably through the soil being undermined by the waters of Lemna Lake. These planted by order of Sully before the Chambers in France are good specimens. It is necessary to distinguish between the broad and narrow-leaved elms, as the latter live longer and are of slower growth.

The Iries are sometimes astonishing for their girth. In 1804, one at Gigeau, near Montpellier was six feet round at the base, which, taken as a general type, would, if still in existence, be four centuries and a half old.

Larches.—One measured by M. Candollo was 255 years old ; from which it may be presumed that there exist some of an age of between five and six centuries.

The Lime is an European tree which, in a given time, appears able to acquire the largest diameter. That of the Chateau of Chaillé near Melles, in the department of the Deux-Sèvres, was in 1804 about 538 years old ; that of Trons in the Grisons in 1798 must have been about 583 years old ; that of Depeham, near Norwich, and of Heustadt in Wurtemberg were also very aged, the last needing props. The large and small-leaved limes must be distinguished between, as the former grow faster than the latter.

The Cypresses, among the trees in the south of Europe, live to the most advanced age. Hunter says that, in 1776, there existed in the garden of the Palace of Grenada, cypresses that were celebrated even in the time of the Moorish Kings, and which were named *Cupressos de la Regna Sultana*—from a Sultana who was seen under it with the Abencerrages. The largest now known is near the Lago Maggiore. The immense cypress of Chapultepec, which, it is said, has attained 117 feet 10 inches round, is *probably the most ancient vegetable production of the globe*.

The Sweet Chestnuts appear to grow to a great age. Pæderte says, he saw one in the

county of Gloucester, which was supposed to be near 900 years old. (This is the Totworth Chesnut at Lord Ducies'.) Rose mentions one near Lancerre, 30 feet round, and which has, for 600 years, borne the title of the "Great Chesnut."

The Orange and Lemon are among the European trees of the slowest growth and the greatest age. It is stated that the orange tree in the Convent of Santa Sabina at Rome, was planted by St. Domenico in 1200, and that of Fondi by St. Thomas d'Aquinas, in 1278.

The Olive is a tree that can live to an astonishing age, in any country, where it is not liable to be pruned. M. de Chateaubriand says, in his *Itinerary*, that the eight olive trees in the garden of that name in Jerusalem, only pay each a *medin* to the grand seignior, which proves that they existed at the period of the invasion of the Turks; for those planted since that time pay a tax of half their produce. The largest olive tree mentioned in Italy by Pecconi, is at Pescio; this tree, according to Moschettini must be 700 years old.

The Yew appears, of all European trees, to attain the greatest age. Of these venerable trees there are several in England, whose ages have been ascertained:—

Those of the ancient Abbey of Fountains, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, were, in 1770, more than twelve centuries old.

Those of the churchyard of Crowhurst in Surrey, if they still exist, must be fourteen centuries and a half old.

Those of Fotheringay, in Scotland, must be reckoned at from twenty-five to twenty-six centuries. [Fotheringale.]

Those of Brabourne churchyard, in Kent, if still living, must, according to their measurements, have attained a period of 3,000 years.

It is possible that these are the *oldest specimens of European vegetation*. Century after century they have continued to draw up from the earth their mighty nourishment; on their green umbrageous heads the rains and dews of thousand years have fallen, and they now stand, at the present day, as monuments of wonder to the generations of men.

SORCERISM OF NEW-ENGLAND IN 1660.

"It is to be confessed and bewailed," says an old author of this period, "that many inhabitants of New-England, and young people especially, had been led away with little soceries, wherein they did secretly those things, that were not right, against the Lord their God; they would often cure hurts with spells, and practice detestable conjurations with sieves, and keys, and peas, and nails, and horse-shoes, and other implements, to learn the things for which they had a forbidden and impious curiosity. Wretched books had stolen into the land, wherein fools had been instructed to become able fortune-tellers, and by these books,

the minds of many had been so poisoned, that they studied this finer witchcraft, etc. •

"Scores of people," continues our ancient author, "were arrested with many preternatural vexations upon their bodies, and a variety of cruel torments, which were evidently inflicted from the daemons of the invisible world. The people that were infected and infested, in a few days' time arrived unto such a refining alteration upon their eyes, that they could see their tormentors; they saw a devil, of a little stature, and of a fawney colour, attended still with spectres, that appeared in more human circumstances. These tormentors tendered unto the afflicted a book, requiring them to sign it, or touch it, at least, in token of their consent to be listed in the service of the devil; which they refusing to do, the spectres, under command of that *black-man*, as they called him, would apply themselves to torture them with prodigious molestations. The afflicted wretches were horribly distorted: they were pinched black and blew: pins would be run everywhere in their flesh: they would be scalded until they had blisters raised on them, and a thousand other things, before a thousand witnesses. Their hands would be tied together with a rope, *plainly to be seen*, and then, by unseen hands, presently pulled up a great way from the earth, before a crowd of people. One person was cruelly assaulted by a spectre, that, she said, ran at her with a spindle, though no one else in the room could see either the spectre or the spindle; at last, in her agonies, giving a snatch at the spindle, she pulled it away, and it was no sooner got into her hand, but the other folks then present beheld that it was indeed a real, proper iron spindle, which they locked up very safe, yet it was nevertheless taken away by the daemons, to do farther mischief."

QUIDDITIES OF ARCHITECTS.

ARCHITECTS appear to me to be a very peculiar class of men, though why they should be so is as odd to me as it is to any body else.

They are eternally talking about their styles and studies, one prefers Grecian, another Roman, a third Gothic, and, may be, a fourth neither; they tell students, by means of expensive books, illustrated with examples, how they ought to proceed to design and build a perfect specimen of their favourite style—well, but no sooner does our student commence building, than he finds, or, perhaps, others find for him, that he has committed a most unclassical blunder, such as stretching a dome over a Grecian pediment, or something worse; he is then assailed by hosts of architects and critics, who point out his errors, and tell him how they have been committed, and how they may be avoided; he promises amendment for the future, and builds again, perhaps committing worse blunders than ever, and so continues till "the crack of doom." D. L.

The Gatherer.

Boabdil's Flight and Surrender.—On reaching a hill above Granada (which has since been called by the Spaniards *El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro*, "the last sigh of the Moor,") Boabdil turned, and, casting a last look back on the beautiful Vega, and the glorious city of his forefathers, he burst into tears. "You do well," said his high-spirited mother, Ayxa, "to weep like a woman for what you knew not how to defend like a man!"

Shetland: its 'Corduroy Roads.'—Walking is, of course, a most necessary accomplishment in this country, where the shoes are made of materials so very substantial, that an old gentleman used to say, he wore in the morning three rows of nails on the sole, but for full dress only two rows."—*Miss Sinclair.*

The total amount of rain which has fallen between the 2d and 16th of June, 1840, has been 0.29 inch.

The vacant ground in front of the National Gallery is now about to be laid out. On account of the extensive levellings in its front, the whole of that building will stand on a terrace of from eight to ten feet high. The soil removed is to be applied in levelling and improving the Green Park.

Horticultural Society.—The total number of visitors to the garden on the 13th ult., was 11,711, nearly 3,000 more than ever before attended at one exhibition; 18 gold and 63 silver medals, amounting together in value to 260*l.* 15*s.*, were awarded on that occasion.

M. Rodouté, the celebrated flower-painter, and professor of drawing at the Garden of Plants, died last June in Paris, in his eighty-first year.

In some parts of Scotland, the charters of estates were anciently carved in Gaelic on the rocks. A person ignorant of the law once mentioned, that a gentleman had proved his claim to an estate, and on being asked in what way, confidently replied, "he has carved it on stone!"

The Man of Benevolence.—His presence, gentle and quiet though he was, made a jubilee wherever he remained: his charity might be termed universal: he was welcomed by smiles, and departed amid tears.

Primitive Method of Sowing.—Sacavi is an Armenian village, situated on a conical hill on the banks of the Murad Su, or Euphrates. On the road a party of peasants were passed, sowing wheat, which they did in a very primitive manner: the sower walking before the plough, cast the grain upon the ground among the high grass and weeds, and then over all came the plough, which was drawn by eight oxen: the grain was small, but very white.—*Notes of a Journey from Erzurum to Aleppo.*

The Pianoforte.—This instrument was invented in London, in 1766, by Zumpi, a German.

Productiveness of the Ascaris lumbricoides.—The entire number of ova, and therefore the number of young, capable of being produced at a single birth from the same parent, frequently amounts to the astonishing number of 64,000,000.—*Lancet*, Vol. 11, No. 9, p. 304.

Proper Succession of Crops.—Any given crop influences a succeeding one; not merely by the quantity of vegetable and azotic matter left behind it by in the soil, but also by the circumstance whether the plant forming the crop has penetrated deep into, and has exhausted, the soil or not. Thus wheat is found to grow much better after potatoes, than after beet-root; and far better after clover, than after either of the other two crops.

"*All that's bright must fade!*"—That once fascinating scene of mirth and fashion, Vaux-Hall Gardens, is doomed very shortly to fall beneath the hand of the auctioneer. The shades of Beard, Inledon, Dignum, Bland, with other choice spirits, surely will again revisit this favoured spot, and sing a requiem over the ruins of the once fairy scene of all their early fame and glory!

Honneur au Journal Monstre!—The "Courier de l'Europe" has computed, that in the "Times" of the 24th June, there were in that paper and its supplement, 1,370 advertisements, occupying 45 columns and a half: the produce of which would be 700*l.* The two sheets contained 27,000 lines, and 1,250,000 letters, which, if extended in a straight line, would reach half-a-mile!

Cruelty of the Russian Slave-masters.—A very intelligent traveller, M. Ermann, mentions a cruel practice of the Kirghiz, which is of a very singular nature. He says, that they have the art of reducing their Russian prisoners, by a dexterous blow on the head, at once to a state of idiocy, so that, though useful as slaves, they never think of making their escape. They are also in the habit of making a deep incision in the soles of their captives' feet, in which they insert a bunch of horse-hair. The wound then closes, but leaves a soreness, which effectually precludes any attempt at running away.

It is allowed on all hands, that the agriculture of Hindoostan is rude; a Hindoo field, in the highest state of cultivation, is only so far changed by the plough as to afford a scanty supply of mould for covering the seed, while the useless and hurtful vegetation is so far from being eradicated, that (where burning does not precede) it covers a large surface of the earth.—*Mills' British India*, vol. i. p. 346.

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SALISBURY CRAIGS,

NEAR EDINBURGH.

SALISBURY CRAIGS form a semi circular precipice of great height (about 550 feet) and extent, which may be seen from almost every quarter. Round the base of these Craigs winds a footpath, commanding a splendid view of the city of Edinburgh and the surrounding scenery.

The Craigs are open to the west, and present to the eye an awful front of broken rocks and precipices, forming a sort of natural amphitheatre of solid stone. Among the rocks, are rich ores, spar, and great variety of rock plants—thus affording an inexhaustible supply of hard stone for paving the streets of London.

Between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craigs is a reclusive valley, the bottom of which is a morass. Immediately upon descending into this valley, the view of Edinburgh is totally lost: the imperial prospect of the city and castle, which the rocks in a manner overhang, is intercepted by Salisbury Craigs. Seldom are human beings to be met in this lonely vale, or any creatures to be seen, but the sheep feeding on the mountain, and the hawks and ravens winging their flight among the rocks.

Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craigs are included in the King's Park, which is upwards of three miles in circumference: it is subdivided

by stone walls, and was first enclosed by King James V., all of which is a sanctuary. This is a singular piece of ground, approximating to such a populous city: it is little else than an assemblage of hills, rocks, precipices, morasses, and lakes. Formerly, the level strip at the foot of the hill, bearing the name of the Duke's Walk, was covered with tall oaks; but now there is hardly a single tree in its whole boundaries: indeed it is extremely doubtful, if, except at the bottom, there were any trees on these hills, the height of the ground, and barrenness of the soil, being very unfavourable for their growth.

Rugged protuberances of craggy prominences, denominated Craigs, are common in the romantic and picturesque domains of Scotland. The celebrated Craig Phadric, on the banks of the Ness, coronetted by a splendid vitrified fort, is the wonder of travellers; and, among the most striking of the natural features of Ayrshire is the appearance from the shore, of Ailsa Craig, which rises sheer out of the sea, at the distance of fifteen miles from the land. So tall and massive is Ailsa, and such is the effect produced by the loveliness of the sea between, that the sight of it, even at the distance of fifteen miles, oppresses the imagination.

INVOCATION.

POETRY ! Voice of the Beautiful ! stay !
 Breathe o'er this trembling lyre !
 Priestess of Nature ! awaken the lay
 Thine own bright dreams inspire !
 Far midst thy worshippers, spirit of song,
 I hail thy rapturous strains,
 And come to the old and noble throng ;—
 Welcome me to your fane !

I have sought thee long in the heartless crowd,
 And the cares of changeable years ;
 Till the passion-cup of the heart o'erflow'd
 Too often in silent tears !
 I have sought thee, too, where the giant hills
 Watch o'er the broad blue sea ;
 Where the greenwood choir, and the merry rills
 Wake Love's best melody !

I have sought thee by old and fabulous springs—
 O'er many a sunny strand ;
 Where patriarch-poets awoke the strings
 Erst swept by angel-hand !
 But I grasp thy harp, bright spirit of song !
 The glorious prize I bear !
 I have lov'd thee—sought thee—woo'd thee long—
 Thy triumphs let me share ! W. G. A.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

A SKY more beautifully bright,
 Than waking hours yet ever knew ;
 Whose darkest shades are varying light,
 Of sapphire, or soft fleecy blue ;
 Where the rich clouds pass fitfully,
 Like shadowing lines of angel's wings,
 And seem to shed a tinge from high,
 O'er all the heart's imaginings.

An earth where flowers are springing round—
 Those which in youth we used to love,
 Where the wild hyacinths abound,
 Beside the pathway as we rove ;
 And many a scene, and many a thing,
 For years from our remembrance gone,
 Upon the soul are gathering,
 As once they graced its earliest home.

The sisters that we loved so well
 With eyes that ever sweetly shone,
 Appear with us again to dwell,
 Though long to their Creator gone ;—
 The eye—the voice—the every word
 Just as in life they oft have spoken ;
 Again are seen—again are heard,
 As if old ties had ne'er been broken !

Oh, Heaven ! it is a blessed thing
 To share again, though but in sleep,
 The joys Time never more can bring.
 The hopes we long have learnt to weep ;
 Till waking, we could almost say,
 Some angel who on earth was dear,
 Pitying the sorrows of the day,
 Prepared the peace our slumbers share !

MARIA R.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO AN INFANT COUSIN.

BY A LITTLE GIRL, ONLY 10 YEARS OLD.

HAIL, little tender flower,
 So lovely, and so mild ;
 Thy dearest mother's sweetest hope—
 Her own, and darling child !

Thou dost not know, my babe,
 What is a mother's care ;
 Or that, my little jewel,
 Thou art to her so rare.

And when thou'rt grown up, dear one,
 Oh ! may'st thou always be
 As gentle, and as kind to her,
 As she is now to thee !

DEATH OF AN ANACONDA.*

IN the year 1772, war of the most desolating kind broke out in Guiana ; not only had the French troops to combat against the savage Indians, but, (in their perilous marches through the great forests which there encumbered the soil,) also against fierce and terrible beasts, that howled in every bush, rioted in every swamp, and reigned in every green tree.

The column of Major Rudchop was composed of eight hundred colonial infantry, and five hundred black cavalry, furnished by different plantations; the latter body being commanded by a black, named Cupidon.

Sixty slaves accompanied this battalion : they carried the canteens and rations, the ammunition of the troops, hatchets, and necessary implements for establishing the camp, this part of Guiana being utterly impracticable for carriages and beasts of burden.

It was four in the evening. The whites found themselves about two leagues from the island occupied by Zam-zam, chief of the revolted negroes.

The forest was becoming thicker and thicker, till at length, they found no track, or passage. The trees, immense and tufted, formed a dome impenetrable to the day ; great lianas shooting from tree to tree, or rioting on the ground, crossed and re-crossed themselves in nets so dense and inextricable, that two negroes, armed with hatchets, forced with difficulty, a route for the soldiery which followed.

One of the rebels who had voluntarily made his submission, conducted the Europeans through the immense vegetable wall which barred their passage. The profound silence of the forest was untroubled, save by the measured strokes of the hatchets and bills of the slaves. Many of them, overcome by heat and fatigue, stopped to repose against the lower branches of the trees, or the strong festoons of the lianas.

Having gained vigour by their temporary rest, they again summoned up their forces, and recommenced their painful labours.

One of them, wishing to clear the way by moving the mossy trunk of a carob-tree, used the end of his pike as a lever, with which to turn it over on itself. The only vesture of the slave, was a pair of linen drawers, and a blue shirt. Scarcely had he disarranged the tree, when a serpent, of a bright luminous orange colour, of small bulk, and about three feet in length, lanced itself from the tree, over which the slave was bent, struck into the bosom of his shirt, and buried its fangs in his heart.

The negro uttered a terrible shriek, crying, "A Way-pay !—I am dead !"

Scarcely could he carry his hand to his chest, before the serpent escaped, glided like

* The 4me Numéro of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, from which this paper is translated, calls for our full approbation ; it is rich and racy with French literature ; it improves as it proceeds ; and we say to M. Bo-hain, with all our heart, "*I pede fausto.*"

a flame into the jungle, and nothing was seen among the green bushes, but a small sparkling portion of his head and shoulders.

The negro fell. His black head became grey as a cinder, his eyes started from their sockets; he was seized with a convulsive trembling—his limbs quivered with internal agony.

The bite of this serpent was mortal.

"Beware, beware!" cried Cupidon, "the way-pay is to the great anaconda, what the pilot is to the vessel; hereabouts be sure, lurks an anaconda."

The black had hardly uttered the words, when, by a movement more rapid than thought, he seized his gun which he had laid beside him, gazed in the direction of the trunk of the carob-tree upon an object which he saw, and fired.

In half a minute, the negroes were enveloped in a kind of whirlwind of leaves, of broken branches, mixed together like the fragments of a shattered vase.

They heard in the jungle, a deafening sound, and so to speak, heavy as that of an immense wave, breaking the enormous branches of trees, and dashing them into a stormy sea.

Twice Cupidon saw the colossal head of the anaconda elevate and lower itself with fury. This part of the reptile's body was of a brown red, further heightened by a blazing yellow. At the moment Cupidon recovered from his first emotion, he snatched the fusil of Touketi-Touk, his companion, to kill the monster, which he had certainly wounded. The serpent, all at once, ceased to preserve its threatening attitude, undulating towards the jungle like an enormous wave, it left a part of its back exposed below the great green creepers, and then disappeared on the right, without being struck by the second discharge of Cupidon.

"An anaconda! . . . an anaconda! beware on the right!" cried Touketi-Touk, "look to your arms—he is wounded."

Reports of guns were now heard on the right, proceeding from the blacks. "He is shot—he is shot," cried many voices.

And such indeed was the case. Although he had received two balls in his head, he yet gave signs of life, when a number of negroes who had thrown a long liana round his neck, dragged the monster into the midst of a little cleared track.

Covered with huge scales, he was thirty feet in length, and three in circumference; his back of bluish-green, and fawn, was blotched with large irregular spots, surrounded by black circles; his sides were of a rich brownish-yellow; his belly of a greyish tone; his head, half shattered by the balls, could scarce be distinguished by reason of the blood which covered it in momentary gushes; and he still feebly opened his jaws, armed with poisonous teeth.

The blacks, and a great number of soldiers partaking of the same taste, gratified themselves with the hope of supping on the carcase of the monster.

A negro, holding in one hand the liana which surrounded the neck of the anaconda, climbed up a carob-tree, thrust its flexible head into a fork formed by a branch of the tree, and then threw the vegetable cord of the liana to his companions below. Thus suspended by the neck, the reptile still writhed itself into convulsive motions.

The black now took a large knife between his teeth, left the tree, fastened himself like a cramp-iron to the body of the serpent, which incessantly writhed and turned round, and pressing him between his limbs and knees, prepared himself to excoarate the reptile.

Plunging his knife into the anaconda's neck, he made a deep incision, before he began to lift up the skin. At this deadly wound, the monster summoned up his expiring strength in furious movements—his dying eye glared through the blood that covered it; twice he opened his jaws, and gnashed his teeth one against the other, and made such terrible coilings with his head, that the spectators started back in horror.

Soon the motions of the anaconda became less energetic—he at last agitated himself very feebly—he expired.

The black prolonged the incision which he had made in the neck, and continued to do so in peeling off and lifting again the skin, in measure, as he proceeded.

It was a spectacle at the same time strange and terrible to see, in the last rays of the setting sun, which scarcely traversed the tops of the trees, that black being, half naked, covered with blood, and clasping between his knees and arms, the immense carcase of the reptile.

OXFORD MARTYR'S MEMORIAL.

THE committee for the appropriation of the fund subscribed for the erection of a monument to the memory of the three prelates, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, who suffered martyrdom at Oxford, have selected, at a recent competition, the design of Messrs. Scott and Moffatt, of Spring-Gardens. The monument will consist of a very elaborate hexagonal cross, of a character corresponding with the crosses erected by Edward I. to the memory of Queen Eleanor, but somewhat on a larger scale, and more richly decorated. The second story will contain, in niches on the alternate sides, statues of the three martyrs, which, from the situation of the monument, will face three different streets. The site chosen is remarkably appropriate, being in front of the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in which parish the martyrdoms took place, and opposite to the end of the very fine avenue leading from St. Giles's to St. Mary Magdalene Church, which will be highly favourable to the effect when approached from that direction. The height of the cross is about 70 feet, which is about one-fourth higher than the majority of the ancient crosses in this country. A portion of the fund is also to be appro-

printed to the erection of a new aisle to the church, and to rendering the side opposite which the cross will be placed, and which is much dilapidated, conformable in character to the cross. This aisle is to be called the Martyr's Aisle. It will enhance the appearance of the church in architecture, and much improve the internal accommodation. It is contemplated that the fund raised, should be nearly equally divided between the two objects. The works will probably be commenced as soon as a contractor is chosen.—*Times Journal*, July 6, 1840.

Anthologia.

1. *The Dream, and other Poems.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. [Colburn.]
2. *Historical Reveries.* By a Suffolk Villager. [Longman and Co.]

[We class these two books together, because the first is confessedly, and the second, judging by internal evidence, equally the production of a female pen. And exquisite both of them are, moving the heart by their mournful beauty—like the Fancy-dreamer who doth use it—Woman!]

Painful, however, is it, in the first case, to observe, that "Rosalie," whose strains long years ago in her life's beginning, were entwined only to "Sorrows," still vibrates with the same sad *pleurissement* on the strings—still she seems like "Niobe," evermore "all tears," and like "Rachel," "refusing to be comforted."

But from the many painful traits of woman's trials, as drawn in Mrs. Norton's pages, we extract a more comfortable passage—a truthful and right-hearted statement of woman's privileges and duties:—]

"And be not thou cast down, because thy lot
The glory of thy dream resembleth not.
Not for herself was woman first create,
Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate.
Still from his birth his cradled bed she tends,
The first, the last, the faithfullest of friends;
Still finds her place in sickness or in woe,
Humble to comfort, strong to undergo;
Still in the depth of weeping sorrow tries
To watch his death-bed with her patient eyes!
And doubt not thou,—(although at times deceived,
Outraged, insulted, slander'd, crush'd, and grieved;
Too often made a victim or a toy,
With years of sorrow for an hour of joy;
Too oft forgot midst Pleasure's circling wiles,
Or only valued for her rosy smiles,—)
That, in the frank and generous heart of man,
The place she holds accords with Heaven's high plan;
Still, if from wandering sin reclaim'd at all,
He sees in her the angel of recal;
Still, in the sad and serious hours of life,
Turns to the sister, mother, friend, or wife;
Views with a heart of fond and trustful pride
His faithful partner by his calm fireside;
And oft, when barr'd of Fortune's fickle grace,
Blank ruin stares him darkly in the face,
Leans his faint head upon her kindly breast,
And owns her power to soothe him into rest,—
Owne what the gift of woman's love is worth
To cheer his toils and trials upon earth!

"Sure it is much, this delegated power
To be consoler of man's heaviest hour!
The guardian angel of a life of care,
Allow'd to stand 'twixt him and his despair!

Such service may be made a holy task;
And more, 'twere vain to hope and rash to ask.
Therefore, oh! loved and lovely, be content,
And take thy lot, with joy and sorrow blent.
Judge none; yet let thy share of conduct be,
As knowing judgment shall be pass'd on thee
Here and hereafter; so, still undimay'd,
And guarded by thy sweet thoughts' tranquil shade,
Thou shalt move sober on —

[Surely there is a power in woman's poesy which man's can never own—a sweeter charm—a something more acquainted with the spell that calls up fancies deep and delicate! All beauteous words—the idioms of the heart that passion forms, it seemeth to have friendship for. It is a poesy of most gentle beauty, and not unfitly may be called, the Moonlight of the Lyre. For, if it attain not to the glorious heights and sunny grandeurs of its brother song, it has a holy lustre, pure and sad, that moves the heart like magic. Had we our way, all tales of mournful love—all histories that touch upon the heart, should be written alone by woman's fingers—for over them doth she not weep?

We now turn to the lines of the fair "Villager:" they seem to us incomparably sweet:—]

"Retrospection."

I know not what it is, in a summer afternoon,
In the calm of still July, or the green delight of June
I know not what it is, but I know the feeling well,
Comes over me at sunset like a vision or a spell.
I know not what there should be of influence or power,
In the fall of the day more than any other hour;
But, oh! I know it well, like a gleam of something
gone,
How strangely it comes o'er me as the sunset-light
comes on.
We pass'd a narrow lane that came up from the west,
We were sweeping through the broad road by busy
feet impress'd;
And the yellow slanting sunbeams, with an almost
level ray,
Stream'd down upon a boy who was running there at
play.
Running, running, all alone, in an ever-changing ring,
Round some wooden plaything which he held in a
long string,
And whirl'd it round and round him, and ran round it
eagerly,—
It might be boat, or sledge, or kite, he meant that it
should be.
Not that it was like these things, or anything defined,
But form and colouring live within a child's inventive
mind;
And, unlike the hurrying passers-by, he ran round
there at play,
As if upon some village-green a hundred miles away.
I know not what it is, but a sad and strange delight
Unconsciously came o'er me as I look'd upon the
sight;
And amid the unquiet streets through the long and
thoughtful day,
I am haunted ever since by that happy child at play.
It is even such a feeling as rises in one's breast
At the sight of pleasant pictures, of gardens trimly
dress'd,
With their long, smooth, gravel walks, and their never-
turning ways.
Seen as they used to look in the hue of other days.
Or when one turns the pages of some great gardener
old,
Who lauds the tall sunflower and gleaming marigold;
The spires of the hollyhock, and the acuted hawthorn
bough,
And all those grave and stately things which are
thought nothing now.

I am tired of the bright shows that meet me every-
where,
I am tired of the hurry, I am tired of the glare;
I wish I were again in that world of long ago,
It seems as if I'd lived in, though when I do not know.

It may be a half-memory of the chalky uplands wild,
Where we play'd and gather'd wild flowers when I was
quite a child;
And the ancient lady living where the brook ran past
her door,
With her garden of anemones, and her neatly-sanded
floor.

We were speaking, we were thinking, of the fitful
gleams that come,
Like sudden torches lifted in a dark and starry dome,
Where the tools of the astrologer lie scatter'd on the
ground,
And cast may be our horoscope, and life's lost entries
found.

Oh! where, where, can the world be, to which memory
pointed back,
I know not where to find it in life's well-beaten track:
I have studied grave geography, and pored on map and
chart,
But I never found the pleasant land whose face is in
my heart.

Oh! the present time forgets what the future was to
give,
And the further off seems happiness the longer that we
live;

We see it far before us, fast fleeting as the wind,
And turning to look backward, we see it far behind.
They say, the quiet eventime of life's declining day
Doth wear a better hue than its morning's glad array;
I wonder if its sunset will ever bring to me
As sweet a light as that which doth linger over thee.

[To conclude: it was assuredly upon hearing
such tones as these, that Archilochus wanted
a new name for them, softer than any that
then existed, and which he found in the har-
monious word, "Τηρελλα."]

A WALK THROUGH ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

We walk these solemn aisles along,
The relics of the past among:
"Tis here the monks their beads have told,
Hero saints have pray'd, and warriors bold
Bent their mail'd knees to heaven.

From those who really love the study of anti-
quity, and experience pleasure in examining
the remains of ancient art, there are not many
ecclesiastical edifices possessing greater claims
on attention, than the cathedral at Rochester.
But as it is not the purpose, nor, indeed,
within the limits, of this little sketch, to give
a regular history of the church and its founda-
tion, the curious reader is referred to the
works of Thorpe and Hasted, and to that
very useful and excellent little tome, in-
titled the "History of Rochester,"* together
with many other entertaining essays on the
subject, for information how Ethelbert first
founded a bishopric and college for secular
priests here, in the time of St. Augustine, A. D.
600; how the Kings Sigere, Offa, Ethelwulf,
and Egbert, and a host of Anglo-Saxon bene-
factors, vied with each other in bestowing on
it many a fair manor, in honour of St. An-

drew, and for the good of their own souls.
There also must they seek for an account of
the various revolutions and catastrophes which
the building underwent, up to the time of
Bishop Gundulph, who is generally considered
to have been the architect of the earliest por-
tions of the present edifice. Ours are the ru-
minations only of a Rambler, and our ambition
is merely to be by the side of the stranger,
when he takes his final glance at the exterior
of this venerable edifice. Modern improve-
ments, tasteless insertions and brick facings
will somewhat tend to discourage his critical
examination of it, yet, if he be an architectu-
ral antiquary, he will neither be slow nor at
much pains to discover many beautiful relics
which they have almost obscured. The west
front is universally allowed to be a very fine
specimen of Norman enrichment, and is con-
sidered by Dallaway to be one of the most
perfect specimens of that style now left in
England. It consists, mainly, of tiers of
arches or arcades; the pillars supporting them
are of high design, and the heads of the arches
are filled with the curious hatched ornament
mentioned by Chaucer, as "hacking in ma-
souries." This front also contained four tow-
ers, two at the western terminations of the
nave, and two at those of the side aisles; they
appear to have run up nearly even with the
walls, but on reaching the roof of the building,
to have assumed an octangular shape, and
terminated in pinnacles most curiously capped.
The great door consists of several concentric
arches, all elaborately carved, and resting on
pillars, two of which take the form of statues,
and represent the figures of King Henry the
First, and his Queen Matilda. Various figures
of animals, flowers, etc., pervade the whole of
this beautiful relic, and the architrave is pe-
culiarly curious, the stones being locked to-
gether by semicircular fastenings. In the area
is a bas relief, probably intended for our Sa-
viour. He is represented sitting with a book
in his left hand, which book also rests upon
his knee; and the tympan or recess in which
he is seated is supported on either side by an
angel, whilst around are the symbols of the
four Evangelists. The plinth from which the
pillars rise is evidently of more recent date,
the ancient base having, in all probability,
been decayed. In the front of the tower, on
the north side of the west door, is a very an-
cient statue, which is supposed to represent
Gundulph; it formerly stood in another por-
tion of this tower, which was taken down
in 1763.

C. S.

MONUMENTAL BRASSES.

THE simultaneous appearance of the first
numbers of two pictorial works, illustrative
of the Sepulchral Antiquities of Great Britain,
the one entitled—A Series of Monumental
Brasses, extending from the reign of Edward I.
to that of Elizabeth, drawn and engraved by
J. G., and E. A. B. Waller; published by Pick-

* Published by Wildach, High-street, Rochester.

ering; the other—Illustrations of Monumental Brasses, published for the Cambridge Camden Society, by Tilt, educes from us the following observations.

These two works on the same subject, of similar title, and brought into the world on the same day, are produced under circumstances widely different. The latter is supported by the funds and abilities of the recently-formed Cambridge Camden Society (an institution taking the name of the Camden Society *par excellence*, but restricted to the members of the University of Cambridge); while the former is conducted solely by two individuals, dependent on their own resources, pecuniary as well as mental.

The ratio of the success of these rival productions, will, it is believed, illustrate and substantiate a position we have long formed and maintained in the assertion of the superiority of individual over collective power, in undertakings requiring zeal, industry, and obstinate fixodness of purpose, as well as previous propaative training in, and knowledge of, the subjects entered upon. That "union is strength," we allow; but it is often the ponderous and unwieldy strength of the giant, unavailable for the active purposes of life. Accumulated funds will not supply the qualities indispensable to the success of literary labours, such as patience, industry, enthusiasm, combined with a love of retirement, and contempt for mere display of public parade. In physical projects, such as rail-roads and steam-vessels, the association of men and money is everything; but the mind cannot be collected or propelled by steam, nor the brain be drilled and taught to create and produce at a railroad pace. That literary societies do good, may be admitted—anything is better than stagnation; but it is disputed that they can achieve what depends upon something not to be brought under subjection and controul: liberty of soul, and genius disdaining trammels and fetters, and scorning any exertion but in a state of freedom.

For this reason alone, we were disposed to expect more from the Messrs. Waller, than from the Cambridge Camden Society, and comparison of the specimens just published, justifies our expectations.

In the biographical and historical notes appended to the Cambridge work, research and judgment are evinced. The Messrs. Waller have postponed their letter-press. The lithographed rubbings of the former would also be by no means unsatisfactory, but when placed side by side, with their competitors', they are obscured by the boldness of outline, fidelity, and attention to minute details, so essential to the taste of the antiquary, which distinguish the engravings of the 'par nobile fratrum.' In those first numbers of the respective publications, the test of comparison is particularly unfortunate for the Cambridge people, as the monument of Archbishop

Harsnett, in Chigwell Church, Essex, is given by both parties, and tends to show, in a striking manner, the superiority of the individual artist over the joint-stock company. It is somewhat surprising that these interesting monuments should have hitherto been so partially attended to, as they justly deserve to rank among the most useful records we possess for authentic reference to the costume of the periods in which they were executed.

We shall possibly revert to the subject, and give our readers, by permission of the proprietors, a specimen of the talent of the Messrs. Waller.

FERTILIZATION OF AFRICA.

"It being true that there are a series of vast tanks and reservoirs placed by nature above the thirsting deserts of Africa, the stagnation, as well as the rapid evaporation of which, now pollute the climate; and also that a number of immense rivers flow out of Africa into the ocean: would it not be a problem worthy of the inquiry of travellers, by a scientific reconnaissance to determine what would be the difficulties of attending the tapping of those enormous vessels. As also of applying *tourniquets* upon those veins and arteries, which, eternally bleeding, have left a great portion of Africa destitute of vegetable life."—*Major Head.*

THE extent of Africa overwhelms the mind. It is nearly five thousand miles long, by four thousand broad, and it lies directly under the sun's path; the equator almost intersecting it, and the tropics covering the central regions of the north and south.

The sun is *always vertical*, somewhere in Africa; fiercely it exercises its power over a surface of two thousand five hundred miles.* Of this space one immenso portion is over-spread with barren sands, and the other alternately turned into a bog by rains and rivers, and into a nest of contagion by the action of the sun upon this mighty morass.

Now, between the tropics, it is constantly raining somewhere, and the rain falls in quantities that absolutely overwhelm the country. The hot winds constantly follow the sun from tropic to tropic, and the vapours which they raise, on reaching the higher regions of the atmosphere, and being chilled, are constantly poured down in rain. A country of a thousand miles on the north and south of the line, is thus kept constantly in a state of the most powerful irrigation, and the direct result is a most superabundant fertility for the month or two while the earth is drying, and excessive heat, and excessive moisture, first come in full combination. Yet, for the remainder of the dry period, the land is a sink of pestilence: so deadly from its miasmata, and so torturing from the swarms of insects generated by the heat, that man and the inferior animals perish in great numbers, or fly even to the desert, where they had rather encounter the tremendous fierceness of the sun, than the

* reckoning from the equator to the northern boundary, the Mediterranean; and about the same distance to its southern, the Cape of Good Hope.

agony of the innumerable stings that haunt them in the fertile soil. The country is covered with immense marshes, and thick jungles, where the over-luxuriance of the vegetation chokes the air, and all is fever and death.

The whole question, therefore, turns on the distribution of the rains. Too much water, or too little, makes the misfortune of Africa: and the only remedy for the evils which convert one of the richest soils of the world into a grave, or a nest of reptiles, is to be found in equalizing this gift of Nature.

It is impossible to doubt that a vast portion of the wilderness of Africa would produce the fruits of the earth if they had water. We find in the heart of the desert vegetation wherever there is a well; and a little colony, surrounded by woods and rich fields, wherever there is anything like a regular supply of water.

The grand problem would be, to lead the superfluity of the tropical rains from the innumerable rivers, and immense lakes of central Africa, into regions now condemned into perpetual dryness. The results would be to dry the watery morass into productive soil, and to water the burning sand alike into fertility: in fact, to drain the centre of the country, and to irrigate all the rest: and for this purpose the peculiar construction of the continent seems to offer no trivial advantages.

The whole central belt of Africa runs directly under the equator, and from the known figure, and the actual formation of the land, this central belt is so lofty, that it pours its rivers, the collection of its rains, down on both sides through the continent in great abundance and force. Denham computes the lake Tchad, one of the reservoirs of these rivers, at twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the ground beyond it, towards the south, was still rising. Bruce computed the southern elevation to which he had reached at two miles above the level of the sea, and this is probably but a small part of the whole elevation. From these vast tanks what copious good might be derived. Were they but judiciously drawn out in channels through the parched regions of this zone, how fructifying might they prove: the desert indeed would clap her hands, and her wildernesses blossom as the rose.

The water of the tropics is actually conveyed through the whole length of the sands of Nubia in the memorable course of the Nile; and a little sandy region in the shore of the Mediterranean is turned into the most extraordinary example of fertility in the world by this simple watercourse. There are in Egypt itself, the very region of sand and sun-beams, dykes and embankments for irrigation, on a vast scale, to which the permanent fertility of the land is owing. In the Abyssinian history, a threat is recorded of one of the kings who had a quarrel with the divan of Cairo, to turn away the Nile, and thus "stop the cock" out of which Egypt drank. There is a remark-

able instance, too, of a threat of this kind having been partially put in force, when Lallaballa the king, in the year 1200, turned the course of two rivers from the Nile into the Indian ocean.

The following sketch of the rivers of Africa, shows what vast floods the tropical rains pour down, and how little founded is the complaint which charges Africa with general want of water.

The Nile is the only river of consequence which empties itself into the Mediterranean:—Navigable 450 miles from the sea: its greatest velocity three miles an hour.

The Senegal. From this river, along the coast of Guinea to the equator, there is more water discharged into the ocean than from any other part of Africa; probably more than from all the rest of the continent put together: course, 1,000 miles: navigable 60 leagues from its mouth: and in the rainy season, 260

The Gambia. Navigable for large vessels 60 leagues: the tide is felt, in the dry season, at the distance of 250 leagues.

The St. Domingo, and the Rio Grande: the latter navigable for vessels, about twenty leagues.

The Merurado is a large river, so is the Sierra Leone river: then follow the Ancobar, St. John's, Volta, and Formosa rivers: the latter ascendable 28 leagues.

From Formosa river, are the Rio dos Forcados, the New Calabar, the Bonny, Old Calabar, and the Rio del Rey. These are very large rivers, and not well known. The country about here is low: and these streams intercept the land in every direction, and form numerous islands.

Turning southward is the river Cameroons, which has several mouths, but its size has not been ascertained. Then succeed several smaller streams, till we arrive at the Congo or Zaire river, which is very large and rapid, discolouring the sea for a considerable distance, and tearing away large pieces from its banks.

South of the Congo, for about six hundred miles, there are several rivers of a good size: many of which will admit vessels of one hundred tons. After that for about eight hundred miles, there is not a single stream of fresh water till we come to the Fish river. Then follows the Orange river, which, although it has a considerable length of course, does not discharge much water into the sea.

There are several considerable streams in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, as well as on the east coast of Africa, the largest of which is the Krmo, or Zambeze, which has a course of one hundred and eighty leagues. The rest are smaller, but none of these are well known, though many of them are large and deep at their entrances.

The Decra river, which runs into the Indian ocean to the north of the equator, is very large at its mouth, and is supposed to take its rise in the mountains south of Abyssinia. Beyond this there are no rivers of consequence till we reach the Nile, and indeed it is not known that there is a single stream of fresh water discharged into the Red Sea.

Bruce, a man of admirable powers, of great acquirement, intelligence, and activity, wasted his health, wealth, and years, in achieving the trifling discovery, that one of the sources of the Nile was a spring in a hillock, in an Abyssinian valley. But an expedition to discover the means of pouring fertility into the wilderness, and giving health to the tropical regions of Africa, would be among the noblest to be undertaken by the benevolent ambition of man. That there are vast districts where drainage could be effected with very simple means, and equally vast ones where water might be collected and preserved to supply the failure of the rivers in the dry season, is

well known. On such a subject, though rashness may be deprecated, it would be criminal to despair.

But it is a higher consideration still, that by giving health and fertility to Africa, would be actually taking the most direct way to elevate the character of its innumerable tribes. The tyranny of the petty kings is almost wholly founded on the poverty of their people, on their ignorance of everything, and their unacquaintance with the arts and comforts of European life. The poverty of their kings themselves drives them to the horrid resource of the slave-trade, itself re-acting on every feature of the national character. Africa, undivided by its enormous deserts, and with the spirit of man unbroken in it by perpetual disease and poverty, would not long remain without making advances in liberty, knowledge, virtue, and, as the combined result and protector of them all, in Christianity.

ORIGIN OF PANTOMIMES AND MASQUES.

THAT modern masques and pantomimes are traceable to the ancient pagan mysteries, may be inferred from their similarity of allegorical characteristics, as well as from the undoubted fact that the modern drama itself re-appeared after its extinction at the decline of the Roman empire, not only with the same form, the same objects, the same description of actors as the ancient, but actually under the same primitive designation, that of MYSTERIES. And it is here worthy of remark, that the noblest poem in the English language, *Paradise Lost*, was originally composed as a dramatic mystery; indeed, it is very capable, in its present state, of being decomposed and restored to its original form. So restored, it would, in fact, exhibit all the features of the more ancient mysterious drama,—the cosmogony, the lapse of man, the machines of good and evil spirits, the scenery of an Elysian garden, of the starry universe, of heaven and hell.

Certain it is, however, that in the ancient mysteries were exhibited masques and pantomimes founded on mythological stories.* The chief fund for these representations in Egypt, was, the popular story of Osiris murdered by his brother Typhon. According to Plutarch, the search of Isis was the subject of superb pageants and water spectacles; and, in truth, the whole mythological narrative of that event, and the concluding triumph of Horus, is by no means ill-calculated for dramatic effect. A similar representation of the story of Ceres took place during the Eleusinian Mysteries. It would appear that on the same occasion, four priests dressed in a peculiar costume, derived from Egypt, performed a kind of masque

in the characters of Pluto, Mercury, Bacchus, and Proserpine; an allegorical representation which conveyed instruction to the aspirant. Sometimes the creation of the world was represented, the cause of death accounted for, the lapse of the soul described, and its restoration predicted and portrayed.

To this class of masques indubitably belongs the beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche, described by Apuleius during his account of initiation; and it is not a little singular that it remains an inexhaustible source of the best operas, masques, and ballets to the present time. The Italian harlequinade is, evidently, a different version of CUPID and PSYCHE, and similar allegorical stories exhibited in the mysteries.

Columbine was a personification of the lapsed and wandering soul as Psyche or Proserpine.

Harlequin, of Eros or Mercury; and thence the magic wand or cap.

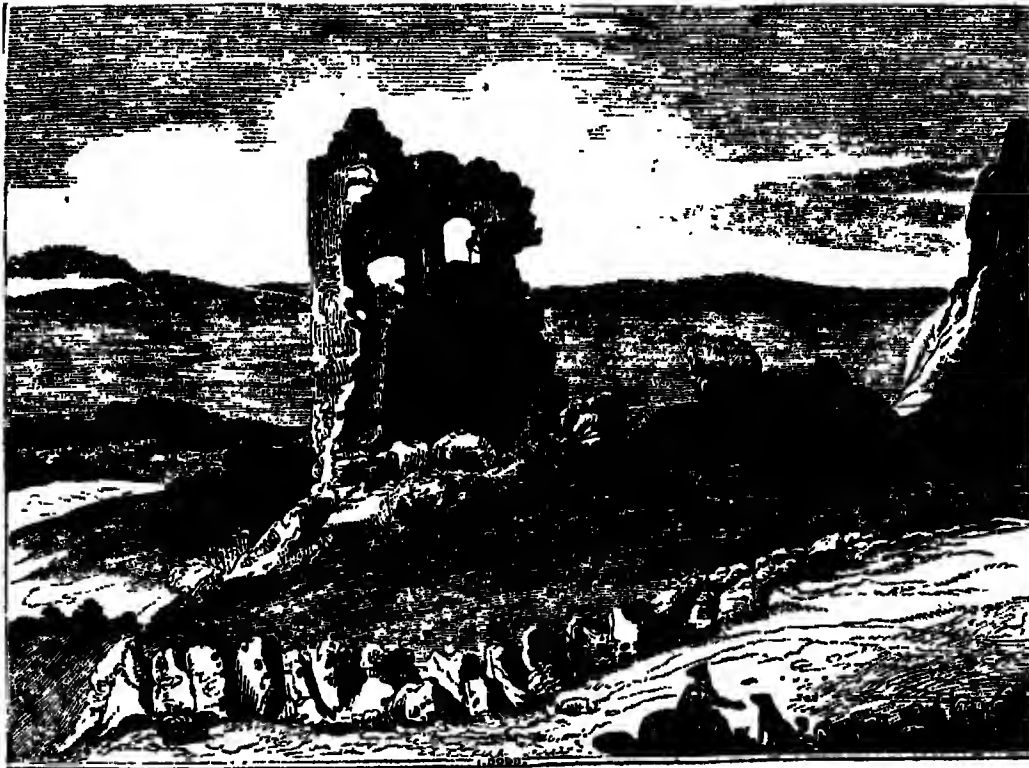
Pantaloon, of the tyrannical father, or avenging husband, as Pluto.

The Clown, scurra or buffoon, of Momus or Bacchus, which last deity was deemed to be the originator of vinous scurrility, satire, and saturnalian licence.

A BOLD REPLY.

WHEN the unfortunate James the Third of Scotland fell in the field near Stirling, fighting against his rebellious subjects, who had his son in their army, and in their power, it was for some time uncertain whether he was dead or alive, and it was supposed that he had taken refuge in a small fleet which lay in the Forth, a few miles from the scene of battle, whereupon a message was sent to Sir Andrew Wood, the commander of that fleet, to come and speak with the prince and council at Leith. He declined until they gave the Lords Seaton and Fleming as hostages for his safe return. When he appeared before the council at Leith, he was asked "if he knew what was become of the king," to which he answered in the negative. He was then asked "who were in those boats that had been seen plying between his ships and the shore, soon after the late battle." To which he replied, "that he and a party of his men had come on shore to assist their sovereign against his rebellious subjects, but hearing that the battle was over, they returned to their ships." To this, he added, "that if his gracious master was still alive, he would defend him to the utmost of his power against all traitors." This bold declaration was very disagreeable to those who heard it, but their concern for their hostages constrained them to dismiss him without any injury.

* It is worthy of note that Rich the manager (see Pope's Dunciad.) attempted to revive pantomimes under this ancient form.



RUINS OF ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL,

KING'S PARK, EDINBURGH.

THE Chapel of St. Anthony originally belonged to the Monastery of the Knights Templars of St. Anthony, at Leith. It is situated in the King's Park, on the north side of Arthur's Seat, and was formerly contiguous to a Hermitage. The site is well adapted as the resort of devotees; and, (although in the neighbourhood of a large and populous city,) bears the appearance, and possesses the properties of an unfrequented desert. Sequestered from the rest of mankind, here the holy hermits, in former days, dedicated their lives to devotion. The sterility of the rock on which they chose to dwell, taught them humility and mortification; while the lofty and majestic elevation adjacent to their abode, with the extensive prospect of the sea, disposed their minds to contemplation; and looking down on the palace* beneath, they no doubt compared the enviable tranquillity of their own residence with the tumults and empty parade of the royal court.

The Chapel was a beautiful Gothic structure, well suited to the rugged sublimity of the rock. It was forty-three feet long, eighteen broad, and eighteen high. At its west end, was a tower nineteen feet square, and at the supposed height of forty feet, which served as a sea-mark to vessels entering the Firth of Forth.

The Chapel, which appears to have been enclosed by a stone wall, had two arched

* Holyrood House.

doorways, and two windows on each side, with a handsome Gothic roof of three compartments. In the southern wall, near the altar, is a small arched niche, wherein the holy water was put; and another opposite, of larger dimensions, which was strongly fortified, for keeping the Pix, with the consecrated bread.

The cell of the hermitage yet remains; it is sixteen feet long, twelve broad, and eight high. The rock rises within two feet of the stone arch, which forms its roof; and near the base of the rock, is St. Anthony's Well, celebrated in Scottish song, and mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in "The Heart of Mid Lothian."

The canons of St. Anthony were introduced during the reign of James I., and they were brought from St. Anthony of Vienne in France, the seat of the Order; they followed the rule of St. Augustine. In Bagimont's roll, as it stood in the reign of James V., the preceptory of St. Anthony, at Leith, was taxed at 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* The same preceptory appears in a tax-roll of the archbishopric, in 1547. The Canons of St. Anthony had a church, a cemetery, a monastery and gardens at Leith, on the south-west corner of the alley, which was named from them *St. Anthony's Wynd*. Besides various lands, tenements and rents, about Edinburgh, and in Leith, they were entitled to a Scottish quart from every tun of wine which was imported into Leith and

Edinburgh. In 1482, Sir Alexander Haliday, the preceptor, was heard before the auditors, in parliament, with regard to the tithes, the rents, and other rights of their church at Hales. (Parl. Rec. 288.) In 1488, Thomas Turing, a burges of Edinburgh, founded a Chaplainry, in the Church of St. Anthony, for the maintenance whereof he gave certain rents, in Leith, amounting to 10*l.* yearly. At the reformation this preceptory was suppressed; and, in 1614, it was granted, with all its rights, to the Kirk-session of South-Leith, for endowing King James's Hospital, at Leith.*

The Seal of St. Anthony's Convent is still preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates. It bears the figure of St. Anthony, in a hermit's mantle, with a book in one hand, and staff in the other: and at his foot, a sow, with a bell about its neck. Over his head there is a capital T, which, it seems, the brethren wore in blue cloth upon their black gowns. Round the seal, there is this inscription: "S. Commune Preceptorie Sancti Anthonii Prope Leith." Lyndsay, the satirist, laughs at St. Anthony and his sow: one of the relics of his "Pardoner" is, "The Gruntill of Sanct Anthony's sow—quilk 'bare his haly boll.'"—See *Lyndsay's Works*, 1816.

The annexed view was taken on the spot by a respected Correspondent during the autumn of 1838.

EASTERN AND WESTERN WORLD,

UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE.—SECOND CENTURY.

WITHOUT any minute analysis of causes, it is a fact, that from the most remote antiquity, a very different character has been stamped on these two branches of the human race. Climate, soil, natural constitution, habits, institutions, even the physical geography of countries, may have caused the difference. But to illustrate it generally, and with these qualifications, which must be implied in speaking of human nature in masses and large descriptions, it consists in this—that in the East, man is everywhere impressed with a full religious instinct; that is, with a profound, abiding consciousness of a real, living, controlling power existing above him, in a distinct personality. In the West, this instinct is deficient, and at times, seems wholly lost. The eye of the East is always turned upwards, and fixed on a Being like to, but greater than itself. The eye of the West has no such vision, and either sees nothing, or wanders about capriciously upon any chance object that occurs. The East contemplates persons; the West studies things. Persons and things form the two great divisions of the universe; and according as men's minds are bent on one or the other, not only their religion, but their

politics, morals, arts, manners, and philosophy, will take their peculiar form and complexion.

Thus, religion in the East was a worship and adoration; in the West, it became speculation and theory, or an engine of government, whether political or moral. In the East, philosophy was employed in imagining a spiritual hierarchy of angels and spirits, demons and mons. In the West, it analysed ideas, or generalized the laws of nature. Morals in the East were founded on religion. The whole code of ethics resolved itself into obedience to, imitation of, and union with, God. In the West, it is a scheme of calculation, a balance-sheet of pleasures and profits, or a deduction from intellectual relations. Government in the East absorbs the whole body of the state, in the person of its head. The many are lost in the few, or rather in the one; the predominating idea is the subjection to an authority above. The West is the land of democracies.

Even the Arts partake of the same distinctive character. In the East, in all their greatest works, these were employed to realize before men, the presence of some gigantic power, which they were bound to obey. Architecture was thus their chief province; and where painting and sculpture were introduced, they were made vehicles for suggesting mysteries, or were tied down by rigid laws* which still maintained the principle of slavery, even in the exercise of fancy. To raise a pyramid as a tomb for a single coffin; to excavate mountains into temples; to bridge over seas for the passage of troops; or cut a canal through an isthmus, were all efforts embodying one common idea, the idea of power. In the West, art performs very different functions, except when imbued with the spirit of the church. It pleases the eye, ministers to comfort, spreads luxuries, facilitates independent exertions, increases the power of the individual, instead of exhibiting a power above him; is regulated by no fixed laws; embodies no moral institutions; is pervaded by no high sentiment; is destitute of unity and grandeur; is, in fact, a mere plaything or tool. Before the creations of Eastern art, the individual is lost and overpowered. Before those of the West he is raised into self-importance, and triumphs in his own superiority.

Hence, also, the different spectacle which history presents on each side. There, vast massive empires spreading over immense regions, consolidating a variety of races, preserving their outward form and principles of polity throughout the changes, not only of years, but of dynasties, so that the history of the East three thousand years back, is its history to-day—a form of government absolute and fixed, transmitted unchanged, from hand to hand, through internal usurpations and foreign conquests—a religion dogmatic, mystical, and hierarchical—a code of laws, exalting the human will on one side, as much

* Chalmers's Caledonia, vol. ii. p. 769—770.

* The laws of Plato.

as they abased it on the other—and a system of subordination in society, making of one class, gods, and of others, slaves; this is the general sketch of the history of the East.

In the West, it is very different. Here, society, instead of exhibiting a tendency to concretion and centralization, is every day breaking up and crumbling to pieces. Each separate locality begets a distinct national character, and a separate civil polity. History is full of migration and colonization. Changes, not merely of persons, but of principles, creep on, converting monarchies into democracies, and democracies into monarchies. Military prowess—birth—wealth—intellect, succeed each other as elements of power and authority. Laws accumulate on laws—races exterminate races—religion, from a vast, imperative external system, kept sacred from violation by its followers, dwindles into a plaything for the reason, or an instrument of human selfishness. The basis of society, if basis it can be called, is no longer immutable law, but expediency or passion. The future is everything, and the past nothing. The unity of the body is lost in individual will; and the active, spontaneous, self-seeking element in the human mind, develops itself with an energy tending to subvert all external control—to sweep away laws in politics—forms in common life—hereditary institutions, and even fundamental axioms in morals and religion—till it sinks down for a time, exhausted in the ruin which it has made, and gives scope for the Eastern principle to assert a temporary sway.

This was the condition of the Eastern and Western world at the commencement of the second century.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXXI.

Arts and Sciences.

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

A VARIETY of experiments have within these last few days, been tried on the railway recently laid down between Shepherd's-Bush and the Great Western Railroad, across Wormwood Scrubs, for the purpose of testing the efficacy of the Atmospheric Tubes, the working of the air-pump, and the speed of the carriages propelled along the rails. It is gratifying to know that the results of these experiments have all been satisfactory; and this satisfaction is one in which not only the inventors of the system are interested, but in which the public also have their share of interest; because, if this means of putting trains in motion along lines of pre-existing railroads, be adopted, it will enable the proprietors and shareholders of those lines, to convey passengers and goods at a much less rate of charge than the present, in some instances, very heavy charge. It is said, and we believe cannot be contradicted, that where

trains are dragged by a rope, if the distance be considerable, four-fifths of the whole power employed go to dragging the apparatus itself, and only one-fifth of the whole power is left to drag along the train. The cumbrous machinery of what are called locomotive engines, is not only a clumsy, but a very costly, and frequently a very dangerous, contrivance for the propelling or dragging along of the train, and any power that can furnish a substitute, will be hailed with satisfaction by all travellers and passengers, and must eventually become universal in its application. The simplicity of the Atmospheric Railroad principle, is its great recommendation; this principle has been applied before to the raising heavy goods into warehouses, and has been found to answer; but it has not become general in such application, because a power so great as it affords, is rarely required, and a common windlass with pulleys, is sufficient. The gradients on the piece of line already in existence, on which the tubes or pipes are laid, is 1 in 115; but, in the experiment of last year, the capability of ascending an acclivity of 1 in 30 was proved. This acclivity equals most, if not all, of the hills through which tunnels have been bored at enormous expense to the shareholders, and in passing through which, all passengers are annoyed by damp, darkness, fire-dust, and noise.

Amongst those who were present at the experiments, was Prince Albert, who inspected the whole machinery and process with great interest, and expressed himself fully gratified with the result of the experiments made in his presence. The mere rate of the carriage with its passengers, weighing 8 tons 3 cwt., was 30 miles an hour; with the carriage and passengers of 5 tons 13 cwt., it traversed the rail at the rate of 36 miles an hour; and during the time of the Prince's inspection, its rapidity was still greater. The experiments are open to all persons, and all will do well to make themselves acquainted with them.

New Books.

Page's Guide to Ornamental Drawing and Design. [Berger.] Part I.

We feel an apology due to Mr. Page, for not before noticing his truly interesting and highly useful work, which, (at this period, when the florid ornamental style is so predominant, not only in engravings, but in cabinet-work, and in the fittings-up of shops, and interiors of houses) must be a valuable instructor, to all inlayers, modellers, cabinet-makers, ornamental workers, and carvers, and also to students in every department of the fine arts—to engravers on wood for designs and instructions for ornamenting capitals, and head and tail pieces—letter-founders, for new and chaste patterns for flowers;—and, as the splendidly-ornamental shop-bills, which shed such a brilliant lustre on the artistical talent

of the last century, are now being happily revived, "Page's Guide" will be to them of the most vital importance.

The letter-press remarks and instructions in the first part are illustrated by innumerable beautifully engraved specimens of the various schools treated of, designed and engraved by the talented author, who is also the printer of the work; reflecting on him the highest credit as a writer and artist of pure taste and varied talent.

This production has our heartiest commendation; fearlessly and earnestly recommending it to all lovers of the fine arts. Young ladies, with the assistance of the above work, may, with the greatest ease, exercise their judgment by forming fanciful borders for the pages of their scrap-books.

It is really gratifying to witness such a concentration of genius emanating from one of the British school, and in that peculiar branch of art wherein we have hitherto looked only to foreign countries for examples; it proves, also, the truth of our oft-repeated assertion—that if patronized, *our* artists can rival those of any country. We again especially implore our young and fair readers to cherish and uphold, to the very uttermost of their power, let it be however insignificant, the talent of our beloved country, and not to be led astray by the present *fashionable* predilection for those innumerable muddy-looking and ugly productions of foreign artists, which unfortunately disgrace the shop-windows of our book and print-sellers, and are purchased and prized merely because they are the works of strangers, whilst our own artists are literally starving for want of employment.

The Public Journals.

Bentley's Miscellany. No. XLIII. July, 1840.

[JOCULARITY and light reading form the staple of this monthly; it has frequently papers of fine wit and brilliant satire. That which chiefly sparkles on its front this moon is, "The Sleeping Beauty in our Time," by Mr. Jerdan—a marvellous tale of a dear little princess, who, lost in the year 1740, during the great frost, becomes accidentally encrusted and shrined in an iceberg, and who, when rediscovered one hundred years after, to wit, in this present year of grace, 1840, finds the order of things entirely changed; and her wonderment is well sustained, at the astonishing metamorphoses in men, manners, and things. What does not the flight of a century effect!]

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF OUR TIME.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

There was, a *hundred years ago*, a king and queen, who had several children grown up to be men and women. Some lived with them in the palace, which was very fine and magnificent; but their eldest son, who had

married a princess, lived in a house with her, not far off. There was a desperate long and hard *frost*, and a thundering war with Spain during the year.

Loss of the Sleeping Beauty—the Princess Goosey.

It was to this frost, and not to fairy agency that we owe the phenomenon, the results of which are new, for the first time, about to be recorded. On one of the days when an entire ox was roasted on the river Thames, the court went to see the cookery and sport; and fine sport it was, I warrant ye. The London Evening Post, the General Evening Post, the St. James's Evening Post, the Gazetteer, the Craftsman, the Common Sense, the Universal Spectator, the Weekly Miscellany, the Daily Advertiser, and all the mighty journals of that era describe it as a glorious spectacle; and the royal party quite delighted with the entertainment. Indeed, so merry were they, what with cuts from the sirloin, and with plenty of Cognac brandy,—which could then be drunk in abundance, as it cost no more than three half-crowns a gallon—that they never *discovered they had lost the Princess Goosey*, (so called for shortness) till their return to the palace. It would seem as if all the inferior orders had partaken largely in the festivities of the court; for, notwithstanding the exertions of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Colonel de Veil, Justice Poulson, and other active and sapient magistrates, their watchmen and bea-dles, not a trace of Her Royal Highness could ever be found.

Discovery of the Sleeping Beauty.

The mystery in which the affair was involved has, accordingly, continued to the present day, when, by the recent return of the Sally, whaler, of Hull, to port, from a voyage to the Arctic seas, it has been solved in the clearest manner. It appears that when the Sally was harpooning a whale, the firing off the harpoon, and the spouting and struggles of the animal, shook an iceberg of very peculiar shape, so much that it fell to pieces, and, to the utter astonishment of the crew, disclosed in the centre, the singular figure of a young lady, in a small hoop-petticoat of brocade trimmed with Brussels lace, a bodice of silver tissue, and her hair dressed to an immense height and flowing in profuse ringlets.

Resuscitation of the Sleeping Beauty.

This extraordinary petrification, as they thought it, little dreaming of its near relationship to the Prince and Princess of Wales, they carefully cut out, and brought on board the Sally, where the gradual thaw soon induced symptoms of animation. The captain of the Sally, being a person of education, knew what it was to be spell-bound, as well as ice-bound; and with the sagacity of a whaler, immediately deposited the new-comer in the most quiet and comfortable berth which his cabin afforded. Keeping it, at first, at a low tem-

perature, he gradually increased it as the life strengthened into full play; and, in the course of fourteen hours, the illustrious Goosey was restored to perfect consciousness and physical elasticity.

[That the early conversations with the captain were old enough on both sides may be easily imagined, and that they could neither over-well comprehend each other. The seaman, without reserve, considered the little icicle of a lady to be quite insane, and fancied that she must have awakened in another world. From entries in the log-book of the captain, our readers will learn the nature of her hundred-year-old inquiries, and the puzzled answers of the interrogated captain.]

"8 A. M. Lobsouss. Wind E.N.E. moderate. Conversed with the princess, as she styles herself. She asked whether I knew if the king had returned from Hanover? to which I answered, I believed not, as there was no occasion. 'But, as a sailor,' she observed, 'you can, at any rate, tell me the latest news of the immortal Vernon, and how the Spanish war is carried on after the glories of Porto Rico.' To this rhodomontade I was obliged to plead ignorance; but informed her that General Evans had returned in perfect safety, with a considerable number of disabled Isle-of-Doggians; that the Christinos and Carlists had not yet entirely settled matters; and that the glories of the Peninsula still hung, like an *aurora borealis*, around the laurelled brow of Wellington.

Sleeping Beauty's first notion of a Steam-boat.

"Signal; sail in sight. Went on dock to ascertain her. Alarmed by a fearful scream from the cabin; rushed down, and found the icicle at the window in great agitation. 'O! captain, for heaven's sake, hasten to the rescue of those wretched creatures. Dreadful it is to see them on the lovely blue ocean doomed to perish in the raging flames. Look how the smoke and fire burst from their fated bark, and the lurid cloud hangs over them like a pall to cover the dead. O! hasten—hasten to their aid!' 'Pray, madam, be composed: that vessel, I take it, is the steamer from Ham-burgh, and not in the slightest danger.' 'For shame, sir! to attempt thus to conceal your apathy. Woman, and princess as I am, do not I observe there is not a sail upon that miserable ship; that she is driving before the element with demon force; and that in a few moments she, and all she contains, must irrevocably perish. No feud, far less an English seaman, could look on this, and not exert his utmost to avert the horrid calamity.' In vain I endeavoured to explain to H.R.H. the principles of the steam-engine, and its application to the impulsion of vessels. Anger took possession of her, and she viewed me with obvious disgust as little better than a murderer. 'It is in vain,' she finally remarked, 'that you try to impose upon me with such monstrous lies. I am aware that the Austrian Colonel

has just invented a machine by which he can row boats up the Danube *against the stream*; and that he has gone six hundred feet in twelve minutes; but, wonderful and incredible as *that* is, with large wheels, bridges, and machinery, you would have me believe that, by means of a kettle of water put on to boil, you could force great ships to move against wind, and tide, and stream, wherever they wish to go. Fie! to treat me as if I were a fool or a simpleton.'

The Old State of Things in 1740.

From this time the Princess lost much of her confidence in Captain Shoalsby, and did not seem to believe him when he assured her he was steering for England, or that an England existed in the world on which she had so strangely appeared. "If so," she inquired, "is Frost Fair* over? has Captain Coram got up a sufficient subscription for a Foundling hospital? and has Montague House been fitted up for the reception of exposed children? Have the Chicassaws been firm in their resistance with our colonists?"

"With regard to Frost Fair," said the captain, "I am unable to afford your Royal Highness any intelligence. I suppose it must have been put down with most of the other fairs about London, as being highly vicious and injurious to the morals of the lower orders. The Foundling Hospital is a noble old building, and is surrounded by many new streets and splendid squares. About Captain Quorum I know nothing, never having heard of him in the whale-fishery. He may be a very good man, for aught I can speak to the contrary. Montague House, as I have been informed, is the British Museum, in which, instead of exposed children, there is the grandest collection in the world of books, of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Antiquities, of Zoology, (I myself gave them the jaws of a sperm whale, measuring eighty-seven feet four inches,) conchology, and all other ologies and sciences, astonishing to behold. It is worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, and an institution for the nation to be proud of. The Chicassaws are extinct, the stripes occupy the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the United States—"

"What are you talking about?" said the princess. "It was but the other day the King of France sent workmen to Quebec to work the iron mines of Trois Rivières. What are

* It is conjectured that her Royal Highness must have been involved in the "thereon" accident, of which the following account is given in the journals of the day; and that having been, as it were, encased in the island alluded to, she had, during the confusion of the last event, been carried out to sea, and, in process of time, formed a component portion of an iceberg at Spitzbergen.

"At the Frost Fair an island of ice, with about a dozen of men and women thereon, separated from the main against Bear Garden Stairs, and floated, to their utmost consternation, for a considerable time; but, at last happily fixing against the Three Cranes, they were, with much difficulty, by the help of planks, got safe ashore, but one of the women was frightened into fits."
—*London Evening Post*, January, 1740.

the United States? What are the stripes!—what—?”

“Why, the mighty independent republic of North America, and its national colours, with nearly fourteen millions of people, governed by the president; and extending over a territory nearly as vast as our own Eastern Empire, including Afghanistan, Candahar, and Caubul, and all the countries overrun in the last campaign.”

“Are you mad,” exclaimed the princess, “that you name the very provinces just conquered by the victorious Thamas Kouli Kan, and wrested from the mogul for ever? Would the powerful Nadir Shah permit an European to set foot within his dominions; he who now, on his return from his Oriental triumphs, threatens Egypt on the one hand, and the Sublime Porte on the other, &c.”

In such contradictory discussions did foreign affairs engage the captain and his fair passenger; and it was impossible to decide which puzzled the other most.

The princess had, however, by her consistency so far overcome his opinion of her insanity, as to be able to induce him to alter his course up channel, for the sake of landing her at London; and, as the Sally neared the chalk-cliff shores, it was soon shown that their notions of domestic affairs were as widely discrepant as those on external relations.

“Ah,” said the princess, with a tear in her eye, as she caught a view of Dover Castle, “I know Mr. Weller, the deputy-governor, who will indeed be rejoiced to welcome his royal mistress to her native land.”

“Mr. Weller, madam,” observed the captain, “is not the governor. Mr. Pickwick is, and Samiyell is his servant. The old gon-l-m-n you mention, may be the Dover stage-coachman.”

Old London in 1740.

The bewildered princess could only shrug up her shoulders at some of the captain's perplexing announcements, but expressed a hope that they might land soon enough for her to get to the palace and dress in time for dinner at two o'clock. If later, the king might be gone to some ball at the Haymarket theatre, or be engaged in his usual game of hazard* with the nobility invited to sport a few guineas at the royal table. Besides, it was most dangerous to attempt to traverse the suburbs in the dark, beset, as they nightly were, by footpads and highwaymen. Nor were the streets of London safer; and it was only the week before that the post had been stopped at Knightsbridge, and robbed of the Bath and Bristol mails; whilst half-a-dozen persons had been stabbed and plundered in Fleet-street and the Strand. In vain did the captain assure

her Royal Highness that nobody of fashion, and far less royalty, ever dined now o' days till eight o'clock; and that, in consequence of the New Police, there were no street murders (though there were a few in private dwelling-houses); that even Hounslow Heath was cultivated fields, and Bagshot could not boast of a single highwayman; that the Five Fields, Chelsea, were Belgrave and Eaton Squares, and Chelsea Common a populous town.

The Princess's ride in a Steam-carriage of 1840.

On landing at Greenwich, her Royal Highness wished much for a sedan chair, and hinted at one of John Tull's new patent, in which an individual might be carried a hundred miles in a day! The captain offered a buss or a cab, but advised the railroad as the most rapid conveyance. Having consented to this, the princess was escorted to the train, and what language could convey her utter amazement and dismay! When the hissing vapour ascended, the machinery rattled, and the mass of carriages began to move, she sank senseless to the bottom of that in which she had been placed, and for a while became as lost to perception as she had been during her century of incrustation in the conservative ice of the pole.

Old London Bridge, in the Princess's Time.

Though her trauce lasted only a few minutes, her journey was performed, and she awoke to consciousness and a renewal of terror and astonishment, at London Bridge,—not the London Bridge of her memory, with its encumbrances and mouldering buildings, but a splendid edifice, spanning the flood of the Thames in two or three prodigious strides, whilst immediately above, a greater miracle still presented itself, a bridge of iron! and hundreds of demon steamers were plying in every direction, some of wood, some of iron, and all crowded with busy thousands. No wonder that the distracted princess went from swoon into swoon; for it was impossible to conceive that she had not fallen among a race of frightful and fiery enchanters; and well was she read in the wickedness of the godless crew.

Post Office—Parliamentary Reports—Franking.

It would be an endless task to point out the million of changes which a century had produced; but it may not unamusingly continue for a space the object endeavoured to be slightly illustrated in this sketch, if we notice a few of the incidents which have occurred to us on the review and comparison.

On reviving, and glancing at a journal, the princess saw something of the new Post-office regulations.

“Ah!” said she, “I recollect those. Our excellent Postmaster-general, ever attentive to the public good, ordered a bag to be made up for Hounslow every night, except Sunday, during the period of the encampment there, and the Duke of Cumberland highly approved of

* “Last night, the Lord Harrington, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duchess of Richmond, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Viscount Harcourt, Augustus Schulz, Esq., &c. played at hazard with his Majesty, the Duke, and the Princesses.”—*Newspaper paragraph, January, 1740.*

the plan. But, heaven protect us," she added, "what is this? Parliamentary debates! Why, here are the proceedings of Parliament, with the names of the speakers. Why are not the printers committed to prison? Where are now the winked-at reports of the senate of great Lilliput, in which the Urgs and Hurgolets of the Clinabs, and the lordly Hurgos and Nardacs had their speeches surreptitiously and mysteriously given to the people? Dare they outrage the privileges of parliament in this open manner. As well might they give up franking—"

"Franking is abolished," whispered Captain Shoalsby.

"Franking abolished!" exclaimed her Royal Highness. "Poor Cornelius MacGillienddy, then, lived before his time; for I remember he was severely punished for forging a frank, which the house declared to be a high misdemeanour, and notorious breach of privilege."

Lotteries—Watchmen, &c.

"The customs of countries change wonderfully in a century. Are the lotteries drawn daily?"—"There are no lotteries."—"Are the watchmen and beadies effective?"—"There are no watchmen, and the beadies are a remnant differently employed."—"Are the chocolate and coffee-houses filled every forenoon with the loungers who have not to attend the loves of great men?"—"But a few persons kick their heels in the antechambers of the Beauocracy, and chocolate and coffee-houses are no more. Clubs have superseded them, or rather their last remains; for they were extinguished before by the altered habits of the people."

Races of 1740.

Epsom, the Derby, and the Oaks for 1840 are over. We need not describe what they are now; but it is curious to cast a look back to 1740, and learn that an act to discourage horse-racing occupied the attention of parliament; for the evil had risen to such a height, that, during six days at Epsom, six races were run, the utmost prize being forty guineas, and the amount of the six one hundred and eighty guineas! To be sure there was cocking to boot, as usual. The last Cocking in our days was the poor fellow who tumbled from a balloon; and what would have been thought of a balloon, if such a thing had been mentioned as a project in 1740!

Treatment of Criminals in 1740.

The retrospect of a hundred years is full of

* The periodicals of the day, which ventured so far to infringe the standing orders of Parliament against the presence of strangers, and any notice of their proceedings, adopted this thin style of disguise, and treated their readers with the speeches of the Hurgo Sarkbrugh, the Hurgo Quadrert, the Hurgo Hazilaf, the Hurgo Ayelsdrof, the Nardac Secretary of State, the Nardac Agryl, &c., &c., of the House of Hurgoes; and, in the lower house, *alias* the House of Clinabs, with the speeches of Hurgolens Gumdahm, Yegou, and Brannard; the Urgs Leityltuo, Plemahm, and Snodaby; Pulnul, the prime minister, the Galliet Werga, and similar anonymes.

curious matter for reflection. The contrast in the administration of justice is also a most striking feature. Corporal punishments and executions were numerous beyond belief; and the way in which these *examples* were carried into effect defy the powers of exaggeration. Of criminals strung up by dozens at Tyburn, we read of one so bunglingly executed, that when carried to Surgeons' Hall for dissection, the first incision brought him to life again; and of the corpse of another, selected from six hanged on the same day, by the same body, for their anatomical discourse, being rescued from them after a desperate fight at the foot of the gallows, by his armed associates, and taken to Westminster to be buried. R. Briggs, for marrying two wives, is sentenced to be burnt in the hand; and (listen ye pleaders against flogging in the army or navy) the journals exult over the lashing of Mr. Evans, a sergeant, who had absconded with the regiment's cash-box, and who, we are told, at the age of about seventy, received his first well-merited allowance of three hundred lashes at the Tower, being part of the nine hundred which he would receive in full for his delinquency.

The feelings of men are assuredly much improved since such an infliction could be described in such a tone.†

The Gatherer.

"Pupils" of the Ancient Schools.—The "Pupils" of the old schools of Greece and Rome, were, indeed, very unlike the idle boys to whom the name is now mostly confined; they were learned, hard-headed men, who went to school at forty years of age, and staid there the rest of their lives.—*Vit. Plotini*, e. iii. p. 52.

The journey of death must be made by us all; the great cross-roads of life all lead to one end—the huge city of tombs.

† The report of the court-martial relating to William Walker, of Colonel Reynolds' company in the third regiment of Foot Guards, and Sergeant Evans, of Colonel Duncomb's company in the first regiment, having been made to his Majesty, they are each to receive nine hundred lashes,—viz. three hundred from each of the three regiments of Guards; and Evans is afterwards to be drummed out with a halter about his neck; and his crime in capital letters affixed to his back.—*February 9th.*

Yesterday the first battalion of the first regiment of Foot Guards was mustered at the Tower, when Mr. Evans, the sergeant, aged about seventy, received his first payment of three hundred lashes of wholesome severity, pursuant to his sentence at a general court-martial, for deserting with the company's pay above nine years ago. He is to receive six hundred more at two different times, and to be drummed out of the regiment with the order of Jack Ketch about his neck.—*February 21st.*

Yesterday Sergeant Evans received his last three hundred lashes on the parade of the Tower, pursuant to the sentence of the court-martial, for running from his colours, and carrying off one month's pay of the company, and was afterwards drummed out of the regiment to the Tower-gate with a halter about his neck.—*March 13th.*

Street Architecture.—Here and there, our street architects, with the more perishable materials at their disposal, are bestirring themselves to use handsome ornament, with a success which claims recognition—witness the shop-front at the corner of the Quadrant and Regent Circus—another, more newly completed, in Oxford Street, and, in a simpler taste, a group of new buildings in Lowndes Square, Knightsbridge.

Red Colour of Rock Salt.—De Serres states that if a small portion of red rock salt be placed with a little water on the object glass of a microscope, the salt dissolves, and there remain infusoria *Monas Dunalii*. The same animals also exist in clear rock salt.

Dr. Crombie, so well-known and highly respected in the scholastic and literary world, died at the Regent's Park, on the 11th ult., aged seventy-nine.

Our English factories produce about eight hundred millions of yards of woven cotton annually; that is to say, about a yard for every individual on the surface of the earth.

London, after all, is, by statisticians, found to be the healthiest of the great capitals of Europe. The pure climate of Naples has little power over the filth, the misery, and vice of a population in which the annual mortality is only 1 in 28, while with us 1 in 44 only dies in the year; in Vienna 1 in 22; in Paris 1 in 36; in Brussels 1 in 29; in Geneva 1 in 43; in Rome 1 in 24; in Madrid 1 in 35; in Amsterdam 1 in 25.

Cobbeht.—Poter Pindar said his style was like the Horse Guards, only one story above the ground, while Junius's had all the airy elegance of Whitehall.

A Grammarian's Advice.

When man and wife at odds fall out,
Let Syntax be your tutor,
Twixt masculine and feminine,
What should one be but neuter?

The learned Joachim Maderus has given an account of all the libraries in the world, including those which were collected before the flood; "*De Libris et Bibliothecis Antediluvianis.*"

British Museum.—The Phigalian and Elgin Saloons in the British Museum, have lately been painted in imitation of marble of various shades of vivid red and scarlet.

Custom at Socotra.—My attention was attracted by perceiving something lying on the beach, which an Arab was just leaving. It was an old man stretched on his back, in a hollow scooped out of the sand; nothing but a tattered thin piece of cloth protected him from the fiery heat of the sun's rays; before him were some grain and fragments of half-broiled fish; but he was evidently in the last stage of existence. His companion told me, that when a man or woman became unable to work, it was customary thus to expose them; food, however, being brought until they ex-

pire, when a little earth thrown over them completes their half-formed grave.—*Wellsted's Travels.*

Tehran.—The only measure which seemed to indicate improvement there, was the establishment of a gazette, which commenced early in 1837, under the auspices of the Shah. It was printed in Persian, and, for want of types, was lithographed. I could not learn that there was so much as a printing-press in the country, but two have since been introduced, and are in active operation at Tebriz.—*Southgate's Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan, &c.*

The Poet Clare is not dead, as was rumoured: he is still an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum. Dr. Allen states it as a strange feature of his lunacy, that when discoursing prosaically, the symptoms of his madness are violent, but when he attempts poetry, his expressions preserve the appearance of perfect sanity.

West India Islands.—Tobago is most remarkable for fever; Dominica for diseases of the bowels and brain; Barbadoes for those of the lungs; Grenada for those of the liver; while Trinidad is most noted for its dropsies. Why these things are so, it is impossible to determine: but so they are.—*Public Health and Mortality, Quart. Review*, NO. CXXXI.

Poverty in Venice.—The list of the year of those receiving relief of some kind or other—money or medicine—was 41,300. The government itself gives a kind of daily pay to 806 patricians; and it is said, that a Jew has bought the Foscari Palace, for an annuity of four or five lire daily, which he pays to two members of that ancient family.—*Von Raumer's Italy.*

Discovery of Two New Rivers on the Northern Coast of Australia.—In the course of a recent examination of the northern coast of Australia, in H. M. S. *Beagle*, a deep bay was found immediately to the westward of Van Diemen's Gulf, between Cape Hotham and the Vernon Island, terminating in a considerable river, which was explored for eighty miles in a southerly direction, when it became narrow, and divided into two branches, one coming from the southward, and the other from the eastward. This river, which has been named Adelaide, is navigable for vessels of from 400 to 500 tons burden, nearly fifty miles up. The farthest point reached was in 12° 56' S., 131° 18' E. Continuing the voyage to the southwestward for about 120 miles, the *Beagle* rounded Point Pearce, and found an extensive opening hitherto unexplored, at the bottom of which, a large navigable river flows into the sea. This river was named *Victoria*, in honour of Her Majesty—the extreme point reached was in 15° 36' S., and 130° 52' E.

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THE CASTLE OF CLAMM,

IN UPPER AUSTRIA.

THE Archdukedom of Austria Proper is, perhaps, the only part of Germany, that cannot boast of a rich and powerful nobility, originating from that province itself, and possessed of landed property in it for a series of years. The reasons for this exception are obvious. The unremitting scourge of civil war, the Hungarian, Swedish, and Turkish invasions, in which the Archdukedom acted that part towards the other provinces of the Roman empire, emphatically alluded to in the old Leonine verse,—

"Imperii scutum ferturque cor Austria tutum;"

and lastly, the religious disputes of the seventeenth century could not fail to disperse and annihilate thousands of the noblest families. A slight inquiry into the origin of the nobility which at this moment constitutes the body of the Austrian States, (Stände) will prove the majority of Bohemian or Hungarian extraction; some have migrated from Styria, Tyrol, or the other hereditary dominions, and only a very limited number of families can boast of Austrian origin, or even of retaining such estates in this province as were held by their ancestors for centuries ago.

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There is, however, no general rule without exceptions. The ancient family of *Starhemberg*, for instance, has held the Castle of *Wildberg* in Upper Austria, without interruption, since the year 1198: a circumstance of which few of the oldest houses in Europe can boast.

A second instance of the primitive seat retained for several centuries, by the same family, is the ancient and beautiful Castle of *Clamm*, situated in the neighbourhood of the picturesque, yet no more dangerous, whirlpools of the Danube, known by the name of *Strudel* und *Wirbel*. This interesting relic of feudal grandeur occupies the summit of a hill covered with luxuriant verdure, and commands on one side, a deep ravine through which a mountain current takes its course, thus answering the derivation of its name from the German word *Klemme*, i. e. a narrow or embarrassed passage. The other side of the hill forms a gentle declivity, over which are scattered, in pleasing disorder, the houses of the village of *Clamm*.

Few castles in Austria Proper can produce an equal number of fine points-de-vue; and, seen from every direction, the ancient walls

of Clamm present a prospect worthy of the amateur's portfolio. Among the different parts of this extensive building, that rise from amidst masses of the richest foliage, the round *donjon*, or keep, with its pointed roof not unlike the form of an extinguisher, has undoubtedly the strongest claim to antiquity. This keep is connected by a building of rather subordinate dimensions, with the principal corps de logis, which rises to a considerable height: it is surmounted by a crenellated wall, that greatly enhances the beauty of the view by hiding the roof of the building in almost every direction.

A turret projecting from this part contains a hall, decorated with a series of family portraits, and with furniture of the sixteenth century. An ancient cupboard with curious ornaments of marqueterie-work, and an arm-chair covered with the hide of a favourite horse, will not fail to attract the antiquary's attention; an inscription on the latter records the feats of this noble animal and its adventurous master.

It was in this room that the Lord of Clamm, whose name tradition has not preserved, received the abbots of Waldhausen and Baumgartenberg, to which prelates he had for many years, proved an unruly and dangerous neighbour. With many symptoms of reluctance and distrust, they had acceded to a personal settlement of their disputes: and even the tendered "*sauf conduit*" could not dissipate those fears, which subsequently proved to be but too well-founded. The proud Baron, seated in the hall of his ancestors, in the midst of a warlike retinue, welcomed the men of peace; and after a sumptuous repast he showed his visitors the spacious apartments of the ancient mansion, not excepting the high-arched vaults of the *donjon* itself. No sooner, however, had the nobleman and his guests set their foot over the threshold than the doors closed suddenly, and armed men starting from an ambuscade, laid the venerable Fathers in heavy fetters. The Baron forthwith presenting the trembling prelates with a leaf of parchment and writing implements, intimated that their abode in this part of his castle, would be prolonged until certain conditions rather unfavourable to their respective monasteries, had been in due form laid down by the reverend prisoners: after which he retired, leaving his guests in undisturbed anachoretic seclusion.

After a day or two of unwilling confinement, the mortified divines acceded to the conditions enforced upon them, and left the castle, breathing deadly curses against the Lord of Clamm. By this ruse de guerre, highly characteristic of the rude age it was acted in, peace, if not friendship was actually restored between the haughty Baron and his discontented neighbours.

The chapel, though not conspicuous by its size, and no more appropriated to divine service, is nevertheless worthy of notice for its

triangular form and singular construction. The pointed arch is predominant, and a row of columns exhibiting very slender proportions, sustain the highly vaulted roof. The visitors of this place of worship were supposed to congregate in a point of the above mentioned triangle, while the altar recedes into a niche formed by one of those covered balconies so peculiar to the Gothic style, and frequently occurring *e. g.* in the new buildings at Lambeth Palace. This balcony projects in the middle of the base of the triangle, opposite to the row of pews. A reference to the engraving will give an appropriate idea of the exterior of the chapel. Three contingent halls in the neighbourhood of this place contain the armoury, library, and family archives, each of which affords an ample field to the researches of the antiquary, who, by the liberality of the noble owner, is permitted to indulge in his pursuits without limitation.

The Castle of Clamm has been for more than three centuries, the seat of the ancient and illustrious family of the same name. From Carinthia, where they had flourished since the thirteenth century, the lords Perger von Höhenberg—such was their former name—migrated to Austria in the year 1510, and took the title of Clamm from their new possession. In 1655, Wolf Sebastian Clamm was elevated to the rank of a Baron, with the titles of Clamm and Höhenberg. In 1759, Baron Christopher Clamm was advanced to the dignity of a Count, and the family subsequently divided into two branches, by Count Christian Philipp assuming the arms and title of his uncle, Count Gallas, the last member of a distinguished Bohemian family. In consequence of this heritage, the line of Clamm Gallas settled in Bohemia, leaving the Austrian line in possession of their originary estates. The head of this line, Count Charles Joseph in 1791, married the Countess Marie Anne Martinitz, the heiress of an ancient Bohemian family, and added the title and arms of Martinitz to his own.

The present owner of the estates of Clamm, Aussernstein, Arbing, and Innernstein in Austria, and of the manors of Schlan and Schmetschma in Bohemia is Charles John Gabriel Perger, Count Clamm; Martinitz, Baron of Höhenberg, one of the Lords of his Imperial Majesty's Privy Council, a Major-General in the Army, and president of the military department in the council of state, &c., a nobleman equally distinguished for his public and private character, whose name ranks foremost among the patrons of knowledge and arts. His Excellency married in 1821, the Lady Caroline Selina Meade, daughter of the Right Honourable Richard Meade, Earl Clanwilliam, by whom he has issue of two sons and two daughters.

WILLIAM DE RALRY.

ON A FIGURE OF A CHILD.

ENTITLED THE "JUVENILE ORNITHOLOGIST,"
SCULPTURED BY JAMES WILLIAMS.

Written by Andrew Parks.

LITTLE fairy nymph of nature,
Innocent in every feature !
Sweet in simple grace reclining,
While with truth thine eye is shining !
O what joy to gaze on thee—
Young and thoughtless, light and free !
With thy bird perched on thy finger—
Long before thee could I linger !

Well the artist has designed thee;—
When thou'rt grown this will remind thee
Of sweet innocence and laughter,
Which, may you enjoy hereafter !
Life is strange, and ever-changing ;—
Mind is wild, and ever-ranging !—
Health, contentment, only give us
Joy, when care strives to outlive us !

Youth and beauty, lone displaying
Charms which there is no guising,
But the charms of mind can never
Cloy, but live in bliss for ever !
While sweet minstrels thus ye nourish,
May your hopes and beauty flourish !
Little fairy nymph of nature,
Beautiful in every feature !

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

'Twas the clime of the east, 'twas the land of blue
hours.

That taught its fair maidens the language of flowers ;
Basking sweet in the gleam of the sun's setting rays,
And love's exchange making in flower-writ lays.

A sun-flower quartered there tells of the hour,
For meeting the maid in the jessamine bow'r.
A bright orange-flower is chastity's dove ;
And tulip presented will tell thee of love.
Return not the laurel ; oh ! send not its bloom,
Nor Marigold yellow, or sad is thy doom ;
You better had died ere the ill-fated hour
You sent in exchange the bay-leaf for a flow'r ;
If thus her fond favours you scornfully treat,
Her snow-drop, her flowers, will die at her feet.
And never again will the rose-bud appear,
Or the amaranth gemm'd with a crystalline tear !

'Twas the clime of the east, 'twas the land of the sun,
That taught its fair maidens the language they've won ;
They bask in the gleam of the sun's setting rays,
Love's love-exchange making in flower-writ lays.
How lovely to live in that Flora-dock'd land
Where flowers form links for the heart and the hand.

W. W.

SONG.

Drink to the hoar old Christmas-tide,
Crown high the festive bowl !
Tho' the storm-cloud ride on the bleak hill-side,
And the wintry tempest howl,
Drink, then, drink—'tis the time for mirth,
Pass the flowing cup about,
While the yule-log flares on the glowing hearth,
And the north wind storms without.

Drink to the hoar, old Christmas-tide,
Tho' the summer sun be warm,
Tho' the fair the flow'r in the spring's green bow'r,
We'll drink to the winter storm ;
For winter was made for wine and mirth
For the fest and the festive bout,
While the yule-log flares on the glowing hearth,
And the north wind storms without.

E. M.

PLAGIARISMS OF STERNE.

Dr. Ferriar, in his ingenious and deep-searching detection of many plagiarisms in the pleasant volumes of Sterne, yet delights in doing him justice in many pages. He commences his "Illustrations of Sterne," with a tributary effusion to his memory, and thus concludes it :—

"But the quick tear that checks our wond'ring smile
In sudden pause, or unexpected story,
Owns thy true mastery ; and *Le Fevre's* woes,
Maria's wanderings, and the *prisoner's* throes,
Fix thee conspicuous on the shrine of glory."

And in p. 192, he thus speaks of him: "Perhaps no man possessed so many requisites for producing a good work on physiognomy. His observation of characters was sagacious, minutely accurate, and unwearied. His feeling was ever just, versatile as life itself, and was conveyed to the reader with full effect, because without affectation. To have completed Mr. Shandy's character, he ought to have been a professed physiognomist. Slawkenbergius's treatise would then have taken form and substance, and Sterne would have written one of the most interesting and amusing books that ever appeared."

In p. 69, allusion is made to Sterne's striking picture of the dwarf, in the parterre, (vide the *Sentimental Journey*), as having been taken from the *Roman Comique*, but Dr. Ferriar observes: "For the mean and disgusting turn which this story receives in the *Roman Comique*, Sterne has substituted a rich and beautiful chain of incidents, which takes the strongest hold on our feelings. He has, in no instance of his imitations, showed a truer taste."

In p. 120, he gives his plagiarism from Burton's chapter on *Abdera*, but he says :—"Burton has spoiled this passage by an unfaithful translation. Sterne has worked it up to a beautiful picture."

In p. 159, Dr. Ferriar says: "In Slawkenbergius's tale, Sterne has showed on many occasions, how well he could improve upon slight hints."

In p. 52 of vol. 2, he says: "I have thus put the reader in possession of every observation respecting this agreeable author, which it would be important or proper to communicate. If his opinion of Sterne's learning and originality be lessened by the perusal, he must at least admire the dexterity, and the good taste, with which he has incorporated in his work so many passages, written with very different views by their respective authors."

It is painful to quote the following lines from p. 42 of Dr. Ferriar's second volume :—"Sterne died in hired lodgings ; and I have been told, that his attendants robbed him even of his gold sleeve-buttons, while he was expiring."

Dr. Ferriar, in his beautiful introductory allusion to the admiration which the first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* excited, and to the feeling, wit, and wild digressions, which

they displayed, observes,—that most of the writers from whom Sterne drew many of the peculiarities of his volumes, were then forgotten, but that this dormant reputation, offered to a mind like his, full of sensibility, and alive to every impression of curiosity, a secret treasure of learning, wit, and ridicule;—that to the facility of these acquisitions, we probably owe much of the gaiety of Sterne;—that his imagination dwelt with enthusiasm on the grotesque pictures displayed in his favourite authors; and that it may even be suspected that by this influence, he was drawn aside from his natural bias to the pathetic; for, in the serious parts of his works, he seems to have depended on his own force, and to have found in his own mind whatever he wished to produce.

On the whole, though we must confess that these plagiarisms take much from the originality of many pages, yet Mr. Sterne has re-animated by a kind of new life the antiquated pleasantries he took them from, and though they had remained long buried, his genius made them alive. Such is the delight and rich enjoyment which the sportive fancy of this inimitable writer has given us.

S. F.

SITHALLAN'S DOOM.

IN THE TIME OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

THE sun had already gone down behind the trees of the forest, but the young Strathcarno was still chasing the deer in their deserted haunts; and it was not till late that he thought of the time that had passed.

"Sithallan's brow," thought he, "will be dark when I return to the feast I deserted; but what shall his frowns harm me! Surely the offence is small to quit the riotous mirth of the sensual feaster, for the manly sport in which I have now been engaged; moreover, the addition I am enabled to make to his entertainment will be a sufficient peacemaking-offering."

Then, slinging the bow across his shoulders, and grasping his javelin, he prepared to leave the wood, having first carefully noted the spot where the spoils of the chase might be found.

Meanwhile, Sithallan presided at the feast to which Strathcarno was returning. The entertainment, which was scarcely considered to have commenced, had already lasted two entire days.* The guests sat in a circle, on deer-skins placed for their accommodation; before each, on a low stool, was his allotted portion of food, due distinction, in respect of size and quality, being scrupulously accorded to rank. There was, according to the general custom at British feasts, only one knife, which lay in a particular spot, to be used when any

* *Athenæus* (l. 4, c. 13, p. 150) describes an entertainment given by Areamnes, a wealthy prince in Gaul, which lasted a year without interruption, and at which any one, even strangers, who chose to attend, received a ready welcome.

of the company found a difficulty in separating his meat after the usual fashion, namely, with hands and teeth. The dishes were woven of osier, some also were of earthenware or wood; the drinking vessels, containing ale or mead, were all of horn. Young children waited on the guests, whilst music, with song and martial dance, gave a more intellectual character to the debauch.

Sithallan's mind was evil, and he mistrusted the faith of the brave. He gave orders to his warriors, and they departed, but returned shortly, bearing amongst them—Strathcarno, a prisoner.

"Why am I thus, Sithallan?" inquired the young man. "Art thou the author of this act?"

"I am," replied the chief. "What treason hast thou this day concerted? Thou art a spy. Guards, bear him off!"

"A spy!" exclaimed Strathcarno, astonished. "Didst thou not thyself court my presence? Came I not hither from a distant home at thy urgent request? Is this the hospitality thou desiredst to extend to me? A spy! Arrested! I tell thee, Sithallan, thou wrong'st me—"

"Silence, boy! control thy passion," interrupted the chief; "I tell thee thy denial is false—false as thyself! Guards, away with him!"

"This, this before so many!" cried Strathcarno, whose passion was now fully roused; "thou shalt dearly rue those words!" and before any one could interfere, he hurled his javelin at Sithallan. The chieftain had scarcely time to spring aside, before the well-aimed weapon was lodged in the earth, close behind where he had been standing. All eyes were turned upon him; when, suddenly, the attention of the spectators was again arrested by a shout, and they perceived Strathcarno flying along the plain, pursued by the guards of Sithallan. The chase was long and weary; fleet as the wind were the pursuers, but still the pursued was swifter.

In a part of the country considerably to the north of that in which the occurrences just-narrated took place, there were seated, in a hut above the common order, four persons, with whom our story will now become more or less concerned.

Ullin, the eldest of these, was a noble looking old man, whose countenance, usually serene, betokened, at the time we would refer to, evident sorrow and vexation.

His sons sat at the table near him; neither of these bore about them any signs of their leading a life of warfare: the dress of the first consisted merely of the plaid and tunic, formerly worn, devoid of all ornament, whilst the latter was clothed completely in white linen, with equal simplicity, but much greater pretension. These two were brothers, the former a husbandman, the latter about to become a Druid.

The fourth person in the group sat with her

arms upon the knees of Ullin, looking up into his face; it was Alföna, his only daughter. The name of Alföna was known throughout Britain for the beauty and goodness of her who bore it.

They had sat long thus, in silence, when at last the old man spoke; evidently in continuation of a subject which had been before agitated, and which engrossed their thoughts.

"I see no alternative," said he. "If Athol, my son, has offered his life to the gods, he is my son, and the word of his mouth is holy; it may not be retracted; and yet——" The old man faltered.

"Surely, my father," said Alföna, "the gods require not such a sacrifice.—Athol! Athol! for my sake—thy sister's, thy father's—for thy country's sake—live!"

"Sister," replied Athol, "my sacred word is passed!—for thy sake, my father's, and my country's, the honour of this house, and that of a Briton, shall be preserved."

It will be as well, perhaps, to explain at once the subject to which this dialogue alluded.

The Britons having learnt, through the Gauls, that a Roman army was being levied against them, had sent deputies to Cæsar, in order that peace might be preserved. For the success of this mission solemn sacrifices were ordered to be held throughout the country. It is well known that the ancient Britons deemed offerings of human victims most acceptable to the gods; and that they were, like other barbarous nations, in the habit of sacrificing, by fire, malefactors or prisoners of war, frequently even whilst living, in their colossal wicker gods; when prisoners were not to be obtained, innocent persons were sacrificed in their place. This was the position in which affairs stood in the province of which Ullin was chief. The gods demanded a sacrifice, and there were no prisoners to offer; ten innocent persons were therefore to be selected; but the voluntary sacrifice of one Druid was considered to be an equivalent, and this Athol had made, having in full assembly offered himself as the victim, provided no prisoners could be obtained. It is true he was not yet a Druid, but he was quite ready to be installed; he had gone through the course of twenty years' education, and had learnt the twenty thousand verses which comprehended the knowledge of those times; one day's ceremony would complete his qualification.

"Why, Athol," cried Alföna, "why didst thou thus rashly cast off thy life! Why didst thou not stay to be a comfort to us——?"

"For you, Alföna, for my brother, I could not have lived, since it is for you I die; better that my father lose one than——. Hear, then, my motives; I had heard from an unerring tongue the names of the ten victims who had been selected for the sacrifice—amongst them were—Alföna and Fergus—Fergus they would have taken, because, as an husbandman, they despised him, and deemed

him useless to the country; thee, Alföna, they wished to take, that thou mightest lend a brilliance to the festival, for beauty and goodness they could offer up, but valour they desired to keep among themselves."

"Was it then for us," cried Alföna, "that——" A warrior, breathless with haste, at this moment crossed the threshold of the door, left open pursuant to the laws of hospitality—it was Strathcarno; his tale was soon told, and the required shelter willingly given: he could not, however, fail to perceive the sadness which overhung every brow, he asked the cause, and with the openness common among the Britons, it was immediately explained to him.

Strathcarno was noble, of the tribe of Ullin, and loved Alföna—he now took the maiden aside—

"Alföna," said he, "it is not for thy sake alone that I undertake that which I now intend; yet would I make it subservient to my love as well as to my duty. Thou knowest well, for I have often declared, the love I feel towards thee: tell me, therefore, if I succeed in saving thy brother, as well as thyself and Fergus, wilt thou be mine?"

The maid, who had ever returned the love of Strathcarno, assented.

"Excuse me to thy father and thy brothers," continued he, "and say nothing of my intentions, lest false hopes be raised in the old man's heart.—Thou understandest—Farewell!" and at the word he was gone.

The next day witnessed the consecration of the young Druid; the Anguinum,* or sacred serpent's egg, was hung round his neck, and he was invested with all the dignity it could give—a staff was placed in his hand, and all the authority of a Druid, as sole instructor of youth, and superintendant of religion, was made over to him.

Three days now remained before the sacrifice; they were spent by the old man in the deepest sorrow, and by Athol in endeavouring to comfort his father and brother; the unanimity of his sister surprised and delighted him; but he knew not the hopes by which she was sustained. As the day approached, however, and still no means of rescue appeared, she thought her lover must have been foiled in his attempt, and her brow saddened also. At last the day and hour of the sacrifice arrived; Athol, in his Druidical robes, left his father's house; the disconsolate family followed. Athol's step was the only firm one. They reached the place of sacrifice; the colossal

* For curious information concerning the Anguinum of the Druids, see Pliny, (Hist. Nat. lib. 29, c. 3). It was held to be a charm-medicine of the most powerful kind; said to be formed by a number of twisted serpents, whose hissing raised it in the air, when it was to be caught in a clean white cloth before it fell to the ground; the person who caught it must then escape on a swift horse across a river from the fury of the serpents. It was known by its swimming (when cast in gold) against the stream; and rendered its possessor superior to all adversaries, and the favourite and friend of great men.

god raised its head above the crowd; the fires were already lighted; and the arrival of the victim was greeted with a shout of exultation. How different from the reception which the afflicted Ullin had expected at the hands of his people! The shouts redoubled; the old chieftain, incensed at such ingratitude, was about to speak, when he perceived that he had mistaken the cause of joy—his son was saved! *Ten prisoners were found.*

Alföna saw the whole at a glance—she saw that the prisoners were Sithallan and his lords. Strathcarno ran towards her—he saw completed the dreadful doom of Sithallan, which rescued from misery the family of his chief; and then, amid the acclamations of the people, returned to the house of Ullin—that house of mourning was now a scene of festivity!

On the following day Strathcarno publicly presented to Alföna twelve milk-white oxen, a bridled horse, his shield, spear, and sword, indicating that she was henceforth to share his toils and dangers, as well as his pleasures. A few arms were presented by Alföna, in return; and thus the ceremony of marriage was completed, a sacred tie never to be broken.* Ullin then presented his own arms to his son-in-law, transferring to him the burden of government, and the care of the honour of that house he had entered, and which the increasing age of its head would no longer permit him to sustain.

H. A. L.

CHILLON.

[VICTOR HUGO has lately paid a visit to the castle of Chillon, which is thus described in a letter to the *Moniteur Parisien*. Over the sadly fair pictures which occur in that exquisite poem of Byron, "The Prisoner of Chillon," it will throw a more thrilling interest and deeper terror.]

"Chillon is a mass of towers piled on a mass of rocks. The whole edifice is of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, except some of the wood-work, which is of the sixteenth. It is now used as an arsenal and powder-magazine for the canton of Vaud. Every tower in the castle would have a sad story to tell—in one, I was shown three dungeons, placed one above the other, closed by trap-doors, which were shut upon the prisoners; the lowermost receives a little light through a grating; the one in the middle has no entrance for either light or air. About fifteen months ago, some travellers were let down by ropes, and they found on the stone floor, a bed of fine straw, which still retained the impression of a human body, and a few scattered bones. The walls of the upper dungeon are covered with those melancholy devices common to prisoners. The captive in this cell could see through his grating, a few green leaves, and a little grass growing in the ditch. In another tower,

after advancing a little way on a rotten flooring, which travellers are prohibited from walking on, I discerned, through a square opening, a hollow abyss in the middle of the tower wall. This was the *oubliettes*. These are ninety-one feet deep, and the floor was covered with knives, set upright. In these were found a fractured skeleton, and a coarse goat-skin mantle, which had been taken up, and flung into a corner, and on which I found I was standing, as I looked down the gulf."

Biography.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER,

(For the Mirror.)

A NAME which, during the last century, adorned the annals of female literature, and gave grace and charm to humanity itself. In her, learning, talent, goodness, and the most exalted piety, all combined to attract the regard of the wise and the good. Pity is it, that such a memory should pass away amongst forgotten things, calculated, as the contemplation of such a character is, to excite to all high, and holy emulation. Let those who delight to review the thoughts and feelings of the pious dead, when, like ourselves, they were pilgrims through this "vale of Baca,"—peruse the two charming volumes of "Mrs. Carter's Life and Letters," by her nephew, the Rev. Montagu Pennington. We are all prone to say, "were not the former days better than these!" and to fancy that past years, with the mellow light of time cast over them, were more redolent of all that gives charm to human life than are these "degenerate days;"—and, truly, while perusing these records of a life, wherein "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report" shine forth, and where you seem admitted to acquaintance with the bright spirits who have passed from earth,—you are prone to join in this pensive eulogy over the "things that were."

An interesting picture is given in these volumes of the clique of wits and literary persons, in whose day Mrs. Carter flourished, and who appear to have associated together as one common family, united by the sure bond of congeniality in mind, taste, and pursuits. She numbered amongst her most intimate friends, the angelic Miss Catherine Talbot, (niece to Archbishop Secker,) whose "prayers and daily reflexions," are a manual of vital piety—a transcript of her pure and holy mind, during her short sojourn on earth; Mrs. Montague, the child of fancy and of grace, the able illustrator of Shakspeare; Mrs. H. More, and many others. One of the most agreeable features in the galaxy of literary stars who associated together at this time, was the social evening party, without form or ceremony, where they met for the interchange of thought and opinion. To those parties, (says her editor,) it "was not difficult for any person of character to gain an introduc-

* Tacitus de Morib. German. c. 18.

tion. The company naturally broke into groups, perpetually varying and changing. Here was no bar to harmless mirth or gaiety, and while Dr. Johnson held forth in one corner on the moral duties—in another, Lord Orford (Horace Walpole,) might be amusing a little group around him with his lively wit and intelligent converse. Here might be seen at different times, Mr. Burke, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Montague, George Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Mason, Sir William Pepys, Mrs. Boscawen, Dr. Percy, Mrs. H. More, Mr. Langton, Dr. Burney, and Dr. Beattie when in town." Imagine this assemblage, adorned by the wisdom of Johnson—the dramatic powers of Garrick—the wit of Walpole—where Mrs. Montague gave new life and interest to her favourite bard—and where Dr. Percy, Beattie, and Mason, expatiated in the flowery regions of poesy. Here were no stiff formalities, no unfriendly coldness, to chock the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul." There was (says the editor.) no "ceremony, no cards, no supper. Even dress was so little regarded, that a foreign gentleman, who was to go there with an acquaintance, was told in jest, that it was so little necessary that he might appear there, if he pleased, *without stockings*. This he understood in the *literal* sense, and when he spoke of it in French, called it, *Les Bas Bleu Meeting*." Mrs. H. More published her humorous poem on this subject, in 1786. "Mrs. Carter's presence never checked innocent wit and lively converse, by ill-timed gravity,—she was no stern and rigid monitor, her religion was in her *heart*, not in her countenance; such as it ought to appear in one who believed that its 'ways are ways of pleasantness.' At Mrs. Montague's table were a variety of eminent persons, and at Mrs. Percy's, the friend of them both, and the delight of all who knew her, were frequent evening meetings of persons distinguished for learning and genius.

"Mrs. Carter's translation of Epictetus, at a very early age, first gained her the notice of the learned of her day, and a further knowledge of her richly-gifted and sterling character, enlarged on all sides of her esteem and veneration. She corresponded with the learned and holy Secker until the last, and a bequest which he made her, proved the high value which he retained for her character. Mrs. Carter's poems, including some which are reprinted from Cave's edition, in 1798, and which are 'preserved more as literary curiosities than from their intrinsic merit,' contain many passages of quiet beauty, and though deficient in fire and pathos, are marked by correctness and elegance, and more than this, by an undeviating attention to the only true morality—that of the gospel. The style and manner of these unobtrusive flowers which once decked the gardens of Parnassus, is altogether passed and obsolete,—many of them are addressed to the Florios and Belindas, the Clodios and Myrtillas, who have long,

with all associations connected with them, however loved or valued once, passed away from the world's memory. The lines to Miss Talbot are amongst her happiest efforts, they were suggested by a summer evening-walk on the coast of Kent :

"How sweet the calm of this sequestered shore,
Where ebbing waters musically roll,
And solitude and silent eve restore,
The philosophic temper of the soul.
The slushing gale whose murmurs toll to rest
The busy tumult of declining day,
To sympathetic quiet soothes the breast,
And every wild emotion dies away !
Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
Your task be ended with the setting sun ;
Let all be undisturbed vacation here,
While o'er you waves ascends the peaceful moon.
Come, Musidora, come, and with me share,
The sober pleasures of this solemn sear,
While no rude tempest clouds the ruffled air,
But all, like thee, is smiling and serene.
Come, while the cool, the solitary hours,
Each foolish care and giddy wish controul,
With all thy soft persuasion's wonted powers,
Beyond the stars transport my listening soul.
Oft when on earth detained by empty show,
Thy voice has taught the trifer how to rise ;
Taught her to look with scorn on things below,
And seek her better portion in the skies.
Come, and the sacred eloquence repeat,
The world shall vanish at its gentle sound,
Angelic forms shall visit this retreat,
And opening heaven diffuse its glories round !"

What a transient meteor is earthly fame !
and how few delight to explore what has the
rust of time around it ! Yet fain would we
retain more of the memories of other times,—
fain would we divest them of that oblivious
cloud which year by year spreads increasing
dimness over names of which the earth was
not worthy. Thus it must be, in a world
hastening onwards to the time when "all
which it inherits shall dissolve,"—but all shall
not fade—for even as the "eternal lights still
live along the sky," so immortally will spirits
such as these renew their pure and exalted
friendships in that world of mind, where a
boundless enlargement of intellectual light
will displace the mists and shadows of time.

Kirton-Lindsey.

ANNE R—.

ON ECHOES.

PLOTT, in his History of Oxfordshire, describes an echo in the old park of Woodstock, which returned seventeen syllables in the day, and twenty in the night time. He classifies echoes as, 1. Single, which return the voice but once. 2. Polysyllabic, many syllables, words, or even a whole sentence. 3. Tonical, but once, and that only when uttered in a peculiar musical note. The most surprising echo known is at Simonetta, a decayed palace, about a mile from Milan. It repeats a pistol-shot eighty-five times. Duppa, in his Travels on the Continent, p. 133, says that "this echo interested Buonaparte so much, that he went there several times, and used to discharge two pistols at once, always exclaiming that it was the most extraordinary thing he had ever heard."

The Naturalist.

THE HISTORY OF THE VINE.

"Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape,
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine."

We pray forbearance for a sketch—it shall be no more—of the history of the Vine.

From the time that Noah planted his vineyard, every heathen nation seems to have contended for the honour of claiming, as its own, the distributor of the vine and its benefits, and deifying him accordingly. The Egyptian gave the palm to Osiris; the ancient Italian to Saturn; whilst the Greek shouted for his Bacchus, who brought the goodly plant from Arabia the Happy, commemorating and softening the triumph of his arms, by leaving it as a legacy to be conquered.

Still it will be asked, of what country was the vine originally a native? The question is more easily put than answered. The contention among the cities for Homer sinks into insignificance, compared with the struggle for precedence in this honour among entire countries. Chaptal, whose attention was long directed to the inquiry, names Asia, the fertile farm and garden from which the cultivated grasses, vegetables, and fruits, were poured into Europe, as from a horn of plenty, together with civilization and the arts. So far so good; but Asia is a large place. The preference is claimed for Syria by some. Michaux found the vine in the woods of Mazanderan; and Olivier beheld it gracing the mountains of Koordistan. Pallas saw it near the Caspian and Black Seas, growing with no aid but from the hand of nature. The *Kishmish*, a peculiar stoneless variety of the grape, is considered by some to be a native of that part of Persia lying on the Gulf. In Belochistan, still farther to the east, the vine clings with its tendrils to the northern shores of the Arabian Sea. The feet of the Paropamisian Mountains are rich with it, blending its clusters with the olive and fig; and it extends to Canbulistan, where it associates with the apricot and peach. The forests of Anatolia and Caramania enshrine it; and Armenia, where Noah may have found it, abounds with the vine. In a word, there is strong evidence to make the vine a native of Persia, in which locality it is not likely to be neglected.

Dr. Sickler traces the gradual migration of the vine into Egypt, Sicily, &c.; and it is highly probable that the Phœnicians introduced its culture into the Grecian Archipelago, Greece, Italy, Provence, and Marseilles.

The ancient Roman, in his political infancy, had other and sterner duties to attend to, than the training of the vine; and the libations of milk ordained by Romulus, who forbade the use of wine for those purposes, necessarily discouraged such culture. The nymph Egeria seems to have given Numa a hint that a little wine would be no bad addition to a tête à

tête; for, though he also forbade the use of wine at funerals, he permitted libations to be made to the gods, of wine made from well-pruned vines, thus directing the attention of the people to the care of the plant. But wine must have been for a long time scarce in Rome; and, if ancient story be true, a single draught only was allowed during a repast, in the early part of the life of *Lucullus*.

Britain owes the presence of the vine, in all probability, to the Romans. It does not appear to have existed here in the time of *Agri-cola*; but the subsequent intercourse could hardly fail of introducing it. There is extant, an edict of *Probus*, allowing "*omnibus Gallis et Britannis ut vineas habeant et vinum conficiant*." Bede notices several vineyards; and Winchester was long supposed—though, in uncritical days, we allow—to have received its name from the vines for which it was certainly noted. The Norman called the Isle of Ely, the "*Isle of Vines*," and its bishop, soon after the conquest, appears to have received tithe of wine, to the amount of three or four tuns annually, from his diocese. Vineyards are frequently mentioned in *Domesday Book*. The Sussex vineyard belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, from whose produce many pipes of good Burgundy wine were made, shows to what extent the cultivation was carried. Drayton sings—

"—Gloster in times past her selfe did highly prize,
When in her pride of strength she nourish't goodly vines,
And oft her cares repress with her delicious wines.
But now th' all-cheering sun the colder soyle deceaves,
And us (heere tow'ards the pole) still falling southward
leaves:
So that the sullen earth th' effect thereof doth prove—
According to their books, who hold that he doth move
From his first zenith's point."

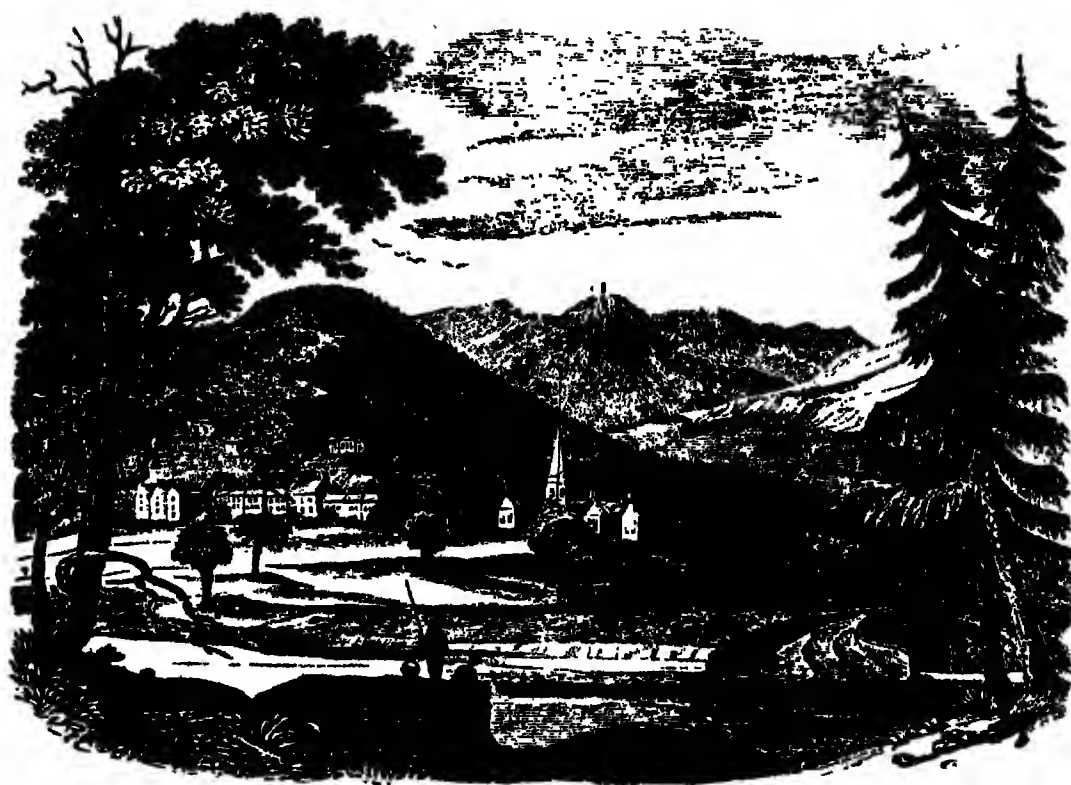
The "goodly vines" were gone, therefore, in his time, and superseded:—

"For of her vines deprived, now Gloster learns to plant
The pear-tree every where, whose fruit she strains
for juic.
That her pur'at pery is, which first she did produce
From Worstershire, and there is common as the fields;
Which naturally that soyle in most abundance yields."

Is it not one of the reasons of change, at least, that the soil of England gives a bountiful return of corn where the vine would starve, or hardly ever ripen its fruit in perfection? There are no spots in Britain of which it can be said, in an agricultural sense,

"*Illic veniant felicitis arvæ.*"

But though vines are now cultivated in this country only against walls, upon the roofs of buildings and under glass—a most expensive mode; yet, there is no reason why the vine should not be cultivated in the southern counties of England, at least, and there bear rich and well ripened fruit for the table.—*Quarterly Review*, No. cxxx1.



VILLAGE OF MOFFAT,
DUMFRIESHIRE.

THIS delightful, romantic, and salubrious village, is situated in a valley of Dumfriesshire, in the south of Scotland, upon the banks of a pretty stream, called the "Annan:" on the east and west are two beautiful vales; through that on the east flow the waters of the limpid, quiet, and exceedingly clear "Moffat Water;" on the west the dark and rapid "Avon" dashes from rock to rock, in awful grandeur; these in their course are much increased, from the frequent junction of cascades, or "burns," (as they are called in Scotland.) The three streams just mentioned unite a few miles below the village, when all are merged in the one name—"The River Annan"—which winds its majestic course towards the Solway Firth.

Scarcely a spot in Scotland affords so much real sport to the disciples of "Old Isaac Walton;" for your true angler, although desirous of good sport, is equally fond of the sublime, romantic, and picturesque; even the votaries of "*Joe Manton*" may here enjoy something above mediocrity. Black-cock, and grouse, are very plentiful; partridge, hares, &c. in tolerable abundance; snipes, wild ducks, &c.

Few places are so little known as this quiet and sequestered Village; and few would be more frequented, (at least in the summer months,) if its advantages were more generally appreciated. In this vicinity are two famous *Spas*, or mineral *Wells*; one is called "*Hart-Fell Spa*," being situated near a moun-

tain of that name; the other, and most famed, is "*Moffat Well*:" the good qualities of the water have been proved to be of the utmost value to persons afflicted with scrofulous complaints; of late years, the virtue of this water seems to be more appreciated than heretofore; of its efficacy there are no two opinions.

"Moffat" was a favourite retreat of many of the chiefs who met previous to the rebellion in 1745, and there, quietly and unobserved, matured their plans in favour of Prince Charles. It has also been one of the chosen spots of "Burns,"—

"Hapless bard! who fell, though young, a sage,
Ere blooming manhood ripened into age."*

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, resided a few miles from this place, at a romantic spot called "*Altrive Lake*."

In short, the entire neighbourhood is surrounded with delightful objects of interest to the botanist, the antiquarian, the geologist, mineralogist, the professed artist, or the humble admirer of nature in all her various forms.

To enumerate all the beauties of this romantic neighbourhood, were too great a task, and more than can well be compressed into a small space, as each would require a description from a pen such as Scott's, to make the scene appear in all its grand reality.

Mrs. Mathews, in her *Memoirs* of her late talented husband, mentions an anecdote connected with this spot, when poor Mathews

* See his poem upon "*Craigie Burnwood*," &c. &c.

was, from unforeseen events, compelled to visit this region of mountain and mist, unfortunately for him, in the depth of winter.

The *Grey-Mare's Tail*, a splendid cascade, *St. Mary's Loch*,—*The Loch of the Lowes*,—*The Bell Craig*—(Ahauncass, the ruins of one of the strongholds of the Douglas)—with numerous remains of Roman camps, and ancient border fortresses; to sum up all, the grandeur of the mountain fastnesses, are here equal to any in Scotland, and surpassed by none.

W. S. P.

ON THE PRESENT DEGENERACY OF WRITINGS.

OUR age is not the first that has had cause to deplore that the strengths, beauties, and majesties of writing, have, owing to the false perversion of the popular taste, and the prevalent iniquity of the times, become of no account in the estimation of the country. These have been compelled to succumb under the pressure of a mean and vicious literature; so that, according to the fine figure in Jotham's parable, the cedar, the olive, and the vine, and all noble trees of good fruit and stately stature, have been subjected to the reign of an impotent and despicable bramble. Our age, we repeat, has not been the first placed in this calamitous predicament, as witnesseth a certain treatise, saved to us from the wrecks of old time, treating "on the Sublime." Longinus, its writer, corresponding with his "dear Terentianus," in more passages than one, as we shall hereafter show, bitterly complains of the degeneracy of the writings of his time, wherein he manifests how the loftiest wits would temporarily stoop to the desecration of the sanctity of letters, and who, either for money or notoriety, would basely pander to the popular appetite, which prefers gross quail-food, and rejects celestial manna.

In his fourth section, speaking of the vices of Tymæus, otherwise a noble-minded man, he thus complains:—

Ὁ Τίμαρος, ἀνὴρ τὰ μὲν ἅλλα ἱκανὸς καὶ πρὸς λόγων ἐνίοτε μέγεθος, δὲ αἰσθητός, πολυλόγος ἐκινουμένης——μὲν ὑπὸ δὲ ἔρωτος τοῦ ξένης νοήσεις ἀεὶ κινεῖν πολλὰς ἐκπίπτων εἰς τὸ παιδιωδέστατον*

"Tymæus, a man otherwise able enough, and sometimes in high writing not unfortunate, and of a various knowledge, and acute discourse, but—that out of new-fangledness, he many times slips into childish and low absurdities."

Now this is precisely the crime of our day. Some men there are, possessed of fine literary talents and capacious thought, who, instead of writing up the public mind, write it down to the market level, and give produce to that which, however vicious, is most saleable. To use a parallel, what would be said to the flesh-vender of any market or city, who

attempted to foist improper food upon the people. What Englishman, Turkoman, or any other man, who sold a solitary kiblah, or jot of tainted flesh, but would be pilloried, or made liable to punishment. And shall it be said, that, unpunished and unreprieved, the writers of our age go on daily stimulating the market, and offering the most unwholesome food—that they continue, as it were, volatilizing grains of arsenic, for its effluvia to spread through a whole country, entering into every homestead, and pushing its pestilential miasmata into every pore of the public body. Righteous indignation cannot be restrained while such are unvisited by the punishment or reproof of the "powers that be."

"But," continues Longinus, in the same chapter, "what speak we of Tymæus, when those heroes (Xenophon, I mean, and Plato,) that had been under the tuition of Socrates, have through these littlenesses, sometimes forgot themselves? For thus writes the latter in his book, &c." He then proceeds to give an ample list of the uncomely and blameable expressions to be found in each, and makes the following comment upon them:—

* Ἀπαντα μὲν τοι, τὰ ὅπως ἔσμεν, διὰ μίαν ἐμφύεται τοῖς λόγοις αἰτιά, διὰ τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις κινδυνεύον (περὶ δὲ ἡ μάλιστα κορυβαίνωσιν οἱ νῦν.—Sect. v. pp. 30, 31.*

"All these extreme unbecomingnesses have defaced writing, upon no other ground than the *lechery* that some men have to declare their notions with somewhat of novelty, a crime passionately courted at this day."

No writer of our day could more acutely probe the existing evil under which the literary world labours at the present moment, than does Longinus in this paragraph, written hundreds of years ago—"novelty, a crime passionately courted at this day,"—a hungering after strange gods, strange flesh—a lascivious desire for things forbidden—for stolen waters, so sweet to the stealer's taste.

Now the relations of the mental appetite and digestion, are precisely answerable to the bodily. If the mind feed on deleterious or adulterate matter, its faculties inevitably become gross, carnal, heavy, and sensual: the ethierality of being is extinguished—the countenance loses its health-rose, and the fluids their elasticity and vigour. The fairy-tale of "Toads and Diamonds," puts forth no fable. The praiseworthy girl having good thoughts and pure desires implanted in her youthful heart, under the benediction bestowed by the fairy, dropped when she spake "pearls, rubies, and diamonds," on the ground; while her hateful sister, who had nourished her mind on bad and forbidding thoughts, had the blessing converted into a curse, and in speaking, spat out only toads. Such is identically the position of every reader, according to the books

* Zachary Pearce's translation of this is good:—"Omnia quidem, quæ sunt adeo indecora, inveniuntur scriptis una ex causa; nempe, ex studio novitatis in sensibus proferendis, (quæ in re præsertim hodierni scriptores insaniunt.)"

* Long. de Sublimitate. Sect. iv., pp. 33-4. Editio Quarta. Zachary Pearce ed. Londini, MDCCLII.

he reads, and the notions he imbibes—*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*.

Longinus, indeed, expresses the same opinions, to show to what is attributable the iniquity of his age; and after setting forth more particularly, the vices that on these accounts were creeping into the hearts of men, thus cogently concludes:—

Ἄλλα τοιούτων ἐν κύκλῳ τελευτῶναι κατ' ὀλίγον των βίων τε διαφθόραν, φθίνειν δὲ καὶ καταμαρῖναι τὰ ψυχικὰ μεγέθη, καὶ ἄξια γίνεσθαι, ἥρκα τὰ θνητὰ ταυτων μέρη κἀνόητα ἐκθαιμάζονεν, παρὲντες ζυζειν τ' ἄθανάτα.—Soc. xliv. p. 250.

"Thus are these corruptions of life perfected by degrees in a circle, and the excellencies of the soul decay, languish, and grow drowny, since they perceive men cherishing only their possible and mortal parts, and slumbering in irrationality, so that they neglect the pursuit of the virtues."

When the literature, therefore, of a land is poisoned at its fountain-heads, so that the stream whereof the people drink, creates in them foul and unwholesome disease of mind—when some writers in the land come forth, publishing corruption openly and aloud, like impudent missionaries of vice, promulgating ideas and opinions whose only motive is evil—it is surely high time for a "voice" to be heard crying in the moral wilderness, deprecating the depravities of the day.

Seriously we thus express ourselves, because the evil is not slight or unmomentous. The hydra-root complained of, has struck deeply into the earth—the upas branches extend largely over the land—and the baleful dews of a moral mærenna infect the universal atmosphere.

Multitudes of books appear daily, leavened with the leaven of profligacy and corruption—and to such a pass has it come, that no boy of the day can take up a history penned by these writers, but they are made to admire rebellion, and to despise obedience.

Deep consideration, therefore, does the whole subject of popular literature demand. The press, which ought to be a godlike instrument in pouring out a tide of rich and healthy knowledge, and of salutarily enriching the public mind, causing it to yield a bounteous harvest of "knowledge and new light"—has unfortunately, in many cases, prostituted itself to base and mercenary views, and many misdirected minds send forth through its channel, a host of base and bad books, which distract the attention, weaken the judgment, and corruptly vilify the taste.

That a sweeping alteration in this deplorable state of things can be effected *instantly*, is not likely—the age of miracle is past, and we possess not the wondrous wood which, by immersion, converted the waters of Marah into sweetness. The general hide is too hardened for a whip of cords to scourge them from the temple. Though a purging by hyssop be needed, to restore the public mind to perfect cleanliness, yet, can that distemper be only

cleared away *gradatim*, and not by any desperate impulse. No rough transition must be made in the diet or temperature—the medicaments must be pleasing, and the balm soft. The organs of the public appetite, after so long an aptitude for strange food, and indulgence in a sort of intellectual cannibalism, will only *by degrees*, resume their proper and effective tone. Therefore, ought a literature, peculiar to the case, to be specially provided, which if it cannot, expel the present from the market, may, at least, supplant the worsor food, and more sanatively supply the wants, and prevent the infection of the sounder part of the population. How difficult a task this is, may not be denied. The Sisyphi who attempt it, will have to roll their stones mightily to reach the summit of their hopes. "But," says the Quarterly Review,* and this opinion coming from so creditable a source, bears no little weight, "we may, by great exertions, construct a literature less mischievous than the present—a new river, instead of the ditch-water of the Thames. We may, at least, fumigate the press; and for this purpose, every book written, should be imbued and impregnated with sound principles, both religious and political. Poetry, history, philosophy, travels, novels, reviews, newspapers, grammars, everything should contain in them the great truths, which it is required to inculcate in the human mind."

But to the readers of "The Mirror" we now more especially address ourselves. Conservators as we have always been of the loveliness of virtue and the delicacy of morals, never unwittingly offending against them, we beseech them to abjure the nauseating and frivolous letters of the day, and to hold fast to a higher and nobler line of reading, which will develop their intellectual talents, and store their minds with standard furniture. Instead of holding talk with novelists, farce-writers, and "fool's facete," let them hold converse with great minds, and the rich and powerful in thought. Toil not for a shilling, when you should obtain a pound. Become mentally opulent, and gather up the treasures which the great spirits of our earth have left behind them. Make your mind and memory familiar with the glories of Spenser, at once the Lorraine and the Raphael of our verse—with the grand organ-tones of Milton, with

SHAKSPEARE—whose voice was like the wind, now song-whispering through groves of myrtle and roses; now blowing clear and strong amongst the haunts of men, wafting ships and turning the useful mill; and now sounding the thunder-trump of the tempest.

JONSON—the scholar's darling, and the best instructor of the man of taste.

DAYDEN—the manly and the mighty, exalted in his sentiments, and powerful in his style.

* See paper "Alexandria and the Alexandrians," No. cxxxi. July, 1840.

POPE—whose lines are axioms of virtue, moving with the staid beauty of the vestal herself.

Let the great prose-writers of England receive also at your hand, that equal devotion which they merit :—

SIDNEY—whose genius in the “defence of poesy” outstripped the refinement of England by two centuries.

BACON—whose language is rich with the gathered wealth of the most discursive intellect that nature ever fashioned.

CLARENDON—whose style was as stately as his character, and as pure as his principles.

JOHNSON—as kingly in his conceptions, as kingly in their discovery.

ADDISON—whose sentiments were virtue, uttered in beauty.

In reading the thoughts of such men, thoughts greater than the growth of our own mind, are insinuated amidst our ordinary train, while in the eloquence with which they are clothed, we learn a new language, worthy of the new ideas that are created within us. Over these, should the enlightened youth hang by night and by day, until his own mind be expanded with something of their breadth of being, and strengthened with a portion of their eternal vigour. From these, he shall catch that generous sentiment and lofty hope, which prove our sovered life a spark of immortality. From them shall he know the might and the eternity of mind. By them shall he be taught the reality of truth, and the godhood of virtue. Under this fine tutelage shall he keep his mind untainted amid the neighbourhood of habits and purposes, which might else have soiled its purity: they shall knit into his spirit a strength and height which shall make all artifices of reputation seem too trifling to fix into his thoughts; and link to his daringness of aim, an elevation of heart and of glance, which “make ambition virtue.” W. A.

LIFE—WHAT IS IT?

WHAT IS LIFE? The student of nature may analyse, with all his art, those minute portions of matter, called *seeds* and *ova*, which he knows to be the rudiments of future creatures, and the links by which endless generations of living creatures hang to existence; but he cannot disentangle and display, apart, their mysterious LIFE!—that something under the influence of which, each little germ, in due time, swells out, to fill an invisible mould of maturity, which determines its forms and proportions. One such substance thus becomes a beauteous rose-bush, another a noble oak; a third an eagle; a fourth an elephant—yea, in the same way, out of the rude materials of broken seeds and roots, and leaves of plants, and bits of animal flesh, is built up the human frame itself, whether of the active male, combining gracefulness with strength, or of the gentler woman, with beauty around

her as light. How passing strange that such should be the origin of the bright human eye, whose glance pierces as if the invisible soul were shot with it—of the lips which pour forth sweetest eloquence—of the larynx, which, by vibrating, fills the surrounding air with music; and, more wonderful than all, of that mass shut up within the bony fortress of the skull, whose delicate and curious texture is the abode of the soul, with its reason which contemplates, and its sensibility which delights in these and endless other miracles of creation.—*Arnott*.

NUMISMATIC MANUAL.

THE passion for forming collections of interesting and rare coins of all ages and countries, may be said to have recently progressed with almost more than railroad celerity. Cabinets are, in fact, every where gathering whatever occurs either as important or fine in the Numismatic World. Coins, however, do not altogether of themselves tell their own story—they are the adjuncts of history, and in innumerable instances may be justly entitled, the key-stones on which are raised the superstructure and details of the chronology of many momentous events. Without them, the historiographer is like the navigator at sea, without a compass; to proceed is almost an impossibility, and the same disastrous results attend them both. System and information is required to form a collection of any character, or to be of any advantage to the professor, and books are the natural reference; but it so happens, the works of the best writers are of difficult attainment, and of high cost. A numismatic library is the labour of a man's life to acquire, and the value so great that few persons would dare to encounter the purchase; hence the difficulty which has been hitherto experienced by the coin-collector on his outset; the information sought for has not been obtained with the desired promptitude; coolness and neglect in the pursuit, have followed as a consequent result, and many, whose names might have conferred a lustre on the science of numismatology, have relinquished it without hope, dismayed at the vast field before them.

Mr. Akerman, with a promptitude which does him much credit, has opportunely published his NUMISMATIC MANUAL, founded on the numerous printed works of distinguished and approved numismatists, and the communications of many existing collectors, whose practical experience has been here most liberally afforded. The volume, extending to nearly five hundred pages, is enriched with nearly twenty engraved plates, and many wood-cuts, inserted with the letter-press, and is, unquestionably, the cheapest and best guide obtainable by the collector, in a pecuniary sense, as also in the gain of time, the multitudinous references being already effected to the reader's immediate inspection. It is an ana-

lyzed hand-book of the science of numismatics, from the chief and most costly sources, by the especial and practised pen of a master-hand. Divided into five parts, the first contains, together with elementary observations, a geographical classification, according to the system of Eckhel, of the *Greek* coins of cities and princes, including those struck by various states while under the Roman dominion.

The second, treats of *Roman* coins, and furnishes an accurate list of the consular and imperial series, preceded by a concise introduction.

The third comprises a summary account of the *English* coinage, and a list of all the most remarkable examples.

The fourth consists of a carefully arranged catalogue of *Anglo-Gallic* coins, and the fifth, details notices of *Irish* and *Scottish* coins.

The collectors and numismatists of the present day, who have rendered Mr. Akerman, the acquirers of their skill and experience, are names of proud import in the science. The list of the extensive and important series of *Greek* coins of cities and princes, in this volume has been greatly advanced by Mr. Burgon, and by Count Maurice von Dietrichstein, Prefect of the imperial library of Vienna, who appears to have munificently presented the author with a collection of casts of the rare imperial *Greek* coins, deposited in that magnificent establishment.

The estimated rarity of *Roman* imperial coins is founded on the long experience and possession of a most choice cabinet, by Mr. Brumell; and of the *Saxon* and *English* coins, by Mr. Cuff—gentlemen whose urbanity and prompt inclination to further the interests of the science, is the theme of general admiration and applause.

To the cabinet of *Greek* coins, and the extensive collection of numismatic works, the property of Dr. Lee, of Hartwell House, Bucks, a gentleman of well-known promptitude to assist the inquirer in matters of antiquity and history, Mr. Akerman appears to have been under especial obligations, as also to the Rev. J. B. Roade, and to Messrs. Hawkins and Barnwell, of the British Museum, for numerous assistances in matters connected with the *Greek* and *Roman* types.

M. Adrien de Longpérier, of the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, has furnished several notes on *Anglo-Gallic* coins; but it is evident Barré Roberts' collection in the British Museum, and the recently dispersed cabinet of the late General Anslie, have supplied the most valuable *matériel* of information.

The *Bactrian* coins have received much erudite elucidation from Professor H. H. Wilson, who also furnished the *Bactrian* and old Sanscrit alphabets, embodied in the engravings to this work. We notice, with some satisfaction, that the denotation of the rarity of *Irish* coins, has been deduced by Mr. Akerman from Mr. Lindsay's recently-published View of the Coinage of Ireland, as we believe,

that gentleman's estimate of most of them, to approximate nearest to the real scarcity of each, of any that has yet been attempted. A supplement to that work is in rapid progress by Mr. Lindsay, from whom much new and interesting addenda is still to be expected. Mr. Lindsay has, also, large manuscript additions to Cardonnel's *Scottish* Coinage, and we cordially coincide with Mr. Akerman's expressed hope, that Mr. Cuff, Mr. Lindsay, or some other competent numismatist would undertake the production of a volume to supersede the attempts of Snelling and Cardonnel.

At p. 247, it is mentioned—"No coins are known of Æthelbald, sole monarch from 857 to 862,"—but one, recently found, is now in the hands of a coin-dealer for sale.

At p. 420, a singularly rude half-crown, of the time of Charles the First, in the cabinet of Mr. Cuff, figured in a wood-cut at p. 339, is "From the letters SA., under the horse, conjectured to have been struck at Salisbury." The writer takes the liberty to intimate, it was struck at Shrewsbury in 1642, at the mint, then under the conduct of Thomas Bushel, from plate contributed by the nobility and gentry favourable to the king's cause, in that city. B.

Manners and Customs.

THE PERSIANS.

SOME of the customs of the Persians, in their management of infants, are very remarkable. Immediately on the birth of a child, it is entirely covered over with fine whitesalt. On the second day, some slight scratches or incisions are made along the shoulders with a sort of razor. The blood flows, and the same operation is repeated on the third and the fourth days. On the eighth day, it is dressed in the style of adults, in gala habiliments, from top to toe, not forgetting the pointed cap, which is common to both sexes, but which is more pointed for the female, and often ornamented with jewels. An entertainment is then given in the harem. On the eleventh day, the mother bathes and washes the new-born infant for the first time, clearing off all the salt and blood in which the little creature is incrustated. The mother then presents the child to the father, who, taking it in his arms, falls on his knees, prays to God, the Prophet, and to Ali, and gives it a name. The custom of salting the new-born infant is very ancient in Persia.

The character of the Persians is amiable, but at the same time, grave. Even in the intimacy of the domestic circle, the children always stand in the presence of the father. They listen with respect to their elders, and take no part in the conversation, unless when called upon to speak. Even if princes, they wait on their parents, and serve them with water or the nerghile, in the most humble and respectful manner. The nerghile is a sort of machine for smoking tombak, which, in pronouncing, they terminate with a *u—tombaku*.

According to etiquette and the custom of the court, Persian princes must have seven hours for sleep. When they got up, they begin to smoke the nerghile, or shishe, and they continue smoking all day long. When there is company, the nerghile is first presented to the chief of the assembly, who, after two or three whiffs, hands it the next, and so on it goes descending. But, in general, the great smoke only with the great, or with strangers of distinction. Ali Schah smokes by himself, or only with one of his brothers, whom he particularly favours, the tombak, the smoke of which is of a very superior kind, the odour being exquisite—it is the finest tombak of Shiras. After rising in the morning, they take tea, usually two cups. Eleven o'clock is their dinner hour, when they have some very light simple dishes served up to them, with fruit. The pillao is never wanting, and their pillao is excellent. At four o'clock they again take tea, and at seven they have supper, which is served up much in the same manner as the dinner. After dinner and after supper, if they have visitors, they usually take a small cup of coffee. They are not so fond of coffee as the Turks, who drink from thirty to forty cups of it every day. They do not take spirits or wine, but in the course of the day, they swallow a few opium pills, to excite agreeable sensations. They are very religious, and never omit the due performance of their devotion, praying five times each day.

In learning to write, the Persians do not use saud. Vile dust, they say, ought never to have any connexion with so noble an art.

New Books.

Poems by Members of Magdalen College School, Oxford. Printed for private circulation. 1840.

[THESE Poems are the production of a knot of young scholastics, whose years scarce yet warrant an assumption of the Toga. The "purpleum lumen" of youth gilds their fronts, and something of the "mens divini" breathes in their effusions. With pleasure we hail this early cluster of genius, as we would a new *nebula* of stars in the heavens.

Charles Macray leads the van of these tyros. His theme, in decasyllabics, is "Caius Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

Home of the dead ! what tho' alas ! no more,
Thy gorgeous temples deck the sounding shore ;
What tho' stern time, with unrelenting hand,
Has swept thy towers from her native strand,
And made thee—rob'd of every hallow'd trace—
The by-gone city of a slumbering race ;
Still at thy name, to memory so dear,
Enraptured fancy bids thy walls appear ;
And deck'd by sunbeams, in the poet's eye,
Rise from the earth in crumbling majesty !

For thus, when other eyes can see no more
Than the bleak plain, and sandy, sea-beat shore,
He, eagle-eyed, can pierce through ages past,
And hail old Carthage, beautiful to the last.

[The English and patriotic spirit of *William Macray*, displays itself to advantage, in his

"Minstrel Song" and "Return to England." *Hyumphrey Hill* chooses more abstract subjects, "Truth," &c. *Edwin Millard*, the lighter lyric graces. The last young poet has several times appeared in our pages, and among other of his compositions, some verses entitled "Miserrimus," in our last volume, No. 997, p. 192, are, in their way, a gem. In conclusion, we feel happy in observing the vein of piety with which each seems pervaded—attested by their paraphrastic verses from the "Sweet Singer of Israel."]

Paton's Flowers of Penmanship: folio.
[Walter Paton.]

THIS beautiful display of art, is, we fearlessly say, without its equal, in this or any other country. Mr. Paton's fame in Ornamental Penmanship is too well known to need dilating on here ; the many important documents executed by him during the last twenty years, for the City of London, and the Royal Academy, have been the admiration of all who can justly appreciate real merit. Certainly, no art, hitherto, has been more difficult, less understood, or, in general, worse executed than ornamental writing ; but, to those who wish to obtain a mastery of its various beautiful flowing curves and graceful flourishes, must cultivate "Paton's Penmanship."

The above work is handsomely bound, and printed with the greatest care ; it contains fourteen elaborately-engraved specimens of the most varied and beautifully-formed Penmanship ; and the title-page is embellished with a portrait of the author. There is not an academy in England but what should be in possession of this treasure of art.

In 1825, Mr. Paton also produced a delightful specimen of Penmanship, in a miniature portrait of the late Princess Charlotte, wholly executed by the pen, in the manner of line-engraving, together with an eulogy on the princess, by Mr. T. Campbell.

Arts and Sciences.

BOAT PROPELLED BY PRESSURE-PUMPS.

AN ingenious artist, residing at Grahamstone, has lately launched a small vessel at Bainsford-bridge, on the Forth and Clyde Canal, which was propelled by means of pressure-pumps, at a rate of, at least, not less than fifteen miles an hour, conducted alone by the inventor, who worked the pumps. This novel invention has produced much speculation among the members of the profession, and it is reported, that the projector is so much satisfied with his first experiment, that another on a larger scale, is forthwith to be undertaken, and a patent procured to protect the invention. He feels assured it will, at no distant era, entirely supersede the present mode of propulsion by means of paddle-wheels.

SALARIES OF ACTORS.

	Per Week.
<i>John Kemble</i> , for acting and managing, had a salary of	£36
<i>Miss O'Neill's</i> salary, at the beginning of her brilliant career	15
and never exceeded	25
<i>George Cooke</i> , (greatly attractive)	20
<i>Mrs. Jordan's</i> salary, in the zenith of her popularity	31 gs.
<i>Mr. Charles Kemble</i> , until he became his own manager	20
<i>Dowton</i> had	12
and never more than	20
<i>Miss Stephens</i> , the present Dowager Countess of Essex, even during the greater part of her career to the period in which she was highly attractive	20
but, in the following season, at Drury Lane	60
<i>Mr. Marreault</i> , in 1822, had	20
and in 1832, and up to 1837, (barring an interregnum)	30
In 1839, he had the modesty to demand, and to receive	25
<i>Mr. Power</i> , in 1832, had	20
He is now, and for some time past has been, in the receipt of	120
<i>Mr. Farren</i> , in 1822, had	16
In 1832, had	30
At present receives	40
<i>Mr. Liston</i> , in 1822, had	17
he then rose to	50 & 60
and finally had	20
<i>Miss Ellen Tree</i> , playing at two theatres, and eventually at one	15
She went to America, and on her return, played for	25
<hr/>	
<i>Taglioni</i> , "the spirit of air," would not engage herself on other terms, than for herself, <i>per night</i>	100
For the term of her visit to her father, as ballet-master	600
To her brother and sister-in-law to dance with her	900
Two benefits guaranteed by the manager to produce her	1,000
And half a benefit guaranteed to produce her brother	200
Involving, altogether, a sum of more than	6,000
The liabilities of <i>Mr. Bunn</i> , the manager, therefore, during the following months of May, June, and July, were, between <i>Madame Malibran</i> , <i>Mademoiselle Taglioni</i> , and her family, (all foreigners) nearly	10,000

TEA-PLANTS IN THE SUN.

THE tea-plants seem to love and court moisture, not from stagnant pools, but running streams. The tea made from the leaves in the shade is not near so good as that from leaves exposed to the sun: the leaves of plants in the sun are much earlier than those in the

* *The Stage before and behind the Curtain*, by Alfred Bunn. [Bentley]

shade: the leaves from the shady tract give out a more watery liquid when rolled, and those from the sunny a more glutinous substance. When the leaves of either are rolled on a sunny day, they emit less of this liquid than on a rainy day. The juice decreases as the season advances. The plants in the sun have flowers and fruits much earlier than those in the shade, and are far more numerous; they have flowers and seeds in July, and fruit in November. Numerous plants are to be seen, that by some accident, either cold or rain, have lost all their flowers, and commence throwing out fresh flower-buds more abundantly than ever. Thus, it is not unfrequent to see some plants in flower so late as March, bearing at once the old and the new seeds, flower-buds, and full-blown flowers—all at one and the same time. The rain also greatly affects the leaves; for some sorts of tea cannot be made on a rainy day; for instance, the *Powchong* and *Mingehew*. The leaves for these ought to be collected about 10 A.M., on a sunny morning, when the dew has evaporated. The *Powchong* can only be manufactured from the leaves of the first crop; but the *Mingehew*, although it requires the same care in making as the other, can yet be made from any crop, provided it is made on a sunny morning. The Chinese dislike gathering leaves on a rainy day for any description of tea, and never will do so, unless necessity require it. Some even pretend to distinguish the teas made on a rainy and on a sunny day, much in the same manner as they can distinguish the shady from the sunny teas—by their inferiority. If the large leaves for the black tea were collected on a rainy day, about seven seers, or fourteen pounds of green leaves, would make one seer, or two pounds of tea, so the Chinamen say. Mr. Bruce tried the experiment, and found it to be true.*

PUBLIC LAUNDRY.

AMONG the numerous projects tending to assuage the wants of the poor of the Metropolis, and promoting their cleanliness, is one for the purpose of establishing a Public Laundry, to be fitted up with washing-troughs, steaming-box, drying-closet, and other conveniences, to be open to them, not altogether gratuitously, but on most moderate payment. It is also intended to supply by the bucket, on similar terms, hot water for domestic purposes, to poor applicants. As it is well known, the poor in London, are, in general, destitute of all conveniences of washing and drying their clothes, and the painful expense, the discomfort, and even risk they are exposed to, in providing for their cleanliness, no argument is deemed necessary to prove the utility of the above scheme; and it has, therefore, been determined to establish (experimentally) one

* *Account of the Manufacture of Tea*. By C. A. Bruce, Superintendent of Tea Culture. Calcutta.

near Clare Market. The presumed outlay of about 150*l.*, and a yearly subscription of about 100*l.*, will be sufficient for a single establishment of this nature, capable of affording the means of weekly washing to upwards of three hundred families, and a supply of hot water to a still greater number.

The Gatherer.

The Coliseum at Rome.—The stupendous fabrics of Rome appeared before us. Above all others, the Coliseum seems, in its ponderous circle, to stamp the city with the signet of eternity. "While the Coliseum stands," said the venerable Bodo, in the eighth century, "Rome shall stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall." This proverb is still remembered and repeated by the populace of Rome.—*Views in Rome, with Literary Sketches.*

It is the desire of Government to melt down all the brass guns that may be recovered from the Royal George, for the purpose of using the material for the bronze work of Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar-square. The foundation stone of the column is to be laid on the 1st of August next.

The load of a camel in Persia is about 400*lbs.*

On Salutations and Greetings.—Be more careful to offer your salutation to those that are poor, or who may have been in any way distressed, whether in mind, purse, or prospects, than you are to your more affluent acquaintance; for, rest assured, that they will feel your neglect more acutely than either your equals or superiors.—*Sandron Hall.*

Cathedral of Iona.—The ruins of the cathedral are extremely picturesque; and some old richly-carved crosses in front of them, are irresistibly tempting to a sketcher.—*Descriptive Tour through Scotland, by T. H. C.*

A fawn was born at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, on the 26th ult.

Captain Mapleton, R. A., has sailed in the schooner Eliza Scott, on his voyage of discovery to the Antarctic Sea; her appointments, fittings up, and instruments, are upon the most scientific principles.

There are now about one hundred and twenty observatories in Continental Europe.

The New Conservatory at Chatsworth.—Some idea may be formed of its magnitude, on knowing that it extends over an acre of ground; that the centre arch of the roof is seventy-six feet high, with a span of seventy feet, affording space for the stupendous growth of the American Aloe.

The Future.—Gently and smilingly, as a child in his cradle floats over the sea, glides onward the Futuro through the present storm, till the appointed time comes, and the little Moses is picked up in the bulrushes, and grows to be a lawgiver and a ruler.

A Clergyman's Life.—How full of beauty, how desirable, and how picturesque, is the lot of a clergyman, especially in the country! Religion and poetry dwell with him, like twin sisters; and his thoughts, when they turn aside from heaven, rest on all that is most beautiful on earth.

Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, and eldest brother of Napoleon, died at Viterbo, on the 29th ult., aged 66.

Mary Queen of Scots.—A love of gardening was one of her favourite pursuits. She had brought from France, a little sycamore-plant, the first, according to tradition, which had ever been seen in Scotland; this she planted in the gardens of Holyrood, and from this parent stem arose the beautiful groves of sycamore which are now met with in Scotland.

M. de la Rive has succeeded in gilding metals by electro-chemical action.

Government has conferred on Dr. James Browne, L.L.D., and Member of the Faculty of Advocates, at Edinburgh, an annuity of 100*l.*, "in consideration," it is expressly said, "of his literary attainments."

Mesopotamia.—The whole territory seems to be covered with the ruins of cities, and remains of the most remote antiquity; pottery, scoria, bricks, inscriptions, copper, glass, cylinders, and mighty mounds, which, in all probability, were once the national temples for Sabwan, or fire-worship, of a rich and densely populated region.—*Fraser's Koordistan.*

Increase of Slave-Traffic.—Since 1807, when the slave trade was prohibited by the British Parliament, the number of slaves annually exported from Africa, has at least doubled! The necessary consequence of making the trade contraband has been, to place it altogether in the hands of desperate and unscrupulous men; fast-sailing vessels alone can be advantageously employed in it: the accommodation of the living cargo is a subordinate consideration. The result has been, that while the traffic has doubled, it has also grown more fatal; the mortality, consequent on the voyage, having augmented fifty per cent.—*Buxton's African Slave-trade.*

The African continent has monuments of Egyptian civilization, probably 4,000 years old.

It is ascertained that the bee, though it often settles on the rose, draws no honey from it.

An oyster, measuring three feet one inch in length, and twenty-three and a half inches across the widest part, was taken recently at Mobile. It was carried from the wharf to the purchaser's house on a dray. So it is said.—*American Paper.*

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The Mirror

OF

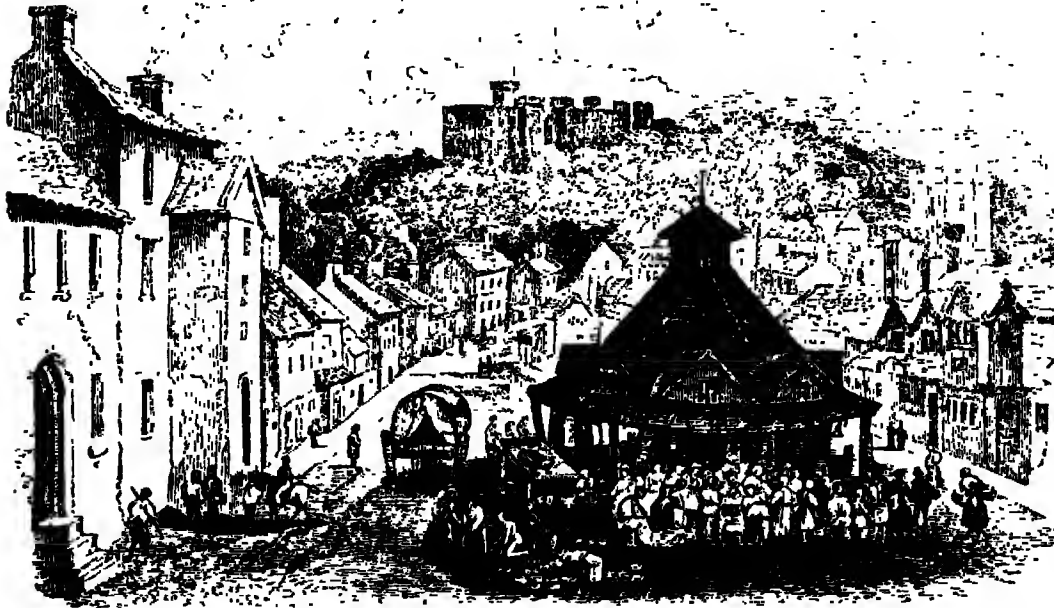
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1016.]

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.]

MARKET-PLACES OF ENGLAND.



Market-Place, Dantzic.



Fish-Market, Hastings.

MARKET-HOUSE, CHURCH, AND CASTLE, DUNSTER.

DUNSTER is an agreeable town, pleasantly situated two miles north-east from Minehead, in the county of Somerset, upon the Bristol channel, on the margin of a rich and fertile vale; the adjoining country being beautifully diversified with hill and dale, through which flows a rapid stream, formed by springs rising at Dunkery Hill, which passes on the south and east sides of the town; and after turning several mills, runs under a stone bridge of three arches, and falls into the sea. The town is small, and of little importance at present, having materially suffered from the loss of its wool-trade, which formerly afforded employment to a considerable part of the population of this and the surrounding parishes. There are but two principal streets, one of them has been much improved by the removal of some noisily old shambles which stood in the centre.

The Ancient Market-House,

Faithfully represented in our engraving, as sketched last summer, is a place of much resort on the market day, every Friday. It is uncertain when the above venerable relic was erected, but it bears evident signs of great antiquity, and forms one of the most interesting objects in the town. There is a fair also held here on Whit-Monday.

Dunster Church,

Dedicated to St. George, is a very spacious edifice, in the shape of a cathedral, having a nave, aisles, and chancel, with a central tower, ornamented with battlements and pinnacles: it is in the later style of English architecture, having been erected by Henry VII., in acknowledgment of the assistance afforded him by the men of Dunster, in the battle of Bosworth Field. It contains many fine sepulchral monuments, belonging to the families of Mohun and Luttrell, which are hastening to decay. The living, formerly a vicarage, is now a perpetual curacy, in the archdeaconry of Taunton, and diocese of Bath and Wells, rated in the king's books at 4*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; endowed with 1,200*l.*, private benefaction; 800*l.*, royal bounty, and 1,200*l.*, parliamentary grant; and is in the patronage of J. T. Luttrell, Esq.

The Castle.

The town, is called *Torre*, in Domesday-book, and owes its origin to a baronial castle, built here by William de Mohun, a Norman baron on whom William the Conqueror bestowed large estates in this part of the kingdom. The castle was held by the family of Mohun till the reign of Edward III., and was the scene of hostilities during the civil wars of Stephen and John, and in the contests between the houses of York and Lancaster. It sustained material damage during the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., when being garrisoned by that unfortunate prince, it was besieged by General Blake, who took it for the parliament,

and afterwards demolished great part of its fortifications. In this castle was confined the celebrated Mr. Prynne, author of the "*Histrio-mastix*," for writing which he had his ears cut off at two different times, besides being severely whipped, and twice exposed in the pillory, by order of the court of Star Chamber, *temp.* Charles I. The castle has been the residence of the family of Luttrell, since the time of Edward III. The present structure which is comparatively of recent erection, stands in a commanding situation, at the southern extremity of the principal street, embracing delightful views of the Bristol channel, and the Welsh and Gloucestershire hills.

FISH-MARKET, HASTINGS.

The town of Hastings is of great antiquity, and the principal of the Cinque-Ports, having attained considerable importance during the Saxon Heptarchy, and is generally supposed to have derived its name from Hastings, a noted Danish pirate, contemporary with Alfred the Great. Of the Castle, which was erected on a high hill to the west of the present town, there are still extensive remains, consisting of a considerable portion of the outer wall, in which are parts of two towers and gateways of Norman architecture, and the foundation of the keep, surrounded by a broad and deep fosse, with vestiges of a draw-bridge, and other fortifications. The collegiate church is one hundred and ten feet in length, and adjoining it are the remains of the parish church of St. Mary-in-the-Castle, the chapter-house, and the prebendal buildings, forming an interesting mass of ruins: they have recently been enclosed by the Earl of Chichester.

In 1377, Hastings was burnt by the French, who made a descent upon that part of the coast; but it was soon rebuilt.

The salubrity and mildness of the air, arising from the sheltered situation of the town, by which it is defended from the north and east winds, render it peculiarly eligible as a place for invalids; and these advantages, concurring with the openness of the coast, and the smoothness of its beach, have long made it a fashionable and well-frequented place for sea-bathing.

The harbour, now called the Stade, formerly afforded safe anchorage for ships, but has fallen into disuse since the reign of Elizabeth, when the pier was destroyed by a storm; since which time the harbour has been inconsiderable, and will not admit vessels of more than one hundred tons' burden.

The trade of the port is principally in lime, which is burnt near the town; also in corn, timber, and coal, which are sent coastwise. The market-days are Wednesday and Saturday, the latter for corn: the fairs are on Whit-Tuesday, July 26th and 27th, and November 23d. The fish-market forms a pleasing, bustling mart, and is always well patronized by the visitors of this highly respectable and rising town.

STANZAS TO CLYDESDALE.

BY JAMES WYLLSON.

VALE of Clutha! how I love thee;—
 Exiled wand'r'er though I be;
 Other vales may rank above thee;
 But thou'rt peerless still to me.
 Scene of years—my first and fairest!—
 Boyhood's bright and happy home:
 Thou'lt to me be ever dearest,
 Though through sunnier lands I roam.

Years have fled, since by thy river,
 I, in lonely musing, stray'd;
 Yet, where'er I wander'd, never
 Did'st thou from my mem'ry fade:
 Though 'mid bow'rs of vernal beauty—
 Labyrinths fair, of glade and grove;—
 Still my heart's congenial duty,
 Was to turn to thee it's love.

Deauteous stream! the child of nature,
 Roaming but thy banks along,
 Owns the pow'r which, like a meteor,
 Thrills his soul with future song:
 For though golden lures may charm him,
 From the haunts of happy days,—
 Still thy influence will warm him,
 With its ever-thrilling rays.

FRIENDSHIP.

When swift vicissitudes of life
 The sick'ning spirit vex,
 When grief and joy in rapid strife
 The weary mind perplex,
 When heartless folly, empty mirth,
 Their baneful influence blend,
 The loathing soul can find on earth
 No refuge but a friend.

When interested slaves surround,—
 A mercenary crowd,—
 When flatterers' sordid fates resound
 Professions false they lend;
 Alone—amid the fickle swarms
 That all our steps attend,
 How one unbought companion charms,
 One pure and faithful friend.

Nor bought, nor sold for sordid pelf—
 Such, Fortune, be thy lot,—
 His friend e'en valued as himself,
 His fortunes as his own—
 Thy golden gifts may then depart
 If this thou deem'st to send,
 The sweetest salve of the heart,
 A true and faithful friend

E. M.

SONG.

THE BRIGHT STAR OF HOPE.

Poetry and Music by W. Hardy, Jun.

THE bright star of hope shines above us,
 And so gently its lustre imparts,
 Like the smile of the dear friends who love us,
 It soothes the distress of our hearts.
 Let us think on the joys of to-morrow,
 And banish the cares of to-day:
 The bright star of hope dispels sorrow,
 And chases life's dark storms away.

Remember, when thou art desponding,
 And yielding to grief and despair,
 There are hearts that to thine are responding,
 And bosoms thy sorrows would share.
 Oh! never, in sadness, then, languish,
 Nor mourn o'er the cares of the day;
 The bright star of hope heals all anguish,
 And chases life's dark storms away.

When the sun of our joy shines no longer,
 And night's frowning clouds o'er us roll,
 Then the moon-beams of morn'ry grow stronger,
 Till the day-star of Hope lights the soul.
 Let our hearts, then, in prayer hold communion,
 While hallow'd with Faith's cheering ray:
 The bright Star of Hope seals the union,
 And chases life's dark storms away.

CALIPH OMAR.

I WALKED out one dark evening, (says Ben Abbas) with the intention of visiting Omar Ben Alkhattab, the Emir of the Faithful. I had not proceeded far, when a Bedouin Arab came up to me, and pulling me by the sleeve, said, "Abbas, come with me?" I turned to look upon the Bedouin Arab, but what was my surprise, when I recognized the Emir of the Faithful, thus alone, on foot, and in disguise. Having saluted him with respect, I inquired where he was going, and what was his intention. "I am going," he replied, "to visit, this cold and dark night, the different tribes of Arabs." We proceeded towards the tents, which were spread out upon the desert. After he had examined them with the utmost attention, and just as we were preparing to return homeward, we discovered a tent, in which was an old woman, surrounded by a number of children who were crying bitterly. Beside the woman were three stones, surmounted by a kettle, under which a few chips of wood were burning. "Be patient, my children," said the woman, "in a few minutes your repast will be ready." We stopped to observe this scene, and the eyes of Omar were rivetted upon the old woman and the children. At length, tired of remaining, I said, "Emir of the Faithful, why do we tarry here?" "I swear," replied he, "not to return home, until I see this old woman distribute food to the children." We accordingly remained on the spot some time longer; the old woman still addressing the same language to the children, and they continuing to weep and sob without intermission. "Abbas," said Omar, "let us enter the tent, and question this woman." We entered and saluted her. "Good mother," said Omar, with a gentle and smiling air, "what ails these children? why do they thus sob and complain?" "Alas!" replied the old woman, "because they are hungry." "And why," said Omar, "do you not give them some of the food which is in that kettle?" "There is nothing there," replied the old woman; "it is merely a device by which I hope to divert them, until they are tired of crying, and fall to sleep; for I have not a morsel in the world to give them." When the old woman had uttered these words, Omar advanced towards the kettle, and saw a number of flints in the boiling water. "What," said Omar, "were these flints put in the kettle for?" "I told them," replied the woman, that I was preparing food; and when they saw the water boil up between the stones, they believed what I said. Thus I am compelled to deceive them,

THE MIRROR.

until sleep overpower their senses; for I can give them nothing to satisfy their hunger." "By what means," inquired Omar, "have you been reduced to this state of misery?" "Alas!" she replied, "I am an unhappy forsaken woman; I have neither father, mother, nor any relation." "Why," interrupted Omar, "do you not make known your situation to the Emir of the Faithful, Omar Ben Alkhattab? He would not hesitate to grant you relief from his own treasury." "May the wrath of heaven alight upon Omar," exclaimed the woman, "may his standards be levelled to the dust! How cruelly he treats me!" At these words, Omar trembled, and seemed to be seized with mortal fear. "With what act of cruelty," said he, "do you reproach Omar?" "I call the Almighty to witness," replied the woman, "that his cruelty is horrible. Has not heaven ordained that Emirs, the pastors of the people, should minutely inquire into the situation of all their subjects? When they find wretches like me, reduced to misery, and burdened with children, without succour, and without hope, ought they not to obey the mandate of heaven, by relieving the wants of misfortune?" "But how," said Omar, "can the Emir of the Faithful know your poverty, and the number of children you have to maintain? you should present yourself before him, and inform him of your miserable lot." "No," replied the woman, "it is more the duty of Omar to inquire into the distresses of his subjects, than it is mine to provide for the maintenance of myself and my children. Poverty is more timid than power. And besides, the needy sometimes feel a kind of shame, which prevents them from exposing their extreme misery. But the just and compassionate sovereign shows more attachment to the poor than to the rich. Such is the law of God, whosoever transgresses it is unjust." The woman had no sooner pronounced these last words, than Omar prostrated himself in prayer before the Almighty. When he arose, he said to the woman, "Indeed, good mother, you are in the right; but continue to deceive your children for a short time, and I will bring something to satisfy their craving." We quitted the tent, covered with the shades of night. The dogs thronged from every side, barking at us, and it was with great difficulty I succeeded in driving them away. At length we arrived at the magazine of provisions. Omar himself opened the door. We entered; he looked around him, and approached a sack, containing about 150 pounds of flour. "Abbas," said he, "place this sack of flour upon my back, and take thou this jar filled with butter." I placed the sack upon his shoulders, and took up the jar to which he pointed. We quitted the magazine, he closed the door, and we proceeded back to the desert. But we had scarcely completed one half of our journey, when he felt fatigued by the weight of his burden; the flour dropped upon his eyes, upon his beard, and his whole countenance was soon

covered with it. "In the name of my father, in the name of my mother, O Prince of the Faithful!" I exclaimed, "suffer me, I entreat you, to bear the burden in my turn." "No, you shall not," he replied, "I could bear mountains of brass more easily than the least injustice. How then could I endure to see the old woman deceive her children with flints? Come, let us advance more speedily, that we may arrive before the children cry themselves to sleep." We continued our journey; Omar was ready to sink beneath his burden. Having arrived at the old woman's tent, he laid down the sack of flour, and I placed beside it the jar filled with butter. Omar, instead of resting after his fatigue, threw away the flints and water, and put a piece of butter into the pot; then perceiving that the fire was almost out, he asked the woman if she had any wood. The woman having informed him where there was some, he rose, gathered together a few sticks, and placed them on the fire; then setting the kettle on its trevet, he knelt down on the ground, and blew the fire with his mouth. His thick beard, which swept the dust, was sometimes concealed amidst torrents of smoke, and he never quitted his humble position until the fire blazed again. The butter being melted, Omar stirred it round with a stick which he held in one hand, whilst with the other, he threw some flour into the pot. The children, who thronged round him, still continued to weep and complain. Omar then asked the old woman for a spoon, took one of the children on his knee, and placing the others near him, divided among them the food which he had prepared. The children being thus satisfied, joyfully arose, and having spent a short time in play, fell asleep. After which, Omar turned towards the old woman, and said, "Will you, good woman, sell to me your right of complaining of Omar's injustice? I offer you one hundred dinars." The old woman being willing to accept his offer, Omar desired her to give him her consent in writing. "Alas!" replied the woman, "I cannot write well enough." "That is of no consequence," said Omar, "I will write for you." The old woman having given her consent, I went in search of witnesses, and to procure the hundred dinars. On my return, Omar wrote down the following contract:—

"In the name of the most element and merciful God! May heaven shower down blessings on Mahommed and his holy race.

"The agreement made by—, the daughter—in the presence of two witnesses. She hath pardoned Omar Ben Alkhattab for the injustice of which he was guilty in neglecting to enquire into her situation, and relieve her misfortunes, which is the duty of every shepherd towards the flock entrusted to his care. Omar hath given her in return, the sum of one hundred dinars, so that she hath no longer any demand upon him; she hath, therefore, of her own accord, agreed to the present contract."

The contract being written, Omar folded it up, and put it into his bosom. He then arose, saluted the old woman, and withdrew. "Abbas," said he, as we departed from the tent, "when I saw that old woman deceiving her children with flints, I fancied that a huge mountain had fallen upon me, and that I was crushed beneath its weight. Seized with terror, I hastened to do that which thou hast witnessed, when I gradually felt the weight of the mountain diminish, and I again breathed at liberty."

Omar, on his return home, called his children together, and addressed them in the following words:—"My children, take this writing, and preserve it carefully; and when heaven shall be pleased to close my eyes from the light of day, do not forget to deposit it in my coffin." After which, Omar sent for the old woman and her children, to whom he assigned a pension from his treasury. W. G. C.

BOOK ILLUMINATORS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE material fabrication of a book was, before the invention of printing, the work of many hands. One person was employed as the amanuensis, to transcribe, leaving the capitals and the spaces for future ornament, blank. Another was the corrector, who revised the manuscript and added the punctuation. The third was the illuminator of the capital letters and ornaments. A fourth executed the figures. Originally, however, these were all the performance of one, and the same person. Of the many painters who worked in this department, the names of a few, only, are known; though, after the time of Dante, who celebrates Oderigi da Gubbio, and Franco Bolognese, the art had arrived at great perfection. The most celebrated miniaturists were Simon Memmi, who painted Petrarch's Laura; D. Silvestro, a Camaldolite monk, who illuminated the choral books of the Convent Degli Angeli, in Florence; Attavante Fiorentino, who illuminated the famous Silius Italicus, for some time in the church of St. John and St. Paul, at Venice. But the most famous of all, was a Fleming, D. Julius Clovius, a disciple of Raphael, who, in the minutest figures, preserved all the beauty of that school. Clovius was himself at the head of a school, and amongst his most distinguished scholars, was Bartol. Torre. In the sixteenth century, Giambatista Castollo, a Genoese, worked with great excellence upon the books of the Escorial. Gian Paolo Corva, a Bolognese, flourished about the same time, and was inimitable for his birds. Giambatista delighted to paint insects, flies, ants, spiders, and butterflies, and was in the service of Philip II. Stephaneschi copied, in miniature, some works of Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Titian, and Correggio. Besides these, was Sigismondo Laito, who drew upon precious stones—*Political Economy of the Middle Ages, by the Cavaliere Luigi Cibrario.*

A DAY'S FISHING.

LAST Sunday M. Coquelet rose with the sun. The day promised to be magnificent, and M. Coquelet, fastened all the week to the bureau of a minister, in a certain sub-capacity, at two hundred a year, sollicitated himself much on the opportunity of passing twelve hours, far from the grandcurs and commotion of public business. He tied his cravat negligently, seized his fish-tackle and baits, and forthwith sped for the river, holding in his hand, the fragile reed of the angler.

After half-an-hour's walk, he arrived in that distant latitude, situated between the Pont-Royal and the Pont des Invalides. He boldly descended to the bank, humming the well-known air

"Behold! how brightly breaks the morning," &c

Two anglers had already assembled there; M. Coquelet, with policy, placed himself below them, and without waiting any longer, plunged into the bosom of the waves, his perfidious fish-hook.

Seven A.M. struck at this moment by a neighbouring clock, a circumstance which authorises us to divide this magnificent epupee, of which M. Coquelet is the hero, into several parts, each of which will correspond to an hour of the day.

8 o'clock.—M. Coquelet has cast his line into the water a long time, and has taken nothing but air. He presently perceives, that, in his precipitation, he had fixed his worm-bait in such a manner, that the said worm was detached, and was navigating its way, at that time, towards the ocean, where it would be very likely to follow the funeral convey to St. Helena.

9 o'clock.—M. Coquelet continued not even to hook the gudgeons; he drew up his line to assure himself that the bait occupied its natural place—re-assured, he threw his line again into the water, and took—*hope*.

10 o'clock.—A barbel was on the point of being seduced by M. Coquelet, when a raft loaded with wood came to create discord between the man and the fish. M. Coquelet, who drew up his line to let the raft pass, threw it back into the Seine, and took—a *position less-exposed*.

11 o'clock.—M. Coquelet, waiting the return of the barbel, breakfasted: then he took—a *moment's rest*.

Mid-day.—Behold the most beautiful moment of the whole day—the heat is stifling! M. Coquelet continued to hold his line in the water, and he caught—a *sun-stroke on his nose*.

1 o'clock.—Sound! horns and bag-pipes. This time M. Coquelet felt his line dig deeper. He drew it up, and found that he had taken—a number of the *Revue des deux mondes*, which a reader to lighten himself, had thrown into the water.

2 o'clock.—M. Coquelet now applied him-

self to fishing in a beautiful style, and to take—*patience*.

3 o'clock.—M. Coquelet, with his line perpetually in the water, sinks under the heat of the sun, and catches—*thirst*.

4 o'clock.—The reflections of M. Coquelet, assumed at every instant, a more sombre hue, while his nose, reddened by the sun-stroke, assumed, on the contrary, a more lively hue. As for himself, he took nothing at all.

5 o'clock.—One of the neighbouring anglers of M. Coquelet, caught a little fish. As for M. Coquelet he slept, with his line in his hand, and took a gudgeon—in a dream.

6 o'clock.—M. Coquelet needed, at length, to the cry of his stomach, which called for its customary nourishment. He threw, for a last time, his line into the water, then took—*the road to his house*.

Here finishes our tale: for we have no intention to follow M. Coquelet into his domestic life. On every fisher be pity!

M. Coquelet will recommence the same pastime next Sunday. The result will be identically the same; and if not a sun-stroke, he will next time catch a flaxion. But pleasure consists in variety.—*Translated from the Charivari.*

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON;

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. GUIZOT.

WASHINGTON was a planter, a man of family and of taste, devoted to those interests, habits, and pursuits of agricultural life which constituted the principal vigour of American society. Fifty years later Jefferson said, in order to justify his reliance on the entirely democratic organization of American society, "Our confident expectations cannot deceive us as long as we remain virtuous; and virtuous we shall remain, as long as agriculture is our chief concern." From the age of twenty, Washington considered agriculture as his chief business, and thus his life was spent in the closest sympathy with the prevailing propensities and the good sturdy habits of his country. Journeys, field sports, the exploring of remote hunting-grounds, and intercourse, whether friendly or hostile, with the Indians of the border, were the pleasures of his youth. He was of that active and enterprising disposition which takes delight in the perils and adventures to which man is exposed in the vast wilds of an unexplored country; he was endowed with that strength of limb, that perseverance and presence of mind, which makes a man triumph over such obstacles. Indeed, the confidence he felt in those faculties at the outset of life was somewhat presumptuous. "For my own part," said he to Governor Dinwiddi, "I can answer that I have a constitution hardy enough to encounter and undergo the most severe trials, and I flatter myself resolution to face what any man dares, as shall be proved when it comes to the test."

To such a character, war was, of course, more

congenial than field-sports or travel. At the first opportunity which occurred, he marched to the field with a degree of ardour, which, in the earlier years of life, is not always attended with equal aptitude and taste for the service. In 1754, George II. was listening to a despatch which the governor of Virginia had forwarded to London, and in which young Major Washington concluded a narrative of his first skirmish by these words:—"I heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound." On hearing this, the king said:—"He would not say so, if he had been used to hear many." Washington was of the king's opinion; for, when the major of the Virginian militia was become Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States, he replied to some one who asked him whether he had ever made use of that expression,—"If I said it, it was when I was young."

But his youthful ardour was at the same time serious and serene, and it bore the authority of maturer years. From the first, what he loved in war, far above the heat of battle, was the great effort of intellect and will, armed with power to achieve some grand design—the mighty mixture of human agency and of fortune, which seizes and transports the highest as well as the humblest minds. Born in the highest of colonial society, brought up at a public school amongst his fellow-countrymen, he naturally took his place at their head, for he was at once their equal and their superior, formed to the same habits, skilled in the same exercises, a stranger like them to all elegant accomplishments, and all pretensions to learning, claiming nothing for himself, and displaying exclusively for the public service that ascendancy which a penetrating and sensible mind, a calm and energetic character, will always secure when they are joined to disinterestedness.

In 1754, he had but just entered into society, and adopted the profession of arms; at two-and-twenty he held the commission of an officer commanding the militia, and corresponding with the representative of the King of England, equally unembarrassed by either position. Loving his comrades, respectful to the king and governor, neither love nor respect could impair the independence of his judgment and of his conduct. He knew, he saw with admirable readiness for action and for command, by what means and upon what conditions the service of the king and of the country would be carried on with success. These conditions, these means, he exacted and he imposed—on the soldiers, if they related to discipline, accuracy, and activity of the service—on the governor with respect to the payment of the troops, the commissariat, or the appointment of officers. In all positions, whether his language rose to the superior to whom he renders an account, or descended to the subordinates who are under his orders, it is ever equally clear, practical, and decided—equally

stamped with that authority which truth and necessity confer upon the man who speaks in their name. Thenceforward Washington was that eminent American, that faithful and foremost representative of his country, who was best able to understand and to serve her, whether by treaty or by the sword, whether by defending or by governing her.

Nor have those qualities been shown by the event alone; they were anticipated by his contemporaries. "Your good health and fortune are the toast at every table," wrote Colonel Fairfax, his first patron, to him, in 1756. In 1759, when he was elected for the first time to the House of Burgesses of Virginia, on taking his seat, Mr. Robinson, the speaker, expressed to him, with much warmth of colouring and strength of expression, the gratitude of that assembly for the services he had rendered his country. Washington rose to thank him for the compliment, but, such was his confusion that he was unable to utter a word; he blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second; the speaker relieved him by a stroke of address. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, "your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

Again, in 1774, on the eve of the great contest, Patrick Henry, one of the most ardent republicans in America, on returning home from that first congress which had been formed to prepare for the event, and upon being asked who was the first man in congress, replied,—If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor."

Yet, even without reference to eloquence, Washington had none of those brilliant and extraordinary qualities which strike at once upon the human imagination. He was not one of those ardent spirits eager to explode, driven onwards by the energy of their thoughts or of their passions, and scattering about them the exuberance of their own natures, before either opportunity or necessity has called forth the exercise of their powers. Unacquainted with aught of inward agitation, untormented by the promptings of splendid ambition, Washington anticipated none of the occurrences of his life, and aspired not to win the admiration of mankind. His firm intellect and his high heart were profoundly modest and calm. Capable of rising to the level of the highest greatness, he could, without a pang, have remained ignorant of his own powers, and he would have found in the cultivation of his estate enough to satisfy those vast faculties which were equal to the command of armies and the foundation of a government. But when the opportunity occurred, when the need was, without an effort on his part, and without surprise on that of others, or rather, as has just been shown, in conformity with their expectations, the wise planter shone forth

a great man. He had, to a very high degree, the two qualities which in active life fit men for great achievements. He trusted firmly in his own thoughts, and dared resolutely to act upon them, without fear and responsibility.

Weakness of conduct is but the consequence of weakness of conviction, for the strongest of all the springs of human action is human belief. No sooner was the contest begun, than Washington was convinced that the cause of his country was that of justice, and that to so just a cause, in a country already so great, success could not be wanting. To win the independence of the United States by arms, nine years were required; to establish the government by his policy, ten more. Obstacles, reverses, animosities, treachery, mistakes, public apathy, and private annoyances, beset, as they must ever do, the steps of Washington during this long career. Not for one moment were his faith and hope shaken. At the worst, when he had to struggle against his own melancholy, he said:—"I cannot but hope and believe that the good sense of the people will ultimately get the better of their prejudices. Everything, my dear Trumbull, will come right at last, as we have often prophesied. My only fear is, that we shall lose a little reputation first." Again, to Lafayette in 1788:—"I do not believe that Providence has done so much for nothing. It has always been my creed that we should not be left as a monument to prove that mankind, under the most favourable circumstances for civil liberty and happiness, are unequal to the task of governing themselves, and therefore made for a master." And in another letter—"No country upon earth ever had it more in its power than United America to establish good order and government, and to render the nation happy at home and respectable abroad. Wondrously strange, then, and much to be regretted indeed would it be, were we to neglect the means and depart from the road which Providence has pointed out to us so plainly. I cannot believe that it will ever come to pass. The great Governor of the Universe has led us too long and too far on the road to happiness and glory to forsake us in the midst of it. By folly and improper conduct, proceeding from a variety of causes, we may now and then get bewildered; but I hope and trust that there is good sense and virtue enough left to recover the right path before we shall be entirely lost."

And at a later period, when his presidency was assailed by embarrassment and dangers more formidable than war, proceeding from France—from that very country which, during the war, had so well supported him—when the convulsions of Europe were superadded to the concerns of America, and startled his mind, he still trusted, he still believed:—

"If it can be happiness to live in an age productive of great and interesting events, we of the present age are very highly favoured. The rapidity of national revolutions appears no less striking than their magnitude. In

what they will terminate, is known only to the great Ruler of Events; and, confiding in his wisdom and goodness, we may safely trust the issue to Him, without perplexing ourselves to seek for that which is beyond human ken: only taking care to perform the parts assigned to us, in a way that reason and our own consciences approve."

CURIOUS ANCIENT MODES OF CONVEYING ESTATES.

GUNTON, in his *History of Peterborough*, records that Adilredus, or Ethelred, King of Mercia, at the time of a donation by him to the Abbey of Peterborough, in the seventh century, placed a glebe, or clod of earth, upon a copy of the Gospels:—Treduricens, one of his nobles, is stated to have done the same, at the time of another gift to the cell of Bredon.

Ingulphus says—"At first, many estates were conveyed by bare word, without any writing or charter, but merely by the sword, helmet, horn, or cup of the possessor. Many tenements were transferred by a spur, a horsecomb, a bow, or even an arrow. This was at the beginning of the Norman reign. In later years the custom has been changed.

William the Conqueror bestowed the forest of Ely on the cathedral of Bayeux, upon the day of the dedication of that church, and is stated, as a token of seisin, to have placed and left upon the altar, the HELMET that he then wore, surmounted by a CROWN OF GOLD: and the same monarch, on giving the lordship of Broke to St. Edmund's-bury Prior, in Suffolk, first supplicated the protection and favour of its patron saint, by falling prostrate before, and placing upon his altar, a SMALL KNIFE wrapped up, in the presence of many of his chief nobility.

William Rufus, in like manner, in the year 1096, gave the Abbey of Tavistock seisin of the land or manor of Wlurinton, by delivery of his knife; which knife was laid up in a shrine at that Abbey, and had inscribed on its hilt, words signifying that donation.

Many donors, desirous of making their conveyances as firm as possible, when written charters came into more general use, united the ancient and simple form with them. Hence we find, occasionally, that such articles as Ingulphus mentions, were sometimes attached to deeds, like seals. In the archives of Trinity College, Cambridge, a deed is still preserved, to which a knife is appendant.

This form of confirming a grant, by the donor laying his knife upon the altar, was common near the time of the Norman Conquest. In the reign of Stephen, one Guido Malfet and wife are mentioned to have come into the chapter-house of Burg, and to have there restored to God and St. Peter, and the monks of that church, certain tithes, which they had kept wrongfully from it. And, after the said Guido had done this in the chapter-

house, he went to the altar of St. Peter, and there finally granted and confirmed what he had done in the chapter-house, by placing his knife upon the altar. And when William de Merley, in 1129, gave the vill of Morewic to the Monks of Durham, we are told that he confirmed his donation before a large body of witnesses, by placing his knife on the tomb of St. Cuthbert.

Other instances of this ceremony with the knife, may be found scattered up and down in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, in Madox's *Formulare Anglicanum*, and in our ancient Chartularies; and a certain traveller, who visited Notre Dame, in 1765, mentions his being shown there a small pointed knife, with an ivory handle, above seven hundred years old, on the handle of which was an inscription, signifying that the Chapter held by virtue of this knife, the parvis, or square, which is before the great front of the cathedral, in the same manner as the church of York, was endowed with a considerable portion of land by Wlphus, who gave his drinking horn of ivory with it, and by virtue of which, the Chapter held the same, the cup being to this day, in their possession.

Dugdale, in his *History of St. Paul's Cathedral*, instances a grant made to the canons of that church, in the twelfth century, of certain premises in the adjoining parish of St. Beno't, the possession of which was given by the donor to them with his GOLD RING, wherein a ruby was set; appointing that the same gold ring, together with his seal, should be for ever affixed to the charter, whereby he so disposed them; and in a charter to Bolvoir Priory, in Leicestershire, of the church of Plungard, possession of it is said to be given by the delivery of a WALKING STAFF. William de Albini, in a similar manner, on his foundation of the priory of Wymondham, in Norfolk, gave the whole town of Hapesburgh to that establishment, by delivering a CROSS OF SILVER.

A singular instance of the same sort of gift, occurs in the annals of Dunstable, where we have a copy of an inscription on the ivory HANDLE OF A WHIP, found in the ruins of St. Alban's Abbey, which appears to have been the testimony of a gift of four mares to the monks, by one Gilbert de Novo Castello.

The practice of offering land by a copy of the GOSPELS, is one of which several instances occur in history, and is twice mentioned in *Doomsday Book*. One instance of this mode of investiture, is to be found in the Register of Spalding Priory, as late as the year 1284; the donor, it is said, "placed upon the altar of the Blessed Mary, a copy of the EVANGELISTS, in confirmation of his said gift."

Gunton, in his *History of Peterborough*, just mentioned, notices another mode of investiture, by the BRANCH OF A TREE: a practice by no means uncommon in former times on the Continent. Robert de Torpell, he says, "in the next week after his return from Rome,

being very weak, came to the hospital of the infirm at Burch, to the chapel of St. Leonard, and there, before many witnesses, gave himself, body and soul, to God and St. Peter, and the Church of Burch, with all his lands in Codestock and Glapetop, and in confirmation of his gift, placed upon the altar, the GREEN BRANCH OF A TREE."

The most extraordinary mode of investiture, perhaps, after all, was that by which William, Earl of Warren, gave and confirmed to the church of St. Pancras, at Lowes, in the twenty-fourth year of Henry III., certain land, rent, and tithe, of all which he gave soisin "by the HAIR OF THE HEAD of himself and his brother Ralph." The hair of the parties was cut off by the Bishop of Winchester, before the high altar.

Such appears to have been the modes of giving livery of soisin, or possession, in the seventh, and from about the middle of the eleventh to the close of the thirteenth century.

The era of a new acquisition, to use the words of Blackstone, was thus perpetuated, at a time when the art of writing was very little known: "and, therefore, the evidence of property was reposed in the memory of the neighbourhood; who, in case of a disputed title, were afterwards called upon to decide the difference, not only according to external proofs, adduced by the parties litigant, but also by the internal testimony of their own private knowledge."

SOMNAMBULISM.

A WORKING jeweller, in the Quartier, St. Jacques, Paris, lived with an only daughter, in quiet and comfort, putting aside all his earnings beyond that which was applied to household expenses, in order to supply her when she would be married; but, for some months, he had observed that he was robbed—that articles entrusted to him to alter, and gold given to him for the purpose of manufacturing into jewellery, vanished between night and morning. The poor man bore this for months; but, after having disbursed all that which he had laid aside for his daughter's portion, in replacing articles of which he had become convinced his dear and only child had robbed him, he steeled his heart against all her protestations of innocence, and drove her from his presence, with an almost broken heart; on the following day, however, he again missed an object of value, which she could not have purloined, banished as she was. The second night, he broke a wine-glass on the table of his bed-room, and having gathered the larger fragments, and got rid of them, retired to bed. Towards day-break he woke up, tormented by a pain in his foot, when he found that he had in it a piece of broken glass. This proved that he must have been standing upon the table, and he then remounted it, and was convinced that he was himself a sleep-walker, and that he had judged his child un-

justly, as he found hid behind a cornice in the roof, immediately above the table, all the jewels and trinkets which he had lost. It is needless to add with what affection he again sought his child, or with what tenderness he restored her to that place in his bosom which she had never forfeited.—*July, 1840.*

RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS.

CONNECTED with the history of the Cartoons, an interesting circumstance remains. The tapestries done from these works were intended to decorate the lower part of the walls of the Capella Sistina; and the Chevalier Bünsen was the first who, with minute diligence, ascertained the precise order in which they were placed: thus accounting for the choice of the subjects and the difference of size. The following particulars are first to be borne in mind:

The chapel built by Sixtus IV., in 1453, and afterwards called by his name, was partly painted during his pontificate, with subjects from the Old and New Testament: these occupied the middle space of the wall under the windows, and extended all round the chapel. Nothing further was done by succeeding pontiffs till the accession of Julius II., the nephew of Sixtus IV. Under his auspices, Michael Angelo painted the ceiling; and a certain plan having been already defined by the subjects on the walls, the great artist judiciously took up, or rather began, the thread of the whole history; gradually leading the mind of the spectator from the earliest events recorded in Scripture, and from the prophecies, to the autotypes represented below. It was subsequently suggested to Leo, who readily listened to any scheme that promised a display of magnificence, to adorn the vacant spaces underneath the frescoes done in the time of Sixtus, with tapestries enriched with gold, to be wrought in Flanders from Cartoons by Raphael.

The subjects were selected accordingly; and thus still descended in chronological order from the history of Christ, which had been partly treated above by Perugino and the rest, to that of the Apostles. On the left of the altar there were four tapestries from the history of St. Peter, and one representing the stoning of St. Stephen; on the right were five subjects from the history of St. Paul: the tapestry forming the altar-piece was the coronation of the Virgin. The pilasters separating the principal subjects were decorated with arabesques wrought in tapestries of corresponding shapes, and the space underneath was in like manner adorned with smaller subjects, generally two in number, in an uniform colour, heightened with gold.

The stoning of St. Stephen, and the deliverance of St. Paul from prison by the earthquake, were much narrower than the rest from the circumstance of the Pope's throne

interfering on the one side, and the gallery for the choristers on the other.

Afterwards, when the Last Judgment was painted, the frescoes on that end wall were destroyed to make room for it, and sufficient space no longer remained to hang three of the tapestries underneath it.

The Cartoons at Hampton Court, as is well known, are seven in number; the four that are wanting are, the coronation of the Virgin, the conversion of St. Paul, the stoning of St. Stephen, and the deliverance of St. Paul from prison. Another series of tapestries, thirteen in number, with subjects from the life of Christ, is still preserved in the Vatican; these were done after Raphael's death, chiefly from the designs of his scholars.

Sketches by Raphael for the Murder of the Innocents, and the Adoration of the Shepherds, are all that remain to prove his superintendence of this undertaking. Fragments of the Cartoons also exist.—*Quarterly Review*, No. cxxx1., June, 1840.

Manners and Customs.

A WITCH'S CHAIR.

IN the south lobby leading to the council chamber, there is a chair of very antique appearance, and bearing on the carved back, which richly adorned the back, the date of "1639." Upon inquiry, we learned that the chair had originally been the property of the far-famed Maggy Lang, one of the seven witches of Renfrewshire, who was burnt in 1697, on the Gallowgreen of Paisley, for bewitching Christian Shaw, of Bargarren. The chair is now the property of Mr. Gilchrist, keeper of the chamber, from whom we received the following facts connected with its history, exhibiting a melancholy picture of the barbarous ignorance of the people of Scotland, in the seventeenth century.

After Maggy's tragical end, her whole goods and gear, were, of course, escheated to the king's use, and sold at the market-cross of Edinburgh. There was a great reluctance on the part of the people to purchase any thing that had belonged to a character so odious as a witch; but, a regardless ganger, named Dunn, had no such scruples, and he became the purchaser, among other articles of furniture, of the identical chair now under our notice. From his hands, it afterwards passed into the care of a family who occupied what is called the Red-house, on the Dumbarton-road, where it remained for a period of about ninety years; and latterly, it fell, by purchase, into the possession of Mr. Gilchrist. Age has wrought some changes in the witch's chair, and it has been found necessary to renovate the legs; but otherwise, it is in a state of excellent preservation, and promises, if kept well, to go a generation or two further down in the stream of time. We believe this is not the only relic of the celebrated Mar-

garot Lang in existence. Her descendants are at this day in possession of her snuff-mull, which has remained in the family ever since her murder, and they set upon it a very high value. She fell, along with her unfortunate fellow-sufferers, under the superstitious tyranny of the times, for bewitching Christian Shaw, a girl eleven years of age, daughter of the laird of Bargarren, who was representative of an old-established family in Renfrewshire. The imposture or the illness of the girl,* which led to the charge of witchcraft being preferred against these whom she styled her tormentors, lasted several months, and the case became the subject of inquiry among the most learned divines and physicians of the day. On their representation that the fits and distortions into which she was thrown, were the work of the Devil, through the agency of human instruments, the matter was laid before the Privy Council, and a commission, of which Lord Blantyre was the president, was appointed to investigate the case. The persons accused were treated with the utmost barbarity; the "trial by touch," and other modes, usually followed of testing witches, not being deemed sufficient. The most monstrous allegations were brought against the prisoners, who, while engaged in their hellish work, were seriously charged with having frequently appeared in the form of cats, ravens, owls, and horses. They were declared guilty, and suffered the uniform fate of witches, being burnt alive at Paisley.—*Extracted from the Glasgow Argus, July 1840.*

LAST PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O Domine Deus!
Speravi in Te:
O curre mi Jean,
Nunc libera me:
In dura catenâ
In misera penâ,
Desidero te;
Languendo, gemendo,
Et gemitu etendo,
Adoro, imploro,
Ut liberer me!

These lines, so melodious in the original, and capable of equally melodious translation, were written by the unfortunate Mary, a short time before her melancholy execution.

* This girl afterwards acquired a remarkable dexterity in spinning fine yarn; she executed every part of the process with her own hands, bleaching her materials on a large slate placed in one of the windows of the house; and after much perseverance, accomplished the task of manufacturing thread, which Lady Blantyre carried to Bath, and there sold it, being, probably, the first thread made in Scotland, that had passed the Tweed. After founding one of the most important and extensive manufactures hitherto known in Scotland, Miss Shaw became the wife of the minister of Kilmaurs, and, it is to be hoped, expiated, by a long life of usefulness, the above dreadful indiscretion of her youth.

FREE ADMISSION TO NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.*

HAMPTON COURT.

ADMISSION has been made to the free exhibition by opening the Admiral's Room with a collection of portraits, mostly English, of the two last centuries. The rooms called the Princess' Apartments, and Cardinal Wolsey's fine Hall are also to be thrown open to the public. In the course of twelve months, the number of visitors to the pictures has amounted to 116,000, (the greatest proportion being on Sunday afternoon, and on Monday,) and no less than 57,000 of them during the months of July and August.

TOWER OF LONDON.

The intended construction of a more spacious room for the crown jewels, which will be assimilated to the Armoury portion, at a reduced admission-fee of sixpence, will render this exhibition much more satisfactory. From May, 1839, to May, 1840, the number of visitors to the armouries, at sixpence each, amounted to 80,000; in the preceding year, at one shilling, about 40,000; and in 1837, at two shillings and the warden's fee, but 10,200; so that the money received by the authorities the old system at two shillings, and the number of visitors is almost eight times as great; perhaps nearly as many as the regulation of rounds every half-hour, under the care of the wardens, will allow.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

The admissions have not been so numerous as was to be expected, on account of the preparatory to their arrangement in the new rooms. But in a few months the completion of the improvements will open a wider field for public amusement and instruction.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

The number of visitors evinces increasing taste; in 1839 it was 397,000.

EAST INDIA HOUSE.

The Museum was visited the first year of free exhibition by 15,000 persons, and during the twelve months just expired, by 9,800. The want of a catalogue impedes public interest.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.

This, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, has been seen by 7,837 in the last season.

EDINBURGH COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

The admissions to the Museum of this college, were, in 1839, on ordinary days, 9,219, and on the day of the Queen's coronation, 25,000. Last year the visitors on the usual public days amounted to 11,000.

REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.

No fees are now taken for the exhibition of these; and in the fourteen months that they have been shown without charge, 36,900 persons have seen them.

HOLYROOD HOUSE.

The Duke of Hamilton sanctions no demand for seeing the Abbey; it is left to the discretion of the visitors who see the palace to act as they think proper.

LIVERPOOL ROYAL INSTITUTION.

During the last year, the first Monday in every month has been a public day. In 1839, the number of visitors was 41,161: from May 1, 1839, to May, 1840, the number admitted free, was 54,195; and on Monday, February 10, 1840, (day of the Queen's marriage,) 11,360. The Liverpool Botanical Gardens have also been thrown open twice a week to the public, and visited by five or six thousand persons each day.

NORWICH MUSEUM.

Lately opened to the public without charge; visitors

* From the "Report of the Committee of the Society for obtaining Free Admission to National Monuments and Public Edifices," &c., &c.

are admitted five hundred at a time, for half-an-hour each batch—six thousand have been admitted.

Several other private institutions have also thrown open their doors to the public in like manner, viz.—the Lancaster Natural History Museum, weekly; and that of Manchester. It is to be hoped that the Royal Academy will also answer the public expectation, and throw open annually its exhibition to the people without charge, during some period, however limited.

By means such as these, the poorest classes of the community are brought into connexion with the pure and exalting influences in which these buildings are devoted. The good feeling of the public, and in the aptitude of all minds—even the lowest, to receive refined and elevating impressions—has been already amply seen. The public buildings above, have been crowded monthly by thousands, whose eyes have fallen for the first time upon whole kingdoms of nature, and with which no previous knowledge or familiarity broke the effect of freshness and wonder. The uniform propriety and intelligent curiosity of the vast multitudes that have visited them, demonstrate that nothing is wanting but the opportunities of forming tastes, and a generous and respectful spirit of sympathy manifested towards them, to awake in uncultivated British minds feelings and ideas, which increase the happiness and the virtue of life. With the sense of beauty and wonder shed in the mind, the poor man lives in a mean and ungraced world. No greater blessing can be conferred upon him, than to open his mind to the cheap and refining pleasures that everywhere surround him,—to the wonders and glories of the universe, amid which he dwells.

SANDWICH ISLANDER COURTING A BUTTERFLY.

THE Sandwicher uses a curious plan to catch a butterfly, though in this case it was a moth (the *sphinx pungenis*):—

"It flies by day, and appears to seek the warmth and brightness of the noontide sun; and flitting from flower to flower, on which it seldom alights, it drains the nectar from the blossoms with its proboscis as it floats in the air with a rapid, vibratory motion of the wings. On one occasion, when I was endeavouring to capture this coquetting insect, a native came to my assistance, and undertook the task in his own way; gathering two of the elegant blue convolvulus flowers around which the moth had been fluttering, and holding one in each hand in an inviting position, he cautiously approached or followed the insect to tempt it within his reach. The active but stealthy movements of the young and scantily-clad islander, as he pursued his shy game over the plains; the seducing attitudes he assumed, and the insinuating manner in which he presented the flowers to the moth when opportunities offered, afforded a very ludicrous scene. Although the exertions of my entomological friend were at this time fruitless, I have often seen the plan he adopted successfully employed by other natives; the hawk-moth, approaching the proffered blossoms, protrudes its long proboscis, which is seized with the fingers, and the creature secured."

Such is the method of accomplishing this flowery feat.—*Whaling Voyage, by F. D. Bennett.*

Fine Arts.

MR. PARRIS'S DECORATIVE PAINTINGS.

THE private view of Mr. Parris's *Various Paintings for the Decoration of the Drawing Rooms at Redbourne Hall, executed for His Grace the Duke of St. Alban's* was a most pleasing and intellectual treat.—It is gratifying to witness the taste for decorative paintings which has, at length, forced itself on the notice of the wealthy and the noble; and, we feel assured, under the hands of English artists, it will arrive to as great eminence here, as it hitherto has in France, and other parts of the Continent; which the above beauteous specimens of art by Mr. Parris, nobly testify.

The series consists of six large paintings, for the principal panels, illustrative of English, French, Italian, Swiss, Greek, and Oriental scenery and manners; representing hawking—a very appropriate decoration for the mansion of the Hereditary Grand Falconer of England; then we have a *fête champêtre*, illustrative of France; a moorish harem, a splendid Italian landscape, &c. The smaller panels are made subordinate to the larger designs.

These pleasing works are painted with all the graceful delineation, delicacy of touch, and brilliancy of colouring, for which Mr. Parris is so celebrated, and will shed a considerable lustre on the fame of the talented artist; and, we have no doubt, be an impetus to call the attention of the wealthy to follow the example of the Duke of St. Alban's, in such-like decorations for their mansions.

The Public Journals.

Dublin University Magazine. No. xci.
July, M.DCCCXL.

[LIKE July himself, this Magazine comes in with good fruits, and tempts us to eat from the rosy side o' the peach. The parts of "Lucy Dashwood," and "O'Malley," are cleverly sustained; and a fairer vision than ever rises up before the "Portrait Painter,"—witness his heroine "Olivia:"—]

Instability of Beauty.

When I review with the eye of memory the many portraits painted by me in years gone by, more especially when I recall to my mind the lovely female faces it has fallen to my lot to portray, a feeling, akin to melancholy, overshadows my spirit—for I know that of these, the earlier subjects of my pencil, not one remains the same lovely thing she was. The dead canvass has an advantage over the living loveliness it commemorates, the advantage of permanence. How many of those whose brilliant beauty, in its first early spring, or the full flush of its summer glory, made them seem, when they presented themselves

in my studies, like the very embodiment of the dreams that rose upon my lonely hours, have no record of that beauty left, save in the picture that hangs in their dwelling, or in the memory of enthusiasts like myself! Some of them are grown haggard with dissipation—some are bowed under the weight of this world's cares—at the best, many brows are wrinkled, and rich tresses tinged with grey; while pearl powder, rouge, and cosmetics, are vainly employed to produce an imitation of the radiant hues of youth, long since fled for ever.

Portraiture of the fair Olivia.

(One bright image even now comes distinctly before my mental gaze. How can I believe that, that pure open brow, those cloudless eyes, those beautiful lips, with their "most bewildering smile," *could* be unallied to all that is noblest and purest in thought and action? Who could have guessed the doom that was prepared for that most radiant creature! Even now it seems impossible that so it should have been with her—and yet, though I knew it not then, even in the days when I first saw her in her loveliest aspect, the web of her fate was weaving around her; the "little cloud like a man's hand," was already hovering in the horizon of her life.

The picture of which I speak was one on which I bestowed much pains, and which brought me some celebrity, and a great increase of employment, its original being the *belle* of the season during which it was exhibited. It was a full-length, representing a tall aristocratic looking girl, of about eighteen, whose beauty, extraordinary as it was, was less remarkable than the air of high birth, the *styl-ishness*, that pervaded her appearance. She stood with one tiny foot a little advanced, as if she were just stepping forward to present the bunch of beautiful exotics in her hand to some one before her, and a satin mantle trimmed with ermine was flung lightly over the other arm. Her robe was of white satin, and displayed to great advantage a faultless neck and throat. Her rich dark hair was dressed in long fanciful ringlets, and a large lace veil fell from the back of her head, relieving and softening her features, and throwing forward that noble head with its dark tresses into strong relief. The expression of her countenance was as singular as it was charming—it was at once so gentle and so lofty; so dignified, yet so full of the most winning sweetness. To say "she looked like a queen" would give no very correct conception of her appearance, for queens have no "divine right" to be beautiful beyond their subjects; and some of them, in days gone by, have been very much the reverse. But, perhaps, her style of beauty would best embody a poet's idea of a queen, if he could have one made according to his own fancy. Her life was a strange one, and its close was, perhaps, strangest of all. Alas! that the history of

one so levelly should be little more than a record of suffering !

[At p. 22, opens a spirited article on Angling—"To the streams, ye anglers, to the streams!" The article of course cannot proceed without remembrances of honest old Isaac Walton, parleying pleasantly with the milkmaids, or chanting sweet philosophic songs. Its peroration is so well tuned for right minds, that the heaven of its fine sentiments must dulcify our pages.]

Anticipatory Pleasures of Quiet Angling.

Our rods and reels are in readiness ; and we look with eager anxiety to the hour when we shall be privileged once more to be denizens amongst the woods and mountains, where the music of the streams, the freshness of the air, the melody of the birds, the verdure of the fields, and the beauty of nature, in all the variety in which she exhibits herself to the gaze of her admiring votary, whether towering in sublimity, or mantling in loveliness—whether dressed in sunshine, or wrapt in storms—will make us, for a brief season, forgetful of the noise and strife of city life, charm away the bitterness of political contention, raise us above the sublimary anxieties which embarrass and agitate the life of man, and, by converse with the Eternal Architect, by whom this frame of things, so passing fair, was fashioned, allay that fever of the spirit, and still those beatings of the heart—those flutterings, as it were, of the immortal spirit against its prison-bars— which indicate unsatisfied longings after some future and indefinite good, and baffled reason struggling in vain to solve the troublous mystery of human existence. Yes, our little sabbath of recreation is at hand, by the proper employment of which, we hope to be purified from the sordidness of worldly objects, and rendered not less fit to study, or to profit by, the Word, by contemplating the works of God—by seeing with our own eyes how exceedingly glorious they are, and how their Author is clothed with majesty and dominion. And it is only thus that the enjoyment of such pleasures is attended with a purificatory efficacy, when they are pursued as a means, not as an end—when they are a respite from toil, not an engrossing occupation—when they are used for purposes of health, not abused for purposes of self-indulgence—and when, if we have recourse to them with delight, when wearied nature requires refreshment and repose, as soon as these their proper objects are fully accomplished, we can return from them with a pleased alacrity to these occupations to which it has pleased God to call us.

Mineralogical Discovery.—A coal-mine has been discovered near the Black Sea, of very superior quality. It is the first discovery of the kind in the Ottoman Empire.—*Courrier de l'Europe.*

THE PARSEES AS A PEOPLE.

THESE are the original Fireworkshippers—the aborigines of olden Persia. Wilford, the oriental scholar, traced their emigration from Persia when they fled to India, in the time of Abu-Bekr, who reigned only two years in 632 and 633. Clinging to their ancient religion, the greater number continued Parsees, others turned Hindoos, and are called Rámas and Máhratas. Richie says that of all the natives of Bombay, they are the most intelligent, and are distinguished for their liberality and success as merchants.

Of the population of Bombay, Warden states, that, excluding European troops, the

English amount to	938 only.
Native Christians	8,020.
Parsees	10,738.
Mahommedans	25,920.

the rest being Hindoos.

This shows that the community of Parsees at Bombay is much greater than has been generally supposed, speaking of them as a distinct people.

The Parsees were originally classed into four orders, viz:—

- The Athornés, or Sacordotal order.
- The Military.
- Cultivators of the Land.
- Working People.

A great revolution has occurred in this last class of the Parsee population, within the last twenty years. Those who first came to Bombay were chiefly workmen seeking employment in the dock-yard and shipping. Several acquired wealth by their industry. Those who followed, regarding the men of established wealth as their patrons and protectors, received assistance from them in their difficulties, and, in return, yielded their benefactors a willing respect.

It is the spirit of all small and isolated castes, and of sects established in the midst of larger communities of a different nation or religion, to consider themselves as more intimately connected with each other, and as forming persons of one family. This was, originally, strongly felt by the Parsees, while they continued a small and humble body. As their numbers increased, the chief Parsees had each his tribe of dependents, whom he pushed on in various lines of life, and supported at considerable expense. This dependance was part of his magnificence and glory.

Crowds of Parsees, however, continued to pour in from the northward; and as the majority had no claims upon any of the richer Parsees at Bombay, and as they rose to importance from their own industry, the system of internal management in 1800, received a violent check. The higher classes were disposed to manage for themselves. The lower, who no longer received the same support from their superiors, were thrown upon their own exertions, and taught to trust to themselves and their own efforts. The consequence was, a

greater degree of independence on both sides, which has naturally produced its benefits and disadvantages. The public, however, on the whole, is more effectually served, whilst the different individuals pursue with intelligence their separate interests; their increased numbers rendering them less fitted for being constituted as a caste, than when they were few and less powerful.

As a body of men, the Parsees are resolute, and fully capable and disposed to redress themselves by force. They are already masters of the greater portion of the landed property of the island; they have a connection with almost every trading firm of Bombay, and are regarded by the other castes with some dread, from the ascendancy of their character. They have, within these few last years, become less profuse in their marriages and general expenditure. They have imbibed, however, many of the simple habits of the Hindoos. Their dress is not more costly, their food (they abstain entirely from beef) is more expensive than the Hindoos, but infinitely less so than that of Europeans.*

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF TEKOA.†

"WHAT mountain is this," asked Isabel, "so difficult of ascent, yet it seems to have been a path worn ages since?" as they slowly toiled up acclivities, amidst whose masses of grey rock, a narrow and winding path conducted.

"You say right, lady," said her priestly companion; "the feet of shepherds, as well as prophets, have been here—this is the mountain of Tekoa, and there," pointing to a small plain that formed the summit, on which they now entered, "once stood the place of that name, where the prophet Amos dwelt; amidst these pastures, that are now rank and useless, he tended his flocks."

"Can this have been the site of a town or city?" asked the other, "its extent is hardly sufficient."

"So it appears to us, doubtless," he replied, "but the names of cities, as well as of princes, described so often in this land, seldom answer to the ideas of them. This lonely plain," he continued, "on the summit of a barren mountain, does not appear a fit area, at first, to cherish lofty conceptions; yet, from hence, while tending his flock, the obscure but inspired shepherd might survey the chief places of pride and power in Israel—might denounce the splendour and luxuries of cities, though afar off, and warn their princes of coming woes. See you the numerous and spacious caves in yonder rocks, that bound the narrow plain? They were the resting-places of the flocks by night, as well as the way-faring man."

* Compiled from an article on Rustomjee Cowasjee, Esq., Parsee Merchant of Bombay, in the India Review, vol. iv., No. XLV., pp. 750 l.

† *Carne's Exiles of Palestine. A Tale of the Holy Land.*

"It is a rude and sublime scene," replied Isabel, "the air of heaven seems to come more pure and inspiring here."

"The spirits of the prophets," said the priest, "and the fire, as well as loftiness of their descriptions, were no doubt greatly aided by the influences of nature; the lonely hill, the retired glen, the solemn wilderness, were their favourite retreats and dwelling-places."

His words were here broken by the wild and sweet sound of a pipe—Isabel turned eagerly round, and saw a young man, habited in the pastoral and simple garb of the country, conducting a small flock of sheep over the plain. He now stood amidst the ruins of a Christian church, that had been built by some zealous prelate on the site of the dwelling-place of the Prophet; its grey walls were still standing, amidst the rank grass; but the foot of priest and pilgrim had long since passed away.

"He is playing a simple air of his land," said the priest, with a smile, after he had listened a few moments, "amidst the ruins of the Greek chapel. See," he continued, directing her attention far beyond the plain, "yonder line of red light, lingering between those dreary summits, as if it told that other woes were nigh—that is the sad domain of the Dead Sea—that visible valley of the shadow of death, where the smile of heaven never rests, and hope cannot come."

"It is a strange and fearful scene," she said, gazing on it with intense curiosity.

"It is still more strange," he replied, "that no seer or prophet, who warned or predicted in the days of old, should ever have borrowed its stern desolation, its terrible majesty, which were always before their eyes—the howling desert, the land of drought, and not inhabited, with all the other images of sorrow they use, are tame and poor, compared to the imagery that the day and night furnish forth around that shore. The Psalmist saw it from his hills of the wild goats, in the hours of his exile in Maen; its magnificence was ever before him, yet he never speaks of it—he never alludes to the most awful scene the world offers, of the just and powerful judgment of God."

The whole party had now gathered round, and were listening with the deepest attention to the words of the young priest.

"Whose is that simple monument afar off," asked the lady, "if it be a memorial of the dead, that stands alone in the plain at some distance?"

"That simple tomb," said the Armenian, "for such it is, was not reared by Christian hands, but by those of the Saracen foe. You look on it with deep interest," he continued, while his own eye was fixed intently on the sweet and melancholy features of the youthful woman; "it tells far more impressively than the proudest sepulchre, that in the wilderness sleeps the beautiful wife, the devoted mother, who had made exile, sorrow, and oppression

dear to the banished man. The Saracen pauses in the wild, to kneel beside it; the Arab forgets his fierceness there; and the memory and love of Rachel are remembered, while the very fragments of cities have perished around. O woman!" he uttered, "thou art alone resistless, when tried in the balance, thou alone art not found wanting!"

Sculpture.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

B. R. HAYDON, Esq., a few nights since, delivered a highly interesting lecture on "The Life and Adventures of the Elgin Marbles," as he whimsically termed it, at Saville House, Leicester-square. The meeting was numerously attended. Mr. Haydon began by remarking, that it was thirty years since Lord Elgin accidentally came in, while he (Mr. Haydon,) was viewing the Elgin marbles in London. Another professional man happened to be present, and as they were both besieging his lordship with questions, the distinguished nobleman thought it would be his shortest course to give them at once a history of the marbles, from beginning to end. It appeared that Lord Elgin, when he had just been appointed Ambassador to Constantinople, met with the celebrated Harrison (of Chester,) at Edinburgh, and inquiring of him how he could best make his residence near Greece conducive to the promotion of architecture, sculpture, and the other arts, he was advised by Harrison to have casts taken of the columns, chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining the mode of "turning the volume," and having the real projection with the real variety of light and shade, which must considerably surpass any drawing or draught. Mr. Harrison also advised Lord Elgin to take casts of whatever remains of monuments might still be in existence. Pitt, Dundas, and Greville, when applied to by Lord Elgin to support his project, said they would not advance the public money for such an undertaking. Lord Elgin, however, unassisted, sought out for the best English artists, moulders, designers, &c., but finding that they were in full employ at home, and demanded an exorbitant price, he, upon the advice of a friend, secured the assistance of six distinguished Italians, who were enthusiastic in the cause, and with them repaired to the East. These six foreigners fixed themselves at Athens, in August, 1800, and prosecuted their enterprise with ardour. They were at first, however, greatly discouraged by the Turks, who, at period, (during the occupation of Egypt by the French,) entertained an enmity against all Christians. The Turkish government required from them as large a sum as five guineas for one day's inspection of the architectural remains. However, when the English had conquered Egypt soon after, and then restored it generously to the Turks, the great-

est popularity was enjoyed by Lord Elgin's confederates. The original object of Lord Elgin has been stated above; but when he observed the state of things—that the Turks were daily mutilating the statues, and using their heads for cannon-balls, and that European travellers were every-day coming and breaking the statues into fragments, and taking away portions—he altered his original plan, and determined upon transmitting to England all the valuable monuments he could collect. Lord Elgin next obtained from the Turkish government, a full license to examine, measure, and take away, whatever he pleased of these antique monuments, and he proceeded accordingly to put to work at least three hundred workmen. Several eminent persons had attempted this achievement, and had obtained similar faculties from the Porte, but they had uniformly failed. When Lord Elgin and his associates had surmounted innumerable difficulties, and embarked their treasure, the vessel was accidentally driven upon a rock, and went down with all the marbles. However, recourse was had to Greek divers, by whose efforts they were all regained.

It is thus that, owing to the boldness and perseverance of Lord Elgin, we are now in possession of relics 2,500 years old—of monuments mentioned by P'utarch as forming the admiration of his day.

MR. LOUGH'S BACCHANALIAN GROUP,

HAS just been completed for Sir M. W. Ridley: it represents the God of Wine, another a Bacchante, and the third, a Youth, who has partaken too copiously of the fruit of the generous grape. It is intended for the baronet's sculpture gallery, in his mansion, Carlton terrace.

DISCOVERY OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

AN interesting, rather than important geographical discovery, has this year been made in the Southern Antarctic Ocean, of an island, or continent, with a coast of one thousand seven hundred miles from east to west, but situated so far to the south, as 64 to 66 deg.; it will be unavailable for tillage or settlement, though highly useful for seal and whale fishery. The most singular coincidence is, that it was discovered by the French and Americans on the same day, January 19, 1840, at the distance of seven hundred and twenty miles from each other. By reference to the map, it will be seen, the above discoveries are in the longitude of New South Wales, and a continuation, most probably, of the same continent; for, a series of large islands were discovered in 1830, by Mr. John Briscoe, of the navy, who, when commanding the brig *Tula*, on a sealing voyage, fell in with the land in lat. 67, long. 50, (that of the Mauritius), and coasted it for three hundred miles. He was also driven off by severe weather and icebergs.—*Sidney Herald*.

The Gatherer.

Growth of Trees affected by Soil.—The nature of the soil on which timber grows is of great influence on the timber itself: thus, the ashes made by timber from the Jura, growing on what was called Jurassic lime-stone, are found to contain a considerable quantity of earthy carbonates, sometimes as much as 30 to 40 per cent of their weight, with only two to three per cent of silicious substances; whereas, the ashes of the same kind of timber, grown on gravelly or sandy soils in Switzerland, and especially on the Vosgian sand-stones, contain much more of silicious matter than of earthy carbonates. If osiers also, for the purposes of basket-making, &c., are steeped in water containing metallic salts in solution, they become exceedingly brittle, whereas, if steeped in water containing alumine, they retain their elastic properties.—*Academy of Sciences, Paris.*

"*The wise man is never deceived by appearances.*"—This was a maxim of the Stoics. Ptolemy Philadelphus, having once enticed a stray Stoic, Sphaerus, to his table, he presented him with some artificial pomegranates, and while the teeth of the philosopher were deeply imbedded in the wax, begged to know, not in the most courtly tone, what he then thought of his maxim.

Easy Process of Destroying Caterpillars on Gooseberry Trees.—Obtain a quantity of finely-powdered hellebore, and when the caterpillars begin to make their appearance, avail yourself of the first evening or morning after a shower of rain, and, whilst the foliage is wet dudge a quantity of the hellebore upon the infected trees from a pepperbox, or any similar article, taking care that the interior portions of the branches are well sprinkled with the powder. If the caterpillars make their appearance during a dry season, better wet the trees from a watering pan, and apply the powder as above.—*Carlisle Patriot.*

The Nassau balloon was brought to the hammer on Friday, (the 17th inst.,) by Mr. Hoggart, in consequence of the bankruptcy of the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, and was knocked down to Mr. Charles Green, the celebrated aeronaut, for 500*l.*

Preservation of Fruit and other Botanical Specimens in a Moist State.—At a meeting of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, Professor Christian presented some observations on the preservation of fruits and other botanical specimens in a moist state; and remarked that, after numerous experiments, made for a series of years, with various fluids, he had found none which served so well to preserve both the consistence and colour of fruits, leaves, and flowers, as a concentrated solution of common salt.—*Gardener's Journal.*

Silk Import from Asia.—The importation of silk into London from Asia increased thirty-six and a half per cent in the years 1825 to

1838. In 1800 to 1802, it amounted to 1,350,000*lbs.*; in 1830 to 1832, to 6,138,000*lbs.*

The New Houses of Parliament will be completed by the commencement of the season 1844. The Queen is expected to lay the foundation stone early in the ensuing spring.

Mr. E. H. Baily has undertaken to finish the statue of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, for 1000*l.* by 1842, with leave to exhibit it at the Royal Academy.

It is uncertain whether the Nelson column will yet be erected in Trafalgar-square; the subject is under consideration of the Committee for Metropolitan Improvements.

The collection of portraits in Goldsmith's Hall, will shortly be enriched by one of Her Majesty, Mr. Haytor being now specially employed on a whole-length likeness of the Queen for that purpose.

A new postage-stamp, being simply a likeness of the queen, similar to the present label, and to be printed on the right-hand corner of the envelopes, will shortly appear, to supersede Mr. Mulready's allegory.

Mr. James Warde, the performer, died on Wednesday fortnight, under fifty years of age.

Borneo and Chiavenna.—In these districts there are twenty mountains above 7000 feet high, where cultivation is impracticable.

Preserving the Dead.—Mr. Smith's new method is as follows:—

An incision is made in the carotid artery, and two or three quarts of his liquid injected, which speedily pervades the entire frame: and, even where putrescency is manifest, converts the whole animal economy into a substance impervious to decay.

The China War.

The war that now our trade with China fetters,
Is nothing but a mere affair of letters!—
A question 'tis of O—P—M and T;
The Chinese War-Commissioner is E,
And we are going to bombard them by C,
Because their notions and our own don't G,
And they won't let our Smuggling Clippers B.

Lit. Gaz.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to "J. E." for his friendly notice relative to a theatrical work; as to its import we cordially agree with him—the quotation was given merely as a statistical subject. Many thanks are also due to him, for his kind offer, of which we should be happy to avail ourselves.

We regret exceedingly to decline;—"The Sailor's Grave,"—*Gleanings*, by "W. S. C."—"To —," by F. F.—"A Sunday at Canterbury."—"The Legend of Forget-me-not."—"The Home of Love."—"The Exile."—"A few lines on a late Event."—"The Flower Girl."—"Philosophy of Greece."

"W. W." is referred to No. 1015.

Accepted;—"Song of Miriam."—J. B.—*Daleth*.—"Cœur de Lion's Farewell." Many other favours are under consideration.

Erratum.—In the notice of the pay of actors, in No. 1015, Mr. Macready's salary is stated at £25 per week, instead of £25 per night.

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The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1017.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.



THE GIBBON; OR, FLYING APE: NOW EXHIBITING AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE ACTIVE GIBBON,

BELONGS to the third Genus of ORANGES, styled *Hylobates*, of which there are seven varieties known:—

1. *Hylobates HOOLOCK*.—*Simia hoolock*, Harl. *Trans. of Am. Phil. Soc.* Inhabits Goalpara.

2. *H. LAR*, Common Gibbon.—*Simia lar*, Linn. Pitheous lar, *Geoff. Ann. du Mus.* xxi. p. 88. Inhabits Eastern India.

3. *H. ALBIMANA*, White-handed Gibbon.—*Simia albimana*, Vig. and Horsf. *Zool. Jour.* No. xiii. p. 107. Inhabits Sumatra.

4. *H. VARIEGATUS*, Little Gibbon.—*Pitheous variegatus*, *Geoff. Ann. du Mus.*, xix. p. 88; *Desm. Mamm.*, p. 51. Inhabits Malacca.

5. *H. LEUCISCUS*, Wow-wow.—*Pitheous leuciscus*, *Geoff. Ann. du Mus.* xix. p. 59; *Desm. Mamm.*, p. 51. Inhabits Malacca and the Sunda Isles.

6. *H. SYNDACTYLA*, Siamang.—*Simia syndactyla*, *Ruff. Trans. Linn. Soc.*, xiii. p. 241; *Horsf. Java*. Inhabits Islands of Sumatra.

7. *H. AGILIS*,* Active Gibbon.—*Fred. Cuv. Mammif.* Inhabits Sumatra.

Muzzle short; head round; facial angle 60°; canine teeth longer than the others; arms very long, reaching to the ground; tail and cheek-pouches wanting; with or without naked callosities.†

The Active Gibbon is known in the forests of Sumatra, under the name of *Ungaputi*. "It appears to have been first noticed by Sir Stamford Raffles, to whom specimens were brought by M.M. Diard and Duvancel, who were for many years in the pay and employment of this most assiduous naturalist. These gentlemen also sent specimens to the Paris collections, which served as copies for Frederic Cuvier, in his great and elegant work upon the Mammalia. M. Duvancel also sent to Paris, descriptions, which were used for the above-mentioned work.

"The face is naked, and of a blueish-black. In the male, the cheeks and a superciliary band, are of a yellowish-white, beautifully contrasting with the clear chocolate-brown of the upper-half of the body. These marks were wanting in the female sent by M. Duvancel. The lower extremities are of the same dark colour, and the yellow part of the back, and fore-part of the thighs, are of a yellowish-brown. The shades of the colour, of both the light and dark parts, however, vary considerably according to age, and the light parts above, sometimes occupy a greater or lesser space. The hair, in healthy animals, is clear and fine, except upon the neck, where it be-

* *Hylobates agilis*, which signifies the "Nimble Walker of the Woods." *Hylobates* is a Greek compound, viz., "ὕλην," a wood, and "βατης," one who walks.

† The reader will find a detailed History of Monkeys, in the first volume of the "*Naturalist's Library*," [Lisart]; to which delightful work we are indebted for part of our account.

comes lengthened, and somewhat woolly or curled. The young are always much paler in colour than the adults, or those of an advanced age, and the very young animals are of a uniform yellowish-white. The general height scarcely exceeds two feet seven or eight inches, and the arms reach the ground when the animal stands erect.

"They are endowed with surprising agility, and their light form and slender-looking extremities, hardly give an idea of the great muscularity which they possess. If the extreme tree on the borders of a forest can be reached by them, it will be in vain to pursue farther; they swing, leap, and, as it were, fling themselves from one tree to another, clearing, at times, a space of forty feet, with a rapidity which defies any pedestrian pursuer. When a slender branch can be grasped, the body is swung several times, until sufficient impetus is gained, and then they dart off with the utmost apparent ease and grace.

"In a state of domestication, they are not so lively as many other monkeys, though susceptible of some cultivation; they are easily frightened, and as easily again reassured, fond of being caressed, inquisitive and familiar, and sometimes playful. In the internal anatomy, they differ from the Siamang species, (*Hylobates syndactyla*—*Raffles*.) in the absence of the guttural sack; nevertheless, the cry is nearly similar, which must show that this formation is not necessary to produce the howl of this and some other monkeys, or that some other structure must fill up the deficiency."

The singularly-interesting creature now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, was brought to England, June 1839, by Captain Smith, of the *Orestes*, who received it on board at Macao, it having been in confinement there about four years. On its arrival, it was purchased by the Bristol and Clifton Zoological Society, in whose gardens it remained until its removal to the above hall. It is the only living ape of its variety ever seen alive in England; she enjoys remarkably good health, and seems in excellent order. Sometimes she throws herself from a branch, a distance of ten or twelve feet, catches another by a hand, passes under it, and, by the muscular power of that hand and arm alone, throws herself over the bough, and back again to the first, having made a complete revolution with such a rapidity of movement, that renders it difficult for the eye to follow her; at other times, she is seen to descend from a bough, pass under one considerably lower than that she sprang from, and rise again to another as high as the former, seeming to annihilate the laws of gravitation, and this, apparently, without an effort, and with the utmost gracefulness. These aerial movements can be but very imperfectly described, and without being seen, scarcely imagined. The expression of her countenance, at times, is pleasing; at others, strongly expressive of a most restless and

excitable temperament. She is timid and suspicious, and it is seldom that she will take even her favourite food from the hands of a stranger. When excited or roused, her passion is very violent, and many have been her struggles with the keeper; but, though defeated at the time, she will not long submit to his discipline without another effort.

However pleasing the various aerial evolutions of this *singe-volante* appear, its *Vocal effusion*, (if we may be allowed such an expression) excite our wonder and admiration in an equal degree. As no writer has hitherto attempted more than a cursory notice of it, the following description, from frequent observation and attention, will, it is presumed, impart some idea of this truly extraordinary endowment.

The circumstances which call it forth do not, at present, appear to be correctly understood; sometimes it appears expressive of impatience, at other times of fear; but frequently, when sitting in her tree, without any of these causes in operation, the visitors are unexpectedly indulged. In addition, it may be said, that there are many ladies, who are able, with a little persuasion, to induce her to comply—on these occasions, she manifests feelings of pleasure and satisfaction at their presence. Its *chant* is commenced by a sharp and distinct *wow, wow*, which is continued, with occasional intermissions, for ten minutes, and sometimes for fifteen, when it ends in a long-continued and harmoniously-modulated quaver or shake—this is repeated, generally, as often as ten or fifteen times. The musical intonation, and the extreme rapidity of this shake, are both pleasing and wonderful; it begins with a slow and gentle note, which swells gradually and somewhat quickly, into a louder tone, at the same time that the rapidity of the shake is proportionately increased, until the highest pitch of intensity be attained. The "*crescendo*," which has thus been so admirably executed, now gives way—the "*diminuendo*" commences, which is, for a very considerable time, continued, and finally dies away, in a manner that would draw volumes of admiration from the most fastidious critic in music. At the conclusion of each *chant*, she becomes greatly excited, often seizes a branch with both hands, shakes it for a time with her utmost strength, and then begins her astonishing feats of swinging and flying.

The *ape* is a genus of quadrumanous mammals, which closely approaches to the human species in anatomical structure, and is justly regarded as the connecting link between man and the lower animals.

The significations distinguishing the different characters of this class of monkeys, has thus generally prevailed since the time of RAY.—An *ape* is a monkey without a tail, and a *baboon*, a monkey with a short tail; reserving the term *monkey* more particularly for those species that have very long tails.

HARP OF MY SOUL.

HARP of my soul! awake! arise!
Upon thee rests a hand divine;
Bright beings from the azure skies,
Around thee watch with beaming eyes
A holy power is thine!

See! see! the mighty minstrel sweeps
His fingers o'er the golden strings;
In purest bliss thy soul he steeps;
In rapturous joy it smiles—it weeps—
And sighs for angels' wings.

Loud, and more loud, the thrilling strains
In richest harmony ascend;
Even in Heaven deep silence reigns,
While, bound in music's silken chains,
The listening choirs attend.

A gentle seraph leaves the throng,
And swiftly wings his way to me;
He whispers—"Peace, thou child of song!
Let grateful praise employ thy tongue,
God gives this harp to thee.

"Oh! then, preserve with pious care,
The gift in which His spirit dwells!
For immortality prepare;
Our joy thou shalt for ever share,
Whilst love thy bosom swells.

"Soon shall thy spirit soar above
This world of sorrow, strife, and pain,
On pinions of 'the heavenly dove,'
To join the saints of light and love,
And with thy Maker reign."

Harp of my soul! thy strains shall rise,
And with celestial anthems blend;
When on this earth thy cadence dies,
With thee, to realms beyond the skies,
My spirit shall ascend!

Manyfield.

W. HARDY, JUNR.

ERINNA OF GREECE.

SPARTANS, if you have tears to shed,
Drop them not o'er Erinna's head,
Death cried to Jove—among the dead
Erinna must not number.

Immortal heart, she won the Fame,—
Change, time, nor death, can ever tame;
Eternity points to the flame
Whose lightnings ne'er shall slumber.

From Pindar's tomb she snatched the lyre,
She touched; and lo! Promethean fire
Rush'd and consumed it to a pyre,
Of ashes burning ever.

She sang of love, and sang so well,
That they who heard her could not tell,
What magic power produced the spell,
The spirit might not sever.

She sang of war,* fierce as the wind
Which sweeps the desert sand; the mind
Fled from the world of humankind,
To breathe within her own.

Whatever theme she chose or sung,
Faith listening thousands leap'd and sprung,
And round her harp enraptur'd hung,
To hear its lyric tone.

Yet cares, and sorrows, grief and pain,
Fed on her heart—and not in vain—
For often in her sweetest strain,
Would soul-breath'd anguish swell.

This made her old before her time,
This turn'd life a waters into brine,
Yet on her magic words divine,
How do the nations dwell!

* See her Ode on Bravery—or, as some critics contend, on the City of Rome—but there are reasons why the latter is objectionable.

TWO WAYS OF TRAVELLING.*

THERE are two methods whereby a man may travel. The most simple of the two, the most commodious, and the most easy, indeed, that which ought to be generally adopted, is the travel which is *never made at all*. This proposition ought to appear to you as clear as the day, but in pity to your obtuseness of comprehension, I will assist you with a few words of explanation.

I will fancy, that on a beautiful day, in putting your head out of window, the perfumed freshness of the morning air, the singing of birds, the fragrances of flowers, and gales of cool spring-wind blowing amid your hair, inspire you with a desire to make a voyage somewhere—in Germany, Switzerland, or anywhere else. Now, you can execute this voyage in two ways:—

In the *first case*, you bonnily procure a travelling-carriage and post-horses, put your cash-book in your pocket, kiss your wife if you have one, and smacking the reins—start. Such is the method most generally adopted; indeed, there are a great many people who never think of travelling any other way. It is, however, a prejudice, which we flatter ourselves we shall destroy, on laying before you the second case:—

Second case: You take your morning robe, the softest that you have; your unwhisperables, the roomiest your tailor has made you; you throw yourself in the most elastic arm-chair or sofa you possess; and if you want, for example, to make the tour of Switzerland, take any book that treats upon the subject.

We presume that you have the felicity to fall upon a set of travels spiritedly (*spirituellement*,) written and related, so that you at once agreeably procure for a companion, or fellow-traveller, a man of taste, who will not quit you at the first post.

Following him without fear, you are not liable to be accosted or scurrilized by a gendarme, nor plundered by a brigand, disguised as an hotel-keeper.

If they stop your fellow-traveller to demand of him his pass-port, you leave him to embroil himself, as much as he likes, with the man of authority in large boots, very sure that nothing of the kind can menace you.

You relish all the pleasures of travelling, without participating in its inconveniences. Your man of taste is a substitute, who takes upon himself, for you, all the troubles of the journey. Every evening that you wish him good night, you leave him stretched upon the mattress of an inn, or in a corner of the stage-coach; whilst you sleep quietly and undisturbed in your bed of down. This is a delight which surpasses every other, especially if your bed is free from fleas.

You see all that he sees as well as he; you visit in his company the promenades, the public

gardens, the monuments, the cathedrals, and the museums.

If he wants to cross a lake, to venture on a glacier, or climb a mountain, he has the complaisance to carry you on his back; if he makes a false step, so much the worse for him; as for you, it matters nothing! you fall always into your arm-chair.

When he is hungry, you dine for him; when thirsty, you drink in his stead: if he be cold, you cause a huge fire to blaze in your grate; if he be hot, you let down your blinds, and then travel in the shade.

When you have had enough of his company, you say to him, "By Jove! I have travelled enough to-day; you can go on; I'll rejoin you to-morrow, after breakfast."

You leave your companion by the evening-star, on Mont-Blanc, in the Pontine Marshes, or on the borders of the Nile, while you pass your evening at the Opera.

The next morning, you say, with some doubt,—“Provided my man was not killed last night by a brigand, or devoured by the crocodiles, I must hasten to go and rejoin him.”

For this purpose, you breakfast comfortably, rummage about the banks of the Nile some time, and then finish by discovering your companion on the left-hand side of the first pyramid.

He relates to you what he saw and did on the preceding night, how he is rheumatized in his neck,—how he scarcely escaped being clutched by the crabs—and how he got nothing for supper but a stale onion, or a skinned serpent.

You proceed on your journey, side by side with him, and while you discuss a beef-steak, and soak yourself liberally with *Bordeaux*, your fellow, as he analyses the places through which he passes, dines on some crude hedgeberries, and drinks from a muddy pool.

At last, you arrive at home, and very feelingly you cry out, “Well, here we are at our journey’s end! Mihercle! behold a voyage made without the least exertion.”

Your companion has taken an incredible deal of pains; he returns, knocked up with fatigue, half-dead with hunger—having worn out a shop-full of boots, and expended an enormous sum of money. You have returned, the same day as he, fresh and rosy; you have seen all that he has seen, learnt all that he has learnt, and that without your having listened to anything.

If ever you are seized with a desire to make the tour of the world, make it without quitting your arm-chair, and you will see as many novelties—as well as if you had really run after them.

EARLY GREEK SONGS.

In primitive times, before the art of writing had been invented, the simplest means were employed for perpetuating the remembrance of important events. Among those resorted

* Translated from the French paper “*Charivari*,” as quoted in the “*Courrier de l’Europe*.”

to, none were more general than songs. In these, national calamities and successes were rehearsed, the anniversaries of defeats and losses lamented, and those of victories, births, and marriages, commemorated and celebrated.

Hence the ancient Greeks had songs proper to all their different professions, as the subjoined list will show :—

The *Beucoliasm*, or song of the Shepherds.
Lytiæse, or song of the reapers.
Hymæe, or song of the millers.
Elhæe, or song of the weavers.
Yulæ, or song of the wool-carders.
Nunnia, or song of the nurses.
Nomion, or song of the lovers.
Calycæ, or song of the ladies.
Harpalycæ, or song of young girls.
Hymeneæ, the marriage song.
Datis, the song for merry occasions.
Ialemè, the song for lamentations.
Linos, the song for funerals.

THE DREAM OF A DREAMER.

A PHANTASY.

SLEEP hides from view the first world with its darkness and its sorrows, and shows us a second, and in it are the forms we have loved and lost, and scenes which are too lofty for earth.

I dreamed that I was in this second world, in the islands of the blest; the stars came nearer, the blue sky rested on the flowers, the air was music; and Peace and Transport, which are separate among us, lived there together. And the dead, on whom the cloud of life had fallen, lay in rest, like soft stars in the firmament, and lo, the earth arose in her orbit and moved towards me, and spring had covered her with buds and blossoms. As the earth drew near the island of the blest, a loving voice said, "Look upon your old dwelling-place, ye departed, and behold the loved ones whom you have left, but not forgotten."

When the voice was heard, the spirits moved to the banks of the heavenly island, and looked upon the pale dim world, to see the hearts of their beloved ones. And a noble spirit sought to find his wife and children, who stood in the midst of the flowers of spring, but for whom no spring bloomed. And the father saw his children full of tears, the husband his wife full of sorrow—and when he saw the companion of his youth, and how the thorns of life were entering deep into her spirit, and how she lost hope but not resignation; the loving father sank on his knees, and wept and prayed, "Eternal, let her die! Soothe the pain of her bleeding heart, and give me my beloved again—oh, let her die!" And as he prayed her sorrows and her life ceased together, and she returned to his arms to rest there for ever and ever.

Weep not then, ye children of earth, for those who die, since, after equal sufferings, they soon partake equal joys. An eternal

summer follows the short winter of life! Recognize ye not in the hand that takes your life away—the hand that takes away your trials and your woes? Shudder not at the house which is destined to be your abode, narrow and dark indeed, but opening to splendour and immortality.

TREATY BETWEEN THE RUSSIANS AND CHINESE, 1689.

AFTER passing through Siberia, and leaving to the south, a hundred hordes of Tartars, and white and black Calmucks, and Moguls of the Mahometan and Pagan religions, you advance to the one hundred and thirtieth degree of longitude, and fifty-second of latitude, upon the river Amour. To the north is a chain of mountains extending to the Frozen Ocean, beyond the polar circle. The Amour, after running upwards of five hundred leagues through Siberia and Chinese Tartary, empties itself into the sea of Okotsk. It is called the Black River, by the Mantchoux Tartars, and the Dragon River, by the Chinese. It was in this part of Asia, in a region scarcely known to other nations, that the Chinese and Russians, during the reign of Peter the Great, were disputing about the limits of their empire. The Russians were possessed of some forts towards the river Amour, within three hundred leagues of the great wall, on account of which, there had been several hostilities committed on both sides. But the emperor Camhi, preferring peace and commerce to an unprofitable war, sent seven ambassadors to Niptchou, one of those settlements, for the purpose of concluding a treaty of peace with the Russians. These ambassadors, whose retinue, including their escort, consisted of ten thousand men, were the first that had been sent to a foreign power; the Chinese having never before concluded a treaty of peace since the foundation of their empire; for, although twice conquered by the Tartars, who were both times the aggressors, they never made war against any nation, except a few hordes, who were either conquered or dispersed, without the necessity of a treaty. The negotiation was conducted on the side of the Chinese, by two Jesuits, who had accompanied the ambassadors from Pekin. Those Jesuits carried on the conference in Latin, with a German belonging to the Russian embassy, the head of which, Gollowin, Governor of Siberia, being accompanied by a retinue more splendid than the Chinese, was of great service in forwarding the negotiations, the Chinese having thereby formed an high opinion of the Russian empire. The limits of both empires were fixed at the river Kerbechi, near the spot where the treaty was concluded; the country south of the river being adjudged to the Chinese; and that on the north to the Russians. A peace was likewise agreed to, which, after some contests, was sworn to by the Russians

and Chinese, in the following terms:—"If any of us entertains the least thought of renewing the flames of war, we beseech the supreme Lord of all things, who knows the heart of man, to punish the traitor with sudden death." The treaty having been reduced into Latin, and two copies made of it, the Russian ambassadors set their names first, on the copy left in their possession, and the Chinese likewise signed theirs the first, according to the European manner of treating between equal powers. After the conclusion of the treaty, it was engraved upon two large pillars, erected on the spot, to determine the boundaries of the two empires. • W. G. C.

ANCIENT CITIES.

[UNDER this title—"Ancient Cities"—we, this week, group all such, notices of which occur at the present moment, in new-published books or works. •

For extracting the first from the valuable columns of the *Athenæum*, the Editor, we are assured, will not feel offended. It consists of a private letter communicated by Mr. Charles Fellows, from Asia Minor, announcing extraordinary discoveries of long-forgotten cities in those parts.]

DISCOVERY OF SEVEN ANCIENT LYCIAN CITIES.

Writing from Syra, 5th June, 1840, Mr. Fellows says, "I have mostly confined myself to the small, but exquisite district of Lycia, and in three months, have reaped much . . . I have in this tour, discovered seven ancient Lycian cities, of which I have, by numerous inscriptions and coins, ascertained the names, and many other piles of ruined towers and castles, still nameless. . . . The age is probably earlier than the fourth century before the Christian era, and the works are illustrative of Homer and Herodotus. Only fancy my finding, within the Portico of rock in bas-relief, four large landscape views of the ancient city, proving, beyond doubt, the form and finish of the walls and towns of the ancient Greeks. In another, in the valley of the Xanthus, the very scene of the exploit, is Bellerophon and Chimera; in others, mythological and family groups of exquisite workmanship, retaining the painted colours upon them; but, far before all this, I have found beautiful
of figures, each having over them, like the Etruscan, their names in the Lycian language, and some bilingual, with the Greek. I have also copied an obolisto inscription, of two hundred and fifty lines, in the Lycian character, with a portion of bilingual, this being of beautifully-formed letters. I have no doubt that I have now materials to elucidate the language. I have many rare silver coins, with the same Lycian character upon them, and other characteristic emblems of the several cities. One set consists of coins found in the ancient Pinara, with the name and emblems of the city. The coins and city have

been lost for, perhaps, twenty centuries—Eryeaud, Cadyauda, Sidymeau, Massaitus, Calyiuda, and Gageu.

[This is, in truth, a rare discovery, and all of them stand on a white space on the maps.

Our next notice of an ancient city, is that which occurs in a brilliant work just published, entitled "*The Palace of Architecture*," by George Wightwick, Architect. [Fraser.] The subjoined extract furnishes a fine display of the unshakable sureness of prophecy, in the ultimate abandonment and desolation of

EDOM IN IDUMÆA.]

In no instance does architecture show its importance so impressively as at Petra, in Idumæa, where, in its most singular and romantic guise, it develops to the wondering present, the mysteries of the prescient past, and speaks from the "clefts of the rock", and from "the heights of the hill" to the "astonished one who goeth by." Gorgeous temples, sculptured and excavated rocks, tombs, and theatres, remain to tell that this *was* the "Edom," once recognized as "the terrible," "the proud," peopled with "the wise and the understanding"—that this *is* the "Edom," now "small among nations," and "greatly despised," wherein "wisdom is no more," and from which "understanding is perished"—that this *is* the "Edom," once the populous and opulent abode of the descendants of Esau; now "a desolation and a curse"—a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls; that this *is*, in fine, Edom—the theme of prophetic warning—the evidence of prophetic truth—the "fallen" beneath Isaiah's curse!

[To crown our present chapter, we further adduce the following paragraphs, excerpts of "*Letters from the Old World*." By a Lady of New York. (New York, 1840.) Visiting the site of one of the grandest cities of old time—Heliopolis, the city of the Sun, where, long before the time of Moses, was taught "all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" where too, above all, the feet of "the child Jesus," in his fair-haired and angelic young loveliness, wandered, she pours out the emotions of her heart in pure and unaffected phrase. Eloquent on these things, she thus discourses on the buried majesties of

ANCIENT HELIOPOLIS.]

The whole site of the city Heliopolis, the On of Scripture, lies deep buried beneath the alluvial soil, deposited by the overflowings of the Nile. There is nothing now to be seen but the mounds that mark the line of wall which enclosed the area of the temple, the latter having entirely disappeared: its materials having been employed in the building of Alexandria. One single monumental stone, marks the grave of the "City of the Sun;" it is a solitary obelisk, with its tall spire still pointing towards the same meridian course of the God of Day, which it indicated four thou-

sand years ago. My visit to this now desolate spot, awakened in me feelings which nothing I had yet seen in Egypt, (or any other part of the world) had the power to arouse. What was it to me, individually, that I was within the very tomb of the great Sesostrius, or stood in the shade of the musical Memnon, where sat Cambyzes the Destroyer, while his myrmidons were doing their worst upon the beautiful city! Among the ruins of Memphis, there is nothing left whereby to fix the identity of any particular spot, of which one might say with certainty, "Here stood Moses, and there Aaron; while there sat the Pharaoh, surrounded by his court, beholding those miracles in which we are directly interested, inasmuch as they emanated from that God whom we now worship, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. But at Heliopolis, who can say that the great law-giver, previous to his divine mission, while the years of his youth were being spent at this great fountain of knowledge, did not many a time and oft recline against this same obelisk (one of the most ancient now existing in all the land of Egypt); and, while his tutor-priest of On was endeavouring to imbue his youthful mind with the subtle mysteries of his craft, the young Israelite was inwardly true to the religion of his fathers, and looked forward to that day when he should confound the wisest of his masters, and be the deliverer of the chosen people of God! You may, perhaps, imagine the feelings with which I opened the books of the inspired writer, while seated at the foot of this same obelisk; but, it is impossible that you can realize the emotions which I felt on a spot, so identified with the earliest history of our Sacred Scriptures. I read chapter after chapter, from that which records the arrival of the young Israelite slave in Egypt, to the exodus of the subsequent great nation of God's peculiar people. The heat of the mid-day sun compelled us to seek shelter in a grove near by. There, among orange and lemon-trees in full bearing, we seated ourselves beside a copious spring of living water (the only one we had seen in all Egypt), the stream from which, served to irrigate the whole of this Egyptian paradise. It was, doubtless, this delightful fountain, and the groves which it nourished, that suggested the idea of this appropriate site for a secluded seat of learning. How often at this same fountain has Moses drank! While the priests of Baal were engaged in their splendid mummeries at the shrine of their beastly god, is it not fair to presume that the chosen instrument of God's power and will, often fled from the disgusting rites of the temple, to the seclusion of this grove; shaking from his garments the profane incense of Saba, to inhale the delightful odours of this retired spot, while he bowed the knee to the only true God! Tradition, from the earliest time, says, that at this same fountain, and in this grove, reposed the Holy Family on their first arrival in Egypt. There grows beside this co-

pious spring, a sycamore-tree, of enormous size and age. Monkish legends connected with this spot, make it contemporary with the Holy Family. Independent of the certificate of the priesthood, it is not impossible, nor do I think it improbable, that this venerable relic of other ages, was in existence at the birth of our Saviour. In many parts of the world, if the accounts of naturalists of known veracity are to be depended on, there are trees more than double the age assigned to the great sycamore of Heliopolis. That Joseph and Mary, with the infant Jesus, reposed under this same tree, there is little room for doubt, and much to strengthen the belief, that the Holy Family did halt beside this fountain when they first came into Egypt. When the "flight into Egypt" took place, it is not at all probable that Joseph went from Bethlehem down to the coast of Gaza, and from thence, along the highroad to Pelusium; for, by so doing, he would be exposing himself and his sacred charge to the vigilant police of Herod. It is most probable, that he went directly south to Hebron, and thence, by the caravan route, across the desert to Suez, and from thence to Memphis. By this route, he would soon be out of the reach of pursuit; and the first point which the thirsty and way worn traveller from Suez attains in the cultivated parts of Egypt, is Heliopolis, with its refreshing fountain of living waters. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the venerable tradition is true, so far as it relates to the Holy Family having reposed beside the fountain, whether they came directly across the desert, or by way of Pelusium; for the road from the latter place to Memphis skirted the edge of the Desert, and On was one of the halting-places on the route. You may think that I have taken much unnecessary pains to establish the grounds for my belief in this tradition, and that it is of little moment whether or not the infant Saviour and his parents drank at this spring. To me, however, it is a source of much satisfaction to be able to believe, with some degree of reason, that I have quenched my thirst at the same fountain with the Saviour of mankind.

[By the solemn thinker, might a deep moral be drawn from the above passages. Nine huge cities, whose mighty hearts once rolled out tides of human beings—whose marts and emporiums were crowded with all the splendours of earth—in whose halls and streets, the sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all other kinds of music, were heard from sun-rise to sun-down, are now all jumbled into the stillness of death, and the destruction of the grave. The shadow of an invisible hand has passed over them, and annihilated them into ruin—the rank grass waves above them in the dreary winds, and scarce even the satyr or the owl dwell among that "abomination of desolation."]]

THE CORBEILLE OF LOUISE;

OR, A SACRIFICED MARRIAGE.

[A True Tale.]

A PARISIAN gentleman, son of a very wealthy banker, was about to marry a young lady of high rank, and everything was prepared. The bridegroom had sent in the *corbeille*, which was extremely rich, the diamonds alone worth above one hundred thousand francs. Wishing to enjoy the gratification of his bride, the rich bestower followed close on the heels of his present, and finding no one in the parlour, ensconced himself in a window, behind the curtains. Presently a whole bevy of girls fluttered into the room, and all began talking at once. "Oh! did you ever see such a beautiful *corbeille*! Louise is lucky, what a generous husband she will have!"—"She ought to be happy, to be sure, but do you know what she told me just now! why, that she had rather have the *corbeille* without the gentleman."—"It can't be, she never said so."—"She certainly did, and there she is, you can ask her yourself. Louise, didn't you tell me you would rather have the *corbeille* alone, without Mr. —?"—"Yes; I do say so; but that's between ourselves."—"Much obliged to you, mademoiselle," said Mr. —, coming forward, "you shall not have either." So saying, he coolly put the splendid present under his arm and walked off, leaving the ladies in an embarrassment "easier conceived than expressed."

LA FONTAINE'S SIMPLICITIES.

It is a mistake to suppose that La Fontaine's charming style was the gift of nature merely; on the contrary, it was close observation of the animal creation, that gave him that familiarity with their habits; and study, that gave him that ease and grace of style, which have entitled him above all others, to the name of *Le Fableur*. As a proof of his habit of observation:—

He was once to dine with a party of friends, but he could not be found for hours, and at last was caught in the grounds. When asked what had detained him, his answer was, "I have just been to an ant's funeral; I walked with the procession to the burying-ground, and then waited on the family home."

One morning, while waiting to see an acquaintance, he took up a Bible he found on the table, and opened on the prayer of Baruch in the Apocrypha, and soon got absorbed in it. When his friend came in, he cried, "Why, this Baruch is a fine writer, pray who is he?" and for a week after, he saluted every one he met by asking, "Have you read Baruch?—he is a very fine writer."

A thousand stories have been told of his profound ignorance of the commonest affairs of life. His features were heavy, and his eye, except occasionally, inordinarily dull, so that everybody, except the discriminating few, might have taken him for a simpleton.

Arts and Sciences.

BIRMINGHAM NAIL-MAKERS.

Nailmaking: its Antiquity.—The use and antiquity of nails are equally indisputable; it would, therefore, be almost as impossible to say when they were not known, as to specify the precise era of their earliest manufacture among any people acquainted with the methods of working iron.

Nail-making in England: Birmingham.—In this country, the nail-makers, in general, inhabit certain districts, scattered, perhaps, over a considerable space, and working one, two, or three persons, and sometimes whole families of both sexes, in their little smithies, fitted up with bellows, hearth, a small anvil, and a few other simply formed tools.

Hutton's description of Birmingham nail-makers.—The appearance of the workshops, and their inmates, in the neighbourhood of Walsall and Wolverhampton, half a century ago, and which is but little changed at present, is strikingly described by Hutton, the quaint historian of Birmingham. "The art of nail-making," says he, "is the most ancient among us. We may safely charge its antiquity with four figures. We cannot consider it a trade *in*, so much as of Birmingham, for we have but few nail-makers left in the town; our nailors are chiefly masters, and rather opulent. The manufactures are so scattered round the country, that we cannot travel far in any direction out of the sound of the nail-hammer. But Birmingham, like a powerful magnet, draws the produce of the anvil to herself. When I first approached Birmingham from Walsall, in 1741, I was surprised at the prodigious number of blacksmith's shops upon the road, and could not conceive how a country, though populous, could support so many people of the same occupation. In some of these shops I observed one or more females wielding the hammer with all the grace of the sex. The beauties of their face were rather eclipsed by the smut of the anvil. Struck with the novelty, I inquired, 'whether the ladies in this country shod horses?' but was answered with a smile, 'They are nailors.'"

Nail-makers' Workshops.—To economise coals, shoproom, &c., two or three nail-makers commonly occupy but one hearth, using the same fire and the same bellows in turn. A circular forge, also, of new invention, has been introduced into some, especially useful in the manufacture of horse-shoe nails in a charcoal fire.

Materials and Manufacture.—Good nails are manufactured out of the best foreign or native iron, which is prepared by being rolled or slit into rods of the proper strength, according to the size of the nails which are to be drawn out of it. These are of various sizes and shapes, from what are called brads or spikes, which are sometimes nearly a foot in

length, for the shipwright's or builder's use, to the smallest tingle nails of about a quarter of an inch.

The Anvil, upon which the nail is actually drawn out of the rod by hammering, is a small cube of steel, with a surface of but a few inches in extent, and is itself inserted into a cast or wrought-iron block, weighing from one to two cwt.; the whole of this larger mass being generally surrounded with stones, and embedded in smithy slack, so that only the small anvil is seen.

The Hammer used is larger or smaller, according to the size of the nails to be formed; its usual form is the frustrum of a cone, the smaller end being the face, which, instead of forming a horizontal plane, as in the case of an ordinary round hammer, is inclined or sloped considerably towards the handle.

The degree of this obliquity, the weight of the hammer head, the size and shape of the handle, &c., are matters of nice consideration, one nailor being rarely able to work comfortably with another man's hammer; hence, as they are somewhat given to tramping from place to place, each workman generally carries with him a favourite hammer, which, like the fabled mallet of Thor, is both the symbol and the agent of the owner's power.

The Hack-iron and Bore.—When the nail has been drawn out to the proper length and form upon the anvil, it is cut off the rod, by striking it upon an upright chisel or hack-iron, and instantly inserted into an instrument called a bore, in order that the head may be formed while the iron is yet red hot, for the shank is drawn out, the nail cut off, and the head flattened at a single heat. This bore is a piece of strong iron, ten or twelve inches in length; near to each end there is a knob or swell of steel, perforated to the size of the shank or collar of the nail, and countersunk, so as to correspond with the head. It is by inserting the nail through one of these holes or bores, and striking it with the hammer on the thick end, that the head is formed, whether beaten flat, or left with a quarter-formed rise in the centre. Although the method of working is pretty much the same with different individuals, the degree of perfection and neatness displayed in the formation of so simple an article as a nail, varies very considerably in different hands.

Horse-shoe Nails.—If the quality of material be of importance in the making of nails for ordinary purposes, much more is this the case in reference to those that are used for the fastening of horse-shoes. The iron for this purpose ought either to be of a good foreign mark, or the best British that can be obtained. Many of the old nailors in the north of England speak with enthusiasm of the superior nails which they used to produce when working the Russian CCND, and, next to that, the rich Cumberland iron.

Feats of Nailors.—The nailors among themselves are fond of relating instances of

great personal dexterity. The following took place, 1827-8.

James Leighton, a nailsmith in the employ of Mr. Thomas Gillies, ironmonger, of Stirling, undertook, for a trifling bet, to make 17,000 double flooring nails, 1,200 to a thousand of 20 pounds, for two successive weeks; a task which must, to all who have any knowledge of this trade, seem scarcely credible. The workman finished his first week's task by three o'clock on Saturday afternoon; resumed his labour on Monday morning, and concluded his second week's task with even more ease than he did the first.

Those who do not understand the nature of the work may form some idea of the undertaking, when they are informed that the above quantity is allowed to be as much as three ordinary men can perform without difficulty; and that, allowing twenty-five strokes of the hammer (which is two pounds weight) to each nail, including the cutting of the rods into a size convenient to be handled, and re-uniting them when too short, there were no less than 1,033,656 strokes required before the task could be completed.

In addition to this, the workman had to give from one to three blasts with his bellows for every nail he made, had to supply the fire with fuel, and had to move from the fire place, to where the nails were made, upwards of 42,836 times.

The workman entered into his fifty-first year on the day on which he commenced his task, and had been upwards of forty-two years a nailor; and, in 1800, when in Ireland, in his Majesty's service, beat one who was reckoned the best workman in that country, by 770 nails, during twelve hours' work.

STEAM-NAVIGATION OF THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC.

THE majestic undertakings which enterprising men are now making at Panama, and its line of coast, for the furtherance of grand commercial purposes, and the sociality of nations in general, cannot be too openly before the world.

First is the establishment of steam navigation along the shores of the Pacific Ocean, in connexion with the passage of the Isthmus of Panama, to the Atlantic.

Second, is the meditated severment of the Isthmus in question, by another party of individuals, which will not fail to be a powerful auxiliary to the first.

To the establishers of the first project—a body of private men—her majesty's government, considering the manifold advantages that would accrue to the trade of this country with the Pacific, and to commerce in general, if a more prompt communication were instituted, and deeming it entitled to support, conferred on the company a royal charter; while, on the other hand, the government of the Pacific

States, equally impressed with the benefits which would be necessarily resultant from the establishment of a rapid communication along their shores, also granted to the said company for a term of years, exclusive and valuable privileges for the navigation of their coasts.

The Pacific Steam-navigation commences its operations at that precise point where our government operations cease; so that, by the co-operation of both, the communication between Great Britain, and the coasts of Peru and Chile is continued, and altogether accomplished in thirty or forty days:—by the old system of sailing-vessels, this demanded a period of four months' voyage.

Nature, indeed, seems to have intended for steam navigation, that great line of coast; the physical difficulties of which, oppose an almost insurmountable barrier to any other method of marine communication. The prevailing south-winds, the calms, the currents of the ocean, render navigation by sailing-vessels tedious and uncertain in the extreme, and the travel by land is more than formidable.

The Isthmus of Panama is the only part of land travel in any part of the route. Over this, there exists no present difficulty of crossing; but we are happy to observe that even this apparent obstacle to the smooth course of steam-navigation, is likely to be soon removed. From a contemporary paper (the *Athenæum*) we learn that:—

“The project for cutting through the Isthmus of Panama is, it seems, at length about to be realized. Transports have been freighted by a number of French engineers, for the conveyance of tools and materials of all sorts necessary to the undertaking; and the formation of the canal will be commenced immediately on their reaching the Isthmus. . . . Thus are rapidly breaking down the physical barriers by which the races of men have been for so many ages kept apart. . . . The world is likely, by and bye, to intercommunicate by common signs—to have something like universal media, by which its several parts may get at each other's meaning.”

These changes, which are robbing the world of many quaint aspects, are replacing them by features far more magnificent.

OPENING OF RAPHAEL'S TOMB.

RAPHAEL was buried in the Pantheon (Sta. Maria della Rotonda) in a chapel which he had himself endowed, and near the spot where his betrothed bride had been laid. The immediate neighbourhood was afterwards selected by other painters as their place of rest. Baldassare Peruzzi, Giovanni da Udine, Pierino del Vaga, Taddeo Zuccaro, and others, are buried near. No question had ever existed as to the precise spot where the remains of the master lay; but a few years since the Roman antiquaries began to raise doubts even respect-

ing the church in which Raphael was buried. In the end, permission was obtained to make actual search; and Vasari's account was, in this instance, completely verified. The tomb was found as he describes it, behind the altar itself of the chapel above-mentioned. Four views of the tomb and its contents were engraved from drawings by Cammuccini, and thus preserve the appearance that presented itself. The shroud had been fastened with a number of metal rings and points; some of these were kept by the sculptor Fabris, of Rome, who is also in possession of casts from the skull and the right hand. Passavant remarks, judging from the cast, that the skull was of a singularly fine form. The bones of the hand were all perfect, but they crumbled to dust after the mould was taken. The skeleton measured about five feet seven inches; the coffin was extremely narrow, indicating a very slender frame. The precious relics were ultimately restored to the same spot, after being placed in a magnificent sarcophagus, given by the present pope.

Several delegates from different institutions* and other authorities were appointed to be present when the tomb was opened; among these was the celebrated German painter, Overbeck, one of the worthiest of Raphael's followers; and to him we are indebted for some details, in a letter addressed to Director Veit, of Frankfort, in September, 1833. Passavant gives the letter entire, and completes the account from other sources equally authentic. Overbeck's feelings on the first opening of the tomb, and on seeing the actual remains of the object of his homage, are expressed in a striking manner; but he soon after remarks, “that, alas! the spirit of the great artist remains buried far deeper than his bones.”—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXXI.

EPHEMERAL FAME.

It may almost be laid down as an axiom for writers, that the extravagantly lauded of one generation, will be the neglected and despised of the next. When Sir Philip Sydney prophesied ever-enduring fame to the “statelike tragedie” of “Gorboduc,” when his contemporaries predicted the same high guerdon for his own “Arcadia,”—when, too, his master Lyly's “incomparable Euphues,” that quintessence of affectation, was eulogized by nearly all the writers of that brilliant period, as “a storehouse of awete wrytinge, whither to the end of time all yonge poets would repair”—how would each and all have stood aghast, had they been told, that ere one century should

* The members of the Academy of St. Luke were interested in this investigation, as they had long been in possession of a skull supposed to be that of Raphael, and which had been the admiration of the followers of Gail and Spurzheim. The reputation of this relic naturally fell with its change of name, the more irretrievably, as it proved to have belonged to an individual of no celebrity.

shapes, their works would be pronounced absolutely unreadable; and that, ere the close of the second, they would be unknown, save in the libraries of book-collectors, as specimens of the strange and peculiar taste of our forefathers. But in cases of unquestionable merit, though the long-neglected volume may moulder unregarded through many generations, yet at length some diligent explorer of the rich stores of antiquity shall draw it forth and present it, with all its poetical beauties and bold original thoughts, to the spontaneous homage of an age, as ignorant before of its existence as were our forefathers of the long-buried treasures of Pompeii.

THE OCEANIC REGION.

THE geographical region or quarter which has been designated Oceania, or *Océanie* in French, extends from about the 95th degree of east, to the 110th degree of west longitude, and from the 25th of north, to the 50th of south latitude. Within those limits, stretching ten thousand miles in every direction, we have a vast ocean, with a profusion of islands scattered over it, one of them rather a continent than an island; five or six more, each equal in magnitude to almost any in the world; and one peninsula of great size.

Superficies of the Land.—The great mass of the land lies between the 95th and the 106th degree of east longitude. Beyond the tropics we have about two thirds of Australia, and the whole of New Zealand. All the rest of this region is strictly tropical, and by far the larger portion of it lies within ten degrees of each side of the equator. The total superficies of the land has been estimated at 3,100,000 geographical square miles, making this division of the globe, therefore, larger than Europe, although greatly smaller than Asia, Africa, or America.

Statistics of Extent.—By giving the superficies of a few of the principal countries, a clearer notion will be conveyed to the reader of its relative and composite extent:—

	Square Miles.
Australia	1,496,000
Malayan Peninsula	48,000
Sumatra	130,000
Borneo	212,500
Java	50,000
Celebes	55,000
New Guinea	213,300
Mindanao	25,000
Luconia	30,600
New Zealand	150,000
	<hr/> 2,410,400

In addition to these, nearly 100,000 square miles may be added for many considerable islands, varying in size from 100 to 9,000 square miles; so that the total area, exclusive of a vast multitude of isles and islets, which not only cannot be measured, but cannot even

be counted, will be upwards of two millions and a half of square miles.

Comparative Extent.—By the above calculation it appears, that here are countries, greater in extent than China and Hindostan put together. Australia itself is more extensive than the Chinese Empire; Borneo, three times the size of Great Britain; Sumatra larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together; while Luconia, the principal of the Philippines, is equal in size to the last-named island.

Geology of Oceania.—The geological formation of lands, so scattered, and so widely spread is, of course, exceedingly various, but the primitive, and trap or volcanic formations prevail. To the first belong the Malayan Peninsula, Borneo, and Celebes. In those where granite is the principal rock, gold abounds, while the Malayan peninsula, with some islands adjacent to it, contains, besides that metal, the richest and most extensive tin formation in the world. The basaltic or volcanic formation embraces the whole chain of islands lying between Celebes and Papua, famous for the production of the clove and nutmeg. The basaltic islands are remarkably deficient in metals, but are more than compensated for it, in the majority of cases, by an incomparable fertility of soil. Of the mixed primitive and volcanic formations are composed the island of Sumatra and the principal islands of the Philippine group. In these, gold is found, but less abundantly than in the countries of purely primitive formation; but they are at the same time of a soil more fertile. Australia, as might be expected from so extensive a country, comprises almost every variety of geological formation, primitive, secondary, and volcanic. It abounds in mineral coal, which is also to be found in Sumatra, Java, and some of the smaller islands. The diamond is found in Borneo only. Copper is found, but not wrought, in Sumatra, Luconia, and Timor. Lead is found in Luconia; and perhaps the most abundant ore of antimony in the world, and which now supplies the European market is found in Borneo. Compared with other countries, iron may be considered as scantily produced everywhere, but particularly in the volcanic islands. Enough has never been produced for the consumption of the inhabitants, and this metal is, therefore, largely imported.

Rivers of the Oceanic Region.—Even in Australia, contrary to what might be expected, there are no rivers of long course, or of great magnitude; and the smaller islands are, of course, deficient in them. Number, however, in some degree, makes up for the want of size. The high mountains of those within the torrid zone pour down a perennial and abundant supply of water, and there are no countries in the world consequently less subject to draught than these.

Mountains and Volcanoes.—No region more abounds in mountains. The highest are found on Sumatra, Java, and some of the islands immediately to the eastward of the

latter. These are of an elevation varying from ten to fifteen thousand feet. A great many of them are volcanoes, of which Java is thought to count not less than fifteen, Luconia four, and Sumatra five. The eruptions of some of these, even in our times, have altered the face of the lands in which they exist, and been accompanied by a vast destruction of life and property.

Climate and Atmosphere.—With the exception of New Zealand and the larger portion of Australia, which enjoy a temperate climate, the rest of Oceania is in the torrid zone; but the climate is tempered by a rich covering of vegetation, frequent and abundant rain, and the insular character of the whole region. A portion of Australia alone is within the region of variable winds; the rest within the influence of the trade-winds or monsoons. From Sumatra to New Guinea, and even thirty degrees further east, although more uncertain, the latter extend. To the north of the equator, the wind blows half the year from the south-west, and half the year from the north-east, uninterruptedly; and to the south of the equator, half of the year from the north-west, and the remainder of the year from the south-east. In these tropical regions the season of continual rain—generally does not exceed three months. Here the distinctions of summer and of winter, of spring and autumn, and the changes in the vegetable creation (by no means however very distinct) alone proclaim a change of season.

Botany of the Oceanic Regions.—Of the varied vegetable productions of these countries, it would be in vain to attempt even the barest outline. The greater portion of the country is, down to the present day, unaltered by the industry of man, and as it came from the hand of nature, covered with primeval forests of rich foliage, with very trifling exceptions, in one uniform and perpetual verdure. The useful vegetable products of these islands, indigenous and exotic, are numerous and various. Some of the chief indigenous plants of the greatest utility are, rice, a variety of palms, but chiefly the cocoa-nut, the sugar-cane, the clove, the nutmeg; and, among fruits, several cucurbitaceous plants, the shaddock, the banana, the delicate mangosteen, perhaps the most exquisite of known fruits, and the durian, unquestionably the most rich and luscious. Among exotics, but long and thoroughly naturalized, may be named many pulses, maize, cotton, pepper, coffee, tobacco, the mango, and the pine-apple.

Zoology.—Animal life is nearly as vigorous and varied as the vegetable. In the tropical portion of Oceania, the greater animals are confined to the greater islands. The elephant is known only on the Peninsula, Sumatra, and the north-east part of Borneo. Two species of rhinoceros, distinct from those of Africa and Asia, are confined to the Malayan peninsula, Sumatra, Borneo, and Java; and the two first named afford the tapir. The tiger, and many

others of the feline tribe, abound in all the large islands to the westward, but seem to disappear as we advance eastward. In the forests of the great islands also are to be found the wild ox and buffalo, originals of those that have been domesticated. Deer are found chiefly in the great islands, and these of many varieties, differing in size, from considerably smaller than an ordinary rabbit, up to that of the elk. The hog is nearly universal, and as abundant as it is widely spread. The Moluccas, and shores of New Guinea contain a peculiar species of this animal, to all appearance, equally partaking of the hog and the deer, and fairly called by the natives the babiroussa, or hog-deer. The orang-outan, or man of the forest, so called by the natives themselves, seems confined to Borneo and Sumatra.

Birds of these Regions.—The feathered tribe becomes the more remarkable as we proceed eastward. Here they are of singular forms, and their plumage resplendent. The parrot family, the lories, the cockatoos, the whole family of the birds of paradise, and the magnificent crown-pigeon. Here also the kangaroo begins to present itself.

The Fishes of Oceania.—In the narrow and temperate seas fish abound, particularly where extensive banks exist, as the Straits of Malacca, a kind of Mediterranean Sea; the northern coast of Java; the shallow bays which indent Celebes, and the group of the Philippines. Seals do not present themselves till we get beyond the tropics, and whales are comparatively rare within the equatorial region. The abundance of fish, and the facility of taking them, has rendered the fisher, instead of the hunter state, the prevailing condition of most of the rude tribes.

Population of Oceania.—The total population of this region is calculated to amount to fifteen millions, which comprehend at least three distinct races of men.

Languages of the Oceanic Nations.—Upon investigation, it would appear that each Oceanic language is of separate and distinct origin,—and that the people by whom they were spoken, communicated words to each other exactly in proportion to the closeness of neighbourhood, or extent of intercourse between them, the ruder and weaker tribes commonly borrowing from the most improved and powerful. On this principle, the different languages may be divided into several classes or groups, and named after the nation which seems to have exercised the greatest influence in its propagation.

1. The *first* or *Malayan* group, includes Sumatra, the peninsula of Molucca, and the east and west coasts of Borneo, over which the Malayan language exercised such influence.

2. The *second* or *Javanese* group, includes the island of Java, and the neighbouring islands of Madura, Bali, and Lombok; in these the Javanese, a language bearing considerable resemblance to the Malayan, prevailed.

The *Third* or *Bugis* group, from the name of the principal nation and language of Celebes, extended itself over the islands of Bonton, Salayer, and Sumbawa, and part of the south coast of Borneo, where the Bugis settled and founded states. The Bugis language differs very materially from the two preceding.

The *fourth* or *Philippine* group, in which the Tagala language has probably the greatest influence, takes in the great archipelago of the Philippines, including Mindanao, the cluster of the Sooloo islands, with Palawan, and a small portion of the southern promontory of Borneo.

The *fifth* or *Molucca* group, has most probably had its language swayed by the more civilized people of Fernate.

A *sixth* group will embrace the *South Sea Islands*, inhabited by the yellow-complexioned race, whose languages possess a great number of words that are common to all the dialects of the South Sea, but which differ entirely from those of the northern or western Oceanic nations.

A separate group, smaller than any of the preceding, might be formed, of the languages spoken from Flores to Timor inclusive, by that race which is neither yellow-complexioned nor Negrito, but partakes of both, and which is conjectured to be a third and distinct Oceanic race.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF BLACK PAINT.*

THERE is nothing that better proves the injurious effects of black paint than by observing the black streaks of a ship after having been in a tropical climate for any length of time. It will be found that the wood round the fastenings is in a state of decay, while the white work is as sound as ever; the planks that are painted black will be found split in all directions, while the frequent necessity of caulking a ship in that situation, likewise adds to the common destruction. A piece of wood painted white will be preserved from perishing as long again, if exposed to the weather, as a similar piece painted black, especially in a tropical climate. Many men of considerable experience say, that black is good for nothing on wood, as it possesses no *body* to exclude the weather.

But a far greater evil than this attends the use of black paint, which ought entirely to exclude its use on any work out of doors, viz., its *property of absorbing heat*.

Wood having a black surface, will imbibe considerably more heat in the same temperature of climate, than if that surface were white; from which circumstance we may easily conclude that the pores of wood of any nature will have a tendency to expand, and rend in all directions, when exposed under

such circumstances. The water of course being admitted, causes a gradual and progressive decay, which must be imperceptibly increasing from every change of weather. Two circumstances, confirmative of these remarks, deserve mention:

The first was the state of *H. M. Ship, Ringdove*, condemned by survey at Halifax, N.S., in the year 1828.

This brig had been on the West India station for many years. On her being found defective, and a survey called, the report was to the effect that the wood all round the fastenings was totally decayed in the wake of the black, while that in the wake of the white was as sound as ever.

The next instance relates to *H. M. Ship, Excellent*, of 98 guns, (formerly the *Boyne*.)

This ship was moored east and west, by bow and stern moorings; consequently, the starboard side was always exposed to the effects of the sun, both in summer and winter.

In this situation, her sides were painted in the usual manner of a ship of war; viz., black and white, of which by far the greater part is black; this latter portion on the starboard side it was found impossible to keep tight; for as often as one leak was apparently stopped, another broke out, and thus baffled the skill of all interested.

In the meantime, the side not exposed to the rays of the sun, remained perfectly sound.

To remedy the above defects, the ship was painted a light drab colour where it was black before, upon which the leaks ceased, and she has continued perfectly tight ever since. The shrinking and splitting, also, which went on to an astonishing extent when the outside surface was black, entirely ceased upon alteration of the colour.

New Books.

The Paris Sketch-Book. By Mr. Titmarsh. 1840. [Macrone.]

["LA BELLE FRANCE" was the anciently-assumed title of a country, which Song and Chivalry of old time so much honoured; but a knight-errant of the modern day, by name Mr. Titmarsh, makes out a pretty fair warranty towards reversion of that titular assumption. Investing things with no imaginary *couleur de rose*, the *Sketch-Book* draws to the life, and probes to the quick. Whatsoever it attempts, it touches with a vital, *spirituel* pencil. Voyons—to the proof:—]

Starting by Packet from London.

About twelve o'clock, just as the bell of the packet is tolling a farewell to London-bridge, and warning off the blackguard boys with the newspapers, who have been shoving "*Times*," "*Herald*," "*Penny Paul-Pry*," "*Penny Satirist*," "*Flare-up*," and other abominations, into your face—just as the bell has tolled, and the Jews, strangers, people-taking-leave-of-their-families, and blackguard boys aforesaid,

* Abridged from a paper, "On the Injurious effects of Black Paint," in the *Transactions of the Society of Arts*.

a He-goat, which he has copied very faithfully from an engraving made after a group, by the celebrated Adam. He has composed from his own imagination all the other subjects, except the first mythological statue which he copied from a very wretched engraving, though that which the artist has re-produced turns all its blemishes into beauties.

The Gatherer.

Extent of Vegetable Diet.—The food of the working classes, not only of Belgium, but of all the countries of the Continent, consists of vegetables; meat is not the food of the working classes, either of Belgium or any other country. The Italians eat macaroni; the staple food of the French and Germans, is bread and cabbage; of the Irish, potatoes. The Indians eat rice; the West Indians yams and bread-tree; the Africans dates; in fact, a fraction, and that a very small one, of mankind, are carnivorous.

Betrothal of the Sultan's Sister.—On the 25th of June last, the betrothal of Ahmet-Féchi-Pacha took place, to the sister of the Sultan. The presents sent to the Princess by her future husband, consisted of a superb veil, brodered with pearls and diamonds, valued at 300,000 piastres; slippers enriched with precious stones; quantities of *châles*, dress-stuffs, &c.; two large coffers filled with perfumes; one hundred and fifty panniers filled with sweetmeats, and a superb mirror-glass, ornamented with precious stones. The young Pacha has also presented to her brother, the Sultan, a sabre of great value, and a saddle, which is gorgeously enriched.—The marriage is soon expected to take place.—*French Paper.*

Philotas, one of the most distinguished of the Alexandrian grammarians and critics, and tutor to the second Ptolemy, is expressly recorded by Athenæus, to have so reduced himself by his studies, that he was obliged, according to *Ælian*, to wear leaden bullets in his shoes, lest he should be blown away by the wind.—*Ælian, Var. Hist. iv. 14.*

The Basque Languages.—Rich and expressive as the Bascuense is, it is confined to the hills and valleys of only a small portion of the Pyrenees.

In India, there is a stupendous mountain, called Koh-i-baba, which signifies, literally, "The Father of Mountains."

Hadji Khan, the chief officer under Shah Soojah, who thus raised himself to the highest rank by cunning and enterprize, commenced life in the humble capacity of melon-vender.

Archæological Discovery at Wallachia.—Some peasants working in a field, lately made a rich treasure-trove. Supposing all, however, to be metal, they disposed of them to travelling Bohemians, from whom they have since been

recovered. They are all in gold, with crystal and coloured stones, and include two rings, or large circles, a gorget or breast-plate, four lamps, one representing a falcon, two the goddess Iris, and the fourth without a figured ornament, three vases with handles, a plateau or tray, and a patera.

Versailles.—An additional suit of galleries, belonging to the Museum of Versailles, has just been thrown open to our Gallic neighbours.

Monster Tree.—An oak, in the forest near Chimay, in Belgium, measures fifteen feet round, and forty feet in height. This is a giant for Europe.

Fountains of the Champs-Élysées.—The five fountains of the Champs-Élysées are finished. The basin which occupies the round point of the grand avenue of Neuilly, has commenced to play for trial: the waters of the five united, will shoot a prodigious height, and form a fine effect.

A very beautiful flesh-colour, with white lights and red half-tints, is frequently observable in the works of Giovanni Santi, particularly in the altar-piece of Sta. Croce, at Fano.

Which are the most industrious letters?—The Bee's.

Which are the most extensive letters?—The Sea's.

Which are the masculine letters?—The He's.

Which are the egotistical letters?—The I's.

Which are the leguminous letters?—The Peas.

Which are the old-fashioned letters?—The Queen's.

Which are the sensible letters?—The Wise.
W. G. C.

The Royal Institution of Sciences, at Milan, has offered a prize of 1700 livres for the best architectural memoir on roofs, which are most beneficially suited in their materials and construction, for Lombardy.

Vauxhall.—The ground which forms the site of Vauxhall Gardens, is spoken of as being about to be converted into a dépôt for the trade which arrives by the Southampton Railway.

Hogarth.—The only scenes Hogarth ever drew from Shakspeare, are the following:—

The Examination of the Recruits before Shallow and Silence; purchased by Mr. Garrick, at Lord Essex's sale, for fifty guineas.—A sketch in chalk, on blue paper, of *Falstaff and his companions*; formerly in the possession of Mr. S. Ireland; and *Mr. Garrick, in Richard*, which was purchased by Mr. Duncombe, of Duncombe Park, Yorkshire, for two hundred pounds.

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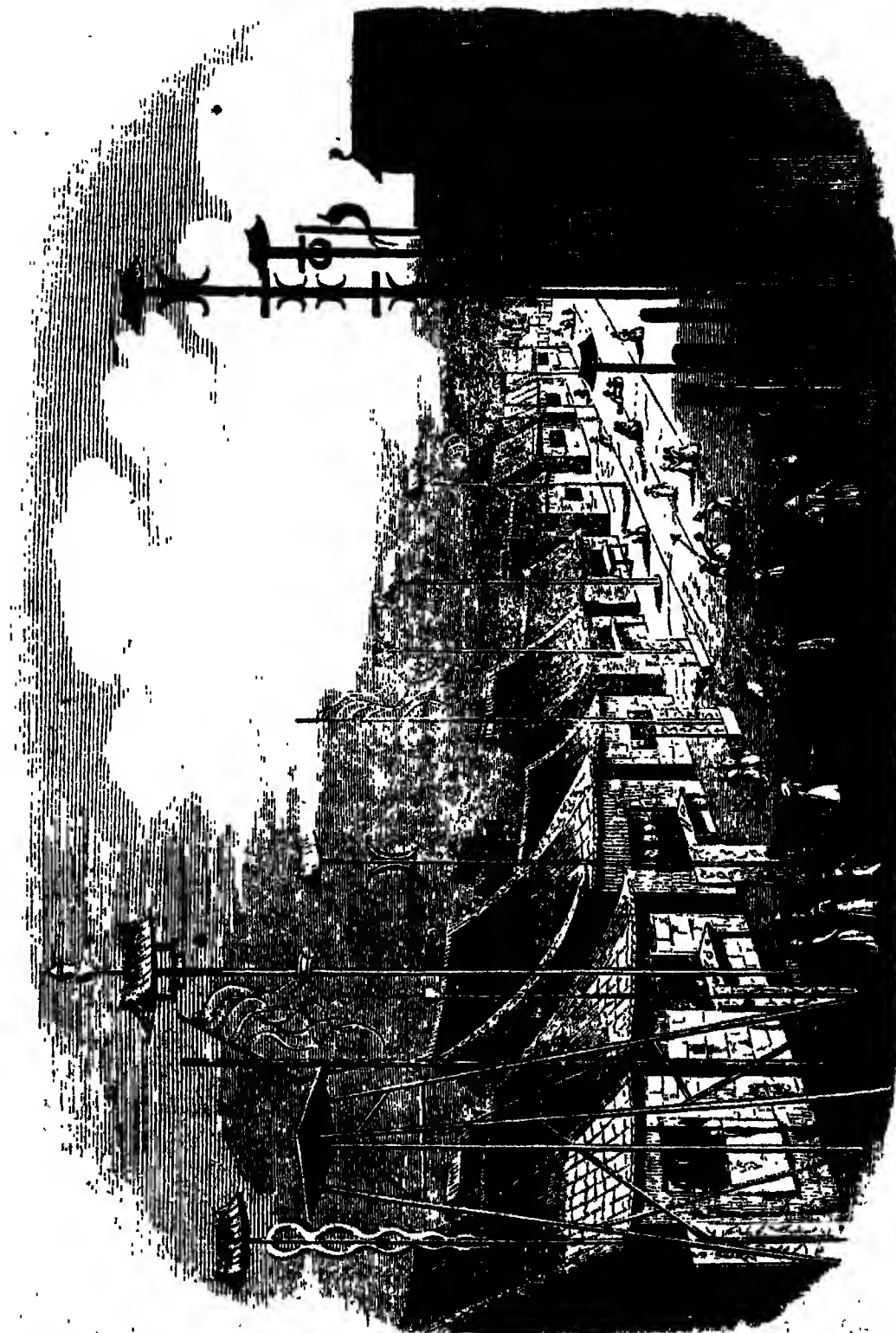
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A STREET IN PÉKIN.

PENCILINGS IN CHINA ;

OR,

SKETCHES OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

No. III.

MR. EDITOR,—Again I resume my subject, by remitting you a faithful delineation of the chief city of the Empire itself—Pekin.

Principal Streets of Peking.

The streets* of Peking are straight, about one hundred and twenty feet wide, and a full league in length. None but the great shops have either windows or openings in the front wall, though most of them have a sort of terrace, with a railed balcony or parapet-wall in front, ornamented with flowers, shrubs, or stunted trees. The principal streets, of which our engraving is one, have on each side a line of buildings, consisting entirely of shops and warehouses, in front of which the goods are displayed; and large wooden pillars are erected higher than the houses, on which are notified in gilt characters the nature of the goods to be sold, and the honest characters of the dealers, and which are, besides, decorated with various coloured flags, streamers, and ribands from top to bottom, exhibiting the appearance of a line of shipping, dressed in the colours of all the different nations of Europe. Nor are the sides of the houses less brilliant in the several colours with which they are painted, consisting generally of sky-blue or green, mixed with gold; and amidst the articles which make the most splendid show are the coffins for the dead, and the funeral biers, which vie in their extensive trappings with the marriage-cars.

Common People of the Streets.

It is astonishing to see the vast concourse of people that continually fills them, and the confusion caused by the prodigious number of horses, camels, mules, and carriages, which cross or meet each other. Besides this inconvenience, one is every now and then stopped by crowds, who stand listening to fortune-tellers, jugglers, ballad-singers, and a thousand other mountebanks and buffoons, who read and relate stories calculated to produce mirth and laughter, or distribute medicines with wonderful eloquence. Barrow facetiously speaks of this concatenation of people and of sounds:—"The buzz and confused noises of this mixed multitude," says he, "proceeding from the loud bawling of those who were crying their wares, the wrangling of others, with every now and then a strange jangling noise like the jarring of a cracked Jew's-harp, the barber's signal made by his

tweezers, the mirth and laughter that prevailed in every group, could scarcely be exceeded by the brokers in the bank rotunda, or the Jews and old women in Rosemary-lane."

Houses of One or Two Stories.

The low houses of Peking seem scarcely sufficient for its population of three millions; but, very little room is occupied by a Chinese family, at least in the middle and lower classes of life. In their houses there are no superfluous apartments. A Chinese dwelling is generally surrounded by a wall six or seven feet high; within that enclosure a whole family, of three generations, with all their wives and children, will frequently be found. One small room is made to serve for the individuals of its branch of the family, sleeping in different beds, divided only by mats hanging from the ceiling. One common room is used for eating.

Crockery Shops.

The houses for porcelain utensils and ornaments are peculiarly attractive, having a row of broad shelves, ranged above each other, on the front of their shops, on which they dispose the most beautiful specimens of their trade in a manner full of fancy and effect. In summer there are to be seen small temporary shops, where people are served with water, cooled by means of ice, and one finds everywhere eating-houses, with refreshments of tea and fruits.*

Street-Auctions at Peking.

"In several of the streets," says Mr. Anderson, "I saw persons engaged in selling off goods by auction: the auctioneer stood on a platform surrounded with the various articles he had to sell; he delivered himself in a loud and bawling manner, but the smiling countenances of the audience, though the tongue was unknown to me, showed that he entertained them."

Coach Stands.

There are no carriages standing in the streets for the convenience of the inhabitants, like our hackney-coaches in London; the higher classes of people keep palanquins, and others of less distinction have covered carts drawn by a horse or mule: for twelve or fifteen pence, a horse or mule may be hired for a whole day; and as crowds of people fill the streets, the owner of the horse or mule often leads his beast by the bridle in order to make way; these people know exactly the street and house where any considerable person lives; there is also a bookfold, which gives an exact account where every person lives that has any public employment.†

Barbers of Peking.

Barbers are seen running about the streets in great plenty, with every instrument known in this country for shaving the head and cleaning the ears; they carry with them for this

* D'Anville says—"If the writers of some relations have affirmed that the streets of Peking are commonly very bad, they must mean those of the old town, which are narrow, and not so well kept as the other; for in the new town, the soldiers are continually employed to keep the streets clean, even when the emperor is absent."

* Anderson's Narrative, p. 105.

† Chinese Traveller, p. 54.

purpose a portable chair, a portable stove, and a small vessel of water; and whoever wishes to undergo either of these operations, sits down in the street, while the operator performs his office, for which he receives a *mace*. To distinguish their profession, they carry a pair of large steel tweezers, which they open with their fingers, and let them close again with some degree of violence, which produces a shrill sound that is heard at a considerable distance, and such is their mode of seeking employment. That this trade in China is very profitable, may be pronounced, because every man must be shaved on a part of the head where it is impossible to shave himself.

Butcher's Shops at Peking.

Mr. Anderson says, in his narrative, "I observed a great number of butcher's shops, whose mode of cutting up their meat resembles our own; nor can the markets of London boast a better supply of flesh than is to be found at Peking. But they sell it cooked as well as raw; and, on my entering the shop, I saw on a stall before it an earthen stove, with a grid-iron placed upon it; and on my employing a variety of signs, to obtain the information I wanted, the butcher instantly began to cut off small thin slices of meat, about the size of a crown piece, which he broiled as fast as I could eat them. I took about a dozen of these slices, which might altogether weigh about seven or eight ounces; and when I paid him, which I did by giving him a string of *caxee*, or small coin, he pulled off, as I suppose, the amount of his demand, which was one *condoron*, or ten *caxee*, the only current money in the empire. I saw numbers of people in other butcher's shops, as I passed along, regaling themselves with beef and mutton in the same manner."

Street-criers of Peking.

Besides the variety of trades which are stationary in this great city, there are many thousands of its inhabitants who cry their goods about, as in our own metropolis. They generally have a bamboo placed across their shoulders, and a basket at each end of it, in which they carry fish, vegetables, eggs, and other similar articles. There are also great numbers of hawkers and pedlars, who go about with bags strapped on their shoulders like a knapsack, which contain various kinds of stuff goods, the folds of which are exposed to view. In selling these stuffs, they use the cubic measure of sixteen inches.

Police of Peking.

The soldiery, as well as police of Peking, are under the jurisdiction of the Governor of the Nine Gates, as he is styled, and no police can be more active. It is rare, in a number of years, to hear of houses being robbed, or people being assassinated. All the principal streets have guard-rooms, and the soldiers, or Corps-de-Garde patrol night and day, each having a sabre hanging from his girdle, and a whip

in his hand to correct, without distinction, those who excite quarrels or cause disorder. The lanes are guarded in the same manner, and have latticed gates, which do not prevent those from being seen who walk in them; they are always kept shut during the night, and seldom opened even to those who are known; if they are, the person to whom this indulgence is granted must carry a lantern, and give sufficient reason for his going out. As soon as the first stroke is given by the watch on a great bell, a soldier or two comes and go from one corps de garde to the other, and as they walk along play continually on a sort of rattle.

Cleanliness of the Streets.

The police regulation is indeed very expensive to the emperor, for part of the soldiers are kept entirely to take care of the streets; they are all foot, and their pay large; besides their watching night and day, it is their duty to see that every person cleans the street before his door, that it is swept every day, and watered every night and morning in dry weather, and that the dirt is taken away after rain; and as the streets are very wide, one of their chief employments is to work themselves, and to keep the middle of the streets very clean, for the convenience of passengers. After they have taken up the dirt, they level the ground, for the town is not paved, or dry it after it has been turned, or mix it with other dry earth, so that, two hours after great rains, one may go clean to all parts of the town.

A Funeral in the Streets of Peking.

In Anderson's narrative of Sir G. Staunton's embassy to China, he gives an account of a funeral procession, which proved to be a very striking and solemn spectacle; the coffin was covered by a canopy decorated with curtains of satin, enriched with gold and flowers, and hung with esoutcheons; it was placed on a large bier or platform, and carried by at least fifty or sixty men, who supported it on their shoulders with long bamboos crossing each other, and marched eight abreast with slow and solemn step. A band of music immediately followed, playing a kind of dirge, which was not without a mixture of pleasing tunes; the relations and friends of the deceased then followed, arrayed in black and white dresses.

Ancient Peking.

Peking, in the middle ages, was known by the name of Kambalu, a corruption of Khan-balig, (the capital of the Khan,) and was even then said to have been eminently magnificent. Marco Polo, in that age, mentions its streets as extending in a straight line from one extremity to the other, and bordered by highly ornamented edifices. He particularly notices also its extensive gardens, or rather pleasure-grounds, diversified with trees and meadows, and stored with every variety of game.

CELTIC REVENGE;

AN ILLUSTRATIVE TALE.

WE preface not our tale by telling you that its theme is one of beauty, that its thoughts are those of love, or its termination happiness unbounded, but invite you to listen with an understanding heart, whilst we strive to trace, in one of like passions with yourselves, the transports of unchecked temper, and the realizations of revenge, too stern either to linger or abate.

In a wild and solitary district by the Sound of Mull, a precipice is, by many a venerable inhabitant, pointed out, overhanging the ocean, almost inaccessible to human footstep, and resorted to only by the birds of ocean when thither driven by tempestuous gales, or invited by reason of its loneliness and silence, to bask in the gleaming sunshine. Many are the legends connected with this locality, other than that which forms the subject of our tale. One is recorded of most fearful import, (which has formed the ground-work of a successful drama) that of a lady exposed by her husband on a high rock in this lonely expanse, and there left in all her helplessness to perish, whilst he proclaimed her to be dead, and performed for her a mimic funeral. Majestic, indeed, are the associations which its natural position inspires—surrounded on either side by forest and ocean, presenting a sure defence to the one, and an impregnable barrier to the other—the precipice towering on high, till its shadows distance the sight on the deep waters below, like one of nature's green and primeval altars sleeping beneath the sunlit heaven, and lofty enough to serve as a temple for the stars. But apart from the pleasing associations which fancy may thus kindle around it, it is invested with other and far deeper interests than those which attach to it when viewed through the radiant lenses of romance. Centuries ago, it became, by a deed of unparalleled atrocity, a landmark of most bitter memory, and the sad monument of the wildest catastrophe, recording the history of serpent passions which the progress of our tale will unfold.

Any one at all acquainted with the festivities of feudal times, will readily be aware that hunting formed one of the most favourite pastimes of its brave and noble-minded chiefs. High days of rejoicing were those, when the chieftain and his merry clansmen roamed abroad over grey heath and greenwood in pursuit of the wild-boar or bounding deer, and no land, save Scotland, in the wide circuit of the world, would seem more fitted for such wild and lordly pastime.

Here, amid the deep recesses of its forests, roamed the deer in their freedom and fleetness, or might have been seen, bending like visions, beautiful by the sunlit waterbrook. The forests themselves lengthened out into magnificent vistas, whose lofty avenues, and murmuring leaves seemed to point and whisper out a pathway to some pleasant home, whilst

their giant sides, hung with draperies of green and of gold, made it appear as though the fabled genii of the forest had there upthrown their temporary dwelling, or dropped their sunbright mantles as they passed. Such was the state of Scotland in the times of old, nor should we, in its present survey, find in it aught less beautiful or bright.

But proceed we now to open up our tale. One bright morning of the early summer, when all nature shone in her livery of beauty, the blythe hunting call of Maclean, the Chieftain of Lochbuy, sounded throughout the forests, summoning his clansmen to a grand hunting excursion, which had long been looked forward to, as an occasion of peculiar festivity. Truly picturesque and imposing was the scene, as the brave followers of the lordly chief were seen issuing from the defiles of the forest, or descending from height and hill-top, into the valley below. Thousands of spears gleamed in the sunrise, fair-haired children sought out their fathers, breastful of fresh morning flowers, mothers and maidens looked cheerfully on, the hounds leapt forth impatient to be loose; and, to complete the festive scene, the beautiful lady of the chief with her child, a smiling infant, imparted fresh beauty to the scene, and fresh grace to the goodly gathering. This child, the firstborn of wedded love, was regarded with the fondest parental affection; with countenance beautiful in promised feature—fair as the opening day-spring, and roseate in hue as a basket of the summer's fruit. It formed the centre of the father's love, and the only hope whereby to perpetuate the honour of his name.

Hound and hunter being gathered to the spot, once again the horn sounded its shrill note of preparation, quickening each heart with the spirit-kindling impulse of the chase. The troops of deer, startled by the sound whilst browsing in the far-off distance, bore aloft their heads in the sky, gazing for a moment mute and motionless, and on a nearer alarm sprang through the pastures, elastic with life. The dogs threw off in gallant course for the run, darting from point to point, and doubling in the wildness of delight. The chase commenced, and was continued with unwearied alacrity and speed, until the deer, pressed upon closely by the hounds, and driven into an enclosure of rock and embankment, flew instinctively to a narrow pass or outlet in a neighbouring strait, opening out upon the bosom of the broad and unobstructed heath. Thither they wheeled in one firm and unbroken body, but were suddenly opposed in their further advance by the uprising of a hardy forester from behind a bank concealed by the bright heath and bushwood, whom the chief, with the foresight of an experienced hunter, had placed there as a kind of *avant guard*, to obstruct their further progress, should they chance to gather at that point. For awhile, the whole troop stood still, their eyes beaming with bewilderment, as though passing in he-

situation whether to advance or recede. The old hunter strove by every process of intimidation to prevent their further advance, and at length succeeded in turning them from their track, but no sooner did they perceive themselves followed by the fierce hounds and the multitude of hunters, than collecting, as it were, the whole strength of their body in one advancing bound, they dashed through the narrow outlet, trampling the forester to the earth, and gained footing on the open heath. An end was thus put to the day's sport so auspiciously begun, for the deer, with the rapidity of magic, had so far outdistanced their pursuers, as to make further chase useless. The chief, finding his precautions defeated—excited with the ardour of pursuit, and enraged at its so sudden frustration—approached hastily the forester, who was prostrate on the ground, suffering the acutest pain, and not only charged him with treachery and neglect, but wrathfully pronounced his death-warrant. The man now rose from the ground, but answered not the reproaches of his chief by even pleading the pure accident and contingency of the case. This was, however, mere shallow pretence and polished hypocrisy, in order the better to conceal the inveteracy of the hate which had taken so speedy possession of his heart. He stood apparently unaffected by his position, but the quick eye and the quivering lip too plainly spoke the inward tumult of the passions. Attempts were made by the vassals of the chief to soothe the intensity of his anger, but he was utterly proof to every supplication till his gentle lady filled him with solenities, imploring him, that if he would not forgive the man, he would at least relax the rigour of the punishment. The chief gave way to her importunity, and death was accordingly commuted to disgrace. He was sentenced to be scourged in the presence of the assembled clan, a punishment, in those times, the most deep and dismal that could be inflicted on a free-born man.

A circle was formed round the unhappy forester; his limbs were securely bound, and his back laid naked to the waist. The chief advanced nearer to the spot to give directions to the torturers to commence their toil, and for a moment glance met glance, and the eye of the fettered man seemed flashing with fire under a sense of such unmeasured indignity. The signal was given to commence, and the lash fell on the broad shoulders of the man with unmitigated force. The first few lashes made no imprint on the flesh, and forced not a start from the sufferer; but as the blows were steadily increased and dealt with greater vigour than before, the quivering flesh and ghastly furrows of the sufferer showed how bitterly the torture told upon the yet unfainting frame. Not a sigh or a shriek proclaimed that his endurance was exhausted, for he still bore up with iron nerve against the torture. At length, as a fresh infliction was about to commence, the piteous spectacle so wrought

upon the better feelings of the bystanders, that a general cry for "mercy" was raised, and a tardy grant was eventually gained for a present cessation of the torture.

And here we cannot forbear a word of most decisive condemnation against a practice so ignominious, so inhuman. It is not a sad, an humiliating thought, that he who had helped to reap the green garlands of some noble victory, who could face stern death in the hope of glory, and dare to die the death of the brave, should be forced to bend, in abject lowliness, beneath the lacerations of the lash?

What were the feelings of the injured forester we here attempt not to describe. He neither murmured nor repined, preserving an attitude almost motionless, but the curling lip and the scowl of the bent brow, pictured plainly to a near observer, the volcanic tumult raging in his bosom. The stripes of the lash still burning on his flesh, and the flow of blood from the deep and crimson gashes, still, though staunch, were unstayed. He now lay unfettered, and apparently harmless and resigned, whilst the vassals of the chief gathered about him, some impelled by curiosity, others, with the view of administering relief. Apart, but little distant from the scene, the chief, yet warm with recent passion, was rapidly pacing beneath an oak, halting suddenly at intervals, and then quickly moving onward in deportment proud and dreamy. The crowd was fast thickening round the forester, who was by this time sufficiently recruited to rise from his recumbent posture, and the nurse, carrying with her the chief's only child, attracted by the general curiosity, crowded round the forester with the other vassals. Suddenly the man seemed struggling under some wild and overruling tremor,—his eye began to roll and glisten as though a snake lay coiling in its centre—his assumed reserve and statue-like composure appeared waxing into terrible activity, till at length, as though all the nerve and fibre of his frame had gathered into one giant effort, he rushed through the receding crowd, and springing, like a panther on the life-imperilled lamb, tore the chief's child from the terror-stricken nurse. C. M. A.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GIGANTIC TREES IN COBHAM PARK, KENT.

THE following admeasurements of gigantic trees were taken at three feet from their roots during a ramble from Rochester to Cobham.

Oaks.	Beech.	Ash.	Hawthorn.
ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
14 7	15 4	12 3½	7 7
15 7	25 2	13 7	7 3½
16 3	25 4		7 9
16 5½	26 9		9 0
17 3	29 8		
20 7	30 2		
21 7	30 3		
25 5½	31 8		

C. S.

CALAIS.

This town,* to an Englishman, is classic ground; it offers to him so many recollective associations. In the reign of Henry V., one Bar-dolph, a lieutenant, (whose face, by the bye, was all "bubukles, and wheelks, and knobs,") landed at Calais, on his march to the field of Agincourt; but, unfortunately, having robbed a church there, soon after landing, besides stealing a late-case, (which he afterwards sold for three half-pence) as well as a fire-shovel, he was hung on the road before the battle began, though strong intercession was made in the Duke of Exeter to

"Let not hemp his windpipe suffocate, nor his vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord."

One might willingly forget this stain on him, when reflecting on the affectionate tenderness with which he listened to the striking recital of his old master's dying scene, when he "played with flowers and smiled upon his finger's ends," and when he breathed a wish, that he were with him, "where-soe'er he is;" and when, though insulted by the boy reminding him of one of Falstaff's sarcastic touches on his fiery nose, most kindly forgave it: "Well! the fuel is gone that maintained that fire!" Of this culprit, Mortimer,

—The rapid Mortimer, of spirit wild,
Imagination's dear and darling child,

the productions of whose genius, so charmed his own age, and will future ones, has given us a masterly sketch, equal (which is saying a great deal) in fascination of character, to his Falstaff, for all the portraits of Falstaff which have ever yet been sketched, (except one) sink into insignificance, when viewed with that by Mortimer.

Even Hogarth himself narrowly escaped imprisonment at Calais, when sketching his masterly view of its gate, which no one but he could have accompanied with so many fine characteristic touches. We can just see the sergeant's paw upon his shoulder. He was soon escorted by a file of musqueteers to M. la Commandant. This governor, however, after examining his sketch-book, assured him, with great politeness, that notwithstanding nothing suspicious appeared in it, yet, that had not a treaty between the nations been then actually signed, he should have been under the disagreeable necessity of hanging him upon the ramparts. If this threat of the polite Commandant had been enforced, it would have prevented Hogarth some time after, immortalizing himself, by sketching from Tristram Shandy, his celebrated resemblance of a favorite scene from Sterne.

* Calais is the principal town of the Canton of Calais, which again forms one of the subdivisions of the department of the Pas-de-Calais. The form of the town, within the fortifications, approaches very nearly to a rectangular parallelogram, the length of whose base is almost double its diameter, its sides facing the four cardinal points.—Ed. M.

Queen Mary exclaimed, that when she died, Calais would be found engraven on her heart.

Mr. Albany, in his Guide to Calais, printed in 1729, observes:—"In modern times, the pen of Sterne, has conferred on Calais, a celebrity equivalent to that which *Vevey* and *Clarens* owe to the author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. Such are the triumphs of genius, which can throw over regions the most sterile, a halo of interest." After describing Dessin's Hotel, he says:—"There is on the first floor, a bed-chamber, also overlooking the garden, and on the door of which, the words 'Sterne's Chamber,' are inscribed. Over the fire-place, there is an engraved portrait of Sterne, being the only memorial the apartment contained of that eccentric genius. We regretted its not having been left in the same state, and with the same furniture, as when occupied by Yorick." Mr. Albany then treats his reader with the inimitable interview which Sterne had with Mons. Dessin. S. F.

HINDU MYTHOLOGY.

THE UNIVERSE.

It is related in the Bhagvat-Geeta, that Vishnu, in the form of Crishna, having endued Arjoon with power to perceive his divine connexion, Arjoon gave him the following description of the wonders he beheld: I see Brahma, that deity sitting on his lotus throne; and all the Reesheest and heavenly Ooragas.† I see thyself, on all sides, of infinite shape, formed with abundant arms, and bellies, and mouths, and eyes; but I can neither discover thy beginning, thy middle, nor thy end. O universal lord, form of the universe! I see thee with a crown, and armed with club and chakra, a mass of glory, darting refulgent beams around. I see thee, difficult to be seen, shining on all sides with light immeasurable, like the ardent fire or the glorious sun. Thou art the supreme being, incorruptible, worthy to be known. Thou art prime supporter of the universal orb. Thou art the never-failing and eternal guardian of religion. I see thee without beginning, without middle, and without end; of valour infinite; of arms innumerable; the sun and moon thine eyes, thy mouth a flaming fire, and the whole world shining with thy reflected glory. The space between the heavens and the earth is possessed by thee alone, and every point around. The three regions of the universe, O mighty spirit! behold the wonders of thy awful countenance with troubled minds. Of the celestial bands, some I see fly to thee for refuge; whilst some, afraid, with joined hands sing forth thy praise. The Maharshees, holy

* The word Calais is said to be derived from *Calis*, the name of a port spoken of by Cæsar, as being in this part of the coast; and *Cal*, Teutonic for call, making thus *Calatius*, or *Calatium*—a place called *Calis*.—Ed. M.

† Saints.

‡ Serpents.

bands, hail thee, and glorify thy name with adoring praises. The Roodras, the Adityas, the Vasoes, and all those beings the world esteemeth good; Asween and Koomar, the Maroots and Ooshmapas; the Gandharvs, and the Yakshas, with the holy tribes of Soors, all stand gazing on thee, and all alike amazed. The winds, alike with me, are terrified to behold thy wondrous form gigantic; with many mouths and eyes; with many arms, and legs, and breasts; with many bellies, and with rows of dreadful teeth. Thus, I see thee, touching the heavens, and shining with such glory, of such various hues, with widely-opened mouths and bright expanded eyes, I am disturbed within me; my resolution faileth me, O Vishnu! and I find no rest. Having beholden thy dreadful teeth, and gazed on thy countenance, emblem of time's last fire, I know not which way I turn; I find no peace. Have mercy, then, O god of gods! thou mansion of the universe. The sons of Dhreetarashtra, now, with all those rulers of the land, Bheeshma, Drona the son of Soot, and even the fronts of our army, seem to be precipitating themselves hastily into thy mouth, discovering such frightful rows of teeth; whilst some appear to stick between thy teeth with their bodies sorely mangled. As the rapid streams of full-flowing rivers roll on to meet the ocean's bed, even so these heroes of the human race rush on towards thy flaming mouths. As troops of insects, with increasing speed, seek their own destruction in the flaming fire; even so these people, with swelling fury, seek their own destruction. Thou involvest and swallowest them altogether, even unto the last, with thy flaming mouths; whilst the whole world is filled with thy glory, as thine awful beams, O Vishnu! shine forth on all sides.

W. G. C.

ZENOBIA AND AURELIAN AT THE BATTLE OF EMESA.

AURELIAN and Zenobia now met, for the first time, face to face, lance to lance, the Augustus and Augusta of that disputed world, which they had hitherto divided between them. They met in the splendid region, where, we are told, God first created man, and gave him woman to be an help and a mate unto him; and they represented in their own persons and organization, those respective attributes, by which the sexes, through the awful sweep of five thousand years, had been distinctly and severally characterized, and governed. Zenobia, in her intellectual aspirations and maternal impulses, was the champion of moral force and human affections—fighting the battle of mind and country, for her children, and for philosophy; Aurelian warred to establish the right of might, to place power on its broadest basis, to raise tyranny to its extreme point, and to check the inroads of reform by the resistance of military prowess!—*Woman and her Master.*

FORMATION OF CHRISTIAN NAMES.

I HAVE seen Christian names assigned to their native countries, in the *Mirror*; and it appears to me that the derivation of surnames is not less curious. I have collected these to the number of 5,600, and have formed them into classes, which renders them deserving of notice; as each name, though not interesting in itself, contributes its share to the interest of the whole. I might shake hands with Mr. Hand, or bow to Mr. Legge, without thinking of aught but the person present; but when I had assembled (as I have done,) fifty-eight names taken from different parts of the human body, I could not view them without some surprise.

The following specimen is of Names taken from the Planets, the Atmosphere, the Elements, and the Seasons:—

Moon	Gale	Mist	Eye
Starr	Breeze	Weather	Evening
World	Rain	Drought	Night
Heaven	Shower	Cold	Spring
Light	Storm	Heat	Summer
Sky	Tempest	Blight	Winter
Cloud	Frost	Spark	East
Rainbow	Snow	Blaze	West
Air	Ice	Dawn	North
Winde	Dew	Day	South
Blast	Fogg	Noon	

The names of great or wealthy families experience little or no change. The rank or riches attached to them render every collateral branch tenacious of the name while any hope of succession remains, and proud of it while any consanguinity can be traced. But the poor have no name to cherish, and they adopt one as ignorance or chance directs.

The poor man loses the name of his father in that of his residence; or he derives a name from his particular form of body, or turn of mind; or he is distinguished from his neighbours by the place, or nature, of his employment; and in one generation the former name of his family is forgotten.

I have known more than one instance of a nickname having been given to a man in low life, and of its having been fixed on his family. And it is remarkable that Leno, Shawl, and several other articles of recent invention or importation, have already given rise to family names.

C. H.

THE RIVER NILE.

AMIDST the innumerable proofs of the wisdom and goodness of our beneficent Creator, none is more affecting, or better calculated to create wonder and gratitude in man, than the rising of the water of the river Nile, to flood and nurture the land.

We observe by recent foreign papers, that Mehemet Ali has agreed to furnish the French minister of war with provisions for the French army in Algiers, but cannot fix the price, as

that will depend on the rise of the Nile. On the 17th of June, which is called the Nokta, all the leaven of household bread is thrown away, and new leaven is made, which is to last till the following year, with that evening's water of the Nile. The Copts celebrate the 18th of June as the feast of St. Michael the Archangel; and the rich sacrifice sheep and cattle, and distribute them among the poor. The public criers go to the island of Rhodia in the evening to visit the nilometer, and then announce the rise of the waters. At Cairo the increase is announced daily by the criers, and transmitted to Alexandria by the telegraph, and to Ibrahim Pasha by the daily post.

NUMISMATICS.

ROMAN COINS.

IN the month of June last, an urn or vase, such as is frequently found in Roman sepulchres, of very plain workmanship, and totally unornamented, was found in Charwood Forest, Leicestershire, in that part of it which is at present in the occupation of the monks of the Cistercian convent. The vase was filled with coins of the Roman empire, varying in time from the years [A. D.] 40-68; they are of white base metal, and in good preservation. This vase may have probably been in the ground since the Romans left England, in 426. It was discovered by a lay brother of the convent and two labourers, as they were ploughing, not more than a foot below the surface. The vase and its contents, are now being exhibited in Bruton-street.

Manners and Customs.

OLEIO.—A TALE OF SIAM.*

SINCE the king of Siam has hunted on his estates, the Siamese people have applied themselves to aggrandize, and extend their empire; so that the village of Bangkok has been almost entirely built anew.

In a great cabin, or building of chalk, having the appearance of white stone, the council of ancients assembles, presided over by their military chief. A colossal image of the god Buddha, of gilded wood, and with eyes formed of diamonds, is attached to the wall. This palace of justice is built upon firm ground, forming an exception to the generality of buildings, which are erected on floats of timber.

The military grand judge, or Jakir, is arrayed in a white robe, ornamented with polished black stones. The ancients, to the number of five, are clothed in their ordinary costume; some, however, wear a tunic of painted muslin, others a large mantle, fashioned without sleeves. Before these ancients it is, that the crimes and misdemeanors of Siamese reprobates are tried; and the subjoined is an instance of the kind:—

* Translated from Bohain's French paper.

Oleio, the accused, was brought in: he was a great brown man, of an expressive form, clad in a blue muslin tunic, and sandals of elephant skin. On his left side was to be seen a large wound, from which the blood still gushed.

The facts of his crime were these:

Since the return of the summer sun, Oleio, in hunting the tigers, had followed the flowery windings of the Salouen, a river which bordered the village. A short distance from the village, he perceived one day Teilla-Bet, the young spouse of a planter named Zabit,—a black, aged fifty-nine.

In these climes the apparel is slight, partaking of the transparency of the Coan vest, and adding an ethereal beauty by its brightness, to the fair proportions of the Siamese women.

Oleio saw the fair Siamese, and from that moment he loved her. He was altogether enthralled, as if by magic; he neglected the tigers and the panthers, on which he had made desolating war, and thought of nothing but bringing himself to the notice of the beautiful Teilla-Bet.

One evening, the seventh day of the moon, at an advanced hour, he scaled the wall, and, armed with a yataghan, entered into the garden. There, concealed in a bush of blue roses, he waited till the beautiful spouse of Zabit should arrive, according to her custom. At length she came, unattended by her women.

At this instant, Oleio disclosed himself, and threw himself on his knees. "Withdraw," said she, son of the night and of the storm!" (The Siamese adopt the storm and the night for diabolic signs.) "Withdraw, or your life will be sacrificed to your attempt."

Oleio, furious at seeing himself disdained, threw himself upon her. Rendered senseless by the conflict, the young child of Siam fell, and expired at the foot of a flowering tea-tree.

Notwithstanding, those cries had reached her husband, the ferocious Zabit. He came, his eyebrow frowning like thunder, and confronted himself with the daring marauder.

"Viper," said he, "you would have spoiled the flower on its stem, and rifled its sweetness: the god Buddha demands an expiation; he reclaims his guiltless dove. In the name of Buddha, whose priest I am, I command you to surrender."

At this sacred order, the unfortunate victim was overpowered by terror; and, his eyes in tears, and howling with despair, he seized his dead and beautiful victim, while he plunged into his own heart the iron with which he was armed. Covered with the blood, which flowed in huge drops from his side, he fell exhausted, with his face towards the earth.

He was now to be judged.

The corpse of the beautiful Teilla-Bet was brought in. Even in death, there was a sweet

and faded loveliness hovering about her features, and an expression pure as a reposing angel's.

Oleio, at the sight, uttered a cry of joy; he recognized her whom he yet adored.

The grand judge, lifting his grave voice, said, "Oleio, son of toads and spiders, venomous insect rejected by the flowers, are you guilty?"

"By Buddha," answered Oleio, "the golden sun of suns, I am!"

"Put it to the trial, then," said the grand judge.

The vessel of trial was now brought in, which contained hot-boiling water; the accused plunged into it his two hands, and drew them out again dreadfully blistered.

Upon this the grand judge said, "The voice of the Most High has made itself heard—guilty being, what do you ask?"

Oleio answered with fervour, "Death!"

At this moment, the huge tymbalons were heard without; the savage dances commenced, and the banquet began. Four Siamese, raimented in white, took some cake, some milk, some bread, and *rauk* (a spirituous liquor,) and inserted it into the mouth of the sad-destroyed corpse. Oleio, the condemned, clothed in a blood-red mantle, was placed on a seat by the dead. Then a ferocious drinking-bout began, accompanied by laughter, blasphemies, and songs.

After this, the punishment of the *Cangne* was resorted to. This was a kind of ladder, six feet in length, which had only two steps in the middle, between which they placed the neck of the criminal, while the multitude pelted him with stones. After having left Oleio ten minutes, they withdrew, and put him into a sack with a male cat, and a viper taken out of the hot sand of Salouen, and thus placed him upon the spot where he had committed the outrage, while the people entirely surrounded him, singing in chorus.

During this period, the sack leapt several times, and made some fearful bounds. The hissings of the reptile, the ferocious cries of the furious cat, and the moanings of the man, for a long time filled the crowd with horror and reverence. At length the motions of the sack slackened—became rare—next ceased—and a large blotch of blood oozed out at the extremity. Buddha was satisfied. Justice had been done!

At this moment, a savage cry of triumph resounded in the gate of Bangkok. It was Zabit, the husband of the victimized Teilla-Bet, who praised God!

THE GOLDEN TOOTH.

In 1593, a report prevailed, that a child in Sillesia, seven years old, having lost its first teeth, in the new set a tooth of gold grew up, in place of one of the cheek teeth.

Hortius, Professor of Medicine in the University of Helmstadt, became so convinced of

the truth of this story, that he wrote a history of this tooth, in which he affirmed, that it was partly natural and partly miraculous, and that it had been sent by heaven to that child, to console the poor Christians oppressed by the Turks.

Hortius, however, was but one historian of the tooth; for, in the same year that this work appeared, Rullandus wrote another history of it.

Ingosterus, another learned man, two years afterwards, wrote in opposition to Rullandus, respecting the golden tooth, who failed not to make a very elaborate and scientific reply.

Libavius, another great man, collected all that had been said on the tooth, and added his own peculiar doctrine.

Nothing was wanting to so many fine works, but a proof that the tooth was really of gold; a goldsmith, at length, was called to examine it, who discovered that it was only a bit of leaf-gold applied to the tooth with considerable address.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE.*

ARCHITECTURE,—as the personification of a power, which has never been propitiated, save by the universal and spontaneous devotion of great nations,—may be in the present age, considered as dead. She lies, as it were, buried in a vast mausoleum, composed of fragments from the temples of Vishnu, Isis, Jupiter, Mahomet, and Christ; from which the dissipated states of partitioned empires, have been since obtaining materials for sectarian churches, palaces, manufactories, and shops; sometimes mixing up the fragments, any how—just as they come to hand; sometimes critically assorting and re-employing them, in a manner which at least deserves the praise of self-consistency. The distinction between the olden time and the modern age is typified in the forms of the one, and the fashions of the other. Instead of examples of architecture, we have now architectural examples. Whatever religious impulses have been given to the modern world, there has been no new religion; and, whatever great and gorgeous work of architecture has been since accomplished, it has been "great and gorgeous" only. It has served to exemplify the particular taste of a Bramante, a Palladio, or a Wren; but it has manifested the spirit of adoption rather than the power of design—the skill which combines, more than the imagination which invents.

PORTER.

This malt liquor is so called from being the favourite beverage of the *porters* and work-people of the metropolis and other large towns of the British empire.

The essential distinction of porter arose, at first, from its wort being made with highly-

* From "the Palace of Architecture," by George Wightwick.

kilned brown malt, while other kinds of beer and ale were brewed from a paler article; but of late years, the taste of the public having run in favour of sweeter and lighter beverages, the actual porter is brewed with a less proportion of brown malt, is less strongly hopped, and not allowed to get hard by long keeping in huge ripening tuns.

Some brewers colour the porter with brown sugar; but in general the most respectable concentrate a quantity of their first and best wort to an extract, in an iron pan, and burn this into a *colouring* stuff, whereby they can lay claim to the merit of using nothing in their manufacture but malt and hops.

The singular flavour of good London porter seems to proceed, in a great degree, from that of the old casks and fermenting tuns in which it is prepared.

Dr. Ure considers that the porter brewed by the eminent London houses, when drunk in moderation, is a far wholesomer beverage for the people than the thin acidulous wines of France and Germany.

New Books.

Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany. Interspersed with renderings from the French and Italian. By John Macray. [Parker, Oxford.]

[How many translations resemble the metamorphosis of Philomela. The tuneful tongue of the original sufferer is so far cut off, that the mutilated remains utter nothing but a deplorable or unmeaning *Tercu*. Translations after this fashion, professing to come from the German, daily appear, and this is the more sad, as the German poets are generally great in thought, and refined in expression. The present book is, however, much better than the mass, more especially when considered as the labour of a young student: nay, the subjoined renderings have even kindled in us delight:]

THE LEGEND OF THE THREE HOLY KINGS.*

ROMANCE THE FIRST: SHOWING HOW THE TWELVE STAR-GAZERS STOOD UPON A MOUNTAIN IN THE EAST.

This legend is founded on the account in the Gospels of the Journey of the Wise Men to worship the newly-born King of the Jews, from having seen his star in the east; and was very popular in many parts of the Christian church, from early times down to a period subsequent to the Reformation. The simple account of the Evangelists, received, in after ages, many accessions of a strange and extraordinary nature,†

* This Legend of the Three Holy Kings, by Gustavus Schwab, is subdivided into Twelve Romances. These Romances are prefixed, by way of summary, to an edition of "The Legend," published at Stuttgart, in 1822. The work was printed from a Latin MS., communicated to Schwab by the celebrated Goethe, and from another MS. in German, discovered in the library at Heidelberg.

† These had, indeed, so multiplied and increased, that, in the 14th century, the historical, prophetic,

from the credulity or superstition of less enlightened times. In the following Romance, the twelve Star-gazers are supposed to be part of a multitudinous assemblage that always met on the high mountains of Vaus, to watch the appearance of the promised star; and that this number, twelve, ever continued, through succeeding ages, to be the faithful few, who, through every vicissitude, directed their gaze to the sign of the coming Saviour.

PERFUM'D by herbs, all sweetness blending,
And graced with trees on every side,
A hill moss, to heaven ascending,
Of all the East the boast and pride.

Steep the ascent, and long the stages,
But bright above shines day and night;
Upon its summit stand twelve sages,
And fix on heaven their raptur'd sight.

When morn returns they yield to slumber,
And each around him wraps his robe,
In vain the hours, in dazzling number,
Pour day and glory o'er the globe.

But ever, as the breezes waken,
That gently sigh at fall of night,
Then straight on high, with gaze unshaken,
They turn to hail the promis'd light.

To them the wondrous book of heaven—
Each radiant page is then unroll'd;
On earth, what silver seem'd is given
To shine above, as radiant gold.

If e'er the stars, to man revealing
His earthly fate were truly rend—
Here, on this mount, when nightly kneeling,
That light is o'er the sages shed.

And there they stand—intent exploring—
What may the will of heaven be;
Yet ne'er while o'er the prospect poring,
The crown of all their hopes they see.

That STAR—triumphantly resplendent
O'er all the host of heaven far;
BEACON and LIGHT for ever pendent,
The blinded Heathen's guiding star.

That star—prophetic Balaam greeted—
The herald of the Saviour-king;
Upon his throne of glory seated,
The people's guide, and light, and wing.

So ran the story; and astonish'd
The expectant EAST awaited now;
'Twas this the gazing seers admouish'd
To meet upon the mountain's brow.

And hope made ev'ry step seem lighter,
And smooth'd the path so steep and rude,
And faded eyes again beam'd brighter,
And forms long bent erectly stood.

And when even death surpris'd them, gazing,
Still turn'd their lust fond long looks on high,
Where thousand thousand suns are blazing—
To which on earth they long'd to fly.

[Laura—the charming idol of Petrarcha's soul—in a poem of Mathiasson's, entitled, "Laura praying," p. 20, is delicately depicted, save that the use of "zephyrus" is pedantic. Schiller's ode to the "German Muse," p. 22, has much power in its lines. The "Dead Grandmother" of Victor Hugo is a sweet poem, worthy of all love, but it has already been before the public "terque quaterque."]

and allegorical materials were so skilfully blended and worked up, by Prior John of Hildesheim, as to form a whole, in the opinion of Goethe,—no mean judge, (see his *Kunst und Alterthum*, vol. ii., pt. ii., p. 156.)—of the most attractive nature, and worthy to take its place, in the same rank, with the most popular works for the instruction and improvement of the people.

[The rich vein of orientalism which distinguished our first legend, displays itself even more advantageously in a poem of Uhland's—"The Minstrel's Curse." The translator's lines have the melody of a trumpet:]

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

There stood a mighty castle, in times long past and gone,
O'er land and ocean glancing, its stately turrets shone;
And spicy gardens circling, in blooming wreaths were bound,
Where fresh'ning waters sparkled their rainbow hues around.

There sat a mighty monarch, in lands and victories great,
Upon his throne reposing in sad and solemn state,
For what he wills is terror, and what he looks revenge,
And what he speaks is statute, tho' blood his words avenged.

Once pass'd by this proud castle a noble minstrel pair,
The one with golden ringlets, the other hoary hair,
With harp in hand the elder, sat on a gullant steed,
The other ran beside him, with youth's unwearied speed.

And thus began the elder—"Now be prepar'd, my son,
Let's choose our deepest measure, our best lot now be done,

All power of song conjuring, of pleasure or of smart,
To-day we have to soften the monarch's stony heart."

Then stood these minstrel-brethren amid the dazzling scene,
Where on their thrones reposing the King and Queen were seen;

The King in fearful splendour, like ruddy northern light,
The Queen all soft and placid, like Cynthia's summer-night.

The old man's harp then ringing, began a wondrous strain,
That louder, ever louder, ran thrilling through the brain;

The youth's clear accents rising in heavenly sweetness stole;

Between, like voices of spirits, the elder's shook the soul.

They sang of love and spring-time, of the happy golden age,

Of manhood, truth, devotion, and freedom's holy rage;

They sang of all that's sweetest, the human breast can charm;

They sang of all that's deepest, the human heart can warm.

The courtly ring were startled, and ceas'd their idle jeers;

The monarch's mighty warriors to heaven confessed their fears;

The Queen, all mov'd, dissolving in love and tender care,

Threw from her breast a posy unto the minstrel pair.

The King, with fury glowing, then call'd with wrathful mien,

"My people you have cheated, and would you bribe my Queen?"

And straight his blade like lightning, the youth's fair bosom gored,

Whence blood, for golden music, quick forth in fountains pour'd.

And like the dust in tempests fast fled the courtier swarm,

As down the youth expiring sank on his master's arm;

Who on his steed uprais'd him, and with his mantle round,

Now slowly from the castle upon his way did bound.

But yet some lingering moments he stoop'd before the gate,

While on its marble columns he hung his tuneful mate,
That harp of harps the sweetest, and there its chords ambient,
And wall'd, while with the echo the castle-towers were rent.

"Woe, woe to you proud castle, may never poet's song,

Nor minstrel's tuneful measures be heard your haunts among;

But sighs instead, and wailing, and slavery's dastard tread,

Till red revenge has emptied her vials on your head.

"Woe to you, spicy gardens, in lovely summer dress! Here, gaze on these dead features, that blight may on you rest,

And turn your bowers to deserts, each fountain to a stone,

And death, for fruitful seasons, may rain your fields upon.

"Woe to you ruthless murderer! of bard and song the bane;

For fame's ensanguin'd laurels be all your struggles vain;

Your name, your race, forgotten, enwropt in thickest night,

Like death's expiring vapour, elude the straining sight."

Thus pray'd the hoary minstrel, nor slow to hear was heaven.

Down fell the lofty ramparts, the halls to dust were riven;

Save our proud pillar standing to tell its former might,
Now doom'd, half-burst, to crumble, some wild tempestuous night.

And now, where gardens flourish'd are waste and barren lands,

No trees shed cooling verdure, no streams glide o'er the sands;

That monarch's memory hallows no song, no legend strange,

Forgotten and unmention'd—such is the Bard's Revenge!

Public Journals.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NO. CCXCVIII. August, 1840.

[BELIEF in unseen spiritual powers, threw vast shades of old time, over the minds of men, investing whole nations with a sombrous character. And even to-day, when the belief has waxed faint, and ghosts and phantoms are treated as chimeras, facts do now and then arise that astonish men, even as Ezechiel was astonished, who, when he thought no one was near him, saw, by virtue of a purged vision, fiery-armed seraphim, on his right hand and his left.

Blackwood has, this month, a paper on the subject, entitled, "A few passages concerning omens, dreams, &c." and the facts, corroborative of invisible agencies, and apparitions, are calculated to startle the stoutest anti-theorist.]

Superstition regnant over the highest minds.

Superstition implies a fear of a power superior to ourselves: and it has, at least, a tendency to get the conceit out of us, strutting, crowing creatures, that exalt ourselves in our pride of science and knowledge. The wisest of mankind have been under its influence, as well as the weakest.

I was, not very long ago, conversing with one who was in the habit of making a mock at the credulity of mankind. He was not aware that he was himself gifted with his full share. I found he attached great importance to the particular number nine, and said he dreaded the coming of every year terminating in nine, for that every such year had been

disastrous to him; and he ran over a great number of events, unpleasant, indeed, enough, all which had occurred in years whose last figure was *nine*. I know a gentleman of high attainments and natural strong sense, who always takes off his hat to a magpie. Innumerable are the little superstitious that affect strong minds; perhaps, it may be even asserted, that the stronger the mind, the more certain is it to enjoy some such small safety-valve of the imagination, that the general current of thought may be the more free from vagrant fancies. The doubt which often perplexes, is gladly converted into a belief.

— *Rousseau—Pascal.*

It is curious to see Rousseau speculating upon his future condition in another world, by throwing stones at trees—and being quite sure of his happiness, because he hit what he could hardly miss.

And was the good, the religious Pascal, more reasonable than that whimsical philosopher, when he practised the most severe mortifications, even ordering a wall to be built before a window of his study, from which he thought he had too agreeable a prospect; or his sister, a woman of sound judgment and piety, when she actually died of thirst, as she thought, to the glory of God?

— *Brown.*

What are we to say to the curious case of Brown, author of the "Defence of the Religion of Nature," and of the "Christian Revolution"—a man of exemplary life, and great intellectual abilities; yet he thought that his rational soul was gradually perishing, and there was nothing left to him but animal life, in common with brutes; and thus he informs her Majesty, "That by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very thinking substance has, for more than seven years, been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing?" Such is the disease of an overwrought mind.

Nervousness of the writer's friend, Eugene.

But I wished to tell you, my dear Eusebins, how the nervousness of our friend Eugene, came upon him in the following sudden manner. "He had never witnessed a death-bed. It was to his imagination, an awful thing; but poetically so, if the expression may be allowed; that is, it was a feeling to indulge in when his fancy so willed. It was a part of the drama: a scene to sit and weep over, as over a Juliet in her tomb, and then to return to the world of life, and in a moment know it not—feel it not. The conception was one of high-wrought pleasure to sport with—and to discard. He was the child playing at the cockatrice's den.

He was then living in the little village of —, and very near the residence of a beloved sister. He had passed an evening with her and her interesting daughter, then rather an

invalid, with more than usual cheerfulness. In the night, he was suddenly awakened out of a sweet sleep, the sweeter from the cheerfulness he had enjoyed, and told that she (his sister) was dying. He reached her house in time to support her in his arms, and in them she died. The shock, he said, stupified him, so that he scarcely knew the power of the blow which had struck him. Within a few days, he was again summoned, and again at night, to receive the latest breath of her dying daughter: she, too, expired in his arms. He saw them both deposited in one grave. The week of wretchedness was not yet concluded. The day following the funeral, a letter announced to him the death of a very dear friend. At the same time, a near neighbour, wishing to divert his mind from brooding over these melancholy occurrences, called upon him. They walked out for some time, and would have proceeded together to the town of B—; but our friend had letters to write, and engaged, within an hour, to meet his friend in the town. Thither, at the time agreed upon, he went. He saw his friend on the opposite side of the street—ere he could reach him, he saw him suddenly fall back—there was an immediate rush of those about him—Eugene reached him, and was one that supported him—he was dead. This was very awful: was very dreadful. He was haunted, he said, with images of death. It made him, as he described it, see through the covering of the fleshly beauty with which Nature had concealed the intricate mechanism of life, and through the more various clothing which the arts of life had superadded, and behold, nothing but the bare deformity of death—the deformity of death, yet more hideous to him, for it was gifted with life: man, woman, and child, were to his mind's eye, that thus, in fact, superseded other vision, but walking, sitting, and running skeletons. Any distressing, any vexatious circumstance, instantly affects him, powerfully, even now; but less so than at first. His palpitations of the heart, were, for a year or two, frightful. He assured me, that, during two years, he did not think there was one hour in any day, in which he had not powerfully pictured to his mind, scenes of death, either of his own, or of those he loved. During those two years his existence was miserable.

Test of Touching the Body.

Superstition takes its colour from the mind: it may exhibit an awful phantasmagoria; but, the pictures are made for it, and people choose those they like best: superstition only makes them conspicuous. The touching the body, as a test of guilt or innocence, whether Providence choose to mark the criminal by miraculous change, if that change in the bleeding body be not some natural sympathy, we know not how elicited, but called miraculous, because we understand not the operation, or whether the illusion is only in the mind's eye of the guilty, who sees gushing, the blood that he

has once shed, (as Shakspeare finely conceives in *Lady Macbeth* in vain washing her little hand,) and confesses the deed, the ordeal may have prevented many a murder, by the notoriety of the discovery. Take an example from the *State Trials*.

"On the trial of Philip Standsfield for the murder of his father, is the following extraordinary evidence, (Edinburgh, in Scotland.) Deposition of Humphrey Spurway, viz:—

"When the surgeons had caused the body of Sir James to be, by their servants, sewen up again, and his grave-cloathes put on, a speech was made to this purpose.—'It is requisite now, that those of Sir James Standsfield's relations and nearest friends should take him off from the place where he now lies, and lift him into his coffin.' So I saw Mr. James Rowe at the left side of Sir James' head and shoulder; and Mr. Philip Standsfield at the right side of his head and shoulder; and, going to lift off the body, I saw Mr. Philip drop the head of his father upon the form, and much blood in hand, and himself flying off from the body, crying, 'Lord have mercy upon me,' or 'upon us,' wiping off the blood on his clothes, and so laying himself over a seat in the church; some, supposing that he would swaiff or swoon away, called for a bottle of water for him."

Sir George M'Kenzie takes this notice of the above evidence, in his speech to the inquest. "But they, fully persuaded that Sir James was murdered by his own son, sent out some surgeons and friends, who, having raised the body, did see it bleed miraculously upon his touching it. In which God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies which we produce: that Divine Power which makes the blood circulate during life, has oft-times, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death, upon such occasions, but most in this case."

Now, if we fairly consider the matter, such a discovery of a murder is not a whit more wonderful, nor more to be accounted as from the Divine purpose, than is the discovery of a murder by dreams; and there are so many of the kind in every one's mouth, that it is difficult to know where to choose; and some are so authenticated, that it seems to me to be but a presumptuous boldness altogether, to set them aside.

Dreamers of Dreams.

"I will tell you a discovery, though not of a murder, that was told me by the dreamer, a very intelligent person, and upon whose veracity I had great reliance. He has been dead many years. It occurred to him when a young man. He was engaged in a china manufactory at Swansea. He dreamed that he saw a man drowning in one of their pools. He dreamed the same a second time, and a third time, and then could not resist making an effort to rise and satisfy himself that it was not so. He did rise, went to the spot, and

found the man drowned. But have we not authority for dreams that we cannot question? There is the significant dream of Jacob; there is Joseph, the pious, the favoured dreamer, and the interpreter of dreams; there is Pharaoh's dream of the fat and lean kine; the dream of Pilate's wife, and consequent admonition,—'Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.' And if it be said that dreams which have no consequent action, are not likely to be divinely significant, we may point to this dream of Pilate's wife. It did not save. What shall we say to the precautionary dream of Cæsar's wife? And of the dream-like vision—Cæsar appearing to Brutus, and the famous 'Meet me at Philippi?' Then comes the question, are "appearances" dreams, imaginary visions? or are they, however inexplicable the mode, the actual spiritual presence of the persons whose images they bear? 'It is wonderful,' said Dr. Johnson, 'that five thousand years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. All argument is against it, but all belief is for it.'

Apparition of a slain Soldier.

I had rather make discoveries in this "terra incognita," the world of spirits, and their connexion with us, than all that has been, or ever will be, discovered in Arctic and Antarctic seas. One fact established upon authority, would be inestimable. Here is a story that seems to rest upon the most undoubted evidence, for facts have followed it.

Colonel B——, with two other officers of the names of D—— and S——, were stationed in America, some years before the American war. Colonel B—— was sent up the country to quell an insurrection of the natives; the two others remained behind. A very short time after the Colonel's departure, D—— and S—— were sleeping in the same apartment, in two separate beds, when Colonel B—— entered the rooms, some hours after the gentlemen had been in bed. S—— (a light burning in the room) perceived him enter, and expressed much surprise to see him return so soon; the Colonel told him that he was now *no more*, having been killed by the natives early in the action: that his reason for appearing, was, to request S—— to find his infant son, who was then in England; and directed him where to find his will. He then left the room; S—— asked his friend D—— if he had seen or heard anything, to which D—— replied, that he had seen the apparition, and had heard every syllable of what had passed. Returning to England, they found every circumstance exactly coinciding with the apparition's account, and the affair was represented to her Majesty, (Queen Charlotte) who, in consequence, kindly adopted the infant.

Singular Forebodings of Mrs. Donne.

There is something remarkably affecting in that passage of "Walton's Life of Dr. John Donne," wherein there is the foreboding of ill in the mind of Donne's wife, and the account of the vision that appeared to him. Mr. Donne was desirous of accompanying Lord Hay and Sir Robert Drowry in their embassy to Henry IV. of France. His desire being suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise so ill that she professed an unwillingness to his absence from her, saying, "*Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence.*" Mr. Donne, however, went, and on the twelfth day got safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert and he, and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half-an-hour, and as he left so he found Mr. Donne alone, but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; inasmuch, that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence, to which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say—"I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you: and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne replied, "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and I am as sure, that, at her second appearance, she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished."

Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said that desire and doubt have no rest, and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drowry House, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive, and if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day, the messenger returned with this account:—"That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber."

Isaac Walton's Remarks.

"This," alluding to the last instance, says the good Isaac, "is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may, for most of our

world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles have ceased. But if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story, a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him to consider many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St. Austin, and Monica, his mother, had visions in order to his conversion. And though these and many others (too many to name) have but the authority of human story; yet the incredible reader may find in the sacred story, that Samuel did appear to Saul, even after his death, (whether really or not, I undertake not to determine,) and Bildad, in the book of Job, says these words:—"A spirit passed before my face: the hair of my head stood up: fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake."

POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL. August, 1840.

[Partly like the butterfly, and partly like the bee, this excellent magazine devotes its hours either to wandering among the fair gardens of Art and the Hesperides, "who sing around the golden tree,"—or in storing up staple food in no unendurable hive. Desirous, howsoever, of getting this week at the honey, start we the winged denizen from Hymettus. Great part of a learned and full paper on "Ancient British Remains," must, for lack of space, stand to the future, but that is not the whole of the honey-treasure:—]

Setting up of Stones by the Hebrews.

The earliest recorded instance of the setting up of stones is to be found in the book of Genesis, where Jacob is described as dreaming a mysterious dream, and in the morning marking his sensations by this species of memorial. "And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it for a pillar, and poured oil on the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel. And this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house."—Gen. xxviii. 18, 19, 22. In another part of the book of Genesis we find an account of an agreement between Jacob and his father-in-law Laban:—"Now, therefore, come thou, let us make a covenant I and thou; and let it be for a witness between us. And Jacob took a stone, and set it up for a pillar. And Jacob said unto his brethren, Gather stones; and they took stones and made an heap, and did eat there upon the heap."—Gen. xxxi. 44, 45, 46. Again, we find Jacob setting up a pillar over the grave of his beloved wife Rachel. Throughout the whole of the patriarchal history in the Old Testament, constant mention is made of the practice of setting up altars and stones of memorial. Joshua is described as setting up twelve stones to mark the event of the passage of the children of Israel over the river Jordan; and Samuel sacrificed at a great stone after a victory over the Philistines.

These stone pillars of the Israelites were their first places of worship, open temples being afterwards erected on the spot. Among the Greeks, stone pillars were in constant use. Homer several times alludes to their use. Stones were so frequently erected by the ancient Greeks to mark memorable events, that Plato made laws to limit their number.

["Circassia and the Black Sea," conveys much information. Of this nation, dwelling on the borders of the Negropontic Sea, whose warriors are not less mighty now, than when they flouted the proud eagles of Rome under Mithridates, and whose women are gloriously beautiful to behold—it cannot be unentertaining to know the customs.]

CUSTOMS OF THE CIRCASSIANS.

Triple Division of the People.—The Circassians state their origin to be Arab, and are divided into three classes, the princes, the nobles, and the vassals; the latter being, like the ancient clans of Scotland, devotedly attached to their lords. The person of the chief, or prince, is held sacred, and during his feasts he is waited on by his nobles, but it is in the manner of a patriarch served by his sons. Although the noble gives his service with the greatest humility to his prince, yet his freedom and his property are entirely independent of his chieftain, nor can the noble appropriate the property of his dependants, or invade the rights of the meanest of his vassals.

Their Laws and Assemblies.—They have nothing like a written law among them, but are governed by a sort of common right, or what has become an established custom from ancient usage. The great bulk of the people assemble on important occasions in a sort of general council, where the prince always opens the business, and proposes the measures he thinks should be taken, for the consideration of the assembly. The whole body of nobles then deliberate on what he has brought forward, and the result is referred to a certain number of grave personages chosen from the people, who, by their patriarchal consequence and their eminent wisdom, have acquired the title of Elders, selected on the occasion by the various tribes. These venerable men then discuss the subject in debate, and each gives his opinion; if the three consultations are found to agree for the measure proposed, it is adopted; and if it is a question of social right, the decision becomes a precedent, and is binding as a national decree. These assemblies, which so much resemble the Saxon Wittenagemote, are held in an open area near the dwelling of the prince.

Clasement of Female Children.—In bringing up the female children, this people have a custom peculiar to their nation, the origin of which is wrapped in obscurity. Soon after a female infant is born, her waist is encircled by a tight leathern bandage, which only gives way afterwards to the natural

growth of the child; it is then replaced by another, and so on, till the shape is completely formed according to the taste of the country, the waist being extremely small, and the bust full; on the nuptials, the husband cuts the cincture with his poniard, a custom terrific to the blushing bride.

Marriage incomplete till the first Birth.—When the first child of the marriage is born, the residue of the fortune is received from the father of the bride, and at the same time she is invested with the distinguishing badges of a wife, among the principal tribes never assumed till offspring is born of the union; a long white veil over a sort of red ceif form these honourable marks, the rest of the dress being also white, which is worn by all the women, the men always wearing colours.

Military Accoutrements of the Men.—The arms and armour of the husband are the care of his wife; if she has the most distant idea that he has not used them with bravery, on his return she meets him with reproaches, nor will she be reconciled till he has washed out the disgrace in the blood of his enemies or his own.

Avengement of Murder.—According to Pallas, their spirit of resentment is so great, that all the relations of a murderer are considered guilty. This customary infatuation to revenge the blood of relatives, generates most of the feuds, and is the occasion of great bloodshed among all the tribes; for unless pardon be purchased by intermarriage between the two families, the principle of revenge is propagated to all succeeding generations. The hatred which they have to the Russians, in a great measure, arises from this source. If vengeance is appeased by a price being paid to the family of the deceased, it is called *Thel-Uas-a*, the price of blood; but neither the Usdens or Princes can accept of such a compensation; and it is an established usage among them to demand blood for blood.

The following moral sayings of Pachacatee, an Inca of Peru, are given by Garcilasso de la Vega, in his *Royal Commentaries*:—

Better is it, that thou shouldst be envied by others for being good, than that thou shouldst envy others because thou art bad.

Envy is a cancer, which eats and gnaws into the bowels of the envious.

Drunkenness, anger, and folly, are equally mischievous; differing only in this, that the two first are transient and mutable, but the third, permanent and continuing.

A truly noble and courageous spirit is best tried by that patience which he shows in the times of adversity.

Impatience is the character of a poor and degenerate spirit, and of one that is ill-taught and uneducated.

The Gatherer.

Architecture, a study for Females.—Can our fair countrywomen do better than give some of their leisure to an art so essentially decorative as that of architecture? Themselves the chief ornaments of the mansion, should they not have a kindred feeling for that mansion's beauty! The needle becomes not the female hand more than the pencil; nor is the music of harmonizing forms and proportions less suited to their delicate comprehensions, than the melody of dulcet sounds.—*Wightwick's Palace of Architecture.*

Rats of the Bastille.—According to a French journal, the obstacle which prevents the demolition of the elephant-like Bastille, is the immense number of rats established in the floors and walls, which would spread themselves immediately over the neighbourhood of St. Antoine.—*Bohain's French Newspaper.*

Distillation of Sea-water.—In the notices of the voyage of the French ship l'Uraie, for scientific objects, it is asserted that sea-water has been successfully distilled, and that by the process, a ship can circumnavigate the globe.

Force of Gunpowder.—Some workmen recently in a slate quarry, near Langholm, bored the rock to the depth of three feet, and charged it with about 2½ lbs of gunpowder. On explosion, a block of stone, 3½ feet square, and upwards of 3½ tons weight, was hurled at a single bound, to the distance of 51 yards. This block, more marvellous still, was wedged in on all sides but the front, and the bottom was completely broken out of solid stone.—*Surveyor's and Engineer's Journal.*

Art possesses a language which speaks to all eyes, and is understood by all nations.

Wonderful speed on a Railway.—A new locomotive engine, on the North Midland Railway, accomplished thirty-nine miles (from Rotherham to Derby) with a heavy train of five hundred passengers, in an hour and twenty-five minutes. On return, it ran *ten miles in eight minutes*, being at the rate of *seventy-five miles per hour!*

Strawberries.—The method of eating strawberries, by putting them in layers, and mixing them with lemon-juice and sugar, is said to be highly dangerous, although common in Italy. It is alleged that strawberries so mixed, undergo a chemical process which renders them almost as injurious as the juice of hemlock in a state of fermentation.

The Biter Bit.—A kite was lately observed by a gentleman at Aberystwith, soaring high in the air with something in its talons, from which he seemed endeavouring to disengage himself. Presently the kite rapidly descended, the gentleman fired, and brought it down. On going up to the bird, he was surprised to find that he had killed a weasel as well as a kite. The kite, it seems, in its voracious

search for prey, had snatched up the weasel, which, however, instantly seized the kite by the breast, and while in the air had kept its grasp so furiously, as it is well known this little animal will do, that it had eaten a hole into the body of the kite, which must have been fatal if he had not been hit by the shot from the gun.

Expense of Railroads.—The capital authorized to be raised for the formation of railways, from the year 1831 to 1840, amounts to sixty-two million, seven hundred and eighty-six thousand, nine hundred and thirty-one pounds: there are also nine railroad bills in progress through Parliament, and the amount proposed to be raised is one million, three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds.

Population of Russia.—The tables of M. Kœppen for 1838 give a population of fifty-three million, nine hundred and seventy-seven thousand, two hundred souls; and including the army and navy, the wandering tribes, Poland and Finland, the number of inhabitants is sixty-two million, five hundred thousand.

Chatsworth.—The following Latin inscription has been put up in the painted hall at Chatsworth during last week, composed of a tablet of white marble, with red marble letters:—"Ædes has paternas dilectissimas anno libertatis Anglicæ MDCLXXXVIII. institutas Gul. S. Devonix dux, anno MDCCCXI. hæres accepit: anno mœrens MDCCCL. perfecit." Translated—"William Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, received as heir, in 1811, these most beautiful hereditary buildings, which were commenced in the year of English liberty, 1688; he completed them when in grief, in the year 1840."

A law is a written custom, and a custom an unwritten law.

Autogenous Union of Metals.—M. de Richemont has discovered means of uniting lead and other metals in their own materials, without, as hitherto, using others. This is effected by directing the flame of a fine jet of hydrogen on the parts to be united by means of a fine beak. A complete fusion of the metal thereupon takes place, and the parts are united into one homogenous mass, the metals at the point of junction being in the same state as the parts untouched.

Mode of Preserving Fruit.—M. St. Aubin recommends for this purpose, to form with clay a mass similar in size and shape to the fruit to be preserved. This mass is then to be surrounded with a thin coating of wax; and when the latter has cooled, it is to be cut in half, so as to obtain two hollow hemispheres. The fruit is then to be inclosed in the latter, which are to be cemented together with fresh wax.

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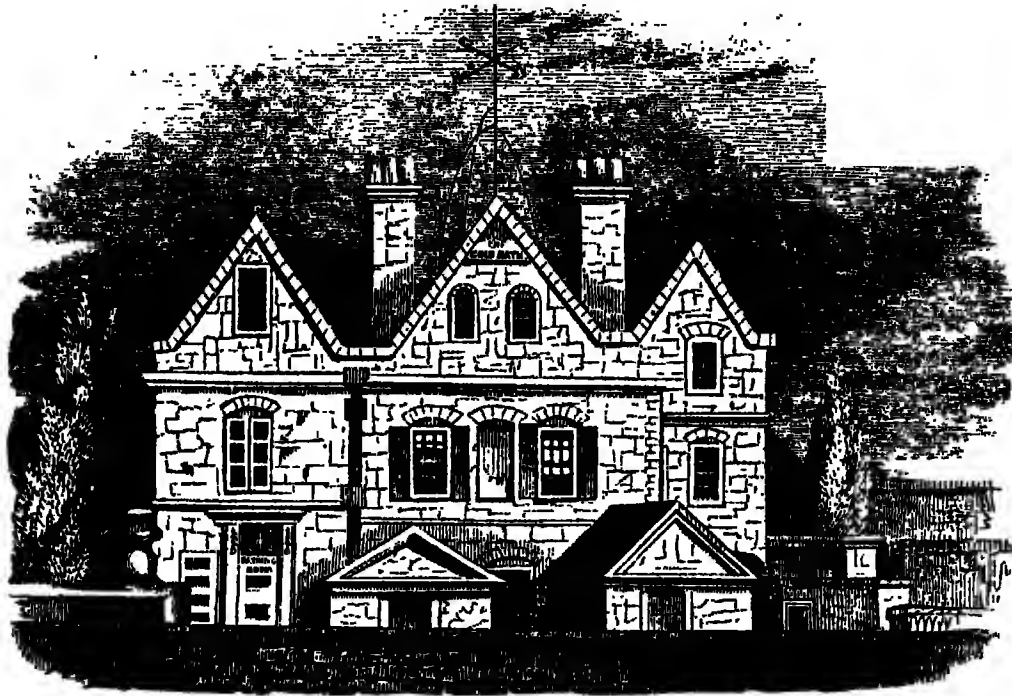
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.



SOUTH VIEW OF THE OLD BATH-HOUSE,

COLD-BATH SQUARE, CLERKENWELL.

THIS celebrated Bath was originally the property of one Walter Baynes, who purchased a moiety of the estate, in 1696; when it comprised Windmill Hill, or Sir John Oldcastle's Field, extending westward from Sir John Oldcastle's to the River Fleet, or, as it was then called, Turnmill Brook; and southward, by Coppice Row, to the same brook, near the Clerk's Wells: while Gardiner's Farm was the plot on which stands the Middlesex House of Correction. When Walter Baynes purchased this property, his attention was first directed to the *Cold Spring* situate upon his moiety, and which, in 1697, he converted into a *Bath*, spoken of, eleven years afterwards, in the "New View," as "the most noted and first about London." The latter part of this assertion, as it was written so near the time at which it states the origin of our Cold Bath, is sufficient to disprove the story of its having been the bath of Nell Gwynn, whom a *nude* figure, on porcelain, preserved by the proprietor, is said to represent.* Most probably, the spring was discovered by Mr. Baynes, at

the commencement of his building operations: certainly, none of the legal instruments relating to the estate, of an earlier period, make mention of it.

In Mr. Baynes's time, the charge for bathing was 2s.; or, in the case of patients, who, from weakness, required "the chair," 2s. 6d. The chair was suspended from the ceiling, in such a manner, that a person placed in it could be thereby lowered into the water, and drawn up again in the same way. The water was at the acmé of its reputation in 1700. Of its utility, in cases of weakness more especially, there can be no question. Besides which, its efficacy is stated in the cure of scorbutic complaints, nervous affections, rheumatism, chronic disorders, &c. It is a chalybeate, and deposits a saline incrustation. The spring is said to supply twenty thousand gallons daily. The height to which it rises in the marble receptacles prepared for it, is four feet seven inches. For a single bath, the charge is now 1s.; or, the visitor may subscribe by the month, quarter, or year. There are, besides, all the requisite conveniences for shower or warm bathing.

* *Cromwell's History and Description of the Parish of Clerkenwell*, 1828.

Until the sale of the estate in 1811, the Bath House, with the garden in which it stood, comprised an area of 103 feet by 60, enclosed by a brick wall, with a summer-house (resembling a little tower) at each angle. The house had several gables, and the whole external appearance was singular and antique. The freehold being divided into three lots, was bought for 3,830*l.*, by the Trustees of the Fever Hospital, at Pancras, whose intention it was to erect that hospital on the site. Relinquishing their design, through the interference of the county magistrates, and the opposition it excited in the neighbourhood, they let the garden on building leases, and the whole is now covered with houses, the Bath remaining in the midst.

In 1815, the exterior of the Bath House was nearly all taken down, leaving only a small portion of its frontage which it still retains.

Among the many *Baths of London*, the following, with the above, are the most celebrated:—

St. Agnes le Clerc, Old-Street-Road, is a spring of considerable antiquity, having been known in the time of Henry VIII. It is said to be efficacious in rheumatic and nervous cases. The house for the accommodation of visitors, contains two baths, the larger for the use of gentlemen, and the smaller for ladies.

Peerless Pool, City-road, having been formerly a dangerous pond, was called *Perilous Pool*, till 1748, when it was fitted up in a commodious style by Mr. Kemp, who denominated it *Peerless*, a name to which it is justly entitled, being the largest public bath in the metropolis. It measures one hundred and seventy feet in length, and one hundred in breadth, and is surrounded by boxes, for the convenience of the bathers. Here likewise, is a commodious cold bath, forty feet long, and twenty broad.

St. Chad's Wells, Grays-Inn-Lane-road, were formerly celebrated for their medicinal properties, but are now little frequented. They are said to have derived their name from St. Chad, the first Bishop of Lichfield.

There are also numerous other baths in various parts of the Metropolis; with three floating baths, on the river Thames.

Baths are of great antiquity. Homer even mentions hot baths in the Trojan times, though these were very rare. In fact, they were generally discouraged by the Greeks. It was long before the Romans used baths, and the very name *therma*, shows they were borrowed from the Greeks. Among the Celtic nations, the ancient Germans bathed every day in warm water during winter, and in cold during summer. In England, the famous bath in Somersetshire is said, by some, to have been in use eight centuries before Christ. Baths, we learn from Strabo, Pliny, Hippocrates, and Oribasilus, were always in high esteem for many diseases, and hence, their frequent exhortations to washing in the sea, and plunging

into cold water. The first instance of *cold bathing* for medicinal purposes, is that of Molampus, who bathed the daughters of the King of Argos; and the first instance of warm bathing is that of Medea, who was said to boil people alive, since Pelias, King of Thessaly died in a hot bath under her hands. The cold bath was used with success by Antonius Musa, physician to the Emperor Augustus, for the recovery of that prince; but it fell into neglect after the death of Marcellus, who was believed to have met his death from indulging in it to excess.*

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! good night! may kindly spirits twine,
And round thy brow a rosy chaplet wreath,
And ev'ry rare and sweeter influence breathe
O'er thee, as o'er some pure and hallowed shrine.
Good night!

Soft as the od'rous breathings of the eve,
Or early summer's kindest, gentlest shower,
May sleep's most mild and renovating power,
Its balmy spells around thy senses weave.
Good night!

Calm, clear, and beauteous, dearest, be thy sleep,
Like thy young hopes: and as the liquid dew
Of night doth all the folded flowers imbue,
So tranquil thoughts thy fragrant slumbers steep.
Good night!

Pure as the current of the glassy stream
From the far-distant mountains, or the meek
And gentle tear on Pity's dewy cheek,
Be the fair spirit of thy golden dream.
Good night!

Wake to the morrow's throbbing hopes and fears,
And all that on its many-colour'd wing
The bright and joyous world may bring,
Wake thou to all—except, perchance, its tears,
Good night!

Dearest, good night! to slumber now resign
All transitory cares—while o'er thy head
Sweet ministering angels softly shed,
The incense of this earnest prayer of mine.
Good night! Good night!
G. H.

SECTS OF GREECE,

THEIR ADAPTATION TO HUMAN PASSIONS.

ALL the Grecian sects had an affinity more or less direct with the different temperaments of men; whence the choice of sectarians often depended on physical influence, or a peculiar disposition of their organs. Nothing appears more natural than that those men, who were born with great force of mind, and strong nerves, should discover a strong predilection for Stoicism, while mortals endowed by nature with more delicacy of fibres, and keener sensibilities, fled for refuge to the myrtles of Epicurus. People whose temperaments partook of no extremes, were always inclined either for the Lyceum or the Academy. Such as possessed solidity of understanding ranged themselves with Aristotle; and those who had only genius, or even pretensions to that endowment, went to augment the crowd of Platonists.*

H. K.

* Pauw's Philosophical Dissertations.

CELTIC REVENGE.

AN ILLUSTRATIVE TALE.

[Concluded from page 85.]

SWEEPING almost unopposed through the crowd, the forester darted on and on, the recent torture only adding new nerve and swiftness to his flight, till arrived at the base of the towering precipice, he scaled its rugged and sloping sides with a fearful dexterity, almost before pursuit was available. The chief in this moment of despair drew forth an arrow from his quiver, and levelled it at the flying forester; but the man, watchful of intent, instantly paused in his progress—placed the child before him as a protective shield, and the shaft fell from the slackened string, as though doubtful whether it might not wing death to the innocent rather than the guilty.

Here it was that, raising the child aloft, he poured down upon the plain a cry of loud and delirious revenge, like the cry of some fallen spirit, compressing within its fearful compass all the fell malignity of the lost. Thrilling, indeed, were the deep and dreary tones which rose piercingly from the plain below, answered as though in the shrill mockery of hate, from the brow of the precipice above. Louder and louder still rose the wailings of the mother on seeing herself thus relentlessly bereaved, and her child exposed to such fearful jeopardy. Her white hands were raised imploringly to heaven, and her voice uplifted in utterances of passionate anguish. Her whole frame seemed tremulous with convulsion, and her fair features wore a hue of the most stainless whiteness. In this height of terrible despair, her eyes assumed at times a wild and settled brilliancy, as though gazing on the mystic movements of some distant apparition, and at other times a glassy and unearthly glitter, like the dim shinings of the vision-lacking dead. With woman's calm and intrepid daring in the hour of danger, she would have scaled the almost impracticable crag, had she not been forcibly restrained by her kinsmen, who well knew the utter hopelessness of the attempt. All she could now do in the last agony of hope, was to implore the pity of the ravisher of her child—but this was like a whisper to the tornado.

What an instrument of power is the soul in the hands of passion! How wild and sudden are the alternations of which that soul is susceptible. If at one time it feel the rich delirium of gladness, the high and lofty jubilee of hope, and the upliftings of a lofty emulation—this paradise of its joy may momentarily lie withered beneath the spell of passion, temptation or despair. And here it was with passion in its dreaddest shape—the passion of deadly and undisguised revenge, with which we have to do—revenge too stern, deep-seated, and relentless, to lend hearkening unto aught that is sacred or subduing in the implorations of a mother's love, piercing and powerful though they be. Untouched, unsubdued, by either

threatening or entreaty, the man continued mounting higher and higher, till he had almost reached the last point of the projecting cliff. Here their position was that of the supremest danger—the gaunt athletic figure of the forester, balanced, as it appeared, upon the minutest point, and standing out in shadowy relief upon a sky of deepening blue. The child lay apparently untroubled on his arm, garlanded with the fresh flowers its mother had so lately woven round its hair, and smiling as though upon a race of pleasure. Alas! those flowers were destined to outlive its little span of life, and that smile, radiant as the morning, stamped with the imprint of an early death!

The chief, hitherto stern and unforgiving, now speedily gave way beneath such aggregate of woe, leaving his mind an easy prey to the moulding power of circumstance or chance. Lifting his voice from the plain below, he expressed his deep and poignant sorrow, on account of the degrading punishment which, in a moment of excitement, he had inflicted on his clansman, and signified his willingness to submit to any conditions which might effect the immediate restoration of his child. The forester, at first, appeared to regard this proffer of the chief with an air of reckless defiance, but suddenly he started forward as though eager to grasp the opportunity of portioning out to the chief a cup of the most tardy and bitterest resentment, demanding, in a tone of fiendish exultation, as the sole treaty of restoration, that the chief himself should bare his shoulders to the lash, and undergo the same ignominious scourging as himself! What demand could be more galling to the chief and leader of a tribe?—but, nevertheless, the dearest of earthly treasures was at stake, and the impulse of a fond father's love was too powerful for the mutiny of pride. To the grief and terror of his vassals, the chief underwent the humiliating torture, in all its horrid and repulsive detail, till faint with loss of blood, and the agony of protracted torture, he was scarcely able to pronounce the pardon of the man would he return and restore to him the object of his love.

And here, indeed, we almost might conclude, that the very climax of the deadliest vengeance was complete,—but, alas, no!—The plot of revenge was only now ripe for fearful consummation, the fires of sudden passion having changed with their abatement into the steady rancour of unmitigable hate.

The still close of evening now gathered fast over the rich-lavishing lustres of the sunset, gradually unfolding to the eye the bright heraldry of the upward heaven. The alone rallying point of vision was the bold and projecting crag, as it stood out like an obelisk of the doomed in the gathering gloom of the fast-closing day. A sepulchral silence reigned all around, broken only at intervals by the deep bay of the grey dogs, or the fitful and loud-echoing laugh which ever and anon

fell thrillingly from the darkling crag. As the gloom of evening gradually thickened, fires were kindled in the plain below, which at the same time that they served to illuminate the gazing multitude, threw a flickering and lurid glare over the towering precipice, revealing in outlines dim and indistinct, the athletic figure of the forester. A few moments having elapsed, the man was called upon to fulfil the promised compact by instantly descending and restoring the child to its doating and distracted parents. This was a moment of most terrible suspense, and every heart was beating high with anxious expectation. The man appeared preparing to descend from his perilous position, and a thrill of gladness seemed to actuate the rivetted spectators of the scene, but suddenly he drew back with a wild and frantic start, as though struggling against the mastery of passion, or palsied beneath the circlings of the magic wand of inevitable fate. What could be the meaning of such sudden transport?

Revenge, when it once gains undisputed possession of the heart—such is the might and tremendousness of its sway, that the present is as one wild eclipse of intellect and nature; and the future, one dark and one beclouded vision, hung with the fearful omens of the wildest despair. The cry of ceaseless supplication—the wail of unsuppressed and unmitigated anguish—the silent, but eloquent attitude of prayer—were equally unavailable to arrest its fearful current—the chasm, opening up in measureless horror underneath, the tumult of its waters, down which the crew of many a noble vessel had glided, like a passing vision, unto death—the upward magnificence of the starry heaven, had, alas! no charm, no staying influence over one in whom passion had long deadened or overcome every feeling and faculty of love!—uttering a wild and a thrilling imprecation, as the fires below threw a red and sudden blaze across the scene, the forester sprang forward from the lofty elevation, and sank, with the blameless victim of his vengeance, amid the caverns and whirlpools of the deep.

C. M. A.

now-a-days, can furnish themselves with their own library complete.

Considering the amateur of books as a species which subdivides itself into at least two varieties, the first rank of this ingenious and capricious family is due to the Bibliophilist.

The Bibliophilist (*Biblion*, Gr., a book, and *Phileo*, I love,) is a man gifted with some spirit and intelligence, who takes pleasure in works of genius, sentiment, and imagination. He loves and rejoices in the mute conversation of those great spirits, who have adorned and dignified humanity. He loves a book as a friend loves the portrait of a friend, as a lover loves the portrait of his mistress; and, like the lover, he loves to adorn that which he loves. He scrupulously takes care of the precious volume which has filled his heart with keen sensations of delight or sorrow, and clothes it in all the glories of gilded cloths and moroccoes. His library is as resplendent with golden laces as the toilet of a favourite; and by their exterior appearance itself, his books are worthy of the regards of consuls, as Virgil wished his own to be. The Bibliophilist of our epoch, is the savant, the literary man, and the poor scholar.

The Bibliophobist (*Biblion*, a book, and *Phobeo*, I fly from, or detest,) is, *toto cælo*, the opposite of the Bibliophilist. . . . There is a kind of bibliophobist in whom I can pardon almost anything, except his brutal antipathy against books, the most delicious of all things after women, flowers, butterflies, and rosy little girls. This man is prudent, sensible, and little-cultivated, who has fallen into a decided horror of books, on account of the abuses they create, and the evils they generate. Such was a noble and old commander of Valais, who said to me, in flinging gently from his hand the only volume which remained to me, (it was, alas! Plato,) "Away with it, away with it, for heaven's sake; this is one of those drolls which prepared the revolution! Also," added he, fiercely, after having adjusted with some little coquetry the tufts of his grey whisker, "I take heaven to witness, that I never read a single line of it."

BOOK AMATEURS.*

THE BIBLIOPHILIST, AND BIBLIOPHOBIST.

THE Book-Amateur is a type, which it is important to seize, for every remain of him quickly perishes. The books, themselves, that are printed, exist no more than four centuries at most, while they accumulate already, in a certain country, to so enormous a degree, as to perilize the ancient equilibrium of the globe. Civilization has arrived at the most unexpected of its periods, the age of paper. Since everybody has taken to book-making, nobody has need to buy. Our young authors,

* Translated from a Sketch by M. Charles Nodier, Member of the French Academy.

EXPLICATION OF THE FABLE OF PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS, say the ancients, made a man of clay, mixt with certain parcels taken from divers animals.

Studying to maintain his work by art, that he might not be accounted a founder only, but propagator of human kind, he stole up to Heaven with a bundle of twigs, which he kindled at the Chariot of the Sun, came down again, and communicated it to men.

Notwithstanding this excellent work of his, he was requited with ingratitude, in a treacherous conspiracy, for they accused both him and his invention to Jupiter, which was not so received as it should have been, for the

information was pleasing to Jupiter, and all the gods.

And, therefore, in a merry mood, Jupiter, granted unto men, not only the use of fire, but perpetual youth also, a boon most acceptable and desirable.

They, being as it were, overjoyed, foolishly laid this gift of the gods upon the back of an ass, who being greatly oppressed with thirst, and near a fountain, was told by a serpent (in whose custody it was) that he should not drink, unless he would promise to give him the burthen that was on his back.

The silly ass accepted the condition, and so the restoration of youth, sold for a draught of water, past from men to serpents.

This, the first part of the fable, shall at present suffice, since it demonstrates and presses many true and grave speculations.

Prometheus signifying Providence—Prometheus, says Lord Bacon, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, clearly and elegantly signifies *Providence*; for, in the universality of nature, the fabric and constitution of man only was by the Ancients, picked out and chosen, and attributed to *Providence*, as a peculiar work. The reason of it seems to be, not only that the nature of man is capable of a mind and understanding, which is the seat of *Providence*; (and, therefore, it would seem strange and incredible, that the reason and mind should so proceed and flow from dumb and deaf principles, as that it should necessarily be concluded, the soul of man to be endued with *Providence*, not without the example, intention, and stamp of a still greater providence);—but this also is chiefly propounded, that man is, as it were, the centre of the world, in respect of final causes, so that if man were not in nature, all things would seem to stray and wander without purpose, and like scattered branches, as they say, without inclination to their end. For all things attend on man, and he makes use of, and gathers fruit from all creatures, so that all things seem to work, not for themselves, but for man.

Of the Parcels from divers Animals.—Neither is it added, without consideration, that certain particles were taken from divers living creatures, and mixed and tempered with the clayey mass, because it is most true, that of all things comprehended within the compass of the universe, man is a thing most mixed and compounded, insomuch that he was well termed by the ancients, a little world; for, although the Chymics, with too much curiosity, wrest the elegance of this word (*Microcosm*) to the letter, contending that they find in man, all minerals, vegetables, and the rest, or anything that holds proportion with them; yet this proposition remains sound and whole, that the body of man of all material beings, is found to be the most compounded, and most organical, whereby it is endued and furnished with most admirable virtues and faculties. And as for simple bodies, their powers are not many, though certain and violent, as exist-

ing without being weakened, diminished, or stunted by nature; for the multiplicity and excellency of operation have their residence in mixture and composition; and yet, nevertheless, man, in his originals, seems to be a thing unarmed, and naked, and unable to help itself, as needing the aid of many things.

The Finding out of Fire, therefore, was a thing Prometheus hastened to do, since it, in a manner, suppeditates and yields comfort and help to all human wants and necessities; so that if the soul be the form of forms, and the hand the instrument of instruments, fire deserves well to be called the succour of succours, or the help of helps, which infinite ways affords aid and assistance to all labours and mechanical arts, and to the sciences themselves.

The Manner of Stealing the Fire, is aptly described, even from the nature of things. . .

It was, they say, by a bundle of twigs, held to touch the Chariot of the Sun; for twigs are used in giving blows or stripes, to signify clearly, that fire is engendered by the violent percussion and mutual collision of bodies, by which their material substances are attenuated and set in motion, and prepared to receive the heat and influence of the heavenly bodies; and so in a clandestine manner, and as it were by stealth, may be said to take and snatch fire from the chariot of the sun.

Ingratitude of Men to Prometheus.—Upon this follows a remarkable part of the parable, that men, instead of gratulation and thanksgiving, were angry, and expostulated upon the matter with Prometheus, insomuch, that they accused both him and his invention to Jupiter, which was so acceptable to him, that he augmented their former commodities with a new bounty. Seems it not strange, that ingratitude towards the author of a benefit, a vice that in a manner contains all other vices, should find such approbation and reward? No! it seems to be otherwise. For the meaning of the allegory is this, that men's outcries upon the defects of nature and art, proceed from an excellent disposition of the mind, and turn to their good, whereas the silencing of them is hateful to the gods, and redounds not so much to their profit; for, they that infinitely extol human nature, or the knowledge they possess, breaking out into a prodigal admiration of that they have and enjoy—adoring also those sciences they profess, would have them accounted perfect; they, thereby, first of all, shew little reverence to the divine nature, by equalizing, in a manner, their own defects with God's perfection. Again, they are wonderfully injurious to men, by imagining they have attained the highest step of knowledge, and so resting themselves contented, seek no further. On the contrary, such as bring nature and art to the bar with accusations, and bills of complaint against them, are, indeed, of more true and moderate judgments, for they are ever in action, seeking always to find out new inventions. Men should, therefore, be admonished, that by acknowledging the imperfection of

nature and art, they are grateful to the gods, and shall thereby obtain new benefits and greater favours at their bountiful hands, and the accusation of Prometheus their master and author, though bitter and vehement, will conduce more to their profit, than to be effuso in the congratulation of his invention; for, in a word, the opinion of having enough, is to be accounted one of the greatest causes of having too little.

The Gift of Perpetual Youth.—Now as touching the kind of gift which men are said to have received in reward of their accusation, namely, a never-fading flower of youth, it is to show, that the ancients seemed not to despair of attaining the skill by means and medicines, to put off old age, and to prolong life, but this to be numbered rather among such things, having been once happily attained to, are now, through man's negligence and carelessness, utterly perished and lost; than among such as have been always denied, and never granted. For they signify and show, that by affording the true use of fire, and by a good and stern accusation and conviction of the errors of art, the divine bounty is not wanting to men in the obtaining of such gifts.

Men's abuse of this Gift.—But men are wanting to themselves in laying this gift of the gods upon the back of a silly, slow-paced ass, which may seem to be experience, a stupid thing, and full of delay; from whose leisurely and snail-like pace, proceeds that complaint of life's brevity, and art's length. For to say truth, these two faculties, *dogmatical* and *empirical*, are not as yet well coupled and joined together, but as now gifts of the gods imposed, either upon philosophical abstractions, as upon a flying bird, or upon slow and dull experience, as upon an ass. Yet should not an ill opinion be entertained of the ass, if it meet not for the accidents of travel and thirst, for he who goes constantly on, by the conduct of experience as a rule and method, and covets not to moot with such experiments by the way, as conduce either to gain or ostentation, to obtain which, he must be fain to lay down, and sell this burden, may prove no unfit porter to bear this new addition of divine munificence.

Of the Serpent.—That this gift is said to pass from men to serpents, may seem to be added to the fable for ornament's sake, unless it were inserted to shame men, that having the use of that celestial fire, and of so many arts, are not able to get to themselves such things as nature itself bestows upon many other creatures.

The sudden Reconciliation of men to Prometheus, after they were frustrated of their hopes, contains a very profitable and wise note, showing the levity and temerity of men in new experiments; for if they have not present success, answerable to their expectation, they with too sudden haste desist from what they had begun, and with precipitancy returning to

their former experiments, are reconciled to them again.

The state of man, in respect of arts and such things as concern the intellect, being now described, the fable passes to the religion of those times; for, after the planting of arts, follows the setting of divine principles. Here the story broadens, and becomes fuller of interest and instruction.

(To be continued)

COLOURS FOR DRESS.*

To understand the just harmony of colours, in the arrangement of the different parts of dress, is an art as essential to womanly ornament, as to the painter for his shades and tints. Colours, that do not harmonize in the least, are mal-associated daily; and to modify these incongruities in dress, the following ascertained facts will be useful.

When the eye has looked at a red object for a considerable time, it has a tendency to see all things tinted with the supplementary colour, green; and, hence, if a lady about to purchase red silk examines fourteen or fifteen pieces in succession, the four or five last, will appear less red to her than the first ones did, although they are identical in colour and brilliancy.

The dealer in this case, ought to show the purchaser some pieces of green silk; and if the eye of the purchaser dwells on them so long that the normal state of the eye is altered, it will have a tendency to see all things tinted with the complimentary colour, red; and then, a piece of red silk presented to her will appear more red than it actually is.

In the decorations of the interiors of theatres, where as much light as possible is wanted, light colours ought to prevail; blue or crimson should never be used; white ought to prevail in the fronts; and a rose colour should never be used for the backs of the boxes, because that colour gives a green tint to female complexions. A light green, on the contrary, is the best colour to use, this making the complexion more rosy than it really is.

To the interior of houses, similar observations also apply. All reds, orange-tints, and violets, are extremely disadvantageous to the complexion; dark colours are difficult to light up. Among the light colours, the best are yellow, or light green, or light blue; all these being favourable, not only to the woods used for furniture, but also to the complexions of females. After these, whites, whitish tints, and greys, are not disadvantageous.

With regard to the arrangement of ladies' toilets, little can be said but for the white race of females. All the coloured population offer such a strong contrast, that gradations of colour are of little effect with them.

For fair-haired or dark-haired ladies, these colours that produce the greatest contrasts,

* Experiments on Colours by M. Chevreul, translated in the *Lit. Gaz.*

are best. Thus, for fair hair, sky-blue is very becoming, because it approaches the nearest to the colour which has for its supplement an orange tint, which is the foundation of the tint of the hair and complexion in this case.

Yellow and orange-tinted red are becoming to ladies with black hair, on account of their brilliant contrast; and again, the supplementary colours of these two, viz., violet and bluish green, are also becoming, because they harmonize with the blackness of the hair.

Rose-coloured things should never be put in absolute contact with rosy complexions, because the latter are sure to lose by the comparison; they should be separated either by white lace, or blonde, or, in case of a cap or bonnet, by locks of hair.

Pale green is exceedingly becoming to pale complexions, because it makes them appear more rosy than they really are; but it is unfavourable to ruddy complexions, because it increases their redness.

Violet should never be used for fair complexions, except of a very deep tint, so as to make a strong contrast. A violet-coloured dress will make a fair complexion look green, and will make a yellowish complexion look orange. Orange is bad for all complexions.

Dead white, such as calico, is good for clear complexions, but very disadvantageous for those that are the contrary. On the other hand, the white of muslin, or tulle, in folds, or *en ruche*, is more advantageous.

THE TWO PUNISHMENTS.*

1.—THE CANON AND THE COBBLER.

IN a wretched hovel, adjoining the tower of Seville, a woman whom misfortune had made older than years, and a young man, just beyond his boyhood, were occupied in fashioning a pair of sandals. The desolateness of the cabin, ornamented only by a crucifix of ebony, and a little mutilated madonna, showed the profound misery of those who dwelt there.—

"Sardon?" said the woman.

The young man slowly lifted his head, and the woman swept away two tears that stole down her cheeks.

"To-day is a sorrowful anniversary for us, my son! Three years ago our bread was far less bitter, for I was not a widow, nor you an orphan!"

A cloud of grief passed over the features of the young Spaniard. "But why *to-day*," said he.

"To-day," repeated his mother, "Antonio Perez reposes in an obscure corner of the cemetery for the poor, among infidel Jews and Moors. Heaven has refused to us, even the consolation of granting him a tomb!"

"Then," answered the orphan, "the ashes of my father are profaned, and we live a prey to sufferance and want, *whilst*—"

* Translated from Bohain's French Paper.

"Whilst his murderer riots in the midst of honours and abundance. Canon of the cathedral, and favourite of the king, every one bows to his fortunes; but it was only a poor labourer he killed, a wretched cobbler, nothing else—your father!"

Sardon rose up: he unfastened an old poniard suspended to the crumbling cottage-wall, and seated himself again by his mother.

"Mother," said he, as he sharpened the dagger against the blade of an old knife, "relate this tragic history to me, in all its parts."

The old woman looked for some time on her son, as if to fathom the meaning of his menace; she then seized one of his hands, and held it tenderly between her own.

"Three years ago," said she, "comfort reigned in the house of the shoe-maker Perez: though not rich, we knew not the anguish of want, nor the humiliations of poverty. Your father, humble workman, was industrious, and, therefore, happy. Don Henriquez, favourite of the king, and of an illustrious house, accompanied by Don Pedro of Seville, at this time ran over Spain, committing with impunity, all sorts of frolics and crimes. By misfortune, Henriquez was club-footed. Hearing of your father's cleverness, he came to him that he might dexterously hide the defect. But Perez vainly employed all his skill—the canon was dissatisfied. 'Thy inability deserves punishment!' he cried, as he flung the sandals in his face. Although a shoemaker, your father was a man; he had his dignity as well as the carrier of epaulet and sword. 'Accuse nothing,' answered he, 'but the awkwardness of nature, who made you that abortion.' Don Henriquez could not stomach the sarcasm, he clenched a hammer in the place, and striking with the vehemence of fury, your father fell, never again to rise."

The lips of the young man quivered convulsively.

"How shall I describe," continued the old woman, with a voice stifled by sighs, "the moment when I beheld the bloody corpse of your father! A furious delirium immediately possessed my heart and mind. I armed myself with a poniard—with that very one," said she, in pointing to the rusted weapon her son held in his grasp, "and I wished to plunge it into the heart's blood of the canon who murdered Antonio. But I remembered that I was a mother, and, therefore, restrained my fury. I flung myself at the feet of the judges. God knows what imploring prayers I addressed to those interpreters of the laws—what burning words my despair inspired me to utter. The judges attended to me with commiseration—they promised me full satisfaction, and eight days afterwards, the canon was condemned—"

"To be quartered?" uttered the young man.

"To be suspended from the choir for a year?" replied the old woman, mournfully.

II.—THE SATISFACTION OF THE DEBT.

It was a grand fête-day in Spain—the churches had poured out all the grandeurs and solemnities of their Christian pomps—the streets were strewn with roses and orange-flowers—every thing had an air of unwonted joy.

Stationed on the road of Alcasar, a young man, alone seemed a stranger to the universal serenity. His front was austere as that of a priest's, and furrowed like an old man's. His loose and matted hair fell lengthily beside his temples, and to see the sombre flashings of his eyes, and the convulsive restlessness of his movements, it was easy to judge that the heart of that man was a prey to the most devouring passions of his nature.

Many hours he remained pensive and unmoved—his glance rested on the columns of Alcasar, as if he wished to decipher the inscriptions, which the Moors, parting into exile, had left upon the walls of the ancient mosque. Little by little, the twilight spread its vapourous veil over Seville, darkening with its shadows, the domes of the Arab academies, and the gilded pinnacles of the churches. He then roused himself, and throwing a piercing glance around him, he perceived a monk, who came slowly towards him. A long mantle of satin, cut in the fashion of the day, and girdled round his waist by a silken cord ending in golden tassels, descended to his feet, discovering only the half of his rich velvet sandals.

"Don Henriquez," cried the man, "do you know me?"

"No," said the monk, as he shivered, and grew pale.

"Not know me," re-echoed the young Spaniard, with a savage cry—"know you not the son of Antonio Perez! You have forgotten that your victim had a child, and that this child has become a man! The hour of expiation is arrived—your cries are unavailable here—your blood will be unseen in the dark!"

So saying, the son of the shoe-maker, seized the canon by the throat, cast him to his feet in spite of resistance, and then dug his dagger into his breast.

"Death for death!" cried he, "I am avenged and paid."

III.—PEDRO THE JUST.

After the murder of Don Henriquez, the son of Antonio Perez, who now demanded nothing but to die, denounced himself openly to the justiciaries. The magistrates, as was expected, took no account of the mitigating circumstances of the crime. Sardon Perez was nothing but a workman—Henriquez was the favourite of the king. Justice could not equalize the punishment, and Sardon was condemned to be quartered. This affair came to the ears of Don Pedro of Castille, surnamed Pedro the Just, who ordered the young man to be brought before him.

"You are accused of the murder of Don Henriquez!" said King Pedro.

"I committed the act," coldly replied Sardon.

"On what account?"

"To avenge my father—shamefully murdered!"

"Don Henriquez was a noble," replied the king.

"Don Henriquez was a man!" answered Sardon.

"Why did you not apply for justice?"

"Because your justice is unjust. Unable to gain a righteous judgment, I have taken it myself. I constituted myself both judge and executioner!"

"Do you know the punishment that threatens you?"

"Yes," said the son of Perez.

The king turned himself towards the corregidor.

"To what punishment did they condemn the murderer of the shoemaker?"

"To be suspended from his canonry for a year."

"And the murderer of the priest?"

"To death."

Don Pedro frowned. "By Christ!" cried he, "justice shall not regard privileges. We cancel the verdict of the judges, and we condemn the son of the shoemaker to be suspended from working at his trade for the space of a whole year."

ABO, IN FINLAND.

From the highest rock (says a modern traveler,) on which there is a handsome observatory, with towers, and a statue on the summit, a beautiful prospect is presented, not only of the town on each side of the banks of the river and its serpentine stream, but of the country around, which is enlivened by the numerous windmills on the opposite heights. The cathedral, erected in 1300, and which is supposed to be the oldest church in Finland, ranks next to Upsala, in Sweden, in point of antiquity. It is built of brick, in the Gothic style, with a roof of sheet iron. The interior is remarkably neat, and peculiar grandeur and solemnity reign throughout the whole. It is about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and eighty in breadth: it is upwards of one hundred feet in height, and supported on each side by nine columns. There are two aisles, in which there are recesses with windows; these recesses, which appear to have been used as chapels, are, at present, occupied by the tombs of families of distinction. The library consists of three rooms, in the principal one of which there is a marble bust, on a pedestal of granite, of M. Porthou, professor of eloquence. It contains upwards of 40,000 volumes, among which are some of the writings of Hieronymus, 1468; a Latin Bible, 1479; and a collection of works on jurisprudence, by Professor Chaulbold, of Leipsic.

W. G. C.

SUITS BROUGHT AGAINST ANIMALS.

THIS title may cause our readers to smile, but it is true that judges have been found so forgetful of their dignity as to summon before them snails, caterpillars, pigs, and other animals charged with offences.

The proceedings were attended by all the formalities of law, the accused were summoned to appear, witnesses were sworn, counsel heard on both sides, and frequently the sentence carried into effect by the public executioner.

Chasseneux, president of the Parliament of Provence, in a work published in 1531, discusses the question, whether animals are within the jurisdiction of courts, and decides in the affirmative. He gives an account of an indictment found against the *hannetons* of Beauce, and some others of the same kind, such as the trial of some snails, at Autun, in 1487, at Lyons, in 1500, and of some rats about the same time.

By a minute report of De Thou, it appears farther, that Chasseneux was counsel for the defendants in this last case; and that after the indictment was found, he applied several times for further delay.

He first argued that a single summons to

appear was insufficient, as his clients were scattered through the country.

A second summons was issued, which was read at the church-door of every village, after mass.

When the time expired, Chasseneux urged the difficulty the rats experienced in coming to court, owing to the watchfulness of their enemies, the cats, who, being informed of the suit, were lying in wait for them everywhere.

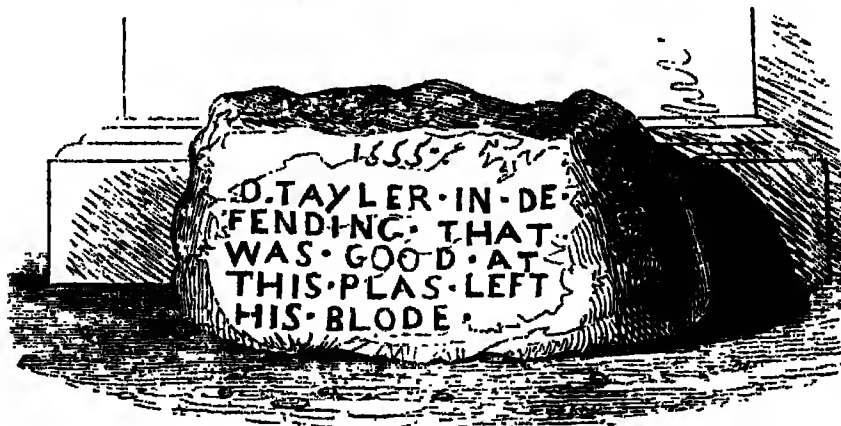
After his ingenuity was exhausted, he pleaded guilty, and recommended his clients to the mercy of the court.

In 1266, a pig was burned alive at Fontenoy-aux-Roses, for having killed an infant.

In 1386, the judges of Falaise condemned a hog to the same fate, also for having assaulted a child. The sentence was executed at the Hotel de Ville, and the expenses attending it are charged in the town accounts. The animal was dressed in men's clothes.

In 1389, a horse was executed at Dijon for having killed its master.

Nor is it necessary to go so far back, for, in 1668, Gaspard Bailly, advocate at Chambéry, published a special treatise on this sort of proceedings, with forms of the indictment, pleas, &c.

Topographical Reminiscences.

THE MARTYR'S STONE, AT HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.

To the Editor of *The Mirror*.

SIR,

MONUMENTAL Stones are at all times objects of the greatest interest; and seeing in No. 999 of the *Mirror*, an account of the Martyr's Stone to the memory of Dr. Taylor, at Hadleigh, I have sent you a sketch of it; which, prior to the year 1819, was encircled by rude iron railings, when several spirited individuals undertook to erect a monument by subscription, which was completed and placed upon the same spot in that year.

The Martyr's Stone, of which the above engraving is a faithful representation, sketched during the present summer, lies at the base of the newly-erected monument.

The following beautiful lines were written by the late Dr. Drake, M.D., of Hadleigh, which are upon the new monument:—

Mark this rude stone, where Taylor dauntless stood,
Where Zeal infuriate drank the Martyr's blood.
Hadleigh!—That day how many a tearful eye
Saw thy lov'd Pastor dragg'd a Victim by;
Still scattering gifts and blessings as he past;
To the Blind Pair, his farewell arms were cast;
His clinging Flock e'en here around him pray'd
"As thou hast aided us, Be God thine Aid."
Nor taunts, nor bribes of mitred rank, nor stake,
Nor blows, nor flames, his heart of firmness shake.
Serene—his folded hands, his upward eyes,
Like Holy Stephen's, seek the opening Skies;
There fix'd in rapture, his prophetic sight
Views truth dawn clear on England's Bigot night;
Triumphant Saint!—He bow'd and kiss'd the rod,
And soar'd on Seraph wing to meet his God.

J. D. P.

WHICH IS THE LIGHTER MISFORTUNE—TO BE BLIND OR DEAF?

Very frequently has the topic been discussed, as to whether, had we our choice of the two privations, we should prefer being *deaf* or *blind*; and in most cases, where the question has been agitated, the *former* has invariably been esteemed the lesser affliction.

In opposition, however, to this decision, and as apparently tending to render the propriety of such a choice, somewhat doubtful, at least, the well-known fact, of blind persons always appearing the most cheerful and happy, while a melancholy shade pervades the countenance of the deaf, has been urged with considerable force, and never very clearly accounted for. This first apprehension arises chiefly, we conceive, from the following causes:—

1. When we contrast the cheerfulness of blind persons with the apparent gravity or dullness of the deaf, we form our estimate of the relative degrees of comfort and happiness enjoyed by them, from their conduct and appearance in society only.

But in thus drawing the comparison, we manifestly err; the *place* and *time* of observation being favourable to the *one*, and not so to the *other*.

2. We judge abstractedly of their wants and inconveniences, which also leads to an inaccurate and directly opposite conclusion.

Deaf Man in Society.—Society possesses nearly all the charms for the *blind* it ever had; but the *deaf man* is very differently situated. His loss is aggravated, from witnessing the pleasure which conversation affords to those around him, while he is unable to participate. He *sees* his friends, it is true, but they are to him, little more than the almost animated pictures on the canvass. He is a spectator of *their* happiness, but the more to feel his *own* misfortune.

Blind Man in Society.—The blind person, on the contrary, just escaped, perhaps, from the tedium of a darkened solitude, feels himself alive to all the pleasures arising from social intercourse; the chit-chat and topic of the day, discussions on literature and taste, the brilliancy of wit, and edge of satire, in their turn, engage his attention, and he is a partaker of the entertainment they afford. Music, that “softest soother of the mind,” sounds as melodious as ever in his ear, and while rapt in the enthusiasm it not unfrequently excites—a lover of this charming science, would, with reluctance, give up the pleasures it affords, for the restoration even of sight itself.*

Deaf Man in Retirement!—To review the deaf man’s feelings most to his advantage, we must follow him into *retirement*. Nature displays her ample volume to his view, in all her charms; her unnumbered beauties

pass before him in silent majesty; such scenes he contemplates with rapture, and lost in admiration, no wonder he exclaims, “Thank God, I am not blind!” In his closet, the treasures of learning and science afford him means of improvement and delight; books supply him with intellectual gratification, without giving trouble to himself or others; philosophical experiments may enlarge his mind, and their benevolent application warm his heart.

So far, then, this short view (which might be much enlarged upon) will serve to show, that if in *society*, the *blind* have their advantages—in *retirement*, the *deaf* have *theirs*; and reconciles the seeming contradiction of the vivacity of the one, and gloom of the other.

Further comparison of their Wants and Enjoyments.—In considering their mutual dependence on the assistance and kind offices of others,† it must be confessed, that *prima facie*, the *deaf man* seems to have the advantage, but a minuter investigation will induce us, perhaps, to be less confident in our first opinion.

The idea of being *led* from place to place is melancholy, and, we believe, has principal weight among the reasons which induce us to prefer the situation of the *deaf*; but *their* dependence, though of a different kind, is very nearly as great as the other. *They* can pursue their way unaided, it is true, but it is the cheerless walk of *silence*—they see the busy stir of men—are anxious to know the meaning of *his* haste, or *her* alarm, but inquire in vain; they are introduced, as it were, by *one* sense, to the scene before them, but the motive or design of the actors is unknown, from the loss of *another*.

Case of accidental Dangers.—Sight will, in most instances, enable us to escape from, or prevent the occurrence of accidental dangers, which a loss of it would frequently expose to; yet, we have known a *deaf* person rode over from not *hearing* the approach of mischief, which, if *heard*, a *blind* one could have shunned.

A Fire imagined.—In case of fire, we picture to ourselves with horror, the helpless situation of the *blind*. Terrified and alarmed—aware of the impending danger, he is yet unable to take advantage of the warning, but must trust to the precarious fidelity of attendants, who, in such a situation, are impelled by the strongest law of nature, to seek their *own* in preference to another’s preservation. In such an awful scene, however, the *deaf man* is also in eminent danger. Night is the season of repose, and those who are incapable of *hearing* an alarm, are most likely to sleep sound and undisturbed. A friend or servant may cry with the voice of a Stentor, or thunder

* *Sonorum immensa varietas est. multique hominum ex hoc inchoato fonte, prout et suavitatis voluptates hauriunt.* Gregorii Conspicius.

† All this, to a certain extent, may be asserted of the *blind*, but their dependence on others, in the instances alluded to, is so great and absolute, that the anticipated pleasure, must often terminate in pain.

at his door in vain—he sleeps on—or only wakes—alas! to *see*, without being able to escape from the calamity.

We have thus set the *pro* and *con* of the question before our readers—for a human creature to be afflicted by either, is a sad dispensation of providence; but the writer of the present paper would wish that both the blind or deaf man respectively, might herefrom comfort himself with arguments to reconcile himself the better to his own peculiar calamity—that the blind may thank Heaven he is not deaf, and the deaf that he is not blind.

HISTORY OF SWORDS.*

Primitive Swords of Rude Nations.—Swords of brass, of copper, and of wood, have been common, in times and countries remote from our own. The American Indians fabricated them of the latter material, and these swords, formed out of a peculiarly hard wood, have met with a character so formidable, as to be considered hardly, if at all, inferior to those of metal.

Some savages have used swords edged with shark's teeth, calculated to do horrible execution in hands accustomed to wield them.

The aborigines of South America, dwelling in the regions of volcanic eruptions, made their keen-edged weapons of obsidian, a species of hard vitreous lava, not unfrequently found in the form of wedges.

Humboldt says, the Mexicans dug obsidian in mines, which took up a vast extent of ground; and that of it they made knives, sword-blades, and razors.

The Turks, very early Sword-makers.—Long before the inroads of the Sclavonians and Bulgarians on the western empire, in the ridge of mountains called the Caf, Altai, or Girdle of the World, so productive of minerals, the Turks had instituted multitudes of iron forges. Here, indeed, they forged those warlike instruments, which afterwards made them masters of Constantinople.

Roman Swords.—The Roman generals, and others in the army, who prided themselves as warriors upon the temper of their swords, frequently obtained their weapons at a great price from cutlers, who used a description of iron smelted in the district of Illyria, formerly called the Noric Alps: hence *Noricus ensis*, in the Augustan age, was synonymous with a good blade, as an Andrea Ferrara was in later times.

Swords of Toledo.—Spain, during the middle ages, boasted swords of very superior temper. At the present day, many of the successors of those sword-smiths who furnished such admirable instruments during the Moorish wars, are still to be seen at work. The manufactory of Toledo still exists, as re-established by Charles III., at the close of the last century, and its weapons are no whit infe-

rior to the famous *Toledanos* of chivalrous times.

Bilboa-blades.—Bilboa might anciently have disputed the honour of being considered the Birmingham of Spain. Its blades were highly celebrated, and it exported immense quantities of iron and steel, in bars, about a century ago, to England and France.

Swords from Italy: Milan.—As well as from Spain, the Crusaders, and contemporary warriors, derived their swords from Italy. Milan was, during the twelfth and following centuries, one of the most celebrated European marts for the sale of arms. This city, at that period of her liberty, had a population triple what it is at the present day. It was said the country was depopulated to supply the manufactures of the towns.

Sabres of Damascus.—The most famous sabres in the world were those manufactured in the east, at Damascus. The characteristics ascribed to the real Damascus blades, are extraordinary keenness of edge, great flexibility of substance, a singular grain of flockiness always observable on the surface, and a peculiar musky odour given out by any friction of the blade, either by bending or otherwise. The extraordinary power of execution so generally accorded to the weapon, appears, in most instances to have depended chiefly on the strength and dexterity of the user. A gentleman who purchased one of these sabres in the East Indies for a thousand piastres, found the instrument very flexible, and bore a very fine keen edge, but it could not, with safety, be bent to more than 45° from the straight shape, and it was not near so sharp as a razor, yet, wielded by a skilful hand, it would cut through a thick roll of sail-cloth without apparent difficulty, a feat which could not be performed by an ordinary sword. As to the odour alluded to as one of the tests of the real eastern sabre, its presence does not appear to be universal, much less need we suppose that it is in any instance incorporated with the metal itself while in a state of fluidity. It is perfectly easy to conceive, that in countries where perfumes are so general, that what is applied to everything else would be likewise applied to the sword; for a Mahomedan does not prize his beard more than he appears to value the instruments which are at once the pride of his equipment, and the safeguard of his person.

Names of Swords.—During the early ages, European warriors frequently gave names to their favourite weapons: many of these are preserved by authors who have described military exploits:—

The sword of Magnus, an old king of Norway, was called by him *LEG-BITER*.

The celebrated sword of King Arthur, of which every one has heard, was called *CALIBURN*. Its value may be estimated from the fact that the heroic crusader, Tancred, gave to Richard I., in return for it, "four great ships, and fifteen galleys."

* Much information may be gleaned upon this subject from vol. 42 of the Cabinet Cyclopædia.

An Andalusian, who always carries his sword about with him, calls it his Santa Theresa, and says, that when he draws it, "Trembla la tierra," the earth trembles.

"Andrea Ferrara," was the name of a great many weapons of excellence; this celebrated individual being formerly considered the only man in Great Britain, who knew how to temper a sword in such a way that the point should bend to touch the hilt, and spring back again uninjured.*

Cruciform Swords.—At a period when the zeal of the Crusaders laboured to give the form of a cross to almost every object capable of being moulded by their pious ingenuity, the straight sword of a holy warrior, with a plain transverse guard, was without violence considered to represent the emblem of his Saviour's passion. It was, therefore, not uncommon for the expiring knight to fix his eyes on his sword-hilt as a lively symbol of his faith.

The celebrated chevalier Bayard, "the knight without fear and without reproach," when mortally wounded at the battle of Rebec, breathed his last words while kneeling before his sword as a representation of the cross.

In the museum of Armour at Madrid, may still be seen several swords of the foregoing description, including those of the Cid, of Guzman, Gonzalo, and Cortez. "They are all," says a recent traveller, "straight, long, and two-edged, with plain scabbards of old velvet, and hilts in the shape of a cross." Here are, likewise, some swords of immense length, made at Rome, and consecrated by the Pope, who sent them to be used in the Crusades against the Saracens.

LILIES OF CANADA.

A VERY beautiful plant of the lily tribe abounds both in the woods and clearings of Canada; it has been called the dowry-lily, though it is widely spread over a great portion of the continent. The Americans term the white and red varieties of this species, the "white" and "red death." The flower is either deep red, or of a dazzling white, though the latter is often found stained with a delicate bluish-pink, or a deep-green; the latter appears to be caused by the calix running into the petal. Wherefore it bears so formidable a name has not yet transpired. The flower consists of three petals, the calix three; it belongs to the class and order *Hexandria monogynia*; style, three cleft; seed-vessel of three valves; soil, dry woods, and cleared lands; leaves growing in three, springing from the joints, large round, but a little pointed at the extremities.

* He is said to have resided in the Highlands of Scotland, where he employed many workmen to forge his swords, spending all his own time in tempering them. This operation he performed in a dark cellar, the better to enable him to perceive the effect of the heat, and, probably, as a more effectual screen to his own secret method of tempering.

New Books.

Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes of Rome during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Translated from the German of Leopold Ranke, by Sarah Austin. [Murray.]

[ALL of Rome's triple-crowned princes, who have sat on St. Peter's throne, through two of the most eventful centuries in the world, are here arrayed and reviewed. Each of them serves individually as a centre, around whom crowd and cluster a host of gifted and great geniuses—men who glorified Art in each and all of its departments. Of one of these—the musician Palestrina—we proceed to set forth a tale, which, while interesting as history, shows the happy style of the translator.]

PALESTRINA'S CELEBRATED MASS.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, music had lost herself in the most intricate artificiality, and it was long doubted whether it would lend itself entirely to the purposes of the church or not. The reputation of a composer rested entirely on arbitrary and difficult tricks; the human voice was treated as a mere instrument, the meaning of the words being wholly disregarded. A vast number of the masses of that period were little else than variations on themes of some well-known profane airs.

No wonder, therefore, if the Council of Trent was scandalized at the performance of such music in the churches. In consequence of its discussion, Pius IV. nominated a commission to advise upon the question, whether music was to be permitted in the churches or not, and the decision was very doubtful.

Happily for art, the right man appeared at the critical moment. Among the composers at that time in Rome was Pier-Luigi Palestrina.

The rigour of Paul IV. had driven Palestrina out of the papal chapel because he was married; from that time he had lived, secluded and forgotten, in a miserable hut among the vineyards of Monte Celio.

His was a spirit that adversity could not crush. Even in this solitude he devoted himself to his art with an enthusiasm which ensured to the creative power within him, freedom and originality of production. Here he wrote the "Improperie," which still yearly solemnizes Good Friday in the Sistine Chapel.

Never, probably, had a composer a more exquisite appreciation of the profound sentiment of his text, of its symbolical meaning, its application to religion, its capacity for moving the soul. If ever a man was competent to make the experiment, whether the method he had adopted could be applied to the more extended and complicated work of a mass, it was Palestrina, the commission was entrusted to him.

He felt completely that it was an experiment on which depended the life or death of

the grand music of the mass. He applied himself to his task with conscious tension of all his powers; on his manuscript were found the words, "Domine, illumina oculos meos!"

He did not immediately succeed; the two first attempts failed; but, at length, in a fortunate moment, he completed that mass, known under the name of the mass of Pope Marcellus, which surpassed all expectation.

Though full of simple melody, it may be compared in variety with any preceding masses. Choruses separate and reunite; the meaning of the words is expressed with unrivalled force and accuracy; the *kyrie* is submission; the *agnus*, humility; the *credo*, majesty. Pope Pius IV., before whom it was performed, was enraptured, and compared it to the heavenly melodies, which John the Apostle heard in his ecstatic trances.

By this one great example the question was for ever set at rest. A path was opened, in following which, the most beautiful works, the most touching, even to those who are not of the church, was produced. Who can hear them without enthusiasm? It is as if nature acquired tone and utterance; as if the elements spoke, and the voice of universal life broke forth in the spontaneous harmony of adoration; now undulating, like the waves of the sea—now mounting in songs of triumph to Heaven.

This art, which had, perhaps, been more completely alienated, from the spirit and service of the church than any other, now became the most strongly attached to it. Music from that time subjugated all minds to her empire.

A Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Grape-Vine on Open Walls. By Clement Hoare.

[THERE are few cottagers who might not add most beneficially to their comforts and resources, by the cultivation of the Vine, as recommended by Mr. Hoare. Instead of bare plaster walls, how many of them, turned to the sun, might be covered with ripe clusters and rich foliage. How many hill-sides and sunny slopes in the south and west of England, now barren and productiveless, might "wave in purple," and "drop sweet wine." These are no figures of rhetoric—Mr. Hoare shows the thing to be easily practicable, and while he recommends the culture, shows how it may be effected.]

CULTURE OF VINES BY COTTAGERS.

Wall-Vines.—It is not too much to assert that the surface of walls of every cottage of a medium size that is applicable to the training of vines, is capable of producing annually, as many grapes as would be worth half the amount of its rental. Every square foot of the surface of a wall, may in a short space of time, be covered with bearing wood, sufficient to produce, on an average, a pound weight of grapes, and I have frequently grown double that quantity on a similar extent of surface.

Requisite portion of Walling.—I scarcely ever allot more than forty or fifty square feet of surface for one vine. On a wall only twenty-five inches in height, and eighteen feet in length, I have, for years, trained a vine that is a perfect picture of fertility—the whole surface of the wall being every year covered with fine grapes, close down to the very stem of the plant. It will thus be seen, that small detached portions and vacant spaces of the surface of walls, which, in innumerable instances, are deemed of no value, and are, therefore, neglected, may be turned to the most beneficial account.

Aspects for Vines.—On walls having any of these aspects, (range from *eastern* to *south-eastern*) the sun shines with full force in the early part of the morning. Those rays, darting nearly perpendicularly on the foliage of a vine, while the dew yet remains, and its beautiful crystal drops hang suspended, as it were by magic, to the angular extremities of the leaves, seem to stimulate the vital energies of the plant in an extraordinary degree.

[The next best aspects are from south-east to south: due south is good, but the south-west winds are oftentimes harmful. Another aspect, east by north, is very good: on a wall facing this point, the sun shines till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.]

Soils for Vineyards.—The natural soil, which is most congenial to the growth of the vine, and to the perfection of its fruit, in this country, is a light, rich, sandy loam, not more than eighteen inches in depth. One of the principal causes of grapes not ripening well on open walls in this country, is the great depth of *mould* in which the roots are suffered to run, which enticing them to penetrate in search of food below the influence of the sun's rays, supplies them with too great a quantity of moisture.

Sub-Soil.—This should be a dry bottom of gravel, stones, or rocks. No sub-soil can possess too great a quantity of these materials for the roots of the vine, which run with eagerness into all clefts, crevices, and openings. It is impossible, indeed, to make a vine-border of materials that shall be too dry or porous.

Air for the roots.—It is not mere earth that the roots require to come in contact with, to induce growth and extension, but *air* also, which is as necessary to them as the leaves and branches. The excrementitious matter discharged from the roots of a vine, is very great; and, if this be given out in a soil that is close and adhesive, and through which, the action of the solar rays is feeble; the air in the neighbourhood of the roots quickly becomes deleterious, and a languid and diseased vegetation immediately follows. But if the root grows in a soil composed of dry materials, mixed together in such a manner as to possess a series of cavities and interstices, into which the sun's rays can enter with freedom, and there exert their full power; the air in which the roots perform their functions, becomes warmed

and purified—they absorb their food in a medium which dissipates their secretions, and a healthy and vigorous vegetation is the never-failing consequence. All borders, therefore, made expressly for the reception of vines, ought to be composed of a sufficient quantity of dry material, such as *stones, brickbats broken moderately small, lumps of old mortar, broken pottery, oyster-shells, &c.*

[Bones, bone-dust, hoofs, horns, whole carcasses of animals, leather-cuttings, woollen-rags, hair, feathers, &c., are all, in turn, recommended by Mr. Hoare for manure:—]

Bones, however, on account of their prolonged effect, says our author, are by far the most valuable manure that can be deposited in a vine-border. They should be buried in the soil whole, and as fresh as possible. Every variety of size may be procured, from the smallest bone of a fowl to the largest bone of an ox. The smallest bones will decompose in a few months, but the largest will remain for twenty, and even fifty years, before they are entirely decayed. . . . It is worthy of remark also, that every bone, whether small or large, after it has been deposited in the soil a few weeks, will begin to yield by the decomposition on its surface, a steady supply of nutritious matter, and continue so to do, until it form part of the soil itself.

Plain Rules for the Pruner.

1. In pruning, always cut upwards, and in a sloping direction.
 2. Always leave an inch of blank wood beyond a terminal bud, and let the cut be on the opposite side of the bud.
 3. Prune so as to leave as few wounds as possible, and let the surface of every cut be perfectly smooth.
 4. In cutting out an old branch, prune it even with the parent limb, that the wound may heal quickly.
 5. Prune so as to obtain the quantity of fruit desired, on the smallest number of shoots possible.
 6. Never prune in frosty weather, nor when a frost is expected.
 7. Never prune in the months of March, April, or May. Pruning in either of these months causes bleeding, and occasions, thereby, a wasteful and an injurious expenditure of sap.
 8. Let the general autumnal pruning take place as soon after the 1st of October, as the gathering of the fruit will permit.
- Lastly*, use a pruning knife of the best description, and let it be, if possible, as sharp as a razor.

[The sorts recommended by Mr. Hoare for culture, are the Black Hamburgh, Black Prince, Esperione, Black Muscadine, Miller's Burgundy, Claret Grape, (harsh, as a table fruit, unless well-ripened) Black Frontignan, White Frontignan, Malmsey, Muscadine, and White Sweet-water.

Ganymede's cup blushed with no rosier

juices, than many of the above-recited wine-bearers: indeed, such is the fascination of this species of culture, that, at the same time inspired and guided by Mr. Hoare, the pruning-hook is already in our hands, and we in the vineyards. A few more suns, and the fruit that is but yet crude and green, will have swelled to purple maturity—then, with Baccchus, will we shake the thyrsus, and from a cup *splendidior vitro*, drink temperate health and pleasure.]

Fine Arts.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING PRACTICAL DESIGN, AND LOVE OF ARTS AMONG THE PEOPLE.

To promote this elevated intontion—to which we wish success from our heart of hearts—a meeting of promoters and friends was held on the 7th instant at the Society's rooms, Leicester-square. Casts from the antique, models, paintings, and ornaments, for the use of the students, were placed on different pedestals, or suspended on the wall round the room, producing a pleasing and most picturesque effect. Mr. Latilla, the chief orator on the occasion, read an eloquent composition on the advantage of arts to a country. None, he asserted, but refined nations cultivated the arts, and art was, therefore, an index to the state of a nation's refinement. Of Jerusalem and Babylon little is known, seeing that their works of art remain not; ancient Egypt would have been a blank in our knowledge, but for its fragmentary remains of magnificence. Than the cultivation of art no more powerful engine exists, continued he, for producing mental refinement; this was even visible among the working-classes, by the preference given by them to town-prints in the cotton manufacture, solely on account of their superiority. Among other topics, the lecturer alluded to the effects produced by a knowledge of art among the ancient Greeks in the elegance of every species of manufacture; helmets, swords, candelabra, all were elegant and splendid works of art. Freescope again, he remarked, was the great impeller in promoting art, and through this, the men of the 16th century chiefly rose to eminence. Patronage could not create genius, but it could foster and develop it, and it was to be regretted that our palaces and public buildings were not more adorned with works of art. If the walls, continued Mr. Latilla, of the new Houses of Parliament were painted in fresco, it would revive the English school in the highest order of art, now totally neglected. In fresco painting every faculty of the mind was called forth; the Germans were obtaining a distinguished name from their attention to fresco; and encouragement awaited the higher walks in France, more than it did in this country. Vainly, said the talented lecturer, until the higher walks of art be encouraged, will this country ever be expected to produce a Raphael or an Angelo.

The excellent suggestion of Mr. Latilla, urging that in the decorations of the new Houses of Parliament, the labours of the statuary and painter should not be forgotten, was again reiterated by the president, who further showed, that in addition to the School of Design instituted by the government, similar Schools of Design had already sprung up in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Coventry, and Edinburgh. The Government School had already sent forth upwards of 400 pupils into different parts of the country, and seven of the pupils had been admitted students into the Royal Academy. From institutions such as these, he foresaw that artists would spring, who would contribute to grace their art, and glorify their country.

ANCIENT NAMES OF THE RED SEA.

ORIGIN OF THE EPITHET "RED."

As far back as ancient records reach, we find this sea called, by Mosos, *Jam Suph*, the Sea of Rushes. This appellation is hardly justified by the few rushes which are found near some springs on the western coast; it might, perhaps, be more accurately referred to the quantity of corals which appear on its banks, and which, at low water, are on a level with the sea.

Rosenmüller shows very clearly, in his *Biblischen Alterthümer*, that *Jam Suph* has been inaccurately translated "the sea of rushes," and that it ought to be called the sea of "Madrepores," which occupy the bottom.

Giovanni Finati, speaking of his voyage on the Red Sea, says that, "the weather was so calm, and the water so transparent, that he amused himself by observing the peculiarity of the depths beneath him, where woods and coral grow to such a size, and so disposed, as almost to have the appearance of groves and gardens."

The Greek authors make no mention of this name: they call it the Erythrean, or Red Sea, a name, the origin of which is to be found, it is said, in the history of Perseus, or Erythras, who set out in search of his horses, which a lioness had put to flight, in an island at a short distance from the coast. This tradition, however, more properly belongs to the Persian Gulf, to which, in fact, it gave the name, and can have no relation to the Arabian Gulf, as Herodotus justly remarks.

"But the Greeks," says M. Laborde, in his *Petræa*, "called this sea, the Red Sea, for a much more simple reason, which has been alluded to by several ancient as well as modern travellers, namely, the colour of the mountains, which, from the summit of Ammam Pharaoh, to the end of the Eranitic gulf, and also on the Egyptian coast, are formed of rose-coloured granite, of porphyry, and frequently of sandstone, veined with oxide of iron, which looks a deep red. To these features may be added the circumstance, that the bottom is composed

of a mass of corals, which being often detached from the rocks and thrown upon the beach, may have attracted the attention of the Greeks. The atmosphere, also, in that country, assumes above the mountains, a rosy hue, which is reflected by the sea. The whole of this appearance is the more striking, inasmuch as in so arid a region, no considerable mass is observable, which disturbs the general uniformity of colour.

ALEXANDER AND THE AFRICAN KING.

ALEXANDER of Macedon once entered into a neighbouring and wealthy province of Africa; the inhabitants came forth to meet him, and brought him their robes filled with golden apples and fruits. "Eat this fruit among yourselves!" said Alexander, "I am not come to see your wealth, but to learn your customs." They then conducted him to the market where their king administered justice.

A citizen just then came before him, and said, "I bought of this man, O king, a sack full of chaff, and have found in it a secret treasure. The chaff is mine, but not the gold; and this man will not take it again. Command him, O king, that he receive it, for it is his own."

And his antagonist, a citizen also of the place, answered:—

"Thou fearest to retain anything unjustly; and should not I also fear to receive such a thing from thee? I have sold thee the sack with all that was in it. Keep it, for it is thine. Command him, O king!"

The king inquired of the first one, if he had a son. He answered, "Yes." He inquired of the other if he had a daughter, and the same answer, "Yes," was returned. "Well, then," said the king, "you are both just men—marry your children to each other, and give them the discovered treasure as a marriage-portion. That is my verdict."

Alexander was astonished when he heard this decision.

"Have I judged unjustly," said the king of this remote country, "that thou art thus astonished?"

"Not at all," answered Alexander, "but in our country they would have judged far otherwise."

"And how then would they have judged?" inquired the African king.

"Both parties would have lost their heads," answered Alexander, "and their treasure would have fallen into the hands of the king."

Then the king clasped his hands together, and said, "Does the sun then shine upon you? And do the heavens still shower their rain upon you?" Alexander replied, "Yes."

"It must then be," continued the king, "for the sake of the innocent beasts which live in your country; for upon such men no sun should shine and no rain should fall."

The Gatherer.

It would be well if we lived in a period, when to be guilty of painting guilt, were held to be as bad as being guilty of guilt itself.

Gibbon says, that not more than the one hundredth part of the male population can be engaged in the profession of arms, without wearing out a country.

Roman Coins.—A vase, equal in contents to about two quarts, was found last June in Charnwood Forest, near Loughborough, Leicestershire, full of coins, from A.D. 40 to 68. It was only a foot under the surface.

Suicides in July.—It appears from inquiries instituted, that, in the course of the last month, no fewer than sixty cases of self-destruction occurred in this metropolis and its suburbs, of which, twenty were by poison, twelve by throat-cutting, five by shooting, and the remainder were cases of hanging and drowning.

Hair-cutting of Henry VIII.'s time.—The method of hair-cutting at this period, among the lower classes, was this:—a basin was placed on the head, and the hair rounded to it.

Imprisoned Frog.—A workman of Messrs. Campions, lately found a frog in the centre of a solid log of oak, about twelve feet from the root. It was in a hollow, towards which, not the vestige of a crack could be discovered, and lived for eighteen hours after extraction from its long abode, calculated at about two hundred years' duration.—*Yorkshire Gaz.*

In 1750, the property in the name of the Accountant-general of the Court of Chancery was 1,660,000*l.* It has now increased to 41,000,000.

A certain naval officer of a bad figure, was once pointed out in company to a lady, as a lieutenant just made—"and not well made either," was the feminine remark.

A great deal of love may be made in one word: for example, when Charlotte laid her hand upon Werter's arm, and said, "Klopstock!"

The splendid abbey of Fontevraud, the Lion-Heart's burial-place, has been of late degraded into a prison: the choir of the church only being now employed as a chapel.—*Costello's Summer among the Vines.*

The city of Van, said to have been erected by Semiramis, is celebrated for its wall of natural rock, so regular, as to have been described by many as an artificial structure. Some of the excavations in this rock appear to be not unlike, in character, to those of Petra.—*Southgate's Tour in Mesopotamia, &c.*

There are in the world, but two classes of people—those who have, and those who are striving to get. The former go to bed, the latter keep stirring. My atmosphere is action. As I learned this lesson early and seasonably, I shall get pretty forward—that's all. There

have been only two who began at forty, that made any progress—Cromwell and Jean Jacques; if you had given one of them a farm, and the other twelve hundred francs and his maid-servant, they would neither have preached, nor commanded, nor written.—*Napoleon's Saying.*

M. Bonafous, at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, communicated that the practice adopted by the Chinese of partially feeding their silkworms on rice-flour, sprinkled over the mulberry leaves, had led him to try whether by colouring the flour with madder, indigo, and other innocuous dyes, he could not give a colour to the produce of the worm. The result had been satisfactory, and cocoons, thus tinted, were laid before the Academy.

In Liverpool, there are more than 7,800 cellars, occupied by upwards of 39,000 persons, being one-fifth of all the working classes in that town. In Manchester, nearly 15,000 live in cellars, being about 12 in every 100 of the working-classes.

The Ten Tribes.—An enterprising Missionary, the Rev. Jacob Samuel, well-known by his labours in the East, has made a deeply important discovery—remains of the Ten Tribes, retaining all the habits and characteristics of the ancient Hebrews, have been discovered by him on the S. W. shores of the Caspian Sea, enclosed by a chain of mountains. The evidence on the subject will shortly be given to the world. H. I.

Roman Antiquities.—have been lately discovered at Strasburg. Some workmen, digging in a cellar, came upon slabs of a very fine red earth, and more common material, bearing the inscription, "*Eighth Augustan Legion.*" Also fragments of a magnificent Etruscan vase, of admirable workmanship, and another containing ashes. Excavations are now carrying on.

This day, will be erected, on the pedestal of blue stone, in St. Peter's Place, opposite the Schelt, Antwerp, till the bronze figure may be completed, the statue of Rubens, it being the anniversary of Rubens' birth-day. Splendid fêtes also will take place in the city.

A singular custom prevails at Gainsborough, of giving away penny loaves on the morning of a funeral, to whomsoever demands them: this custom has prevailed for so long a period, that the poorer inhabitants look upon it as a right.—*Lincoln Chron.*

Near Astoria, in the territory of Oregon, eight miles from the embouchure of the river Columbia, exists a fir, measuring forty-six feet round, and one hundred and fifty-five feet high. Another fir, on the banks of the Umpqua, measures fifty-seven feet in girth, and two hundred and forty-six feet high.

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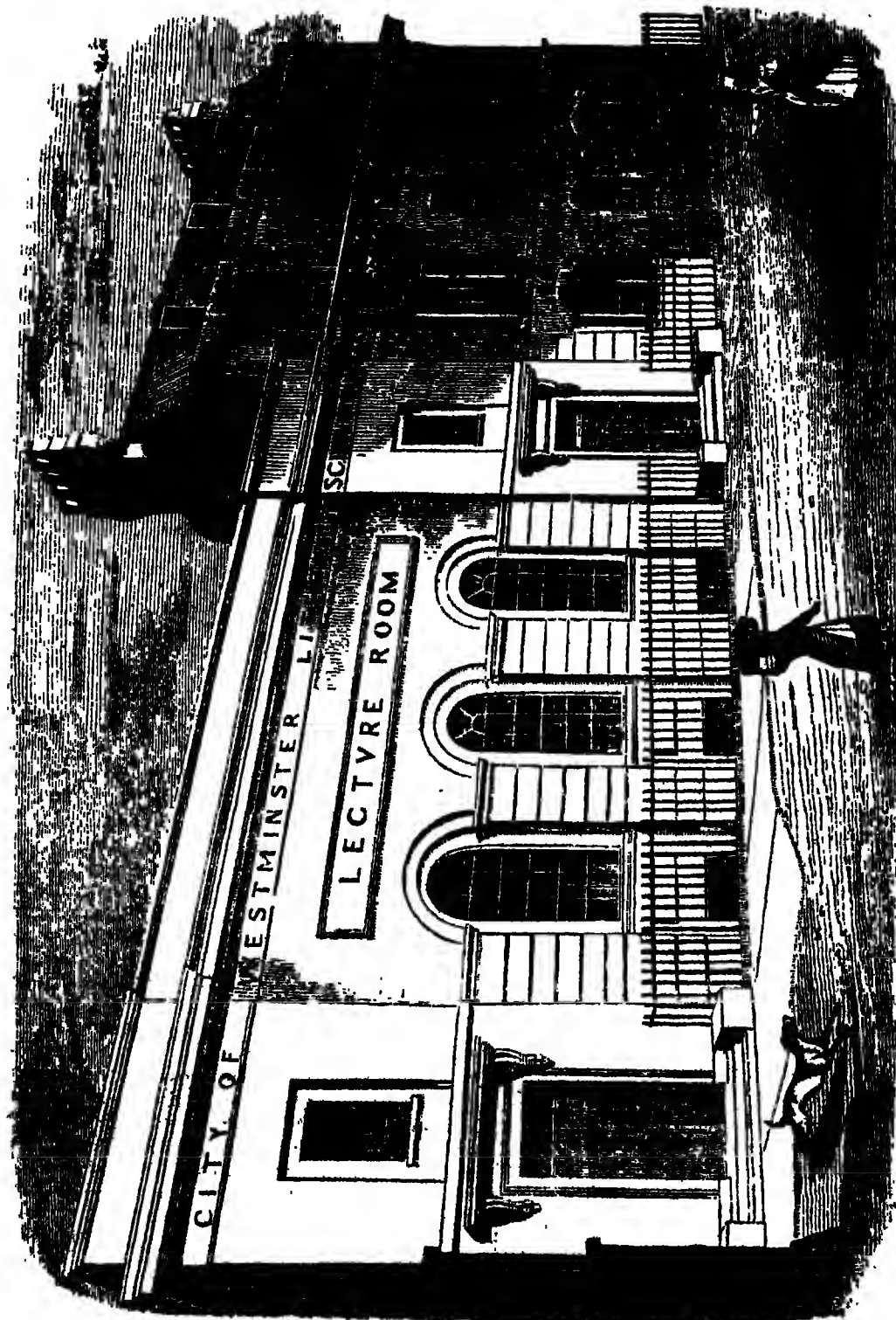
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WESTMINSTER LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTION,
GREAT SMITH STREET.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND MECHANIC'S INSTITUTION.

THE new premises of this Institution, consist of two houses in Great Smith Street, which are in course of alteration to one large commodious building; while on the adjoining site are to be a lecture-room, class-rooms, library, laboratory, &c., the erection of which is now rapidly progressing.

The lecture-room will be 43 ft. by 37 ft. in area, and 26 ft. in height from the platform to the ceiling. The end occupied by the lecturer's platform, will be bounded by a straight wall, with rectangular sides, and the opposite end will be semicircular. The seats in the pit will rise by gradation, so as to afford a good view of the platform, and at the same time be convenient of access. A gallery, capable of holding about 150 persons, will occupy the semicircular end, and extend along the sides. The entire lecture-room is estimated to hold 700 persons. It will be lighted by three large vertical windows, and a flat ground-glass light in the ceiling. The gallery will be reached by two stone staircases, one in each of the angles of the building. Ample means of ingress and egress are to be afforded, by entrances to each side of the lecture-room direct from the street, to the platform, through the library, and the committee-boxes by a door from the principal corridor of the main building.

The basement will contain two class-rooms, about 20 ft. square, one somewhat less; a laboratory, 20 ft. by 14 ft. in area; and also the requisite domestic offices.

On the ground floor, will be the library, 20 ft. by 14 ft. 6 in., lighted by a skylight; an ante-room; the reading-room having an area of 36 ft. by 14 ft. 6 in., lighted most effectively by three windows, two of which are very large, and an ante-room for the lecturer.

On the first floor, one room will be adapted as a committee room, 21 ft. by 14 ft.; and this will communicate with the museum, 20 ft. by 13 ft. 6 in. On the same level will be a small class-room, store-room, and a door-way for occasional access to the gallery of the lecture-room.

The next floor comprises a class-room of the same area as the museum, and one less capacious; and also other apartments, which, with those of the attic story, will be appropriated to the resident officers.

This Institution was established April 1837, and is one of those valuable associations for the cultivation of the mind, which have within those few years opened up an entirely new channel for the rational occupation of the brief moments of leisure that are allotted to the middle and labouring classes, and for the development of their noblest faculties. Its immediate origin was that of nearly every useful Institution. A few intelligent persons,

intimately acquainted with the habits and requirements of the industrious classes, seeing an immense field for adult instruction wholly unoccupied, cheerfully entered upon the task of founding a society that might contribute something to the good work. They canvassed the more influential persons of the neighbourhood, and having surmounted various scruples that arise very naturally in such cases, they had most liberally accorded to them the countenance and support of some of the most respectable persons in the district, headed by the worthy incumbents of the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John. These two parishes, containing about 50,000 souls, may be considered as the abode of the great mass of the industrious population engaged for some distance around them, and therefore eminently requiring some Institution of the kind; and the utility of the one established is obvious, from the fact that some 2,000 persons have been enrolled as members during the last three years, and an average number of about 400 subscribers has been maintained. It is also most gratifying as evidence, that the worth of the Institution has been appreciated by those for whom, chiefly, it was founded, two-thirds of the members having constantly been mechanics.

The funds that have accrued from members, subscriptions, and donations, have enabled the committee to form a library, which, with very liberal contributions, has now swelled to upwards of 3,000 volumes; comprising a good selection of the best works in History, Ethics, General Literature, and Science. These works have been in extensive circulation among the members; and reading and news-rooms, supplied with newspapers and the principal periodicals, have been open to them daily, from 10 till 10.

Classes for the various branches of drawing, and other useful arts, have been instituted, and have had generally from 100 to 150 assiduous pupils, participating in the valuable instruction thus placed within their reach. In addition to which, lectures have been delivered weekly, by various eminent professors in their respective walks of science, literature, and art, who have discoursed to large and deeply-interested audiences.

But perhaps the occurrence which has immediately given rise to this notice of the Institution, is the most gratifying and important event in its "simple annals." Its founders originally contemplated one or two commodious apartments for transacting all its business; they, however, took courage, yielded to the impulses of hope, and eventually located it in a house, and (so to speak) endowed it with a household. For three years it has had for its lectures the gratuitous use of an infant school-room, capable of holding from 250 to 300 persons, for which it has been indebted to that well-known friend of public instruction, Benjamin Smith, Esq. M.P. But the Institution has long outgrown this limited ac-

commodation ; and the managing body having reason to believe it to be essential to its permanence and ultimate prosperity, that it should be established in a building sufficiently capacious, they secured the premises in Great Smith Street for that purpose.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert has graciously condescended to become the Patron of the Institution ; and the very liberal subscription-list opened to defray the cost of the building, presents many of the most noble and distinguished names of every shade of political opinion, and already amounts to upwards of 1,500*l*.

The first stone of the new building was laid on Thursday, July 31st, 1840, by the Rev. H. Milman, M. A., Vice-president ; and we cannot better conclude this article than by presenting our readers with the brief extempore address delivered on the occasion by that accomplished divine.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The Right Hon. the Speaker, President of the Institution, authorises me to state, that but for the imperative duties imposed upon him as the first Commoner, he would be present on this occasion. I should have rejoiced had that Right Hon. Gentleman been present to perform the ceremony in which I have just been engaged. I cannot, however, avoid thinking, that it is within my line of duty to attend that which is intended to promote the intellectual improvement of my friends and neighbours ; more especially as I feel assured, that the stability of this great empire depends not only upon its intellectual—but with its intellectual, upon its moral advancement. To advance the intellectual is one very great subsidiary towards promoting the moral elevation of human beings. Contemplating the powers with which the CREATOR has endowed man—oxemplified in our day by inventions that, in one sense, annihilate time and space, enabling individuals to travel by land or sea with the rapidity almost of lightning—I cannot but consider those powers to be given for wise and useful purposes. With this conviction, I consider it to be our bounden duty to cultivate them—to afford the *means* of cultivating them—and to take care that they may be employed wisely and usefully. In founding this Building—I feel assured my language will not be misunderstood—it is to be hoped that we are raising a permanent TEMPLE OF TRUTH for all classes and orders of society—to open to all, these stores of knowledge that have been heretofore, more peculiarly the privilege of the high-born and wealthy. In this temple of truth will be received worshippers from all classes : not for the purpose of merely gratifying idle curiosity, but to acquire a knowledge of the wonders around them, which, the more they are investigated, the more they will be found to bespeak the wisdom of the great FATHER of all. It is to be hoped that it will be the temple of PEACE as well as of truth. Far from this building be dissonant contentions

and party strife ! I trust that its members will calmly inquire, and amicably compare, in their efforts to arrive at truth—that truth which gives nerve to the mind ;—that they will derive advantages beyond the mere hearing of lectures, or reading of books. It is, and by myself particularly, most fervently hoped, that all the proceedings in this temple will not only promote true knowledge, but also those feelings of brotherly love, which embody the true principles of our holy religion."

JACOB'S DREAM.

(For the Mirror.)

"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder, set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven ; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."—*Genesis*, ch. 28, v. 12.

And, softly fades the long, long summer's day,
And twilight gathers round the wanderer's way,
Weary and sad, the lonely man complains
To the pale stars that gleam o'er eastern plains.
From native scenes afar, by Jordan's shore,
His staff and scrip alone the exile bore.
Low moun'd the breeze, while echoes faintly broke,
From distant haunts of human-kind remote :
Sleep on the pilgrim's weary eyelids fell,
As the day closed around a grassy dell,
Where the sweet woods met in a solemn shade,
And glittering star-light thro' the branches played.
But while in "honey-dews" of slumber bound,
A stone his pillow on the verdant ground,
Came heavenly visions to his dreaming sight,
Cheering the silent watches of the night ;
Behold from earth to heaven, a ladder rose,
And high above the purple skies unclose,
While streaming downwards from that distant height,
The opening gleam'd "intolerable light,"
And from their glorious home descending there,
Came troops of radiant angels, "bright and fair."
What beams of heaven upon the sleeper fell,
What pitying love,—no mortal tongue may tell !
Or how their seraph eyes of mercy spoke,
Or what high hopes upon his slumbers broke ;
To future ages did those hopes extend,
With Israel's God, his promised Guide and Friend.
O Thou ! who to the patriarch's dreaming eye
Opened the chrysal portals of the sky,
Still hovering near, let guardian spirits stray,
From evil still to guard life's devious way ;
Reaching from heaven to earth, Thy mercy send,—
Sleeping and waking, round our being tend !

Kirton-Lindsey.

ANNE R.—

SONG OF THE SUN.

(For the Mirror.)

I HAVE rais'd my head
From my ocean-bed
To scatter the frowns of night—
I have torn her robe
From the darksome globe,
And am here in the morning light !
My steeds are driv'n
To the high mid-heav'n,
And half of my course is run—
And I show'r from its height
Hot streams of light—
'Tis the hour of the scorching noon !
My task is o'er,
Yet I gaze once more
Ere the golden earth I leave,
And linger awhile,
For a parting smile—
Then yield to the peaceful Eve !

E. M.

THE LAST PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To the Editor,

It would please me to see the enclosed translation of the Prayer of Mary, printed on your page. You will observe that the number of the lines is exactly the same, that each line of the Latin is translated by the corresponding line of the English, that the translation is literal, and the metre the same. The original stands at p. 58, No. 1,016 of *the Mirror*.

The metre is shown best, I think, by reading two lines as one; the agreement of the metre may be shown thus:—

O	Lord God Most	High I have	trusted in	thee
O	<i>Domine</i>	<i>Deus sper</i>	<i>avi in</i>	<i>te</i>
O	Jesu be	lovéd now	bid me be	frée
O	<i>cure mi</i>	<i>Jesu nunc</i>	<i>libera</i>	<i>me</i>
Hard	fetters en	chain me and	miseries	pain me
<i>In</i>	<i>dura cat</i>	<i>ena in</i>	<i>miseru</i>	<i>pæna</i>
While	longing for	thee		
<i>De</i>	<i>sidero</i>	<i>te</i>		
I	moan and I	languish and	kneeling in	anguish
<i>Lan</i>	<i>guendo ge</i>	<i>mendo et</i>	<i>genusflec</i>	<i>tendo</i>
Ad	ore thee im	plore thee to	bid me be	free
<i>Ad</i>	<i>oro impl</i>	<i>oro ut</i>	<i>liberes</i>	<i>me</i>

TRANSLATED.

O LORD God Most High!
I have trusted in thee;
O Jesu belovéd!
Now bid me be free.
Hard fetters enchain me,
And miseries pain me,
While longing for thee.
I moan and I languish,
And, kneeling in anguish,
Adore thee—implore thee,
To bid me be free.

J. OGLE.

ANCIENT BRITISH REMAINS.*

Upright Stones or Obelisks.—In many parts of England are found large upright stones, termed by antiquarians obelisks or pillars. One of the largest in this country is situated in the north-west corner of the churchyard of Rudstone village, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. This stone tapers in form, is about twenty-four feet high, and its base is twenty-four feet beneath the surface of the ground, thus making a total of forty-eight feet. Its width is about six feet, and it is two feet six inches in thickness. There is no tradition or record in the neighbourhood respecting the cause or time of its erection. Higgins imagines that the name of the village, Rudstone or Rhudstone, is derived from the stone being of a red sandy colour.

Cromlechs or Druidic Altars.—Another species of monument of the ancient Britons is the cromlech or druidical altar. These are

found in great number and variety in Ireland, Wales, and some parts of England, particularly Cornwall. One of the most celebrated is Kit's Cotty House, in Kent. This cromlech is situated about four miles from Maidstone, on the downs, and is composed of four stones, three of which support a large flat stone on the top, forming a sort of open room beneath. Some have supposed this monument to be a druidical altar; others, that it was erected to the memory of an ancient British king. They were most likely used for sacrificial purposes.

Carved Rocks.—Besides their stone pillars and cromlechs, the druids sometimes cut down huge rocks into fantastic shapes, such as the Cheese-ring in Yorkshire, and the Hurlers, in Cornwall. In the eastern part of the Isle of Purbeck in the county of Dorset, between Poole and Swanwich, is a large stone called Agglestone. This stone weighs about ninety tons, and is placed upon the top of a large barrow, about seventy feet high, which was probably erected to the memory of some British chief, who fell in the neighbourhood.

* Considerably abridged from the current number of the Polytechnic Journal.

The Tolmen, or Hole of Stone.—Dr. Borlase describes one of these, situated in the Tenement of Men, in the county of Cornwall. It is a huge stone of one vast egg-like shape, placed upon two smaller stones, on the top of a hill, leaving room beneath for devotees to pass through.

Cairns of Scotland.—These appear to have been used as burial places of the ancient inhabitants, and on their tops fires are lighted on St. John's eve, and other festive occasions. At New Grange, in Ireland, is a large cairn or tumulus, which occupies nearly a quarter of a mile of ground in circumference. It is composed of stones which, according to the local historians, must have been brought upwards of eighty miles. The interior of this cairn contains various galleries and passages, in which are several wide stones, sculptured with symbolical representations of the Deity. This singular relic bears traces of the remotest origin.

Vitrified Forts.—These most remarkable monuments in the Highlands of Scotland appear to have been erected for protection, and are composed of calcined stones united by heat, thus forming solid compact walls.

Round Towers.—These singular monuments are found in many parts of Ireland; they are composed of masonry, and rise from the ground in a circular tapering form, sometimes to the height of more than 100 feet. Two towers of similar form and construction exist in Scotland. Much research has been employed on these; some have imagined they were bell-towers; others, that they were pillars for devotees similar to that used by Simon Stylites; it is also conjectured they were receptacles for the sacred fire, which, it is supposed, the ancient inhabitants of Ireland worshipped in the same manner as the Persians.

Druidic Temples.—These monuments of the ancient Britons are generally composed of ovals or circles of stones, varying from twelve in number up to several hundreds. It is a curious fact that the entrance to these temples always faces the north-east. One of the largest of these druidical temples in this country is situated at Abury or Avebury, near Marlborough, in Wiltshire. This temple, which is one of the most singular and gigantic works ever designed by the mind of man, is composed of 650 stones, and extends over nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of ground. It is surrounded by a large mound of earth, and is in the form of a snake with wings; or a long circle, from which branch two long avenues of stones. At the commencement of one avenue is a smaller circle of 30 stones, forming a sort of head to the serpent. The great circle or body of the snake is composed of 100 stones, and contains two smaller circles within its area, of 80 stones each, with pillars or obelisks in the centre. It is to be regretted that this singular structure, which formed such a splendid memorial of the religion of our British ancestors, is now almost wholly destroyed, from the wanton barbarity of the inhabitants of a contemptible village which is situated within its cir-

cumference. The design and form of this splendid temple would altogether have been lost, but for the perseverance and ingenuity of Dr. Stukely, who, more than 100 years since, investigated its plan, and discovered its form and character. Few stones are now left; and in 1837, a traveller states that the barbarian inhabitants were employed in the task of setting fire to the stones, and employing them to build their cottages and mend the roads.

Temple at Stonehenge.—This has been so often treated of, that we shall only briefly refer to it. This temple is composed of two circles and two ovals. The outer circle, which is composed of thirty stones, about seventeen feet in height, supports thirty stones as imposts, which are laid horizontally on the top. The next circle is composed of forty stones, varying from five to seven feet in height. Within this circle are placed five *trilitheons* (or two pillars supporting an impost) which are nearly twenty-five feet high, and within this oval is a smaller oval of nineteen stones, about eight feet in height. It is generally supposed to have been erected for astronomical purposes, —undeniably for theological. Many of the stones are now fallen, and the whole temple presents a picture "majestic though in ruins."

Tumuli or Barrows.—There are a variety of sepulchral mounds or barrows in this country. The druidical barrows of the ancient Britons, vary both in size and shape, from mounds scarcely elevated above the ground, to hills of more than 100 feet in height. The largest and most interesting barrow in England is Silbury Hill in Wiltshire, situated about five miles from Marlborough. According to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, who employed a surveyor in 1812 to ascertain its dimensions, it is 2,027 feet in diameter; at the top it measures 120 feet; its sloping height is 316 feet; its perpendicular height 170 feet; and it stands upon five acres and thirty-four perches of land. Dr. Stukely conjectures that it is a barrow erected to the memory of some ancient British chief.

Shapes of Barrows.—Oblong barrows, which are but slightly raised above the surface, some of which are as long as 400 feet, are supposed to be the earliest species of grave in this country, as they contain but few bones and relics. Some of the barrows scattered over our down-lands are in the shape of inverted bowls. Others are bell-shaped, and, from their exhibiting great skill and workmanship, it is evident that they belonged to an age of more improved manners. The class termed by the antiquaries *Druid barrows*, are the most elegant of this series of graves, and they appear to have contained females, from finer trinkets and smaller bones having been found in their interiors.

Deposits of Tumuli or Barrows.—In the British barrows are found weapons of war and hunting, ornaments of a rude kind, and even articles of jewelry, with sometimes relics of dogs and deer mingled with human bones, as

also urns of unbaked clay, large bones and horns of deer.

Anniversary Honours were held at these tombs of the ancient Britons, and at the present day, we frequently meet with relics of the festivals of the Celtic inhabitants of our country at barrows. Upon every Whitsun Wednesday a festive meeting is held at a great barrow called Capel Tump, in Herefordshire; and a similar meeting is held upon a large barrow on Shipley Hill.* An annual court is held at Culliford barrow, on a high ridge near Weymouth, in Dorsetshire.

Thus, these lone monuments, which lie scattered over the barren heaths of our native land, prove that man, in an infant state of society, was the same being in feelings and passions, as the more refined inhabitants of the nineteenth century. The earliest efforts of uncivilized nature were records of human action and suffering; and thus patriotism, piety, and friendship have left their impress on the grey stone, the rude altar, and the earthen mound.

A SCULPTURED CORPSE.

At Penshurst, in Kent, there is to be seen a strange little model of a corpse in a grave. All the circumstances of the scene are moulded with curious fidelity: the damp and slime of the dungeon; the worms crawling in and out of the putrifying carcass, the rats friking and feeding upon it, are all horribly natural, and in the midst of the fine pictures among which it stands, the spectator's attention is often called away to it, although he is surrounded by subjects that are far more worthy of remark.

VINES AND PEACH TREES AMONG GRAVES.

The vine is not only a most gross feeder, but a very ghoul among graveyards. Rioting amid the charnel house, it would seem well fitted for hearing the grapes from which might be crushed the "coal black wine" that filled the cup of "King Death." But the vine is not the only fruit-tree which revels in such deadly diet. Upon the exhumation of the remains of the hapless André, in the field, immediately over his remains, there flourished, most luxuriantly, a small peach-tree, which had been planted at the head of the grave by the kindly feeling of a lady in the neighbourhood. On disinterment of his remains, the roots of the small peach-tree had completely surrounded the skull like a net. This uprooted tree, though carefully removed to a garden, and there tended with pious care, in the hope of preserving it for the sisters of André, drooped, however, and died away. Plants, indeed, in general, grow no where more vigorously than amid graves, drawing their nourishment from sources which can hardly be contemplated by the sensitive without a shud-

*Stukeley's *Itin.*, vol. i., p. 801.

der. We need only advert to the legend of Lisabetta and Lorozone—a story to which neither the elegant and pathetic prose of Boccaccio, nor the harmonious verses of Dryden, could ever reconcile us.

ASTONISHING MENTAL POWERS OF THE BLIND.

The phenomena of mind are at all times interesting, and many curious theories have been started on the value of the different senses. We see that the loss of one sense may be compensated by the superior intensity and perfection of the remaining organs; and, as Nature ever designs well, if she chance, in some respects, to fail in her good intentions, she generally takes care, in others, to atone for such deficiencies. "Where the mind is properly constituted," says Lieut. Holman, "the diminution of one faculty naturally calls others into more extensive action; in short, there are few obstacles which man's perseverance may not enable him to overcome, if he will but rightly exercise those faculties with which the beneficence of his Creator has endowed him;" and, among the many proofs of the truth of this sightless traveller's opinion, wonderful, nay, almost incredible as they appear, the following extraordinary case of LAURA BRIDGMAN, an American girl, about ten years of age, blind and deaf, and almost bereft of the sense of smell, now being brought up in the Boston (U. S.) Institution for the Blind, is certainly not the least remarkable. The *Athenæum* of May 30, 1840, was the first work that called the public attention to this interesting child, in noticing Dr. Julius's "Remarks on Laura Bridgman, endowed with only one sense."

At a meeting of the Central Society of Education, June 24th last, T. Wyse, Esq., M. P. in the chair, the following narrative, extracted from the official Reports of the Trustees of the Boston Institution of the Blind, for the years 1839 and 1840 was read; it is Dr. Howe's account of the order of development and the peculiar character of the intellectual faculties of this child:—

Laura Bridgman was then thirteen years old, and had been about two years in the establishment:—"Having mastered the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes, and learned to spell readily the names of everything within her reach, she was then taught words expressive of positive qualities, as hardness, softness; and she readily learned to express the quality, by connecting the adjective hard or soft with the substantive; though she generally followed what one would suppose to be the natural order in the succession of ideas, placing the substantive first. It was found too difficult, however, then to make her understand any general expression of quality, as hardness, softness, in the abstract. Indeed, this is a process of mind most difficult of performance to any, especially to deaf mutes. One of her earliest sentences, after learning the adjectives,

was this—she had found the matron ill, and understood that her head pained her, so she said, ‘*Smith head sick—Laura sorry*’ Next she was put to the positive expression of relation to place, which she could understand. For instance, a ring was taken and placed on a box, then the words were spelt to her, and she repeated them from imitation. Then the ring was placed on a hat, and a sign given her to spell, she spelt, *ring on box*—but being checked, and the right words given, she immediately began to exercise her judgment, and, as usual, seemed intently thinking. Then the same was repeated with a bag, a desk, and a great many other things, until at last she learned that she must name the thing on which the article was. Then the same article was put into the box, and the words *ring in box* given her; this puzzled her for many minutes, and she would make mistakes; for instance, after she had learned to say correctly, whether the ring was *on* or *in* a box, a drawer, a hat, a bucket, &c., if she were asked where is house, or matron, she would say *in box*. Cross-questioning, however, is seldom necessary to ascertain whether she really understands the force of the words she is learning, for when the true meaning dawns upon her mind, the light spreads to her countenance. In this case the perception seemed instantaneous, and the natural sign by which she expressed it was peculiar and striking; she spelt *o, n*, then laid one hand on the other; then she spelt *i, n, t, o*, and enclosed one hand within the other. Some idea of the difficulty of teaching her common expressions, or the meaning of them, may be formed from the fact, that a lesson of two hours upon the words *right* and *left* was deemed very profitable, if she in that time really mastered the idea. No definite course of instruction can be marked out, for her inquisitiveness is so great, that she is very much disconcerted if any question which occurs to her is deferred until the lesson is over. It is deemed best to gratify her, if her inquiry has any bearing on the lesson, and often she leads her teacher far away from the objects he commenced with. * * In her eagerness to advance her knowledge of words, and to communicate her ideas she coins words, and is always guided by analogy. Sometimes her process of *word-making* is very interesting; for, instance, after some time spent in giving her an idea of the abstract meaning of *alone*, she seemed to obtain it, and understanding that being *by one’s self* was to be alone, or *al-one*, she was told to go to her chamber, or school, or elsewhere, and return *alone*; she did so, but soon after wishing to go with one of the little girls, she strove to express her meaning thus, *Laura go al-two*. The same eagerness is manifested in her attempts to define for the purpose of classification: for instance, some one giving her the word *bachelor*, she came to her teacher for a definition, she was taught that men who had wives were *husbands*, those who had none *bachelors*;

when asked if she understood, she said, ‘*man no have wife, bachelor—Tenny, bachelor*,’ referring to an old friend of hers. Being told to define bachelor, she said, ‘*bachelor, no have wife, and smoke pipe*.’ Thus she considered the individual peculiarity of smoking in one person, as a specific mark of the *species bachelor*. * * She easily acquired a knowledge and use of active verbs, especially those expressive of *tangible action*, as to walk, to run, to sow, to shake. At first, of course, no distinction could be made of mood and tense, she used the words in a general sense, and according to the order of her *sense of ideas*; thus, in asking some one to give her bread, she would first use the word expressive of the leading idea, and say, ‘*Laura, bread, give*.’ Having acquired the use of substantives, adjectives, verbs, propositions, and conjunctions, it was deemed time to make the experiment of trying to teach her to *write*, and to show her that she might communicate her ideas to persons not in contact with her. It was amusing to witness the mute amazement with which she submitted to the process, the docility with which she imitated every motion, and the perseverance with which she moved her pencil over and over again in the same track, until she could form the letter. But when at last the idea dawned upon her, that by this mysterious process, she could make other people understand what she thought, her joy was boundless. Never did a child apply more eagerly and joyfully to any task than she did to this, and in a few months she could make every letter distinctly, and separate words from each other. * * She has the same fondness for dress, for ribbons, and for finery as other girls of her age; and as a proof that it arises from the same amiable desire of pleasing others, it may be remarked that whenever she has a new bonnet or any new article of dress, she is particularly desirous to go to meeting, or to go out with it. If people do not notice it, she directs their attention by placing their hand upon it. Generally she indicates her preference for such visitors as are the best dressed. She is so much in company with blind persons that she thinks blindness common; and when first meeting a person she asks if they are blind, or she feels one of their eyes. She evidently knows that the blind differ from seeing persons; for when she shows blind persons anything, she always puts their fingers on it.*

* Keen susceptibility of touch, is the great boon of the Almighty to the blind; the most astonishing instance, perhaps, on record, is that of the celebrated Miss Margaret M’Avey, of Liverpool, who could, by passing her fingers over stained glass, name the colour of the various parts; she could also read the title of a book, by the same means, name the colour of any person’s dress; tell the hour and minutes through the watch-glass; and, however mysterious it may appear, it is most indisputably true, she ascertained objects at a distance, by simply stretching out the fingers on the window in the direction of such objects. Many other instances might be given of the extraordinary power of touch, possessed by the blind; but we shall merely mention John Gambardus, of Volterra, a sculptor, who,

"Laura is familiar with the processes of addition and subtraction in small numbers. Subtracting one number from another puzzled her for a time, but by help of objects she accomplished it. She can count and conceive objects to about one hundred in number—to express an indefinitely great number, or more than she can count, she says, *hundred*. If she thought a friend was to be absent many years, she would say—will come hundred *Sundays*—meaning weeks. She is pretty accurate in measuring time, and seems to have an intuitive tendency to do it. Unaided by the changes of night and day, by the light, or the sound of any timepiece, she nevertheless divides time accurately. With the days of the week, and the week itself as a whole, she is perfectly familiar; for instance, if asked her what day will it be in fifteen days more, she readily names the day of the week. The day she divides by the commencement and end of school, by the recesses, and by the arrival of meal-times. She goes to bed punctually at seven o'clock, and of her own accord. For some time after she came under our charge, she had some one to put her to bed every night; but soon it was thought best to send her alone, and that she might not wait for any one, she was left alone one evening, and she sat until quite late, a person watching her; and at last she seemed to form her resolution suddenly—she jumped up, and groped her way up to bed. From that time to this, she has never required to be told to go to bed; but at the arrival of the hour for retiring, she goes by herself. * * The sense of smell being destroyed, it seems a curious question whether the effect upon the organ of taste is general or particular,—that is, whether the taste is blunted generally, and for all things alike, or whether one kind of sapidity is more affected than another: to ascertain this, some experiments have been tried, but as yet, not enough to enable one to state confidently the results in minute distinction. The general conclusions are these:—Acids seem to make vivid and distinct impression upon the taste; and she apparently distinguishes the different degrees of acidity, better than of sweetness or bitterness. She can distinguish between wine, cyder, and vinegar, better than substances like manna, liquorice, and sugar. Of bitters she seems to have less perception, or, indeed, hardly any. * * With regard to the sense of touch, it is very acute—even for a blind person. It is shown remark-

ably in the readiness with which she distinguishes persons; there are forty inmates in the female wing, with all of whom, of course, Laura is acquainted: whenever she is walking through the passage-ways, she perceives by the jar of the floor, or the agitation of the air, that some one is near her, and it is exceedingly difficult to pass her without being recognised. Her little arms are stretched out, and the instant she grasps a hand, a sleeve, or any part of the dress, she knows the person, and lets them pass on with some sign of recognition. The innate desire for knowledge, and the instinctive efforts which the human faculties make to exercise their functions, are shown most remarkably in Laura. Her tiny fingers are to her as eyes, and ears, and nose, and most deftly and incessantly does she keep them in motion; like the feelers of some insects which are continually agitated, and which touch every grain of sand in the path, so Laura's hands and arms are continually in play; and when she is walking with a person, she not only recognizes everything she passes within touching distance, but by continually touching her companion's hands, she ascertains what he is doing. A person walking across a room while she had hold on his left arm, would find it hard to take a pencil out of his waistcoat pocket with his right hand without her perceiving it. Her judgment of distances, and of relations of place is very accurate: she will rise from her seat, go straight towards a door, put out her hand just at the right time, and grasp the handle with precision. * * At table, if told to be still, she sits and conducts herself with propriety; handles her cup, spoon, and fork, like other children; so that a stranger looking at her would take her for a very pretty child with a green ribbon over her eyes. But when at liberty to do as she chooses, she is continually feeling things, and ascertaining their size, shape, density, and use—asking their names and their purposes, going on with insatiable curiosity, step by step, towards knowledge. Thus does her active mind, though all silent and darkling within, commune by means of her one sense with things external, and gratify its innate craving for knowledge by close and ceaseless attention. Qualities and appearances, unappreciable or unheeded by others, are to her of great significance and value; and by means of these, her knowledge of external nature and physical relations will in time become extensive."

having felt all over a marble statue of Cosmo de Medici, he made one of clay, so like it as to astonish everybody who saw it. De Piles states, he saw in Italy a blind man, full of genius and intelligence, who modelled in wax, a statue of Minerva, discovering the forms and proportions by the touch. *William Kennedy*, of Wisbora, in the county of Down, who, although deprived of sight, made bagpipes, and afterwards clocks, and musical, and other watches, by instruments solely of his own manufacture: he could also tell the colour of ivory, ebony, and all the varieties of wood, by the touch. As we before remarked, numberless other instances might be adduced; but, for want of space, the above must suffice.—*Ed. M.*

Danger of a little Learning.—As by the culture of a field, you render the surface-soil more prone to receive and foster either the useless thistle-down or the generous wheat, so by only a little learning, you open the mind to the insinuations of the obscene and dangerous publications of the day, which to the vulgar acceptances, are apt to appear more amusing, at the first glance, than the revelations of Scripture.—*Sandron Hall, or the Days of Queen Anne.*



ALLOWAY CHURCH-YARD;

WITH THE TOMB OF THOMAS REID, THE PROTOTYPE OF "TAM O'SHANTER."

EVERY incident, however trivial, tending to illumine the writings of that inspired national poet, the delightful "Lowland Ossian,"—ROBERT BURNS—he who once described himself to his *countrymen* (and can they *now* read the words without barren shame and passionate remorse?) as "*half-mad, half-fed, and half-sarkit*,"*—must at all times be cherished with undying affection. Fully impressed with this feeling, we present to the reader that unassuming, yet most endearing spot, in all

'*Alloway*'
the scene of his most impassioned poem of "Tam o'Shanter."

Alloway Kirk, or, as it is mostly written, Kirk Alloway, exhibits nothing but the naked roofless walls of a Scot's country church, and is not much larger than a common-sized barn. Its little enclosed burial-ground must always demand the pilgrim's attention. Upon the whole, the spectator is struck with the idea that the witches must have had a rather narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in Burns' poem. "Within the last few years," says Chambers, "the old oaken rafters of the kirk were mostly entire, but they have now been entirely taken away, to form, in various shapes, memorials of a place so remarkably signalized by genius. It is surprising with what interest every visitor to the real scene will inquire into, and behold every part that can be associated, however remotely, with the poem of Tam o'Shanter. The church-yard contains several old monuments, of a very humble description, together with some modern ones: among the most interesting are those of the father of Burns, and of Thomas Reid, a rough-spun Carrick farmer, who was in the habit of wearing a

broad blue bonnet, riding a sturdy white mare, and getting regularly drunk at all the fairs and markets held within forty miles round. Shanter is a farm on the Carrick shore, near Kirkoswald, which Reid long possessed. This man was in sober, or, rather, drunken truth, the "bletherin', blusterin', blollum," that the poet has described; and his wife was as a lady, the "sulky, sullen dame," who most anxiously discouraged drinking in her husband. Burns, when a boy, spent much of his time with this Thomas Reid, and his brother-in-law, the farmer of Duwhat, both of whom used to visit Burns' uncle, a miller, who sold home-brewed ale; and these persons gave the poet a real knowledge of the Carrick farmer. One of their boozing companions was a cobbler, near Maybole, who was also the constant associate of Thomas Reid, he was

"His ancient trusty, drouthy crony;
TAM lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou* for weeks thegither."

It was from this cobbler and Thomas Reid, that Burns drew his heart-stirring characters of "Tam o'Shanter, and Soutart-Johnny."

The picture there given of the dissolute manners of the Carrick farmers, is generally allowed in Ayrshire to have been by no means overcharged. It is even said to have been by no means an unfrequent occurrence, at the farm of Shanter in particular, for the servants to be so stupid with liquor, as to boil the brandy for the meals instead of water; a mistake the more natural, because all the domestic vessels were occasionally put in requisition, to hold the generous fluids which had been hastily transferred from on board the smugglers' luggers.

* Half-dressed, or, rather half-shirted.

Libertated.

† Cobbler.

BABELON,*

"THE GOLDEN CITY—ABUNDANT IN TREASURE."

Down to the Time of Cyrus.

THE mind is a mighty mirror, having a surface broader than the Creation, and which, though possessed of no visible area, or supportive platform, bears, oftentimes, bulks of most mountainous dimensions. Thus, may a man, by virtue of its reflective powers, support, perhaps, upon its surface, and at the same instant, images of Babylon, Thebes, Persopolis, and a score of other cities. Samson, as his mightiest feat, bore no more than the gates of Azza; but the mind, more powerful than a thousand Samsonides, bears aloft Thebes with its *hundreds* of gates—Babelon with its myriads of towers—Persopolis with its massiest masonries, all at once, and by no stronger effort than the voluntary straining of its intellectual nerves and sinews—bears them aloof, and transports them from one earth-zone to another, or hurls down at will, their conglobated load, upon a sheet of foolscap, royal, or demy.

Babelon—Thebes—Persopolis—each great, but none greater than the first! Gorgeous Babelon; while thy huge and ominous shadow spreads over my mind, I hasten to paint the successions of thy greatness, and to transfer the history of thy grandeurs to my page.

Centuries are creators of vast changes—changes of which the short-lived children of men hear only by dim-voiced traditions. Thou, portly King Belus, of Assyrian kings the first, I would that thou answeredst me a question. Before the sutures of thy infantine skull had closed, or thy baby-brow assumed the airiest notion of Assyria's round of sovereignty, how looked the plain whereon afterward stood bulky Babylon, as it arose in build and blazonry devised by thee? Why, when in thy purple long-clothes, and silver rattle in thy hand, thy nursing-mother took thee morning-walks upon the open plain of Shinar, it was then nothing but a league of level greensward, shaded here and there, by palms filled with fruit and singing-birds. The old cedars in the distance, waved pleasantly their dark-green heads, unscathed by the axe-man, for, as yet, thou hadst not dreamed of building thyself palaces, "coiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion." The acanthi and amarynthi of Shinar's plain sufficed thy little fancy—the prattle of the birds was pleasanter to thine ear, than the clank of the stone-mason's hammer, or reverberations of the woodman's hatchet, and the blue sky over thy princely little head, "was more acceptable to thy sight, than any dome of splendour.

But the scene changed with thy changing years. No sooner had the purple beard-down of thy manhood appeared, than quarries were delved—forest cedars laid open to the sun—

* Babel, and On, a city—the City of Babel—Babelon: this, according to the Chaldees, is the right orthography, but with the Greeks, it becomes Βαβυλων, i. e. Babylon.

bricks baked in the furnace—bitumen wells opened—and thou, and after thee, Ninus and Semiramis, didst and did labour to heap all that quiet green plain of Shinar, with imperial piles and stately structures. Walls were rolled out, prodigious in circuit, till the earth groaned beneath their stony masses—towers arose, that by their proximity, threatened the heavens, and the glassy waters of the great Euphrates, reflected hosts of huge red palaces, that glistened with strange glory in its depths. Babelon had now become, "The Golden City, abundant in treasures."

Touching upon the state of this famous city, there exists in the Spanish language, a poem written in pure Castilian, (by Juan Lorenzo, a clerk of Astorga, who wrote towards the year 1280) describing Babelon as it was in the time of Alexander the Great, that being the title of his poem. Some of its lines have a dreamy beauty, and run in "long-drawn sweetness":—

BABYLON.

It stands in a salubrious spot, well planted in a clime,
Nor misty with the vernal ruin, nor chilled by winter
rhime;

In all rich beauties bountiful beyond desire, and Time
Has with the gifts of many an age still stored it from
his prime.

The folk that in that city bide, woe sickness hurieth
ne'er;

There the choice gum and balsams be, and spice beyond
compute;

Of cassia, frankincense, and myrrh, the place is nothing
sparse,
Nor of the nutmeg, or the clove, or spikenard much
more rare.

The very trees give odours forth so sweet that they
dispel,

Or strip disease of all its force;—the people there that
dwell

Are of a right good tint, and men may soothly swear
that well

The tribes that journey far and near perceive the plea-
sant smell.

The three most holy rivers flow near, beneath whose
streams,

O many a pearl and precious stone of richest virtue
gleams;

Some that all night illumine earth with their resplen-
dent beams,

And some that to the sick give strength, when dead
the patient seems.

And all throughout the city, dance fountains fresh and
gay.

Lukewarm in the cold morning, and cool at noon of day;
Within them neither asp nor snake is ever born, for
they

Right beautiful are, and very clear, and never know
decay.

And founded on a spacious plain, most pleasant was
the site,

Rich in all kinds of game wherein the hunter takes
delight,

By verdant mountains compassed round, by nibbling
flocks made white,

Well tempered pass'd the vernal day, and well the winter
night.

There fly the brilliant loerie, and the curious paro-
queete,

That sometimes even men of brain with their sage coun-
ning beat;

And when the lesser birds too sing, the mothers, well I
weat,

Forget their own dear babies in listening sounds so
sweet.

The men are men of substance, and generous in their
 pile;
 They all go robed in garments with goodly colours
 dyed:
 Caparisoned sleek palfries and ambling mules they
 ride,
 And the poor, in satin and in silk, go marching at their
 side.

Built by a rare good master, were the palaces so vast,
 Well measured by the quadrant and the timbers nor-
 teled fast;
 With marvellous care and labour, were the deep founda-
 tions cast,
 Strong to withstand the fire and flood, the earthquake
 and the blast.

The gates were all of marble, native marble pure and
 white,
 All shining like fine crystal, and brave as they were
 bright
 With sculptured work; the quarter that soared to
 greatest height
 Was the king's own home, and kingly it might be
 termed of right.

Four hundred columns had they, those mansions every
 one,

With base and capital of gold, reflecting back the sun,
 Had they been polished braziers, they could not more
 have shone,

Their parts so well the chisel and burnisher had done.
 There, too, was music chanted to the harp and pasto-
 ral quill,

The quavers soothing sorrow, and the trebles rising
 shrill,

The mild flute's grieving pathos, and the lute's ecstatic
 trill,

Of all, except the very deaf, entranced the captive will.

There is not in the world a man that fitly can declare,
 The perfect sweetness and delight that filled all places
 there;

For whilst in that fair Eden a mortal lived, he ne'er
 Felt hunger, or the parching thirst, or pain, or vexing
 care.

Laid and reared so strongly as were the
 foundations and superstructures of this stu-
 pendous city, the ravages of time injured it
 but little. King after king had added to its
 marvels, till Nabuchodonosor, at length, filled
 the throne of the kingdom. Reader, who
 wouldst read of that king and his bright king-
 dom, turn to the pages of the Book of Books,
 and fix thy study on the fine scene which is
 there drawn by the pen of the inspired his-
 torian.

Terrace upon terrace rose the gardens of
 Babylon, wide as the province of an empire,
 and basking in the splendours of an eastern
 heaven. Amid court-yards of marble, grew
 the towery cedars, under whose shades gam-
 bolled the spotted panthers, beautiful and
 tamed. Fountains of water sprang up in the
 dazzled air, that dissolving at their summits,
 fell again in scintillated showers. Harmonies
 spread from every vista and avenue, and ex-
 quisite perfumes dulcified the air.

Herein walked Nabuchodonosor, the "king
 of kings," glorying in his heart. As the sun
 poured huge streams of rose, and crimson,
 and golden light, upon the enormous city,
 spreading out like an emblazoned map below,
 the heart of Nabuchodonosor, as he gazed
 from those lofty terraces, viewing the gran-
 deurs of his "golden" city, dilated with arro-
 gance. Swollen with immeasurable haughti-

ness, he cried, "Is not this great BABYLON
 that I have built for the House of the King-
 dom, by the might of *my* power, and for the
 honor of *my* majesty?"

But God, who is a jealous God, and bears
 not the pride of those who arrogate to them-
 selves the power, without rendering unto Him
 his rightful ascription of praise, heard the
 words of the boaster, and put a prophecy into
 the mouth of a prophet. And on the morrow,
 he who had vaunted with the vain-glory of a
 proud Lucifer, was found as a beast of the
 field.

Now was the glory of Babylon at its top-
 most, when perils and great warnings began
 darkly to environ it. The shadows of its pa-
 laces and temples seemed to gather more som-
 brously and black—portentous dreams visited
 the sleeps of its kings—lugubrious voices pro-
 phesied from its towers, and lastly, a super-
 natural hand wrote characters of fire and of
 wrath upon its walls.

It was at this period, and in fulfilment of
 the prophecies, that Cyrus broke asunder its
 gates of brass, and couched himself on the
 throne of Assyria. Under the dominion of
 this stranger-prince, curiosity is eager to know
 the appearance of this redoubtable city, and
 from the books of Herodotus, nearly all that
 is to be found of it appears.

Cyrus, after his subjugation of Babelon,
 extended over it the sceptre of his dominion,
 in common with the other cities of Asia under
 his sway, while all the nations who were his
 tenantry, were obliged to maintain him and
 his army. The country of Babelon alone,
 was obliged to maintain him four months of
 the year; its fertility, therefore, yielded a
 third of the produce of Asia. The govern-
 ment of this country, which the Persians
 termed *satrapy*, was richer and more exten-
 sive than any of the rest. Besides the war-
 horses, it maintained a stud of eight hundred
 stallions and sixteen thousand mares. Four
 of its cities alone, were devoted to keeping
 the Indian dogs, which, in immense numbers,
 were bred in this province for the king: these
 cities, in return, were exempt from all tax and
 tribute.

Seldom it rained over the country of Babelon.
 By the waters of the "great river"—the
 river Euphrates, which was here diffused by
 human industry, as is the Nile over Egypt by
 nature, the earth was artificially moistened:
 for all the country was divided by canals, the
 greatest of which was navigable, and flowed
 from south to north, from the Euphrates to
 the Tigris. Finer country stands not in the
 world for corn; but, for producing trees, the
 fig-tree, vine, or olive, it was not famous.
 Luxuriant, in troth, it was in grain, for it
 commonly yielded a hundred times more than
 what was sown, and in good years, it yielded
 three hundred times more than it received.
 Four inches broad were the leaves of its wheat
 and barley. "Though I know," says Hero-
 dotus, "that the millet and the sesame of

that country grow to the size of trees, I will not describe them particularly, lest those who have not been in Babylon, should think my account fabulous."

Oil they had none but what they made from Indian corn. Spontaneously in every direction, sprung the palm-trees, and from the fruit which they bore, the people made bread, wine, and honey. Their palms and their fig-trees they cultivated in the same manner. Some of them, as of other trees, the Greeks called *male* ones. They tied the fruit of the male to the trees which bore dates, that the mosquito, leaving the male, might cause the date to ripen, by penetrating it; for, without that assistance, it did not come to maturity. Mosquitoes bred in the male palms as in the wild fig-trees.

But their boats of skins were the most surprising, in which they sailed along the river to Babylon. The Armenians, whose country lay north from Babylon, were said to be the inventors of these. They made them with poles of willow, which they bent, and covered with skins—the bare sides of the skins they put outwards, and made them so tight that they resembled boards. These boats had neither prow or stern, but were of a round form like a buckler. They put straw on the bottom. Two men, each with an oar, rowed them down the river, laden with different wares, but chiefly with palm-wine. Of these boats, some were very large, and some very small; the largest carry the weight of five hundred talents. There was room for an ass in one of their small boats—they put many into a large one. When they had unloaded, after their arrival at Babylon, they sold the poles of their boats and the straw, and loading their asses with the skins, returned to Armenia; for they could not sail up the river, its current being so rapid. For this reason, they made their boats of skins instead of wood; and on their return to Armenia with their asses, they applied the skins to their former use.

As for the dresses of the people of this place, they wore a linen shirt which came down to their feet. Over this they wore a woollen robe—their outer garment was a white vest. Their shoes resembled those of the Thebans. They let their hair grow. On their heads they wore a turban. They rubbed their bodies all over with fragrant liquors. Each man had a ring on his finger, and an elegant cane in his hand, with an apple on the top, or a rose, a lily, or an eagle, or some other figure; for they were not suffered to use canes without devices.

They embalmed their dead with honey, and their mourning was like that of the Egyptians. They counted their day from sunrise to sunrise. They solemnized five days of the year with great magnificence, and almost the same ceremonies with which the Romans celebrated their Saturnalia.

There were Babylonian tribes who lived

only upon fish, and who prepared them in the following manner:—They dried them in the sun, and then beat them in a mortar to a kind of flour, which, after they had sifted through linen, they baked into rolls.

Confiding in judicial astrology, the priests of Babylon, who openly professed that art, were obliged to commit to writing all the events of the lives of their illustrious men, and on a fancied connection between those events and the motions of the heavenly bodies, the principles of their art were founded.

W. A.

KOORDS CATCHING QUAILS.

"I WAS made acquainted with a curious enough way they have of catching quails, and which I do not remember to have seen described. A man, choosing a place where they abound, spreads a net over the grass or stubble, in such a manner, that the birds can run into, but not through it; and then, taking his cloak, he spreads it above his head by means of two sticks, in such a fashion, as to double in appearance his natural size, and stature. Thus disguised, he goes poking along until he sees a quail upon the ground, when, bending forward, he drives it before him; and the spectro-like hood he carries, overshadowing the creature, so terrifies it, that it does not dare to take wing, but keeps running forward; a movement of the hood to one side or the other serves to direct the course of the unfortunate bird, which soon runs right under the net and is caught. In this odd manner, a great many quails are taken, and one may see dozens of men with their cloaks stuck over their heads, in the manner I have described, employed on a fine evening in the fields at this pastime."—*Travels in Koordistan, Mesopotamia, &c., by J. Baillie Fraser.*

TEMPERATURE OF FISHES.*

WHATEVER may be the physical temperature of fishes, there is nothing in their history more remarkable than their power of enduring the extremes of heat and cold. The breeding powers of that brilliant species of Chinese carp, commonly called the gold-fish, are greatly accelerated by water kept at a constant temperature of 80° Fahr.; yet Mr. Hoste, a naturalist of Vienna, has seen that species recover freely after being frozen up in ice. Fishes exist naturally in various baths and thermal springs, of which the temperature ranges from 113 to 120 degrees; and Humboldt and Bonpland were witness in South America, to fishes being thrown up alive, and apparently in good health, from the bottom of a volcano, along with water and heated vapour, which raised the thermometer to 210°, that is, to within two degrees of the boiling point.

* The Rod and the Gun. By James Wilson. Edinburgh. 1840. [Black.]

New Books.

The Harrowing of Hell, a Miracle Play:
with an Introduction, Translation, and
Notes, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S.
[John Russell Smith.]

It is well observed by the erudite and truly indefatigable Editor, in his Introduction to the above highly curious Miracle Play:—"Those who take a real interest in the theatrical representations of our country, will willingly be at the pains to peruse the earliest existing dramatic composition in the English language. Such is the 'Harrowing of Hell,' a most singular specimen of the difference between the taste of our ancestors of the fourteenth century and our own.

* * * * * Its extreme curiosity and intrinsic historical value, ought to place the consideration of its poetical beauties entirely out of the scale; and I venture to hope, that the modern version which accompanies this most interesting relic of our forefathers, will contribute its mite to render the history of the stage interesting, at least, to performers themselves, if not to the public at large.

"Different portions of the Old and New Testament and of the Apocryphal writings," continues Mr. Halliwell, "were made the subject of popular dramatic exhibition, in more ancient times, by the priests themselves, and afterwards by trading laymen. The sacred nature of the subject, was, in itself, an attraction for the ignorant speculators, in times of intellectual slavery; and the ridiculous poetry which graces, or disgraces, the several Scripture characters in all these early dramas, is one proof, among many, of the lamentable state of mind among the large majority of the people of those days. Let us take, for instance, the following dialogue between Noah and his wife, which occurs in the series of miracle-plays formerly acted at Chester.*

Noah.

Wife, come in! Why standest thou there?
Thou art ever forward, I dare well swear,
Come in, in God's name, half time it were,
For fear lest thou should'st drown.

Noah's Wife.

Yea, Sir, set up your sail,
And row forth with evil hail;
For, without fail, I will not out—
out of this town.
Unless I have my gossip every one,
One foot farther I will not go—
They shall not drown, by Saint John!
If I may save their life.
They loved me full well, by Christ!
And if thou wilt not let them go into that chest,
Go forth, Noah, wherever you like,
And get thee a new wife.

Noah.

Non Shem, lo! thy mother is near;
By God, such another I do not see.

* MS. Harl. 2013. "I have given these extracts," says Mr. Halliwell, "as much as possible, in modern phraseology."

Shem.

Father, I will fetch her in, I trow,
without any fail—
Mother, my father after thee sends,
And prays thee to go into yonder vessel.
Look up, and see the wind;
For we be ready to sail.

Noah's Wife.

Shem, go again to him. I say
I will not go therein to-day.

Noah.

Come in, wife, in twenty devils' way.
Or else stand there all day.

Ham.

Shall we all fetch her in?

Noah.

Yea, sons, for Christ's sake and mine.
I would ye do it quickly,
For of this flood I am in doubt.

Noah's Wife.

The flood comes flowing in full fast,
On every side that spreads full far;
For fear of drowning I am aghast,
Good gossips let us draw near.
And let us drink ere we go,
For oft times we have done so;
For at a draught thou drinkest a quart,
And so will I do, ere I go.
Here is a bottle full of Malmsey good and strong.
It will rejoke both heart and tongue;
Though Noah think us never so long.
Yet we will drink alike.

Japhet.

Mother, we all of us beseech you—
For we are here, your own children—
Come into the ship for fear of the weather,
And for his sake that died for you.

Noah's Wife.

That will I not for your call,
Unless I have my gossip all.

Shem.

In faith, mother, thou shalt,
Whether thou wilt or not.

Noah.

Welcome, wife, into this boat.

Noah's Wife.

Take that for thy note!
(Slaps his face)

Noah.

Ha! ha! Marry, this is hot—
It is good for to be still.

"Can anything more grotesque or absurd be imagined!" observes the learned commentator, "and yet this is a genuine specimen of what were the leading and grand tragedies of the time—spectacles which served to impart to the populace, some idea of those divine histories, from the perusal of which, they were precluded, owing to their ignorance of the Latin tongue.

"The legend of the descent of Christ into hell to rescue thence the souls of the good,—founded upon the Apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus,—was a very favorite subject for illustration throughout the middle ages; and we, accordingly, find that it forms one of almost every known series of miracle plays, generally under the title of the 'Harrowing of Hell.' On this legend, the above play is founded."

We cannot quote farther from the enter-

taining introductory remarks to this play, but must refer the reader to the work itself, which abounds with most interesting matter; and to those of our friends who prize antiquarian lore, its perusal will prove a rare treat, and its possession a literary treasure.

This *brochure* is very neatly printed; the original text being given on one page, and rendered into modern diction, on the opposite one.

As a specimen of the style of this *Miracle-Play*, we give its

Epilogue.

May God, for the love of his mother,
Let us never go thither. (Hell)
Lord, by thy great mercy,
Grant us a place in heaven.
Let us never be ruined
By any sin—Christ's chosen.
Oh! bring us out of the pain of hell,
Lord, us and all thine.
And give us grace to live and die,
In thy service, and to heaven wend.—Amen.

LOCALITIES OF FEVER.

VIEW the broad fact all over the world, and the scrutiny will shew, that where there is decaying vegetable or animal matter, heat and moisture will render them noxious to life; that, in general, where there are marshes and swamps, there the higher animals languish, and the traveller sees nothing in these oppressive solitudes but a few wretched beings, stunted in growth, dull in mind, trailing after cattle as poor and as miserable as themselves. Amidst the stagnant waters of Bresse, the plains of Foroz, the Campagna of Rome, the Pontine Marshes, in the Lagoons of the Mediterranean shores, the general aspect is ever the same—a dank and noisome vegetation in a grey expanse, unbroken by movement, either from bough or beast—and a heavy, clinging air, overwhelming the most buoyant spirits. In the Greek Islands, generally, the most marshy are the most insalubrious—for, instance, St. Maura, with its shallow lagoon. In the West Indian Islands, the same holds good; St. Lucia, Dominica, Tobago, are filled with uncultivated tracts, where deep ravines hold in stagnant pools, the spoils of a tropical vegetation, accumulated for centuries. In these islands, fevers are fatally abundant; while in St. Vincent's, Antigua, and Barbadoes, where the drainage is good, the valleys open to the breeze, the land better cultivated, the vegetation less dense, the mortality is diminished. Where the marshes have been drained or deepened, there also, as in the Ionian Islands, disease has invariably diminished. These facts hold forth a promise, that, in the combat with nature, man may immeasurably better the condition of his existence if he persevere unceasingly.—*Public Health and Mortality, Quarterly Review*, No. cxxxi, p. 153.

CHURCH STEEPLES.*

THE purpose of the steeple is simply external. Its object is to arrest the eye, or with its bells, to address the ear, of the devout Christian; to shew him where, and tell him when, he may offer up his prayers and praises amid the assemblage of the faithful. Those pinnacles, clustering round its base, may indeed, be said to symbolise the congregation of penitents at the foot of Mercy; while the crockets on its ascending lines, not inaptly typify the prayers that "fly upward." But the sentiment suggested by the spire, is not only of ascent. Its "fine-less" point, connecting heaven and earth, not only figures the terminated course of man's supplication, but also the source of his hope: and, instead of regarding the spire as rising towards the throne of Mercy, we may apply it to the illustration of Divine forgiveness descending from that throne; as symbolising the ever-expanding capacity of God's love—of that "unity" which "beginning in the prince" above, diffuseth itself over all below, like the "precious ointment that ran down even to the skirts of Aaron's clothing." The sentiment, then, excited in our mind by the Gothic pointed cathedral, is that of a reciprocal motion between heaven and earth. The building is as a tree, thriving upwards, to encounter the fruitful showers and sunshine which descend from above. However perfect in its general outline or minutest decoration, it seems still to be growing. Each stage of the buttress looks like the shoot of the season; and each pinnacle and canopy appears to teem with buds of promise.

Fine Arts.

METROPOLITAN GALLERY OF ARTS.

It is proposed to erect a gallery that will be available to any artist who may choose to pay a rental of so much per foot for a space of wall, if he be a painter, or of floor, if a sculptor: the wall-space to be apportioned perpendicularly—that is, from floor to ceiling—to prevent the monopoly of space along the line of the eye. Each artist to be absolute master of such space for one year; during which time, he shall be at liberty to occupy it with any work he pleases. *The public to be admitted free*; by tickets, easily obtainable; and the exhibition to continue open the whole year, with the exception of a few stated days for arranging the works. Mr. Park, the sculptor, is the proposer of this plan, which, if fairly tried, would be productive of the greatest advantages to young artists, and also to the public; we heartily wish it every possible success.

* From the *Palace of Architecture, a Romance of Art and History*. By George Wighman, Architect. [Fraser.]

The Naturalist.

SWEET PLANTS OF ARABIA.

ARABIA has been in all ages celebrated for sweet-scented shrubs and trees; and Burckhardt mentions, that one morning, at sun-rise, when he was on his road from Tayf to Mecca, every tree and shrub exhaled a delicious fragrance.

The Balm-tree is peculiar to Arabia: though it has not a beautiful appearance, and its qualities are unappreciated in the southern province of Yemen, yet its wood is burnt for the delicious perfume which it yields.

The Balsam is collected by the inhabitants in the Hedjaz, who take it to Mecca; it is thence exported to Turkey, where it is in high estimation. The tree from which incense distils, is found in part of Hadramaut, along the shores of the Indian ocean.

The Sensitive Plant.—Of this there are various species, of which the splendid flowers, of a beautiful red, are formed into crowns for festive occasions.

The Sugar Cane is found scattered over the whole of its provinces. Europeans can scarce form an idea of the luxury of its liquid syrup.

The Melon is in such variety and abundance, that, for a part of the year, it constitutes an article of food.

The Roses in the gardens of Tayf, among the mountains, 72 miles east of Mecca, are of such exquisite beauty and fragrance, that they are absolutely renowned, and are sent to all parts of the country.

The Coffee-Plantations, which, in many cases form the staple article of the agriculturist, exhale, when in flower, a most delicious perfume.

In speaking, however, of these delightful productions, we must confine ourselves for the most part to the southern and mountainous provinces of Yemen and Hadramaut. This is the celebrated Arabia Felix, which, contrasted with the adjacent deserts, might well deserve that appellation, being a fertile country, yielding the far-famed productions of myrrh and frankincense, and many sweet-scented shrubs and trees, of which the delicious fragrance, according to the description of poets, was wafted by the winds over the surrounding seas. Hallowed, too, by scriptural remembrances, it may not be forgotten, that from these regions of loveliness, the kings, or Magi, travelled, who sought with their presents of spices, and gold, and odours, a lovelier and sorer Star, than had ever yet sparkled on the brow of the firmament.

SIEGES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THIS celebrated metropolis, the *Anthusa*, or blooming maiden of the Greeks, and the Ummédünja, or mother of the universe, as it is styled by the Turks, has been visited with the horrors of nine-and-twenty sieges. The subsequent list is an enumeration of their successive occurrence.

- B. C. 477. Besieged by Pausanias after the battle of Plataea.
 410. By Alcibiades, in the beginning of the fifth cent., anno. 410, or 411.
 347. By Leo, Philip's general.
 A. D. 197. By the Emperor Septimius Severus.
 313. By Maximianus Caesar.
 315. By Constantine the Great.

- A. D. 616. By Chosroes of Persia, under Heraclius, emperor of the East.
 626. By the Chaghan of the Avari, an ally of Chosroes.
 656. By Moawia, the general of AH, an Arab sovereign.
 669. By Ja'id, a son of Moawia.
 674. By Sofian Ben-Auf, one of Moawia's generals.
 719. By two sons of Caliph Merwan, when Athemios was emperor.
 744. By Solyman, a son of Caliph Abdolmelek.
 761. By Paganos, the Kral of the Bulgarians, under Constantine V.
 786. By Haroun-al-Raschid, under Leo IV.
 798. By Abdolmelek, a general of Haroun-al-Raschid.
 811. By Krumus, the despot of the Slavonians.
 820. By Thomas, the Slavonian, under Michael the Stammerer.
 886. By the Russians, under Ascolt and Dir.
 914. By Simeon, Kral of the Bulgarians.
 1048. By Tornicius the rebel, under Michael Monomachos.
 1091. By Alexius Comnenus, on Good Friday.
 1204. By the Crusaders, on the 12th of April.
 1261. By Michael Palaeologus, on the 25th of July.
 1396. By Bajazet, the lightning flash. The first Ottoman siege.
 1402. By the same.
 1414. By Musa, a son of Bajazet.
 1422. By Amurath II., a son of Mahomet I.
 1453. 29th of May, by Mahomet II., "the Conqueror of Constantinople;" against whose victorious host, Phrauxa tells us, Constantine Dragoses Palaeologus, the last Greek emperor, rushed forth exclaiming, "I would rather die than live;" and shortly afterwards perceiving himself deserted by his recent followers, and crying aloud, "Is there no Christian hand to smite off my aching head?" met a glorious death, though doomed to fall by the cimeter of an infidel.

A CROCKERY-WARE FORTUNE.

THE following story is extracted from the *Hetopadesa*, translated by Mr. Wilkins:—In the city of Devce-kotta, there was a Brahmin, whose name was Deva-Sarma. One lucky evening, having found a curious dish, he took it with him into a potter's warehouse which was full of earthenware, and throwing himself upon a bed which happened to be there, began to express his thoughts upon the occasion, in the following manner. "If I dispose of this dish, I shall get ten kapardakas* for it; with that sum I will purchase a number of pots and pans, the sale of which will increase my capital so much, that I shall be enabled to lay in a large stock of cloth and other merchandize, which having disposed of at a great advance, I shall have accumulated a lack of money. I will then marry four wives; and from among these, I will select the handsomest, with whom I will amuse myself. This will create jealousy; so when the rival wives shall be quarrelling, then will I, overwhelmed with anger, hurl my stick at them, thus!" Saying which, he flung his walking-stick out of his hand with such force, that he not only broke his curious dish, but likewise destroyed a number of pots and pans in the shop.

W. G. C.

* Courtes.

The Gatherrr.

The Edinburgh Monument to Sir Walter Scott.—The foundation stone was laid with the usual ceremonies by the Lord Provost, as Grand Master Mason, on Saturday last, on the site selected in Prince's Street Garden.

The invention of enamelling in China, is, in France, generally attributed to Bernard Palissy.

He that has lost his fortune is, in the world's eye, so completely changed, that to the society which cherished him once, he is utterly invisible and unrememberable. When he rises into the upper light of power and renown, his features will re-assume their once-known aspect, and men will find out that they are his dearest friends.

The Portrait of Dante, painted by Giotto, was discovered on the 23d of last month, at Florence, in the chapel of the Palazzo del Podesta, now called del Bargello, —the only other authentic likeness of the poet, which existed in Santa Croce, being irretrievably lost. It was covered with plaster of Paris, but is well preserved. The poet is drawn in the flower of his age, and has a majestic expression of countenance. Besides this, there have been also discovered portraits of Brunetto Latini, and Corso Donati, and of other unknown personages.

It was mentioned that a certain confectioner thickened his isinglass with dissolved parchment, whereupon a wit observed, that some fierce people made you eat your words, but that he ate his deeds.—*Memoirs of James Smith.*

Columns of Seville.—It has been calculated that 80,000 marble columns exist in Seville, but there assuredly must be a much larger number, for many are buried in the walls, others covered with plaster, and, on an average, every house possesses six.—*Standish's Seville.*

The Glow-worm possesses the curious property of causing its light to cease at will. Dr. Burmeister mentions that while catching some of the flying species in his hat, they have so suddenly and entirely ceased to shine, that he has fancied that they must have escaped.

Laws are as liable to breakage as the fraillest china—as often broken as the commonest crockery.

Animal Magnetism.—The congregation of the Holy Office at Rome, having applied to the Pope, to know if animal magnetism was lawful, and if penitents might be permitted to be operated upon, his holiness has replied, that the application of principles and means purely physical to things and effects which are supernatural, for the purpose of explaining them physically, is nothing but an unlawful and heretical deception.

Sir David Wilkie the painter, left, last week, for Munich, whence he descends the Danube, proceeds into Syria, and visits Jerusalem and other sacred places.

Sooloh, a Mountain in Abyssinia.—Half way up, stands an insulated rock, the site of an Asaworta tradition. A freebooter who had kidnapped a Tugreye girl, in order to sell her at Massawwa, was so enchanted with the beauty of his newly-acquired slave that he offered to restore her to liberty if she would dance on the shelving summit of this rock. The favourite dance consists of slow movements of the arms and feet, and each pause is performed by bending backwards to a fearful extent. The Abyssine maiden accepted the trial, danced on the brink of the precipice, and was restored to her family. The rock is still called, The Dance of Lamino's Daughter.

Mankind deem that genius greatest which is most unshapely, as a structure looks larger when it is irregular. Comets attract more attention than the vaster star which never wanders.

Nil Abiad.—Some particulars have arrived relative to the inhabitants about the White River, discovered by the late expedition. The people, divided into *Kabyles* or tribes, are governed by a sort of king, distinguished by wearing a shirt, all his subjects being entirely naked. That they may sleep warm, they are described as in the habit of lying on hot ashes. They at first refused to supply the expedition with provisions, but when a fire was commenced from the boats, which killed some of them, they thought that the people in the boats were all sons of God; accordingly, they began to pray to them, and to carry to them most respectfully whatever they possessed.

Roman Crookedness.—Many of the women in Rome, of the middling and lower classes, have one shoulder higher than the other. This is attributed to a custom among the Roman mothers of thumping the backs of their young female children, in order to make them grow.

An Old Lady's Notion of Ministerial Changes.—In my time, there was Lord North, and the South-sea bubble, and Billy Pitt, the Tory, and Charley Fox, Mr. Perceval, and Bellingham, and Lord Liverpool, and Castlereagh, and Canning. Oh dear! I forget who they all were, and what they talked about; they talked a great deal, and made a great noise, and all the time the people cried, "Change me the ministers," and grumbled; and then, after one change, "Change me them again," and they grumbled; and so, change and grumble, change and grumble; and the only thing they did *not* change was their grumble: and so it has been always. I do not hear as much as I used, but I dare say they grumble all the same.

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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE AULD BRIG OF DOON.

OUR readers are here presented with another illustration to Burns' Works—a memento, we trust, that will be acceptable to the lovers of genius, and the admirers of Scotland—the far-famed “Auld Brig of Doon,” which is said to have been built so far back as the reign of Alexander III., [A.D. 1249 to 1285] by two maiden sisters, who devoted their whole fortunes to this patriotic purpose, and whose effigies were, till lately, shown in a faded condition, upon a stone in the eastern parapet, near the south end of the fabric.

The county of Ayr constitutes a large part of the western coast of Scotland, to the south of the embouchure of the Clyde. Forming one large inclined plane towards the sea, it is intersected in its breadth by several rivers, such as the Irvine, the Ayr, and the Doon, all of which are rich in poetical association. “The Doon,” says Chambers, “was the river of Burns's boyhood; the Ayr of his youth and manhood.” The road, immediately after passing Burns's birth-place, and the ruins of Alloway Kirk, crosses the Ayr, by a modern bridge of one arch; and, at the distance of a

hundred yards further up the river, is the “Auld Brig,” which Burns thus describes:—

“Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face;
He seem'd as he wi' time had wrestled lang,
Yet toughty dour, he bade an unco hang.”

In the above poem, a conversation occurs between the Old and the New Bridges; the Auld Brig thus retorts on the sarcastic remarks of the New one:—

Concelded gowk I puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And though wi' crazy eild I'm sair for fair,
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling cull,
Or stately Lugar's mony fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds and spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his snaw-brue rows;
While dashing ice, borne on the roaring spout,
Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck, down to Rotten key,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;

Then down ye'll hurl, and nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumble jumps up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That architecture's noble art is lost!

The Auld Brig, which is approached by a steep way, forming Tam's line of march when pursued by the witches, and which is connected with the road by a sharp turn, is a fine old arch, and though disused, except for foot passengers, is kept in excellent order. A few years ago, the parapets had suffered considerable injury by many of the coping-stones being thrown into the water by idle boys; but, at the instigation of Mr. David Auld, of Ayr, a poetical petition to the trustees was written by the Rev. Mr. Paul, of Boughton, author of a life of Burns, with a view of obtaining the means of repairing it. The trustees found they had no power to devote the public money to the repair of a disused road; but they were so amused with the petition, and convinced of the truth of its argument, that they subscribed among themselves a sufficient sum to make all things right. The following is the document:—

"Unto the Honourable the Trustees of the Roads in the county of Ayr, the Petition and Complaint of the Auld Brig of Doon.

"Must I, like modern fabrics of a day,
Decline, unwept, the victim of decay?
Shall my bold arch, that proudly stretches o'er
Doon's classic stream, from Kyle's to Carrick's shore,
Be suffer'd in oblivion's gulf to fall,
And hurl to wreck my venerable wall?
Forbid it, ye, who charmed by Burns's lay,
Amid these scenes can linger out the day!
Let Nannie's ark, and Maggie's mangled tail,
Plead in my cause, and in that cause prevail.
The man of taste, who comes my form to see,
And curious asks, but asks in vain, for me,
With tears of sorrow will my fate deplore,
When he is told, 'The Auld Brig is no more.'
Stop, then, O stop, the more than Vandal rage,
That marks this revolutionary age,
And bid the structure of your father's last,
The pride of this, the boast of ages past;
Nor ever let your children's children tell,
By your decree the ancient fabric fell.

"May it, therefore, please your Honours to consider this Petition, and grant such sum as you may think proper, for repairing and keeping up the Old Bridge of Doon.

(Signed)

For the Petitioners."

THE ROSE AND THE DEW-DROP.

A dew-drop came from the realms of light,
Horus on the shaft of a sun-beam bright,
And it linger'd awhile on earth's dull face,
Kissing the daughters of Flora's race,
And wearing, while flitting from bow'r to bow'r,
The varied hue of each favourite flower;
But the rose, as it lay on her fragrant breast,
With scorn the child of the clouds address;
Cried she, "Are no thanks to my beauty due?
The beauty that lends thy borrow'd hue?
And dar'st thou thanklessly thus to shine
With colours far brighter than e'er were thine?"
The dew-drop blush'd as it said, "'tis true
That to thee I owe all of my roseate hue;
But the gem-like lustre I give to it,
Is all thanks, a reciprocal benefit."

E. M.

* Chambers's Land of Burns.

HAPPINESS.

(For the Mirror.)

WHAT shall we seek thee, Happiness, oh say!
Dost thou abide on earth, if so, with whom?
Will riches, power, or rank, command thy stay,—
Will beauty, fame, or wealth, procure the boon?
Thus have I often questioned, till methought
An unseen spirit answered in this strain,
Mortal! think not that happiness is bought
With aught so earthly, or with aught so vain.
Think not to find it pure, or unalloy'd,
Whilst thou dost linger mid the scenes of life,
'Tis only in the realms of heaven enjoyed,
There we shall know no care, no woe, or strife.
Seek it above, not in a world like this,
'Tis only there that we may hope to find
Ever enduring walls of lasting bliss,
Balm to the wounded heart and troubled mind.
M. E. S.

SEA SIDE THOUGHTS.

Ever flowing, mighty ocean,
'Twere as easy to control,
In the storm thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders to unfold.
Whether morning's splendours steep thee,
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempest rouse, or waves sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.
Earth,—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's commands obey,
Thy unfathomable fountain,
Scorn his search, and scorn his sway.
Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But—if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think without emotion,
What must thy Creator be.
J. E.

THE PULSE.

WHAT art thou, mysterious beating?
Still thy little strokes repeating
Night by night, and day by day,
Fluttering with perpetual play
Through the arteries, when the veins
Thrill with joy, or throb with pains;
Striking measured signals now—
Silent movement, what art thou?

A CHRISTIAN'S PHYLACTERY.

EVERY day (says Sir William Waller) is a little life, in the account whereof we may reckon our birth from the womb of the morning; our growing time from thence till noon, when we are as the sun in his strength; after which, like a shadow that declineth, we hasten to the evening of our age, till at last we close our eyes in sleep, the image of death; our whole life appearing but the tale of a day. We should, therefore, so spend every day, as if it were all the life we had to live; we should endeavour, by His grace, during the whole course of our life, to wake with God as early as we can, and to consecrate the first fruits of our thoughts unto him by prayer and meditation, and by renewed acts of repentance; that so God may awake for us, and make the habitation of our righteousness prosperous. To this end, we should make it our care to lie down the night before in the peace of God, who hath promised that his commandment shall keep us when awake. W. G. C.

SHADES OF THE DEAD.

[Of our series, the subjoined great Poosiarch stands second, of the "Dead kings of Melody," first.]

MILTON.

Milton stands apart from nearly all the men who hold a permanent place in the estimation of the world. With scarcely an exception, their memories are still, as it were, naturally joined to the affairs of society. Shakspeare is read, perhaps, less for his poetry, than for the number of practical maxims, and sayings, and descriptions of general application, which crowd his pages. Newton retains his place in fame by the physical direction of his pursuits. Bacon is crowned with both these diadems. But the fourth great name of England dwells aloft and equally remote from the business of the day, and the studies of natural philosophy. The merchant cannot learn from him to grow rich. He has left no proofs of the mathematician. The man of the world can find in his writings no directions for his carriage in courts and assemblages. In the eyes of the present generation his political opinions are an obsolete fancy; his system of church government a baseless dream; and his plan of education but a grotesque rarity for literary museums. He is even hateful to many for his defence of regicide; he is distasteful to more for his heretical doctrines; the works which employed the longer portion of his life are difficult and gloomy, and now half-hidden by the rust and cobwebs of the two centuries which have introduced to popularity such different theories from his; his poetry, to many persons who read for amusement, is far too massy and learned, and furnishes food but little grateful to the majority of those in whose views his religion is not contemptible.

Greatness of his Character, the cause of our Esteem.

Whence, then, comes it, that he is still spoken of as a bright, and, almost, an awful spirit? It, assuredly, does not arise from the merely accidental conformity of a few of his opinions with those of some modern politicians. They employ his eternal name for their own low purposes. And neither can the reverence felt for him be explained by the religious frame of his longest poem. Pure poetry will not maintain an author in the thoughts of Englishmen, or Spenser would not be almost forgotten. There must be some cause different from all these for our national admiration of Milton, and it can be found in nothing but the dignity of his character. *That*, careless as the learned and the popular are becoming of such titles to renown, is still a claim on the sympathy of mankind; and so it must be ever, unless we shall sink into a horde, externally civilized, but morally uncultivated.

His Works, an Image of Himself.

All his plans are, indeed, glorious manifestations of his character. In poetry, no more than in politics, could he lay aside the austere and magnificent individuality of his mind, and think for others from a knowledge of what they are, instead of considering them as repetitions of his nobler self. His poems are no less remarkable than his prose writings for the wonderful evidence they afford of the personal loftiness and concentration of his character. It was the glory of Shakspeare to make himself master of the universe as it is; and on that account there is no conjunction of affairs, no subtle variety of character, to which some passage of his dramas is not applicable. It was the glory of Milton to create for himself an universe of his own; and, therefore, every line of his works shows to us an instance of the employment of ordinary materials in relation to a high, internal, moral end. Shakspeare modelled out of his own pure metal a bright image of everything around him, and a thousand noble human sculptures. The great blind poet collected all that the world could supply of valuable, and melting it into one rich Corinthian substance, cast with it a statue of himself, exhibiting man in his most divine form, and to be recognized by men as long as they shall retain their likeness to God.

Independence of his Poems.

Milton's independence of his age, and of all but the laws of his own excellence, is also no less remarkable in his poems, than in his other writings and in his life. He was in faith a Hebrew prophet, and in knowledge and culture a Greek philosopher. "Paradise Lost" is the noblest mythological creation that ever existed. It does not connect itself, indeed, with the popular belief of any time or country; for Milton, of all men, was least able to throw himself into another set of thoughts than his own; and those who demand that he should have done so, and lament that his angels are not the angels of our childhood, nor his fiends the devils of a puppet show, forget that the living principle of Milton's being—his sublime and statue-like aloofness—must have been destroyed before he could thus have written. Conscience was the moving power, imagination the great instrument of his mind. For the sport of Fancy, the agility of that busy Intelligencer, he had little propensity.

Adoption and Rejection of his Poems.

It is curious to observe how the general opinion has decided with regard to the relative merit of his poems. "Paradise Lost" is, by the consent of almost all, the greatest poem of England; while "Paradise Regained" is scarcely more familiar to the majority of educated persons, than "Gondibert," or "The Purple Island." The one which images the struggle and agony of the universe in the task of self-determination, which contains the gigantic impersonations of evil, and the diabolical

trous rout of human hope, finds an apt correspondence in the breast of every one. But the lovely child of the old age of Milton, the serene proclamation of the power to conquer, the even and majestic triumph of tempted humanity, has perished from the memory of the nation, as completely as if it had been laid in the sepulchre of its author.

Milton to the View of the Student.

Until there is a stronger inclination to raise out of that oblivious dust what remains to us of his productions, there is but little chance that we shall think of erecting and vivifying the image of himself; yet around what retired student does so calm a glory rest as that which encircles Milton! From his age, so fertile in the greatest men, we look in vain for his compeer, and shrink from setting in comparison with him the perturbed spirit of Vane, the virtue of Falkland, slender and feeble, though pure as diamond, or the less austere morality of the pregnant and fervid Taylor. We see Milton surrounded by a conflict, for humble honesty the most fearful that can exist; but we see him passing through it triumphant. Unlike the cowardly sophist Hobbes, who fled from England at her utmost need, he left the land which his education and tastes made dear to him above all others, and which he could scarcely have hoped again to visit; he broke away from a train of affectionate admirers, and the onnoble sphere of the old Roman greatness, and came to submit himself to the whirlwind by which his country was shaken. The days of a life which more lately bore the fruit of the "Paradise Lost and Regained," he employed in the toil of teaching, that he might devote his nights to the composition of treatises splendid enough to have dazzled a world, but that they were too lofty to engage the vulgar eye. In an age rioting with drunken opinions, he, too, was sometimes misled by a finer and more spiritual intoxication. But the man is untouched by the condemnation which lights on the intellectual error; his heroic, if not rather angelic, excellence remains undimmed, unapproached by censure; suspicion dares not look his memory in the face; his name stands among us as a monumental pillar, elevated enough to be a standard for human nature, and of which stain or decay cannot reach the lowest stone in the pedestal.

Milton among the Charities of Home.

Nor is he merely this severe and complete model, awful and holy, nor as he is sometimes described, scarcely at all engaging. The altar-flame which burns on the sacred mountain lighted also with a genial and kindly ray, the low domestic hearth. He loved the country, and society, and cheerful books; and delighted in all the cordial elegancies and delicate graces of life as keenly as those who, far from being able to write the "Defensio Secunda," have never even read it. There is all the simplicity and all the liveliness that good Izaak Walton

would have desired, in the glimpses that remain to us of his private life. We read of him inviting Mr. Lawrence, or Cyriac Skinner, to converse with him over wine. We hear of him composing an unrivalled poem in honour of a young lady, at the request of his friend, Mr. Henry Lawes. And she, the heroine of "Comus," by a singular felicity, after the glory of being celebrated by Milton, achieved the greater glory of protecting Jeremy Taylor. How familiarly does he seem to have conversed with Elwood and his other friends about that which men are often jealous of seeing handled, namely, the progress of his writings. How profoundly did he love the wife to whom he addressed that most saintly sonnet. And how beautiful, calm, and clear, are the hints that remain to us of his latter days, when wrapped in a coarse grey coat, he sat in summer evenings among the flowers at his door, and rejoiced in the fresh air of heaven; or when solemnly suited with black, he was placed in a room hung with faded green, and bent his sightless countenance over the organ on which he delighted to play. And amid the smoke and fury of the fiercest political battle waged in England since the Reformation, with what exquisite sweetness and modest sublimity does he recur to the romance in which, as a boy, he had looked for amusement; and from which, by the necessity of his own nature, he had drawn instruction and moral nourishment.

He had scorn, indeed, and vehemence, for all the basenesses that met his eye. But let us not forget that the meekest being who ever existed, drove the money-changers from the temple with a scourge, and threatened to purge the garner with a terrible and destroying fire.

ANATOMY OF MAN.

THE anatomy of man, says Galen, discovers above six hundred different muscles, and whoever only considers these, will find that in each of them nature must have at least adjusted ten different circumstances, in order to attain the end which she proposed:—proper figure, just magnitude, right disposition of the several ends, upper and lower position of the whole, and the due insertion of the several nerves, veins, and arteries. So that, in the muscles alone, above six thousand several views and intentions must have been formed and executed! This writer calculated the bones to be two hundred and eighty-four, and the distinct purposes aimed at, in the structure of each, above forty. This makes, *eleven thousand, three hundred and sixty*.

The human skeleton, with its naked ribs, is so associated in the common mind with ideas of death, and all the terrors of unknown futurity, that to most persons it is an object of abhorrence; but to the philosophic mind, which rises superior to place and time, the so admirable adaptation of all the parts to their purposes, and of parts which, being purely mechanical, are perfectly understood, makes

it, independently of all professional considerations, an object of the most intense interest. Such mechanism reveals, by intelligible signs, the hand of the Creator; and a man may be said to sublimely commune with his Maker, who contemplates and understands the structure aright.

BEAUTIES OF HAZLITT.—No. I.

EXTRACTED FROM HIS WORKS.

Hazlitt's playfulness and love of Nature.

Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my foot—a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking. It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then, long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sunless treasures," burst on my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. . . . "Leave, oh, leave me to repose!" . . . Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart, set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has endeared it to me, you would only smile.

Milton's Sonnets.

Compared with Paradise lost, they are like tender flowers that adorn the base of some proud column or stately temple. Milton, in the one, could work himself up, with unabated fortitude, "to the height of his great argument;" but, in the other, he has shown that he could condescend to men of low estate; and, after the lightning and thunderbolt of his pen, lets fall some drops of natural pity over hapless infirmity, mingling strains with the nightingale's—"most musical—most melancholy." The immortal poet pours his mortal sorrows into our breasts, and a tear falls from his sightless orbs, on the friendly hand he presses. The sonnets are a kind of pensive record of past achievements, loves, and friendships, and a noble exhortation to himself, to bear up with cheerful hope and confidence to the last.

Exclamation at a fine Passage.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds! but, at the sight of Nature, my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sun-set.

Imaginary and fugitive Love.

I would have such an one love me for myself alone. . . . I would have her read my soul: she should understand the language of my heart; she should know what I am, as if she were another self! She should love me for myself alone: I would have her do so too.

The image of some fair creature is engraven on my inmost soul: it is on that I build my claim to her regard, and expect her to see into my heart, as I see her form always before me. Wherever she treads, pale primroses, like her face, vernal hyacinths, like her brows, spring up beneath her feet, and music hangs on every bough; but all is cold, barren, and desolate without her. Thus I feel and thus I think. But have I ever told her so? No! Or if I did, would she understand it? No! I "hunt the wind, worship a statue, cry aloud to the desert." To see beauty, is not to be beautiful; to pine in love, is not to be loved again.

Opinion on "Endymion."

Keates's "Endymion" is a delightful description of the illusions of a youthful imagination, given up to airy dreams—we have flowers, clouds, rainbows, moonlight, all sweet sounds and smells, and Oreads and Dryads fitting by—but there is nothing tangible in it—nothing marked or palpable—we have none of the hardy spirit or rigid forms of antiquity. . . . All is soft and fleshy, without bone or muscle. It is the youth, without the manhood of poetry. His genius breathed "vernal delight and joy." "Like Maia's son, he stood and shook his plumes" with fragrance filled. His mind was redolent of spring. He had not the fierceness of summer, nor the richness of autumn, and winter he seemed not to have known, till he felt the icy hand of death!

LOVE-STORY OF RAPHAEL.

The fair Trasteverina was the daughter of a baker—"un fornaro a soccida"—one who baked bread sent to him, but did not sell it, and who lived in Trastevere, near Sta. Cecilia. Attached to the house was a little garden, surrounded by a wall, low enough to permit a person on the outside to overlook the place on tiptoe. Here the maiden frequently walked, and as her beauty was much talked of, it attracted the curiosity of the young students in art, who are always in search of the beautiful. It happened also, that Raphael passed at a moment when Trasteverina was in the garden, and when, not supposing she was observed, she was bathing her feet in the Tiber, for the river bounded the end of the garden. Raphael having raised himself on the wall, saw the young person, and gazed on her attentively; he was always powerfully smitten by beautiful objects, and finding her most beautiful, he presently fell in love with her, and he had no peace till she was his. Having thus bestowed his heart on this person, he found her much more refined, and at the same time more capable of an enduring attachment, than he could have supposed her station promised. His affection for her naturally increased, and at one time, he could hardly apply himself to his art, except in her society, so that Agostino Chigi allowed her to stay with Raphael while he

was at work in the Farnesina. According to an older tale, the name of the maiden was not Trasteverina, but Fornarina, who was the daughter of a potter in Urbino, or its neighbourhood. As the oven is necessary in such an occupation, the name may have been connected again with this tradition.

TRANSFERMENT OF VITAL POWER.

A NOT uncommon cause of loss of vital powers is the young sleeping with the aged. The fact, however explained, has been long remarked, and it is well known to every unprejudiced observer. But it has been most unaccountably overlooked in medicine. On several occasions, a medical man has met with the counterpart of the following case. He was, a few years since, consulted about a pale, sickly, and thin boy, of about five or six years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of all the functions—what his mother very aptly termed, a gradual blight. After inquiring into the history of the case, it came out that he had been a robust and plithoric child up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very aged person, took him to sleep with her—that he soon afterwards lost his good looks, and he had continued to decline ever since, notwithstanding medical treatment. The doctor referred to, directed him to sleep apart from his aged parent, and prescribed tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid. It is not with children only that debility is induced by this mode of abstracting vital power. Young females, married to very old men, suffer in a similar manner, though not to the same extent. These facts are often well known to the aged themselves, who consider the indulgence favourable to longevity, and, therefore, often illustrate the selfishness which, in some persons, increases with their years. Those in good health should never sleep with sickly persons.

EXPLICATION OF THE FABLE OF PROMETHEUS.

[Concluded from page 102.]

PROMETHEUS, full of malice, being reconciled to men, after they were frustrated of their gift, in a chase with Jupiter, feared not to use deceit in sacrifice.

Having killed two bulls, and in one of their hides wrapped up the flesh and fat of them both, and in the other, only the bones, with a great show of devotion, gave Jupiter his choice.

Jupiter, detecting his fraud and hypocrisy, but taking an occasion of revenge, chose that which was stuffed with bones, and so turning to revenge, (when he saw the insolence of Prometheus would not be repressed, but by laying some grievous affliction on mankind,

whom he boasted so much to have formed) commanded Vulcan to frame a beautiful woman, which being done, every one of the Gods bestowed a gift upon her; whereupon she was called Pandora.

To this woman they gave in her hand, a fair box, full of all miseries and calamities, only at the bottom of it they put Hope.

With this box, she went first to Prometheus, thinking to catch him, if, perchance, he should accept it at her hands, and so open it; which he, nevertheless, with good providence and foresight, refused.

Whereupon, she went to Epimetheus, who, though brother to Prometheus, was of a very different disposition, and offered the box to him, who, without delay, took it, and rashly opened it; but when he saw that all kinds of miseries came fluttering about his ears, being wise too late, with great speed and earnest endeavour, he shut down the cover, and so, with much difficulty, retained Hope sitting alone at the bottom.

At last, Jupiter, laying many and grievous crimes to the charge of Prometheus, as that he had stolen fire from heaven—that in contempt of his majesty, he sacrificed a bull's hide stuffed with bones—that he scornfully rejected his gift, and besides all this, that he offered violence to Pallas, cast him into chains, and doomed him to perpetual torment.

By Jupiter's command, he was brought to the mountain Caucasus, and there bound fast to a pillar, so that he could not stir. There came an eagle also, that every day sat feasting on his liver, and consumed it; but as much as was eaten in the day, grew again in the night, that matter for torment to work on, might never decay.

But yet there was an end of this punishment; for, Hercules crossing the ocean in a cup, which the Sun gave him, came to Caucasus, and set Prometheus at liberty, by shooting the eagle with an arrow.

Moreover, in some nations, there were instituted, in honour of Prometheus, certain games of lamp-bearers, in which they who strove for the prize, were wont to carry torches lighted, which, whose suffered to go out, yielded the place and victory to those that followed, and so cast back themselves; so that whoever came first to the mark, with his torch burning, won the prize.

We now proceed to the explication of these facts:—

The Sacrifice of the Bulls.—By the two-fold sacrifice of the bulls, are elegantly shadowed out, the persons of a truly devout man, and a hypocrite. In the one, is contained fatness, which, by reason of the inflammation and fumes thereof, is called the portion of the Gods, by which the affection and zeal of man, ascending towards heaven, is signified. In the other, there is nothing but dry and naked bones, which, nevertheless, stuff up the hide, and make it appear a good and fair sacrifice. By this may be well meant, those external

and vain rites, mock sacrifices, and empty ceremonies, by which men oppress and fill up the worship of the gods, things composed rather for ostentation, than any way conducing to true piety.

Pandora and Vulcan.—The fable here turns itself to the manners and conditions of human life. And it is a common but apt interpretation, that, by Pandora, is signified pleasure and voluptuousness, which, when the civil life is pampered with too much art, culture, and superfluity, is engendered, as it were, by the efficacy of fire, and, therefore, the work of voluptuousness is attributed to Vulcan, who is the representative of fire. From this cause, infinite miseries, together with too late repentance, proceed, overflowing the minds, bodies, and fortunes of men.

Acceptance and Refusal of the Box.—Here the fable elegantly and proportionably delineates two conditions, or two examples of human life. First, Epimetheus. Those that follow Epimetheus, are improvident, not foreseeing what may come to pass in the future; esteeming that best, which seems most sweet for the present; whence it happens, that they are overtaken with many miseries, difficulties, and calamities, and so lead lives of perpetual affliction. But yet, notwithstanding they please their fancies, and out of ignorance of the course of things, entertain in their minds many vain hopes, whereby they, as with sweet dreams, solace themselves, and sweeten the miseries of their life. But those who follow Prometheus, are men endued with prudence, foreseeing things to come—warily shunning, and avoiding many evils and misfortunes.

The Pillar and the Eagle.—The followers of Prometheus, in addition to the above qualities, also deprive themselves of many lawful pleasures and recreations, and which is worse, vex and torment themselves with cares and troubles and intestine fears; for being chained to the pillar of necessity, they are afflicted with innumerable thoughts, which, because they are very swift, may be fitly compared to an eagle, which grips eternally, and devour the liver, unless sometimes, as it were, by night, they get a little rest of mind, till they are again suddenly assailed with fresh anxieties and fears.

The Strength and Assistance of Hercules.—To retain, therefore, the gifts of Providence, and free themselves from all care and trouble, is the lot of few; nor can any one obtain it, save by the assistance of Hercules, which is fortitude or strength and constancy of mind, which is prepared for every event, and armed for all fortunes. It is worthy of note, also, that this virtue was not natural to Prometheus, but adventitious, for no inherent or natural fortitude is able to bear up against these miseries. This virtue, also, was received and brought to him from the remotest part of the ocean, and from the Sun, that is, from wisdom, as from the sun; and from the meditation

of inconstancy, or of the waters of human life, as from the sailing on the ocean. It is also elegantly added, for the consolation and strengthening of men's minds, that this noble hero crossed the ocean in a cup or pan; lest, perchance, they might dread too much that the straits and frailty of their nature, will not be capable of this fortitude and constancy.

Prometheus and Minerva.—It was, doubtless, on this account, that he brought on himself the punishment of devouring his liver, which has for its ends to show, that when men are inflated with too much learning and science, they often make, even divine oracles, subject to sense and reason, whence follows, most certainly, a continual distraction and restlessness of the mind. With soberness and humble judgment, therefore, men should distinguish between human and divine things, and between the oracles of sense, and the mysteries of faith, unless a carping philosophy be pleasing to us.

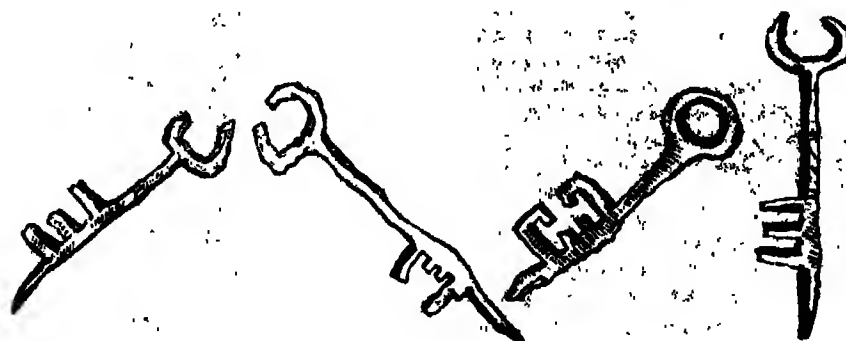
The Torch-races of Prometheus.—The games of Prometheus, performed with burning torches, have again reference to arts and sciences, as being that fire, in memory and celebration of which, these games were instituted. It also contains in it a very wise admonition, showing that the perfection of sciences is to be expected from succession, not from the nimbleness and promptness of only one author; for those who are most nimble in the race, and strongest in contention, yet, perchance, have not the luck to keep fire still in their torch, as it can as well be extinguished by running too fast, as by going too slow. And this running and contending with lamps, seems long since to have been left off, for all sciences seem, even now, to flourish most in their first authors—Aristotle, Galen, Euclid, and Ptolemy—succession having neither effected, nor almost attempted any great subject. It were, therefore, to be wished, that these games, in honour of Prometheus, or human nature, were again restored, and that beings should receive success by combat and emulation, and not depend upon any one man's sparkling and shaking torch. Men, therefore, are to be admonished to rouse up their spirits, and try their strengths and turns, and not refer to the opinions and dixits of a few.

These are the things which are the most noticeable in this well-known and common fable; "but," says the devout Lord Bacon, in conclusion, "there are some things in it which may have an admirable consent with the mysteries of Christian religion, and especially that sailing of Hercules in a cup, to set Prometheus at liberty, seems to represent an image of the divine word, coming in flesh, as in a frail vessel, to redeem man from the slavery of hell. But," continues he, "I have interdicted my pen all liberty in this kind, lest I should use strange fire at the altar of the Lord."

ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AMONG THE RUINS OF HASTINGS CASTLE, SUSSEX.

We here present our readers with a few interesting engravings made from some remarkable relics of early times, recently brought to light by the excavations made among the ruins of the celebrated Castle of Hastings. The ardent admirers of archæological curiosities, are much indebted to the spirited exertions made

between the years 1824 and 1827 by the late Earl of Chichester, who, as Lord of the Manor, possessed the privilege of exploring and appropriating the tumuli or rocky mounds accumulated during the last seven hundred years within the space enclosed by this once impregnable fortress and sanctuary.



FOUR NORMAN KEYS.

What an interesting paper might be written on the antiquity and use of the key; without this important auxiliary, many of our fashionable novels would be deprived of one of their most important adjuncts—the character of the old suspicious guardian would dwindle into perfect insignificance, had he not the key to lock up his charge. The key is the miser's chief apostle—the keeper of all his earthly happiness—the constant companion of his pocket by day and his pillow by night; for, when roused from his broken slumbers, while stretched on his pallet in his murky crib, dreaming of thieves, the first thought that flashes across his recollection, is to learn the safety of his keys. Who can depicture the harrowed feelings of the imprisoned captive, on hearing the key unlocking the iron-bound door, admitting to his presence all he loves in this world; or, when the heart-rending parting comes, the dreadful sound of the turned key striking like quivering lightning into his inmost soul. We do not feel inclined to dwell in this allegorical strain, but come to facts.

Locks opened by keys appear to have been used by the Egyptians above four thousand years since.

The Marquis of Worcester, in his "Century of Inventions," mentions a "little triangle-screwed key, not weighing a shilling, capable of unbolting a hundred bolts through fifty staples:—2. A key, with a rose-turning pipe, and two roses:—3. A key, perfectly square, with a screw turning within it, and more concealed than all the rest."

Keys were formerly used as an appendage of dress to the ear; this silly custom is referred to in the fifth act of *Much Ado about Nothing*, wherein Dogberry exclaims:—"They

say, he [Conrade] wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging to it." It is highly probable these keys and locks were manufactured by the celebrated Mark Scalliot, a blacksmith, of London, who, in 1578, [in the life-time of Shakspeare] made for exhibition, sale, and trial of his skill, a lock of iron, steel, and brass, of eleven several pieces, and a pipe-key, all weighing but one grain of gold; he also made a chain of gold, of forty-three links, which chain being fastened to the lock and key, and put about a flea's neck, the flea drew them with ease.* Consequently, it could easily be worn suspended from the ear.

It would be difficult to point out the period when, in this country, the lock first became known. It does not, indeed, appear that any of our more early illuminated manuscripts contain the representation of locks, though keys are sometimes found to occur of a form not differing greatly from those commonly in use, as is witnessed in our illustration above, they being of the form of the present newly-invented improved keys.



NORMAN COOKING VESSEL, OF RED WARE.

It is not great things, but trifles, which principally make up the sum of human happiness.

* Vide Smollett's "Works of Haman lug-nutty;" a Treatise now excessively rare.

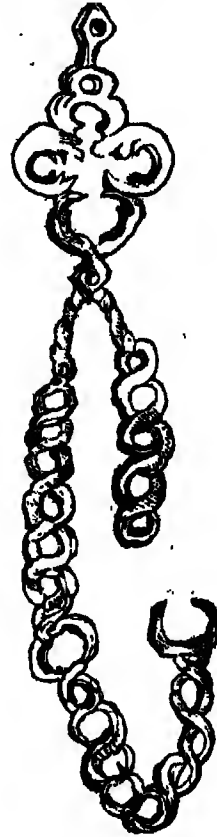
ness. An act, like cooking, which is repeated several times every day by the millions who inhabit the globe, is a subject worthy of investigation, not only as to the food, but the various modes of cooking it. Certainly the primeval method was by roasting, either on, or in front of their burning embers. When the ingenuity of man brought into use kettles, or, as we now call them, saucepans, manufactured of burnt clay, people became acquainted with the advantages of boiled victuals; and kettles, similar to the one in the above engraving, made to stand on three feet, were soon of general adoption, long before the use of close fire-places, which used to be on stone hearths, when their kettles were placed on andirons, which also were used to sustain the weight of the roaring Christmas fire. When fossil coal became a general fuel, fire-grates were invented, and with them, fire-forks, or "steel poking sticks," as Stowe calls them; fryer pans and teags followed; but these necessary appendages cannot boast of equal antiquity with the kettle; and it is curious to notice that the shape of our present camp-kettle is exactly similar to the Norman kettle here given.



PART OF A SIDE ARM, WORN BY THE NORMAN SOLDIERY.

In the infancy of knowledge, even in the country where the smelting of metals might be unknown, the spear, whether regarded as a missile, or as an instrument for close fighting, must obviously have been, on account of its simplicity of construction, and adaptation for use, the earliest form in which an offensive weapon would suggest itself to mankind; to the spear succeeded the battle-axe, especially in close engagements. Tacitus says, in his life of Agricola, that the Romans found the aborigines of Britain not only armed with scythe-chariots, and spears of various kinds, but likewise with swords. The broad, blunt-edged, scythe-like sword was a weapon of ancient date with the Saxons, who, ultimately, relinquished the use of the weapon thus termed, substituting in their stead, long straight swords. The claymore was one of the original weapons

of England; and the clumsy rusted weapon exhibited among the curiosities of Westminster Abbey, as the "sword of King Edward" appears to have been an instrument of this kind, if its antiquity be admitted.



LAMP CHAIN.

The Egyptians were the first who placed burning lamps in their tombs with the dead, as an emblem of the immortality of the soul. Various motives have been assigned for the practice of thus placing lamps in sepulchres. One of the most ingenious, and, perhaps, most satisfactory, is, that it was allegorical of the cessation of mortal life—of the separation of the soul, which the ancients regarded as an emanation of fire. On some sepulchral lamps we find sculptured the figure of the butterfly, in allusion, no doubt, to the equally cheerful and elegant imagination of the escape of the spirit, in a more aerial semblance, from its chrysalis state. From Egypt, the use of lamps was carried to Greece, where they were also consecrated to Minerva, the goddess of learning, as indicative of the nightly studies of the scholar. From Greece the use of the lamps passed to the Romans; with whom, also, it was customary to have the lamp depending from the ceiling, or placed on a stand in the room, since the use of tables was not common with them.

It is uncertain when lamps were first used in England; but our engraving proves they were here at a very early period.

Pliny assures us, that one Pelethronius first

invented the bridle and saddle, though Virgil ascribes the invention to the Lapithæ, to whom he applies the epithet *Pelethronii* from a mountain in Thessaly, named *Pelethronium*, where horses first began to be broken.



PART OF A BRIDLE.

The first horseman, not being acquainted with the art of governing horses with bridles, managed them only with a rope or a switch, and the accent of the voice. This was the practice of the Numidians, Getulians, Libyans, and Massilians. The Roman youth also learned the art of fighting without bridles, which was an exercise or lesson in the manège; and hence it is that on Trajan's column soldiers are represented riding at full speed without any bridles on.

Amongst other antiquities was a penny of Athelstan, on rev. "Bierneard Mo. Londei," engraved in the second plate of Saxon coins, No. 28, in Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden. A penny of similar type, with the same moneyer's name, but spelled differently, has been engraved by Ruding, pl. 17, No. 10.

There was a mint in Hastings, in the reign of Athelstan, grandson to King Alfred; and the excavations made by the directions of the Earl of Chichester, have revealed the entire outline, and many beautifully picturesque details, of an elegant chapel built within the castle, by the Saxons; distinct mention of which is made in documents now lying at the Rolls Office, Chancery-lane, tempore Henry VI., 26th.

William the Conqueror, duly appreciating the value of such a stronghold as Hastings, enlarged the castle to a considerable extent, making vast moats and ravines, and cutting the solid rock wherever it opposed its massive sides. This was previous to his decisive victory over Harold, A.D. 1066.

Public Exhibitions.

MR. G. PECK'S MODEL OF HOBART TOWN.

We were among those favoured with a private view, on Monday last, of Mr. Peck's truly splendid Model of Hobart Town, the Capital of Van Diemen's Land. This astonishing specimen of human perseverance and ingenuity, is constructed upon a scale of twenty feet to one inch, covering a space of more than one thousand square feet; and including the theatres, gardens, windmills, streets, churches, villas, wharfs, rivers, &c., in that truly surprising and important Town, which has been actually reared and created from a wilderness in about the incredible short period of thirty years! another example of the daring enterprise and untiring spirit of the people of Britain; who, by their talent and capital, have, as if by magic, made, in so short a space of time, a mart and township, that would formerly have taken ages to achieve. The reflective mind is lost in wonder and amazement whilst contemplating this almost fairy scene.

As an elaborate and faithful work of art, portraying a scene of vital interest, it is impossible to enhance its talent or utility; for here, in the metropolis of England, the spectator may imagine himself revelling in all the scenery of this most favoured part of the globe, eighteen thousand miles from the mother country.

Mr. Peck's model was constructed on the spot, occupying the proprietor and several artists, upwards of four years in its completion. The various buildings are all perfectly represented in their relative proportion, from actual admeasurement, and in their peculiar features of stone, brick, wood, &c., with the various undulations of the ground; the different bays and inlets of water; the hills in the distance; the celebrated Mount Wellington, while uplifting its majestic head, o'ertopp'd with snow, and covered with the primitive Forest of Aca-cias, forming an imposing back-ground to the varied and busy scene.

This pleasing tableau must at all times be interesting, not only to the inquisitive eye of the stranger, but particularly to those who intend emigrating to this spot, or have friends residing there; for the formation and length of the streets are so distinct, as well as every part of the town, that with the assistance of the proprietor, who is at all times present to elucidate questions, parties may behold where their relations reside, or probably witness their own future locality.

Exclusive of the above model, there are two Moving Panoramas, of Sidney, the capital of New South Wales, and the picturesque scenery in the environs of Hobart Town.

We most heartily recommend this exhibition to the notice of those friends who may occasionally wish to pass an intellectual and pleasing hour.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

(From Browning's *History of the Huguenots*.)

THE ringing of the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois was answered by the bells of all the churches, and by a discharge of fire-arms in different parts. Paris resounded with cries and howlings, which brought the defenceless people out of their dwellings, not only unarmed, but half-naked. Some tried to gain Coligny's house, in the hope of obtaining protection, but the companies of guards quickly despatched them: the Louvre seemed to hold out a refuge; but they were driven away by men armed with spears and musketry. Escape was almost impossible; the numerous lights placed in the windows deprived them of the shelter which the darkness would have afforded them; and patrols traversed the streets in all directions, killing every one they met. From the streets they proceeded to the houses; they broke open the doors, and spared neither age, sex, nor condition. A white cross had been put in their hats to distinguish the Catholics; and some priests, holding a crucifix in one hand, and a sword in the other, preceded the murderers, and encouraged them in God's name to spare neither relatives nor friends. When the daylight appeared, Paris exhibited a most appalling spectacle of slaughter: the headless bodies were falling from the windows; the gateways were blocked up with dead and dying, and the streets were filled with carcases which were drawn on the pavement to the river.

Even the Louvre became the scene of great carnage; the guards were drawn up in a double line, and the unfortunate Huguenots who were in that place were called one after another, and killed with the soldiers' halberds. Most of them died without complaining, or even speaking; others appealed to the public faith and the sacred promise of the king. "Great God!" said they, "be the defence of the oppressed. Just Judge! avenge this perfidy." Some of the King of Navarre's servants, who lived in the palace, were killed in bed with their wives.

Tavannes, Guise, Montpensier, and Angoulême, rode through the streets, encouraging the murderers; Guise told them that it was the king's wish; that it was necessary to kill the very last of the heretics, and crush the race of vipers. Tavannes ferociously exclaimed, "Bleed! bleed! The doctors tell us that bleeding is as beneficial in August as in May." These exhortations were not lost upon an enraged multitude, and the different companies emulated each other in atrocity. One Grate, a goldsmith, boasted of having killed 400 persons with his own hands.

The massacre lasted during the whole week, but after the third day its fury was considerably abated; indeed, on the Tuesday a proclamation was issued for putting an end to it, but no measures were taken for enforcing the order; the people, however, were no longer

urged on to the slaughter. What horrors were endured during that time can be best described by those who were present or contemporaries. Sully gives the following account of his sufferings:—"I went to bed the over-night very early; I was aroused about three hours after midnight by the noise of the bells and the confused cries of the populace. St. Julien, my governor, went out hastily with my valet-de-chambre to learn the cause, and I have never since heard anything of those two men, who were, without doubt, sacrificed among the first to the public fury. I remained alone dressing myself in my chamber, where a few minutes after I observed my host enter, pale and in consternation. He was of the religion, and, having heard what was the matter, he had decided on going to mass to save his life, and preserve his house from plunder. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think fit to follow him. I resolved on attempting to get to the college of Burgundy, where I studied, notwithstanding the distance of the house where I lived from that college, which made my attempt very dangerous. I put on my scholar's gown, and taking a pair of large Prayer-books under my arm, I went down stairs. I was seized with horror as I went into the street at seeing the furious men running in every direction, breaking open the houses, and calling out, "Kill! massacre the Huguenots!" and the blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my fright: I fell in with a body of soldiers, who stopped me: I was questioned; they began to ill treat me, when the books which I carried were discovered, happily for me, and served me for a passport. Twice afterwards I fell into the same danger, from which I was delivered with the same good fortune. At length I arrived at the college of Burgundy: a still greater danger awaited me there. The porter having twice refused me admittance, I remained in the middle of the street at the mercy of the ruffians, whose numbers kept increasing, and who eagerly sought for their prey; when I thought of asking for the principal of the college, named Dafaye, a worthy man, and who tenderly loved me. The porter, gained by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, did not refuse to fetch him. This good man took me to his chamber, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard talk of the Sicilian Vespers, tried to snatch me from his hands, to tear me to pieces, saying that the order was to kill even the infants at the breast. All that he could do was to lead me with great secrecy to a remote closet, where he locked me in. I remained there three whole days, uncertain of my fate, and receiving no assistance but from a servant of this charitable man, who came from time to time and brought me something to live upon."

New Books.

Poems. By John Hanson. [Relke and Fletcher.]

["Our poesy is as a gum which oozes from whence 'tis nourished,"—stands as the author's motto, and as gums, say the naturalists, may ooze from the northern pine as from the sweet-drooping "Arabian trees," we were curious to know from which our poet's proceeded. Decidedly from the former. Let us not, however, be understood to say it in derogation, for in the dim arcades of the forest, under the shade of the pine, and its "solemn-swinging boughs," the hermit-poet, though his themes be sombre, may be influenced by more hallowed conceptions of mind than was ever experienced by your fervid Oriental. Yet, after all, the shade may be too Stygian.

Of these poems, "The Resurrection," opening with "Set thou a watch, and seal the stone,"—is, perhaps, the best: it is equally good with many an Oxford prize-poem, and its lines run in the same staid decameters.

Mr. Hanson's muse is, however, so attached to "melancholy, the swart Ethiop queen," that he cannot divest himself of heavy measures, even when sprightlier subjects drop in: thus the subsequent poem is comparatively dull, while it would sparkle like a chrysolite, if set in Moore's measures:—]

AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

Were I a king, sweet girl, my throne should be
Surrendered for one glance of love to thee;
My baths of porphyry, my golden crown,
My ear, and sceptre, should be all thine own;
Unconquered armies, a triumphant fleet,
Their spoils should lay, and homage at thy feet.
Were I a God, earth, air, and ocean, then, &c., &c.

[Now let us try this "after Victor Hugo,"—mutatis mutandis, change we the Hansonian measure of tens into sevens, and guide ourselves by the devotion and vigour of the original:—]

Were I a King on a golden throne,
Sweet girl, that throne should be,
For one blue glance of thy glorious eye
Surrendered unto thee;
My purples, and plumes, and porphyry baths,
My sceptres, and blazing crown,
Armies, and people, and royal tents,
Should be all at thy feet cast down.

Were I a God, by the Gods I swear,
That the earth, and the air, and the world,
And the heavens, that all in a golden tune
With the glittering spheres are whirled,
And the seraphim singing their sky-tuned hymns,
And the fiends in the fiery abyss,
O God and queen of my soul of souls I
Should be thine for a single kiss.

But what should I give to clasp that form,
All rosy, and warm, and fair,
To rise thy lips, and to sport in thy smile,
And to ruffle thine eyelid hair?
O nothing I know can gain me this,
Were I God, or a King on his throne,
Nothing can win for me this lost grace,
But thine own free love alone.

• *Times* of Athens.

Arts and Sciences.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN METALLURGY.

(From the *Times*.)

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, M. Becquerel read, in the presence of a numerous auditory, a paper relating to one of the most important discoveries of modern times, namely, the application of the electro-chemical power to the art of metallurgy, especially as regards gold, silver, copper, and lead.

The following is an analysis of the memoir presented by M. Becquerel:—

The experiments relative to the application of the electro-chemical power to refining (*metallurgie*) of silver, copper, and lead, without the aid of quicksilver, and with little or no fuel, have been continued by M. Becquerel, with constant success: his operations were conducted upon a large scale, and embraced considerable quantities of ores derived from Europe, Asia, and America. The object of these researches, was, in the first place, the immediate separation (*reduction*) of the metals one from the other, and especially of silver and of lead from galena; an operation which is effected with so much rapidity, that, at the preparatory foundry in Paris, four pound's weight of silver can now be drawn off in the metallised state from silver ore, in the space of six hours; secondly, the preparation which the ore is to undergo, so as to render each metal capable of being withdrawn by the electric current. This preparation varies according to the nature of the ore, presents no obstacle when the silver is in the metallic state, or in the nature of a sulphate, as usually occurs in Mexico and Peru; but it becomes more complicated when the silver is mixed with other substances; the use of a small quantity of combustible matter is then indispensable, in order to effect the roasting at a low temperature.

Ores are generally found in great quantities in those countries, but are for the most part, abandoned, owing to the want of sufficient fuel for effecting their amalgamation, or to their being found at too great a distance from the sea to transport them to Europe, unless at an enormous expense.

In Columbia, where large masses of gold and silver ore are found mixed with zinc, the richest are sometimes exported to Europe to be fused whilst the poorest, and those of a medium quality, are either rejected altogether, or used to so little advantage, that the mining companies lose by them. Exertions are now in progress for introducing the new methods, which are equally applicable to amalgamation, and to the electro-chemical process.

The silver ores, which are most difficult of amalgamation, are those which contain a large portion of copper and arsenic. Ores of this description are found in considerable quantity, especially in Chili, where the inhabitants fre-

quently offer them to Europeans, by whom they are sometimes taken for ballast, for want of freight, and without any certainty of turning them to advantage.

The great difficulty was, to be able to treat these substances in Europe, so as to obtain, in separate portions, and at little expense, all the silver, copper, and arsenic, they contained. This problem has just been solved in a satisfactory manner, and so as to secure immense advantages to new speculators, who will no longer have to contend with the obstacles met with by their predecessors.

On inquiring into the causes of the delay experienced in working the mines in America, it will be seen that the principal ones arise from the high price of quicksilver, and the great difficulty of draining the water by which the mines are inundated. This is not the case in Asia, in the Russian possessions, which are rich in mineral productions, and yield larger profits from day to day, in consequence of the introduction of the improvements lately adopted in Europe for reducing metallic ores. In the silver mines of Altaie, the expenses for extracting the ore, process of reduction, and of the establishment, do not amount to a quarter of the rough produce, although the ore in general is of slight tenacity. These advantages are owing to moderate price of labour, the abundant supply of combustible matter, and substances required in the fusing, and which are not to be had in America, especially in Mexico and the Cordilleras.

The electro-chemical process can be easily applied to the ores at Altaie; however, in countries where sufficient fuel is at hand, and salt cannot be procured, the fusing operation will be always preferred, except in cases of complex ores, which often exercise the ingenuity of metallurgists.

There are but few silver mines worked in Russia. The only ones of importance are those of Altaie, Nerchinsk, and those of the Caucasus, and the Ural; but the great source of mineral riches in that kingdom, consists, principally, of the gold and platina-dust, (sands) the washing of which, engrosses the chief attention of the Government. This process, though methodically conducted, is very imperfect, for a large quantity of the gold contained in the sand is lost; the proceeds, however, are considerable; during the last year, no less than 12,200lb. were obtained, upwards of 800,000*l.* value.

The argentiferous and auriferous galenæ which have been subjected to the electro-chemical process, are perfectly fit for the extraction of gold and silver by washing. This method requires that the ore should be pulverized and roasted, so as to separate the metal from the pyrites and other compounds which detain it. The silver and lead being removed, the ore, thus reduced to about half its weight, can be washed with the greatest facility, and one man can wash several hundred pounds per day. This method was tried with the

galenæ, (very argentiferous) discovered a few years since at St. Sébastien Cantales, in the department of Cantal, and which yielded not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains of gold in every 200lb. of ore, with 30 per cent of lead. But, upon adopting the electro-chemical process, the same quantity of ore produced something more than three drachms of gold. From this important result, it is supposed that the rocks in that part of the country are auriferous, as might also be inferred from the name of the place, Aurillac (*auri lacus*). Another great advantage of the electro-chemical method is, that it enables the metallurgist to separate those portions of ore which contain gold, silver, &c., from those which contain none.

M. Becquerel then alluded to the other uses to which electricity might be applied in the manufacture of metals, especially in the art of gilding silver and copper, as also for taking impressions in copper, of medals, bassi relievi, and engravings.

The learned academician concluded by observing that this new and highly important power was only in its infancy, and that it would be impossible to foresee the immense services it was likely to render to the arts.

QUESAL OF AMERICA.

THE birds of Central America are deservedly celebrated for their great variety, and the extraordinary beauty of their plumage. Amongst the most conspicuous, is the quescal, or *Trogon resplendens*, which is to be found only in the wild and remote regions of Central America, and the south of Mexico. Those frequenting the forests of Quosal-tonango, from which they derive their name, are much the finest. This bird is of the shape and size of a pigeon. Its plumage is of a metallic golden green, except that of the wings which is spotted with a brilliant red and black. The head is adorned with a soft silky crest of short barred feathers, of a beautiful green. But the distinguishing feature of this bird, and that which constitutes its peculiarity and beauty, is the plumage of its tail, which consists of three or four loose wavy feathers of a rich green, powdered with gold. These feathers are barred, and about three feet long. They used to be worn by the aborigines of America, as ornaments for the head. When deprived of the ornament of its tail, the quescal seems sensible of the injury: it sickens and dies. Such is the importance it attaches to this part of its gorgeous dress, that the nest it makes is provided with two apertures, one for egress, the other for regress, in order to avoid the necessity of turning, by which the feathers of its tail might be broken or disordered. For the same reason it seldom makes a short or sudden turn. The Indians held it sacred, and used to say that the Creator, when he formed the world, assumed the form of a quescal.—*Montgomery Martin's Journey to Guatemala.*

HISTORY OF SAWS.

THE invention of the saw has been by the Greek mythologists attributed to Dædalus, Talus, and Perdix.

Talus was the son of Dædalus's sister, and, having found the jaw-bone of a snake, he employed it to cut through a small piece of wood, and by these means was induced to form a like instrument of iron, that is, to make a saw.

Perdix, we are told, did not employ for a saw the jaw-bone of a snake like Talus, but, according to Ovid and others, the back-bone of a fish.*

An early writer, describing Cadomosto's voyage to Africa, does indeed state that the old inhabitants of Madeira really used this bone for a saw; but this statement is only one degree less ridiculous than that of the veracious Olaus Magnus, who states that the fish itself can with this instrument cut through the planking of a ship!

That the saws of the Grecian carpenters were pretty similar in form to those at present in use is satisfactorily inferred from a painting found at Herculaneum, in which two geniæ are represented at the end of a bench, consisting of a long table, each end of which rests upon two four-footed stools. The instrument in this representation resembles our frame-saw. The piece of wood which is to be sawn, extends beyond the end of the bench, and one of the workmen appears standing, and the other sitting on his ground. This is, probably, the most ancient authentic voucher for the early existence of an instrument resembling our common saw extant.

Figures of two ancient saws have been given by Montfaucon, though too imperfectly delineated to allow their peculiar formation to be distinguished.

Palladius describes saws fastened to a handle; and Cicero, in his oration for Cluentius, incidentally mentions one with which an ingenious thief sawed out the bottom of a chest.

Since the fourteenth century, if not earlier, the working of large saws, with a reciprocating motion, by means of water-power, has been more or less common in various parts of Europe, especially in Germany, Norway, and, at a later period, in this country.

A succinct account of these early saw-mills, will not here be out of place.

In 1322, according to Beckmann, there were, so early as this period, saw-mills at Augsburg.

In 1420, Madeira was discovered, and, when settlers were first sent out to that island, not only were the various kinds of European fruits carried thither, but saw-mills were erected for the purpose of cutting into deals the many spe-

cies of excellent timber with which the island abounded, and which were afterwards transported to Portugal.

In 1427, the city of Breslau had a saw-mill, which produced the yearly rent of three marks.

In 1490, the magistrates of Erfurt purchased a forest, in which they caused a saw-mill to be erected, and they rented another mill in the neighbourhood besides.

In 1530, the first saw-mill was erected in Norway, which is covered with forests.

In 1545, this mode of manufacturing timber was called the "new art," and, because the exportation of deals was, by means thereof, much increased, this circumstance gave occasion to the deal tithe imposed by Christian III. in that year.

In 1555, the Bishop of Ely, ambassador from Mary, Queen of England to the Court of Rome, having seen a saw-mill in the neighbourhood of Lyons, the writer of his travels thought it worthy of a particular description, from which it appears that the motion of the blade was perpendicular; "Fox," says the account, "the wheel, being turned with the force of water, hoisted up and down the saw."

Peter the Great introduced the saw into Russia. For this purpose, policy was necessary. The czar, during his residence in England, and while employed as a carpenter in one of our dock-yards, had, in all probability, both seen the advantages of the saw, and used it with his own hands.

On his return to St. Petersburg, the capital of his dominions, among other things that attracted his attention, as requiring reform, was the practice of riving timber. Peter saw the necessity of introducing a more rational mode. Instead, however, of interdicting the old method, he imposed a duty upon all the split timber that was floated down the Neva, while sawn deals were exempted from the impost; by this course, the rude practice of riving was soon superseded by the more effective operation of the saw wrought by machinery.

In 1600, those mills became general, in which, by working several saws parallel to each other, a plank was at once cut into several deals. The Dutch have claimed the invention of this improvement, and a great number of saw-mills of this kind might formerly be seen at Saardam in Holland.

In 1653, however, the first mill of this last description, is believed to have been erected in Sweden; one of the wonders of which kingdom in this, was a mill, having the water-wheel twelve feet broad, and giving motion to seventy-two saws.

Saw-mills, on their introduction into England, had to encounter the fullest measure of opposition from the prejudice existing against all kinds of machinery among some classes of workmen. The sawyers apprehended that they should be deprived of their labour and their bread, and on this account their hostility was determined.

In 1668, even so early as this, on account of

* The plain case appears to be simply this:—the ancient poets and historians, finding in the structure of various animals parts somewhat resembling the saw in use among them, fancifully pursued the analogy, and, by a natural and easy fiction, transposing cause and effect, they referred to the origin what properly belonged to the illustration of the idea.

the opposition of the workmen, it was found necessary to abandon a saw-mill which had been set up by a Dutchman in the neighbourhood of London; and about half a dozen years afterwards, when John Houghton laid before the nation the advantages of such a mill, he expressed, at the same time, his apprehension that it might excite the rage of the populace.

In 1767-8, what Houghton dreaded, appears actually to have taken place, when an opulent timber-merchant, by the desire and with the approbation of the Society of Arts, caused a saw-mill, driven by wind, to be erected at Limehouse, under the direction of James Stansfield, who had learned in Holland the art of constructing and managing machinery of this kind. A mob assembled and pulled the mill to pieces; but the damage was made good by the nation, and some of the rioters were punished. A new mill was, however, erected, and after it several others, which were suffered to work without molestation. These outrages are now obsolete.

In these mills, and those which rapidly succeeded them in different parts of the United Kingdom, the saws moved with a reciprocating motion, similar to their operation as we see them managed by two men at a pit in the ordinary manner.

Of late years the efficiency of machinery for this purpose has been amazingly extended by the application of the circular saw, especially in the business of cutting boards, spars, brushwood, ship's blocks, veneers, and every other light description of work.

A BROKEN-HEARTED MONARCH.

KING JAMES the fifth of Scotland, had rendered himself so unpopular by his maladministration, that his nobles refused to undertake an expedition against England. Some were, however, prevailed upon to favour his wishes, and an army was collected. Though he permitted the Lord Maxwell, who had planned that expedition, to conduct the army to the border, yet he had given a secret commission to one Oliver Sinclair, one of his hated favourites, to take the chief command as soon as the army entered England. The moment this was known, the noblemen and principal gentlemen resolved to give themselves up as prisoners to the English, than fight under the banner of so contemptible a leader, or to expose themselves to the fury of their infatuated sovereign. The English advanced and took as many prisoners as they chose, without a single drop of blood being spilt.

The news of this most disgraceful affair threw the king into a perturbation, and depression of spirits, from which he never recovered. Next day he went to Edinburgh, then his palace at Falkland, where excluding all company, except a few of his favourite domestics, through want of sleep and anguish

of mind, he was soon confined to bed. When in this condition, the news arrived that his queen was delivered of a princess at Linlithgow. But this gave him no comfort, "The kingdom," he exclaimed, "came with a woman, and it will go with a woman. The English will either conquer the kingdom in her minority, or will acquire it by marriage." He expired in a short time. Such was the death of the father of the beautiful, but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots.

ACCIDENT OF A FRENCH AERONAUT.

THE wings even of angels do not always bear them safe, for Satan, "Prince of the Powers of the Air," in Milton's testimony, "fell plumb down ten thousand fathoms," in the murky kingdoms of Chaos, spite of his "sail-broad vans."

Mr. Green, who has made upwards of two hundred ascents, without receiving "scathe or scratch," was woefully dragged by his "demon-balloon" many a hazardous league, last week. The novelty of relating that circumstance has passed away, therefore, making only dutiful mention of it, tell we of another.

Sieur Lartet, on the 3rd ult., at Toulouse, had advertised an aerial voyage in his vast Montgolfier for the evening.

The crowd was dense; the atmosphere perfectly serene; and, from the locality of Salenques, uprose the intrepid aeronaut.

But the air of the upper regions, the most fluctuating of all the elements, with its currents, streams, shiftings, and equilibriums, damaged in some unexplainable manner the aerostat's machine, and he and it, from an enormous height, continued falling to the earth with lightning-like rapidity.

Arrived perpendicularly over the Place du Pont, a current of air suddenly swept him towards the Quartier des Marchands, and at last, amid the cries of anguish of the whole population, he fell upon the housetop of a grocer. The car in which he sat was there shattered to atoms, and Lartet fell from the height of the third story, and was dashed upon the pavement of the court.

When assistance arrived he was wild and incoherent; and the source from whence our information is derived,* doubts if he be yet living.

But the calamity did not end here. It appears that Lartet, to preserve for as long a time as he could, the hot air in his Montgolfier, had suspended in its interior, sponges well saturated with the inflamed spirits of wine. This spirits of wine had communicated the flame to the mass of linen and paper, which composed part of the aerostatic framework.

The frightened spectators drew the cords, and the balloon fell into a narrow court which it filled with flames, and barrels of spirit and oil, which augmented the devastation of the fire.

* The Courier de l'Europe.

The Gatherer.

War.—War is showy at a distance, fearful when at hand; as the capo, which was hailed with joy by the discoverers, and named the Cape of Good Hope, was found, when they sailed near it, to deserve no better name than the "Cape of Storms."

Birds sing less in August, than any other month.—*Jesse.*

At the recent sale of articles of Virtù, by Christie and Manson, belonging to Prince Louis Buonaparte, the original bust of Napoleon when Consul, by Canova, inscribed with the date 1804, on scagliola pedestal and black marble plinth, was then sold for 232l. 11s. It was a very fine piece of sculpture.

Emigration of Indians.—A very extraordinary "sign of the times," in the emigration department, has recently occurred. A body of 5,000 Indians have crossed from the United States' territories and sought refuge and rest in Upper Canada. Many of these are said to have sufficient means for settling down comfortably.

An Ear-Anatomist.—Sommmerius dissected ten thousand ears in the course of his experiments.

The Schloss.—This palace, so named—the vast and magnificent pile usually inhabited by the Prussian Kings, is nearly large enough to lodge commodiously, all the sovereigns of Europe at once.—*Letter from Berlin.*

Religion.—Piety is the ambrosia-bread of the ancients, to partake of which gave immortality.

Publishing at Paris.—There were published last year in the French capital, 6,603 books in different languages; 976 engravings and lithographs; 173 maps, and more than 1,000 pieces of music.

The manufacture of buttons has at length reached the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. An ingenious Frenchman has invented a button, in which the principle of nut and screw is applied, so that, without a stitch, buttons may be far more securely, as well as more speedily, put upon clothes than in the ordinary way; and those who have not souls above buttons may, if they please, have half-a-dozen suits of buttons to each suit of clothes, the top being screwed on to the shank.—*Birmingham Advertiser.*

Geological Discovery.—Near the bottom of the green sand in the vicinity of Hythe, have recently been noticed portions of a large saurian, supposed to be an iguanodon.

Gold in France.—M. Beognorel has found a considerable quantity of gold in the sand of Cantal, near Aurillac. The rock in which it occurs is mica slate.

The Nineteenth Century.—Our age is a volcanic island which glows, moves, destroys, and trembles.

Failings of Women.—The faults of women come from too great tenderness, and are like spots on the moon, flowery plains.

Grotto and Colossi at Naples.—Letters from Naples announce the discovery, on the south-east slope of the hill of Pausilippo, of a new grotto, apparently of great depth, which is almost filled with sand and rubbish. About four hundred paces from the entrance are twelve colossal marble statues, buried to the shoulders in the rubbish; the heads of these are sadly mutilated.

Enthusiastic Naturalists.—In the eyes of zealous naturalists, wild beasts have unspeakable charms: their loveliness increases with their size; they are interesting in proportion as they are dangerous and untameable; and the boy savages are dodged by the enamoured zoologist with a perseverance, from which they have no chance of escape but by jumping out of their skins.

Our life, beginning with first love, opens like the church service with music, and afterwards comes teaching and repentance.

Amorousness of Poets.—A poet without love is a physical and metaphysical impossibility.—*T. Carlyle.*

Suicides form a larger proportion of the deaths among the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons in the United Kingdom, than any other description of force—a fact, which is in some measure accounted for by Major Tulloch's supposition that a large class of persons enlist in these corps, who have, from dissipation, been reduced from a higher sphere of life, and on whom the mental condition tends powerfully to lead to self-destruction.—*Public Health and Mortality—Quarterly Review*, No. cxxx1.

The priests in Abyssinia are clothed in bright yellow raiment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted.—"Rosa'rlle."—"Song to Cupid."—*T. H.'s Anecdotes from the French.*

Rejected.—"The Ballad-singer, a Tale"—"To Anna."—"The Fall of the Leaf."—"Illustration of the Negative Quantity."—"Intemperance."—"Iâs, a Poem."—"To Home."—"The Prescribed."—"Sonnet from the Italian," by R. B.—"F. R." as reprints of poems are seldom or ever inserted.

Many other favours are under consideration.

The seal of Milo Fitzwalter is in the Engraver's hands.

Mr. Martin is respectfully informed that all contributions are gratuitous. The copy and engraving are left for him at the Office.

We much approve of papers on the "Spectator" plan, but the one kindly submitted is little more than a prospectus. Condensed papers on any definite subject, would much gratify us.

Laura C. R.—is at liberty to send any original papers.

Correspondents are again requested to affix dates to their communications.

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The Mirror

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No. 1022.]

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[Price 2d.



CONFLAGRATION OF LONDON. 1666.

GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1666.

*From the London Gazette Extraordinary,
September 2nd, Sunday, 1666.*

"About two o'clock this morning a sudden and lamentable fire broke out in this city, beginning not far from Thames Street, near London Bridge, which continues still with great violence, and hath already burnt down to the ground many houses thereabouts; which sad accident affected his Majesty with that tenderness and compassion, that he was pleased to go himself in person, with his Royal Highness,* to give order that all possible means should be used for quenching the fire, or stopping its further spreading. In which care the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Craven was sent by his Majesty to be more particularly assisting to the Lord Mayor and magistrates; and several companies of his guards sent into the City to be helpful, by what ways they could, in so great a calamity."

*London Gazette; published by authority,
Whitehall. September 8, 1666.*

"The ordinary course of this paper having been interrupted by a sad and lamentable accident of fire lately happened in the City of London; it hath been thought fit, for satisfying the minds of so many of his Majesty's good subjects who must needs be concerned for the issue of so great an accident, to give this short but true account of it.

"On the 2nd instant, at one of the clock in the morning, there happened to break out a sad deplorable fire in Pudding Lane, near New Fish Street, which falling out at that hour of the night, and in a quarter of the town so close built with wooden pitched houses, spread itself so far before day, and with such distraction to the inhabitants and neighbours, that care was not taken for the timely preventing the further diffusion of it by pulling down houses, as ought to have been done; so that this lamentable fire in a short time became too big to be mastered by any engines, or working near it. It fell out most unhappily, too, that a violent easterly wind fomented it, and kept it burning all that day and the night following, spreading itself up to Gracechurch Street, and downwards from Cannon Street to the water side, as far as the Three Cranes in the Vintry.

The people in all parts about it, distracted by the vastness of it, and their particular care to carry away their goods, many attempts were made to prevent the spreading of it, by pulling down houses, and making great intervals, but all in vain; the fire seizing upon the timber and rubbish, and so continuing itself even through those spaces, and raging in a bright flame all Monday and Tuesday, notwithstanding his Majesty's own, and his Royal Highness's indefatigable and personal pains to apply all possible remedies to prevent it,—calling upon and helping the people

* The Duke of York; afterwards James II.

with their guards, and a great number of nobility and gentry unweariedly assisting the men; for which they were requited by a thousand blessings from the poor distressed people. By the favour of God, the wind slackened a little on Tuesday night, and the flames meeting with brick buildings at the Temple, by little and little it was observed to lose its force on that side, so that on Wednesday morning we began to hope well; and his Royal Highness never despairing nor slackening his personal care, wrought so well that day, assisted in some parts by the Lords of the Council, before and behind it, that a step was put to it at the Temple Church, near Holborn Bridge, Pie Corner, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, near the lower end of Coleman Street, at the end of Basinghall Street, by the postern, at the upper end of Bishopsgate Street and Leadenhall Street, at the Standard in Cornhill, at the Church in Fenchurch Street, near Clothworker's Hall, in Mincing Lane, at the middle of Mark Lane, and at the Tower Dock.

On Thursday, by the blessing of God, it was wholly beat down and extinguished: But so as that evening it unhappily burst out again afresh at the Temple, by the falling of some sparks (as it is supposed) upon a pile of wooden buildings; but his Royal Highness, who watched there that whole night in person, by the great labour and diligence used, and especially by applying powder to blow up the houses about it, before day happily mastered it. Divers strangers, Dutch and French, were, during the fire, apprehended upon suspicion that they contributed mischievously to it; who are all imprisoned, and informations prepared, to make a severe inquisition hereupon by my Lord Chief Justice Keeling, assisted by some of the Lords of the Privy Council, and some principal members of the City; notwithstanding which suspicions, the manner of the burning all along in a train, and so blown forwards in all its way by strong winds, makes us conclude the whole was the effect of an unhappy chance, or, to speak better, the heavy hand of God upon us for our sins, showing us the terror of His judgment in thus raising the fire, and immediately after his miraculous and never enough to be acknowledged mercy in putting a stop to it, when we were in the last despair; and that all attempts for the quenching of it, however industriously pursued, seemed insufficient.

His Majesty then sat hourly in council, and ever since hath continued making rounds about the City, in all parts of it where the danger and mischief was greatest, till this morning, that he hath sent his Grace the Duke of Albermarle, whom he hath called for to assist him in this great occasion, to put his happy and successful hand to the finishing this memorable deliverance. About the Tower, the seasonable orders given for plucking down houses to secure the magazines of

powder, was more especially successful, that part being up the wind; notwithstanding which, it came almost to the very gates of it, so as by this early provision, the several stores of war, lodged in the Tower, were entirely saved; and we have, further, this infinite cause particularly to give God thanks, that the fire did not happen in any of those places where his Majesty's naval stores are kept, so as though it hath pleased God to visit us with his own hand, he hath not, by disfurnishing us with the means of carrying on the war, subjected us to our enemies. It might be observed that this fire happened in a part of the town where, though the commodities were not very rich, yet they were so bulky that they could not well be removed, so that the inhabitants of that part where it first began have sustained very great loss; but by the best inquiry we can make, the other parts of the town, where the commodities were of greater value, took the alarm so early, that they saved most of their goods of value, which, possibly, may have diminished the loss; though some think, that if the whole industry of the inhabitants had been applied to the stopping of the fire, and not to the saving of their particular goods, the success might have been much better, not only to the public, but to many of them in their own particulars. Through this sad accident, it is easy to be imagined how many persons were necessitated to remove themselves and goods into the open fields, where they were forced to continue some time; which could not but work compassion in the beholders; but his Majesty's care was most signal on this occasion, who, besides his personal pains, was frequent in consulting all ways for relieving those distressed persons, which produced so good effect, as well by his Majesty's proclamations, and the orders issued to the neighbour justices of the peace, to encourage the sending in provision to the markets which are publicly known, as by other directions, that when his Majesty, fearing lest other orders might not yet have been sufficient, had commanded the victualler of his navy, to send bread into Moorfields for the relief of the poor; which for the more speedy supply he sent in biscuit, out of the sea stores: it was found that the markets had been already so well supplied, that the people, being unaccustomed to that kind of bread, declined it, and so it was returned in great part to his Majesty's stores again, without any use made of it. And we cannot but observe, to the confutation of all his Majesty's enemies, who endeavour to persuade the world abroad of great parties and disaffections at home against his Majesty's government, that a greater instance of his Majesty's affections of this city could never be given them, than hath been now given in this sad and deplorable accident, when if at any time disorder might have been expected from the losses, distraction, and almost desperation of some persons in their

present fortunes, thousands of people not having had habitations to cover them. And yet in all this time it hath been so far from any appearance of designs or attempts against his Majesty's government, that his Majesty and his royal brother, out of their care to stop and prevent the fire, frequently exposing their persons, with very small attendance, in all parts of the town, sometimes even to be intermixed with those who laboured in the business; yet, nevertheless, there hath not been observed so much as a murmuring word to fall from any; but, on the contrary, those persons whose losses rendered their conditions most desperate, and to be fit objects of others' prayers, beholding these frequent instances of his Majesty's care of his people, forgot their own misery, and filled the streets with their prayers for his Majesty, whose trouble they seemed to compassionate above their own."

THE DYING YOUTH.

(For the Mirror.)

Open the lattice! I once more would feel,
Like a kind hand, the smooth air gently steal
About my fever'd brow, sweet influence bringing;
And listen to its pleasant murmurous tune,
Thro' the thick woodbines, like a young voice singing
Of all the glory and the beauty strewn
Over the verdant Earth at rosy break of June.

Let me look out upon the summer-sky;
Far through its sapphire depths the bright clouds lie,
Like ocean-isles, or pendant bowers, haunted
By Heaven's blithe spirit-bands, to be with whom
My heart, like Noah's dove, for rest hath panted;
And Death will lead me, ere the night stars bloom,
Up yon fair heavenward path from the stern-shadow'd tomb!

Earth now is glad—the summer-time hath come—
Its sunlight fills the room—a low sweet hum
Of all very voices on my ear is stealing,
Yet in my voice no answering tone is wrought,
My heart hath hush'd the play of old time feeling;
For I am dying, like a half-dream'd thought,
Or a young blossom, by the wind's rude motion caught.

O bring me flowers—the beautiful and frail!
The half-blown bud—the open, silver-pale,
Or crimson-bloom'd—the blighted, early-dying;
O twine for me a lovely summer-wreath,
To shed a still soft light where I am lying,
And whilst the sweetness of their latest breath
Flows thro' the heaving air, I'll fade with them to death!

To death! for life wanes as a meteor's fire—
The melody is passing from the lyre
Which Death with heavy hand is rudely crushing;
I rise triumphant from the bonds of Time—
Heaven like a glorious flood is round me rushing,
Sweet voices welcome me with songs sublime,
A summer home is mine—a bright eternal clime!

J. A. GIBSON.

SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

FATE we'd know where Cupid sleeps,
To crop his wings and stop his ranging;
But a watch he closely keeps,
Altho' his choice is ever changing:
All the day he roves about;
And all the night he's restless tossing;
Doating now, and then in doubt;—
His head and heart each other crossing.

Eyes of black, bewitching glance,
 And eyes of blue divinely languish;
 Both the god, by turns, entrance,
 And give him bosom-burning anguish.
 Raven tresses clust'ring rich,
 And auburn locks luxuriant flowing,
 Poor young Love alike bewitch,
 And keep his little bosom glowing.
 'Can we blame young Cupid, then,
 Or lecture him on bonds and duty?—
 Thus beset by Venus' train,
 And hemm'd about by brightest beauty:—
 No—like bee and butterfly,
 Young Love e'er will be a rover:
 Still some maid with wild'ring eye,
 Will wound him ere he can recover.

JAMES WYLLSON.

— ROSABELLE.

(For the Mirror.)

A monk is mutt'ring a matin prayer
 In the gloom of St. Austin's cell,
 His head is cowl'd and his feet are bare,
 But for whom does the monk beg blessings there?
 For the lovely Rosabelle!
 A knight is spurring a gallant steed—
 Why spurs he, who shall tell?
 And why dooms he yonder knight to bleed,
 As he rears his lance in his headlong speed—
 He fights for fair Rosabelle!
 The monk at the altar now does kneel,
 In his hand are book and bell;
 And the knight has grasp'd in his hand of steel
 A maiden to take her for woo or weal—
 'Tis the lovely Rosabelle!
 White hands are decking the marriage bow'ns
 Fair maidens' love to tell,
 And many a heart its blessing pours
 While the wine-cup flows in Sir Waller's tow'ns—
 And all for Rosabelle!

E. M.

THE PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTY.

A TRUE TALE.*

Nothing more magical of power than Beauty! A fine eye rays its influence farther than a sunbeam—red lips intoxicate the brain more potently than "ruby wine,"—and many an unseen beauty acts more attractively on the spirits, than an almost-discovered planet on those of an astronomer-royal.

General Paczkiewitch was bewitched by an invisible beauty;—hearken, and you shall know how.

M. Prazbyski, a celebrated painter of Warsaw, had exhibited the portrait of a young damsel of the most fascinating loveliness.

Field-Marshal Paczkiewitch saw the portrait, and after asking the price, demanded if it were a work of imagination, or the copy of a real being.

On the answer of the painter, that it was the portrait of a lady living in the country, the Field-Marshal offered the artist two hundred ducats for his picture, on condition that he would give him the name and the residence of his beautiful model.

Several other generals, arriving at this minute, the painter made his obeisance, and

* From a letter from Warsaw, quoted in the French Journals.

the Marshal said, "Come this evening at eight o'clock, and bring the portrait."

Unfortunately, this conversation had been overheard by the Lady Field-Marshal, wife of the gallant general. The painter, before he had left the court-yard, received the following hastily-written billet:—

"Come at six o'clock, and not at eight. I wait for you.
 (Signed) Paczkiewitch."

M. Prazbyski, the painter, hastened at six to the appointed assignation, and found there, to all appearance, the Field-Marshal, (but who was, indeed, the Lady Field-Marshal, equipped in her husband's suit and epaulets,) who gave to him, not two hundred, but four hundred ducats. The name and address of the beautiful lady being given, the artist withdrew.

Madame Paczkiewitch flung the portrait in the fire, and despatched an order forthwith to the beautiful, but altogether unconscious lady, to depart at once to Cracow.

The Field-Marshal having learnt these things, exiled M. Prazbyski, the poor painter, from Warsaw: but the lady of the governor has taken the young artist under her protection.

Such is one of the many instances of crossed-love, and cross purposes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SPITE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was a full inheritor of the imperious Tudor disposition, and the bluff king-Harry style of her rebukes, to princes, prelates, and peeresses, is well known. Here is an instance but little read:—

There was among the Queen's attendants, a young girl of rank, Lady Mary Howard, remarkable for her beauty and liveliness, who had attracted the notice of Essex and others of the courtiers, and consequently, became the object of the Queen's vindictive displeasure, and the victim of those arts of tormenting, wherein her majesty seems to have excelled.

"It happened," relates Sir John Harrington, "that Lady M. Howard was possessed of a rich border, powdered with gold and pearl, and a velvet suit belonging thereto, which moved many to envy; nor did it please the Queen, who thought it exceeded her own.

"One day, the Queen did send privately, and got the lady's rich vesture, which she put on herself, and came forth into the chamber among the ladies.

"The kirtle and border was far too short for her majesty's height; and she asked every one how they liked her new-fancied suit.

"At length she asked the owner herself, 'if it was not made too short and ill-becoming?' to which the poor lady did presently consent.

"'Why, then,' retorted the queen 'if it become not me, as being too short, I am minded it shall never become thee as being too fine: so it fitteth neither well.'

"This sharp rebuke abashed the lady, and she never," says Sir John, "adorned herself therewith any more."

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE,
LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

IN November, 1829, I attended the anatomical lectures delivered by Joseph Henry Green, Esq., at the Royal Academy, and I there saw Sir Thomas Lawrence for the last time. On that occasion, the lecture, as usual, commenced at eight o'clock. I had previously secured a good seat, to enable me to see the academicians distinctly, as they entered the room. The lecturer, and the worthy president, came in first, followed by a great number of the members, who ranged themselves on each side of the president's chair. The pleasure felt by the audience on the appearance of Sir Thomas, was evinced by loud clapping of hands; he bowed in a very graceful manner, while a complacent smile beamed on his fine, open, and prepossessing countenance. His face was rather pale—in other respects, he appeared perfectly healthy, and no one would have imagined, that within two short months, his earthly career would be terminated for ever. I need not attempt to describe his features minutely; the portrait which he painted of himself a short time before his death, is an excellent likeness; although, I think, the eyes are not vivacious enough—neither does it altogether convey the benign expression of his countenance.* The outline of his face was bland and dignified. He wore a black frock-coat, closely buttoned, and white gloves. On entering the lecture-room, his head was bare, but he resumed his hat, according to custom, and remained covered during the discourse. When it was ended, he conversed with great cheerfulness with several of the academicians. He very soon withdrew, and, as he descended the stairs of the Academy, I happened to be close to him. I observed that he was accompanied by Mr. Green, with whom he talked in a very low tone. When he arrived at the hall-door, he shook hands with Mr. Green, and said, rather audibly, "God bless you." He then stepped into his carriage. G.W.N.

THE SPECTRE WITH EARS.

MADAME D. was on a visit to some friends in the country, whose chateau (so the report ran) was favoured by a nocturnal visitant, who had been in the habit, for some time, of promenading certain apartments, and which had, consequently, led to their desertion. The lady, who was by no means superstitious, possessed, however, a sufficient quantum of curiosity, and, therefore, determined, although labouring under indisposition, to sleep in the haunted chamber. In the middle of the night, she heard the door open, she demanded aloud to know the reason of this unwelcome visit,

* This portrait has been engraved, and was exhibited, with most of his other works, at the British Institution, in the autumn of 1830.

but received no answer. There was a heavy footstep and a moaning. A table at the foot of the bed was overturned, and the curtains are shaken with violence. In an instant after, a chair was tumbled down, and the spectre approached the bed. Madam, not at all terrified, immediately put out her hands to ascertain if it were of palpable form. In groping, she laid hold of two ears, without meeting with any resistance. Resolved not to lose the fruit of her courage, she maintained hold of her prize, and so continued, in this painful attitude, until enabled to distinguish the cause of so much alarm—when, behold! the object of terror is discovered to be a large dog, perfectly quiet, and who, it is supposed, not feeling inclined to remain out of doors at night, had thus availed himself of the opportunity of securing such comfortable quarters. T. H.

BEAUTIES OF HAZLITT.—No. II.

EXTRACTED FROM HIS WORKS.

Enchantment of a Voice.

I HAVE ore now, heard a voice so break upon the silence, "to angels 'twas most like," and charm the moonlight air with its balmy essence, that the budding leaves trembled to its accents. Would I might hear it once more whisper peace and hope (as erst when it was mingled with the breath of spring), and with its soft pulsations, lift winged fancy to Heaven! But it has ceased, or turned where I no more shall hear it.

Love at First Sight.

I do not think that what is called "*Love at first sight*," is so great an absurdity as it is sometimes imagined to be. We generally make up our minds beforehand, to the sort of person we should like, grave or gay, black, brown, or fair: with golden tresses, or with raven locks:—and when we meet with a complete example of the qualities we admire, the bargain is soon struck. We have never seen anything to come up to our newly-discovered goddess before, but she is what we have been all our lives looking for. The idol we fall down and worship, is an image familiar to our minds. It has been present to our waking thoughts—it has haunted us in our dreams, like some fairy vision. Oh! thou, who, the first time I ever beheld thee, didst draw my soul into the circle of thy heavenly looks, and wave enchantment round me, do not think my conquest less complete, because it was instantaneous: for, in that gentle form, (as if another Imogene had entered) I saw all that I had ever loved of female grace, modesty, and sweetness!

Placidness of faded Infancy.

I have never seen death but once, and that was in an infant. It was years ago. The look was calm and placid, and the face was fair and firm. It was as if a waxen image

had been laid out in the coffin, and strewed with innocent flowers. It was not like death, but more like an image of life! No breath moved the lips, no pulse stirred, no sight or sound would enter those eyes or ears more. While I looked at it, I saw no pain was there; it seemed to smile at the short pang of life which was over; but I could not bear the coffin-lid to be closed—it seemed to stifle me: and still as the nettles wave in a corner of the church-yard over its little grave, the welcome grave helps to refresh me, and ease the tightness of my breast.

Dear, but disappointed Love.

I have wasted my life in one long sigh; nor ever (till too late) beheld a gentle face turned gently upon mine! But no! not too late, if that face, pure, modest, downcast, tender with angel sweetness, not only gladdens the prospect of the future, but sheds its radiance on the past, smiling in tears. A purple light hovers round my head. The air of love is in the room. As I look at my long-neglected copy of the Death of Clorinda, golden gleams play upon the canvas, as they used when I painted it. . . . I am as when my life began, the rainbow is in the sky again. The years that are fled knock at the door and enter. All that I have thought and felt has not been in vain: I am not utterly worthless—unregarded; nor shall I die and wither of pure scorn. Now could I sit on the tomb of liberty, and write a hymn to Love. Or if I am deceived, let me be deceived still. Let me live in the Elysium of those soft looks: poison me with kisses, kill me with smiles: but still mock me with thy love!

THE DEATH HUNTER.*

THE tribunal of Correctional Police has just been occupied with the most *bizarre* affair which has for some time been recorded.

Isidore Burnier appears to have been beset by a most singular monomania. He was terribly afraid of having no person to attend his funeral, and, like the poor man in the story, of being followed to the grave only by his dog.

To prevent, as far as in him lay, the occurrence of what he deemed a most frightful calamity, Burnier had made a little paper book, and written these words at the head of the first page:—

"I hereby engage, on my honour, to assist at the convey, funeral service, and interment of M. Isidore Burnier, when we shall have the misfortune to lose him, in the event of my surviving him; and M. Isidore Burnier engages on his side to assist at my obsequies, should I die before him."

Armed with this document, Burnier went to all his friends and acquaintances, with a view to obtaining their signatures at its foot.

* From the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

Burnier never went from home for an instant without his paper-book in his pocket. If he was in an evening *salon*, he entreated the signature of every person present; if at a dinner-party, he never waited beyond the dessert to beg of the guests, young and old, to join their names to those who had already entered into the solemn engagement. Every individual whom he happened to meet once, and whose signature he had not an opportunity at that moment of soliciting, was sure to receive a visit from Burnier, book in hand, like a man who goes about looking for subscriptions.

One morning, he presented himself in this way, at the residence of M. Lombard, a respectable sexagenarian, whom he had seen the evening before for the first time in his life at a *café*, playing a game of dominoes. Upon seeing the 300 or 400 signatures which Burnier displayed, M. Lombard naturally thought that he was soliciting a pecuniary subscription, and received Burnier very drily. Not at all recognizing his person, he simply said, "Sir, I have my own list of poor." But being presently put upon the right scent by his visitor, he judged that Burnier had only come to ridicule him, or that he must have certainly lost his senses; and he therefore declared that he never would sign so ridiculous a document. At hearing these words, Burnier became violently enraged, and, seizing the old man by the throat, would have infallibly strangled him, but that M. Lombard fortunately rang the bell, which caused his servant to run to his assistance. The servant, a tall and powerful Picard, after having disengaged her master from Burnier's hand, told him stoutly that she would not suffer him to stir from the spot, and sent the porter to summon the *garde*. Burnier was arrested, a *procès verbal* and a trial ensued, and Burnier presented a most piteous figure on the bench of the accused.

The deposition of M. Lombard was not the least amusing part of the transaction.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I must tell you, *par parenthèse*, that I think the accused is downright mad. His application to me was the less *à propos*, since I must inform you, *par parenthèse*, that I have a horrible dread of death. I can't even think of it for two minutes together without my face turning white, green, or yellow, according to the season. It was in vain that I drew his attention to this circumstance, and added, *par parenthèse*, 'Sir, I happen to be 60 years old, while you are only 40. It is not, therefore, to be presumed, that I shall be able to go to your funeral. For pity's sake, do not come to me as a *memento mori*, and do me the favour to make yourself scarce, *par parenthèse*.' His sole reply to this courteous observation, was a most horrible strangulation."

President.—Have you been unwell in consequence?

Complainant.—Most certainly, sir; and, *par parenthèse*, I was obliged to apply no fewer than twenty leeches.

The complainant's servant confirmed his testimony. "When I entered the room," she said, "Monsieur was on the point of giving up the ghost. Had I waited two minutes longer, I should have embraced a mummy."

Defendant.—Undoubtedly, although it was a villainous trait in the complainant to refuse me his signature, I should not have treated him as I did, but that he insulted me grossly by calling me "stupid," and told me, moreover, that if I did not go out through the door, he would send me through the window.

President.—You are sentenced to pay 150*l.* damages, and the costs besides.

Burnier counted out the money, and then coolly walked up to the President and requested his signature. The President refused it with a smile; and Burnier left the court, looking most scornfully, and shrugging his shoulders.

THE DEAD OF SOME NATIONS.

"EARTH to earth" and "dust to dust" seems to have been the undeviating custom of primeval man. Adam, according to Persian tradition, was buried in the Island of Serendib, and mighty lions, for a long period, guarded the burial-spot.

The resting-places of the first glorious women of the world, are still pointed out by Holy-land gnostics—Eve and Sarai—Rebecca and Leah, slept their last sleep, all quietly in the dust.

Nor was it till later ages, that any other custom obtained, and that imported from a foreign land. Isaac was the first of the great patriarchate, who, by his son Joseph, was swathed in cere-cloths, and so embalmed, placed in one of the huge monolithical coffins of Egypt.

After, and in common with this, other strange practices crept into use, which furnish an extraordinary list, and curious theme to ponder on:—

Burning the bodies of the dead had probably its origin in the endeavor to prevent any insult or ill-treatment being offered them. This custom prevailed among the Greeks, Romans, Germans, Gauls, and others.

The People of Chios, and the *Old Romans*, not only burnt their dead, but beat the bones in a mortar, and when thus reduced to powder, sifted it through a sieve, and scattered the dust abroad by the winds. The body was also washed and rubbed with perfumes.

The Northern People, near the Rhipæan mountains used to bury the bodies of their dead in water.

In *Scythia*, they formerly kept the dead bodies of their parents affixed to the trunks of trees, in the snow and ice.

*The Macrobian*s and *Ethiopian*s having emptied and deprived the bodies of the dead of their flesh, covered the remains with plaster, on which a kind of fresco-painting was

laid, so as to represent, as nearly as possible, the natural body. This done, it was put into a glazed case or coffin. The nearest relatives kept it in their possession for one year, making offerings and oblations to it during that time, at the expiration of which, the body was removed to the environs of the city, and there buried.

The Transianes removed the heart and intestines from the dead, bathed them in aromatic and spicy liquors, and then burnt them in honor of their gods. The ashes were carefully collected together, and replaced in the body, that no part might be found wanting at the day of resurrection.

The Colohians and *Tartars* suspended their dead upon the trees for three years, to be dried by the sun. When the desiccation was complete, they took down the bodies, and burnt them entire.

The Persians, as also the *Syrians*, and ancient *Arabians*, covered their dead with honey or wax, and so preserved them.

The Tivitiæ, a certain people of the kingdom of Guinea, dwelling about the river Orenoque, (so Erasmus Franciscus reports) mourned their dead with great wailing, and buried them. "When it is suspected that the flesh, through the process of putrefaction, has become separated from the bones, they dig it up afresh, hang up the skeleton in the house, decorate the skull with different coloured feathers, and affix plates of gold to the arms and thighs."

In the *Brazils*, a certain nation mourn the death of their kindred with extraordinary sorrow and weeping; then paint the body with various colours, and afterwards roll it in silk, lest it should be rudely touched by the earth in which it is placed.

"*The Chinese children*," says the above authority, "often preserve the bodies of their parents for three or four years, in the house, as a token of their devoted love and adoration; but the chinks of the coffin are so firmly glued up, that no noisome smell or putrefaction can offend the nostrils."

Such, and so various have been, and are (among many other) the modes of disposing of the dead. Yet cannot we but trace therein a species of rude love, and the lingerings of a powerful affection that strove to retain, even beyond death, the company and presence of their dead relations. Still was the body kept, though soulless and inanimate for the living to weep over, and even in the fanaticism of their grief, to converse with, and to fondle. Happy delusion! Temporary solace to the broken heart.

As to the Chinese, a changeless people, they still continue to make earthen-ware of their ancestors and relations—the mandarins, no doubt, china—the common people, delf!

THE UNKNOWN DAMSEL OF TOURS.*

IN the city of Tours formerly lived a Jew, rich and well-esteemed; he had a very beautiful daughter whose wit equalled her charms, and when she had grown to woman's estate, her father proposed to unite her to a young man of their tribe, who had no other possession but youth and his love; but these were not sufficient for the fair maid of Israel, who disdained him altogether.

Her father remonstrated with her in vain, and represented the worthlessness of all the children of Adam, and the superiority of young Tobias over the great and pompous of the earth. "But if you will not trust my experience, seek, my child," continued the sage Jew, "and judge for yourself. I will guide your researches, and I desire to see before the end of six months, three lovers, a prince, an abbé, and a knight at your feet, and overwhelmed with your contempt." Nothing could better suit the humour of the young coquette than this proposition, and it required no consideration to accept it at once. Accordingly she collected together a numerous suite of pages and attendants, surrounded herself with ladies, and being provided with rich clothes, gold, and jewels, set out on her expedition, taking the road to Bretagne.

A duke, king, or prince then reigned in Armorica, whose name it is not necessary to mention, suffice it that he was young, rich, handsome, and powerful. The fair Jewess appeared suddenly at his court, where her beauty and magnificence created the greatest possible sensation, but the mystery attached to her added new charms to all; in consequence of being bound by a vow, she was unable to declare her name, and could only be known as "the damsel concealed." The susceptible prince became very soon the slave of her eyes, nor did she appear to receive his professions with coldness, but her delicate reserve required him to defer his pretensions for six months, when the fair incognita appointed him a rendezvous at the town of Tours.

This conquest readily accomplished, she now began to look about for a priest on whom to try the force of her charms, and was not long before she contrived so to fascinate the heart of a young and handsome monk, that, forgetting his vows and all considerations but the hope of obtaining her favour, he listened too readily to her proposal to meet her in six months at Tours to hear his fate decided.

It was not likely that so much genius and beauty should seek in vain for a gallant knight who would fall before her arts, and the most distinguished paladin of the country was he who accepted her proposal of repairing on Good Friday to Tours at the end of six months, nothing doubting that the hand of his fair coquette would reward his devotion.

So far all went well, and each adorer was

content; the Good Friday, the day appointed for all separately, arrived, and the three lovers repaired to the fair city, full of expectation and impatience. But a difficulty arose—the "Beautiful Concealed" had named no particular place of meeting, and, as her name was unknown, how was she to be found? The prince, the monk, and the knight, were all in an equal state of embarrassment! The prince sent emissaries to every quarter of the city, inquiring news of a young, rich, and fair personage, called The Unknown Damsel, but elicited nothing, and reproached himself too late with his remissness in not having been more particular in his appointment. The monk went begging from door to door in every street, but, as he of course avoided the Jew's quarter, he sped no better in his researches. As for the knight, whose valour surpassed his wit, he resorted to the expedient of issuing a challenge to all Touraine, proclaiming the transgression of his unknown mistress, whose claims were not disputed by any appeal.

While they were all in this state of irritated suspense, one morning a billet was delivered to each, appointing them to seek a certain street, and there to inquire from house to house, asking what questions they thought requisite, till they should happily come to one where the answer to their demands would be, "I am yours!"

As soon as they got this intimation, each of the swains set out on his voyage of discovery. The Jew, in disguise, failed not to watch their movements, and had no little satisfaction in observing them knock at the different doors one after the other, asking and importuning the inhabitants, who, at each question of a new comer, began to grow more impatient, till, at length, the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar, and the "unknown damsel" consigned to perdition by all their gods.

The monk, who had had the start of the others, arrived at last at the house where the preconcerted answer invited him in, and with great delight he entered a dark passage, and threaded the dim mazes of a gloomy corridor, till he found himself in a large chamber, where, however, no light greeted him.

He had not been long there when the prince arrived, and, being led into the same room, where he caught, as the door opened, the sight of drapery, he hurried forward, and caught in his arms the form of the astonished monk, who began to roar out lustily, not being certain that the author of ill himself had not embraced him.

At the sound of such a voice, and the buffets which ensued, the prince drew back, when a third came to the attack in the shape of the knight, who, finding so different a reception to that he had anticipated, began to lay about him stoutly, and the house soon rang with clamour and the echo of blows given and received. All night the three unfortunate lovers were confined in this retreat, and when

* From Mrs. Costello's "Summer among the Bretons and Vikings."

morning dawned; they exhibited such unpleasant marks of their nocturnal contention, that they were glad to observe an outlet, which permitted them to escape into the street, and repair to their several abodes.

Breathing vengeance against the deceitful authoress of their mishap, they all recommenced their attempts to discover her, but were suddenly stopped in their career by receiving another billet (the lady appears to have had much learning for her time,) informing them of the real name and condition of their lady-love, and adding that she was now the wife of Tobias, the young Jew, whom she preferred to them all, with whom she had left Tours, and desired no further communication with either of her adorers, whose Christian virtues she not very tenderly adverted to.

Neither of the gentlemen felt particularly proud of the adventure, and considering it as wise to say no more about it, quietly left Tours, and returned whither their avocations called them; the prince to his kingdom, the monk to his convent, where, as he had supplied himself with charitable contributions, no questions were asked, and the knight probably to make a figure in the Holy War.

NUMISMATICS.

THE GREAT RECOINAGE OF 1690.

(From *Atherton's Numismatic Manual*.)

CLIPPING and false coining had for some time been carried on to an alarming extent, and at length roused the attention of Parliament, who appointed a committee to inquire into the abuse. The committee proposed a general recoinage as a remedy for the evil, when the recommendation was debated in the house, and finally adopted. The great recoinage, which occupied nearly four years, was completed in 1699. The total amount of silver coined was—

In the Tower Mint . . .	£5,091,121	7	7
Country Mints . . .	1,791,787	12	0

Total £6,882,908 19 7

The Mint charges amounted to 179,431*l.* 6*s.* and the charges and consequent losses are supposed to have been equal to 2,700,000*l.*

In our own time, the extensive coinages in the Royal Mint from the year 1816 to 1822 amounted to 7,402,236*l.* 11*s.* 7*d.*

In pulling down, lately, the walls of a cellar in the fish-market at Louvain, a vase was found, containing about 5,000 small pieces of silver coin, of the 12th and 13th centuries, belonging to Brabant, Hainault, and Flanders, most of them in perfect preservation.

Last week, as several men were engaged in excavating a ditch on Wormwood Scrubbs, near Shepherd's-bush, they found a number of ancient silver coins, of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, in a state of good preservation.

MADAME THILLON,

THE ENGLISH PRIMA DONNA.

CARL MARIA WEBER, when in London, was retiring in the evening to his modest apartment in the city, overwhelmed by his sufferings both of mind and body, thinking of his beloved wife in Germany—of that wife who was to see him no more. A voice struck his ears, and restored him, as it were, to a new existence. "It is the voice of an angel!" he exclaimed, at the same time running towards the open window of a house, where a little girl, as fair indeed as a cherub, was singing with a *naïf* and pure accent, one of the olden national ballads of Scotland. The child smiled at the enthusiast; her delicate hands threw back the fine curls of hair that shaded her uncovered shoulders, and she opened her little arms to the stranger who was repeating—"You are an angel! You sing like the angels!"

Weber, entering the house, had got the juvenile singer in his arms, before he thought of apologizing to her mother for the intrusion. But Mrs. Hunt, the mother of the little singer, belonging to one of the aristocratic families of England, knew the glorious personage who had just placed the charming little creature upon his knees, and she was proud, indeed, of the unexpected visit of the great maestro.

"You ought, madame," said he to the mother, "to be thankful to God for the blessed gift he has imparted to your daughter; you must cultivate it; a day must come when a thousand voices will welcome her; when thousands of hands will unite to applaud her, and show the truth of my prediction." Mrs. Hunt received the warning with a haughty smile; her noble ancestors, the large fortune of her husband, and the luxury with which she was surrounded, could not allow her to consider as possible the accomplishment of such a prophecy. Weber, in rapture, left little Anna and her mother; he was to call again on the next day—and on the next day he did not call!—for he was seated in heaven between Mozart and Gluck.

Yet the dying man was right; his words were to be realized! Fifteen years after, a young woman, fair as the child of the city, *naïve* and graceful like her, and called by the sweet name of Anna, was singing at Clermont, in the rooms of Baron de Barante, and Onslow repeating to her the very words of Weber—"You sing like the angels!"

Various reports about the young cantatrice were circulated and credited among people of fashion. She was said to be the daughter of a rich merchant of London, whose wealth had disappeared in adventurous and unlucky speculations; that the loss of fortune had compelled her mother to leave England, and come over to France in quest of a retirement for a humble living. These and some other observations created a lively sensation at Clermont,

and all aristocratic houses were opened to the fair Anna.

Miss Hunt subsequently became Madame Thillon. She left the modest stage of Clermont for the theatre of Nantes, where, during two years, she met with the most flattering reception. She was on the point of leaving France for Italy, when M. Antenor Joly heard her, and hastened to make proposals, which were accepted, for an engagement at *La Renaissance*, in Paris, where she achieved, in the opera of "Lady Melvil," a most decided triumph. The operas of *L'Eau Merveilleuse* and *La Chaste Susanne* are in reality indebted to her for their extraordinary attraction, and she has given to Lucie de Lamermoor the true and highly poetical colouring which belongs to the heroine of Walter Scott.

From the last Parisian accounts, the "Angel-Singer" had lately made her debut at the Salle Favart, in Auber's celebrated opera of *La Neige*, with a success that will acknowledge but few precedents in the annals of the opera comique.—*Court Journal*.

SLEEP, DREAMS, AND APPARITIONS.*

THERE undoubtedly exists an analogy between the body and the mind, inasmuch as any portion of our physical nature—the muscles for instance—when it has been overworked, has a feeling of fatigue, and this exertion cannot be carried on beyond a certain point; and in the same way the organs of sense cannot carry on their functions beyond a certain point, and then they require repose. When one fixes one's eye for a certain time upon one particular object, the sensibility of the organ gets exhausted, and the mind no longer perceives the object.

Certain organs require no repose, the organs of circulation, for instance; the heart always continues its action, and never feels fatigue. This repose in which the organs are plunged constitutes sleep.

The duration of sleep is different in different persons. Monsieur de Buffon was so great a sleeper that he was obliged to hire a servant to wake him, giving him five francs every time he succeeded in getting him up by a certain hour, and the servant, rather than lose his five francs, would occasionally throw jugs of water into his sleeping master's face.

Grattan, the Irish orator, used to have a shower-bath over his head, which was so constructed as to pour its contents upon his face at a certain hour, effectually waking the sleeping patriot.

Sleep varies in its duration in people of good health from half an hour to fourteen hours in the twenty-four. But persons in a state of disease have kept awake for weeks, months,

and even years. In nervous diseases, on the other hand, parties will sleep for weeks, months, and years. Dreams are nothing else than the produce of a certain faculty of the mind, called conception, when it exercises its functions during sleep. The succession of ideas which has passed through our minds when awake, is often remembered and recalled during sleep, and that is what is called dreaming. Dreams generally take place when the circulation of the blood is impeded. Our memory is often more distinct and strong when we dream than when we are awake. It is because, when we are asleep, the association of ideas goes on without being disturbed or counteracted, and there is no controlling power over it. The febrile sleep is an imperfect one, and the mind becomes highly susceptible of being affected by external and internal sensations. Thus, a person labouring under a fever, will dream in his sleep that he is walking over Vesuvius or Etna.

An impeded digestion is very liable to give rise to disagreeable dreams.

The most extraordinary of all classes of dreams are the prophetic dreams, in which the future is revealed to the dreamer. Most of our readers are acquainted with the facts connected with the assassination of Mr. Perceval, and the singularly prophetic dream of Mr. Williams.

To the late Sir Humphrey Davy, however, a still more remarkable instance occurred. When young, and ill of the typhus fever, he dreamed he saw a dark-haired and dark-eyed young lady, with whom he fell in love. Years after he went to the Continent, and there met with the identical party, and it was to her care that he owed the complete restoration of his health, and is believed to have married her. There are a great number of such dreams recorded.

The ancients paid great attention to dreams. A decree was published under Augustus, commanding that every one who dreamed a remarkable dream should report the same to the government.

It is certain that the mind possesses sometimes in dreams an *a priori* knowledge, which is highly remarkable. It is sometimes the same just before the moment of death. But the fulfilment of dreams is by no means astonishing, generally speaking. Take the population of London, viz., nearly 2,000,000, and reflect that one half of these have dreams every night, there will be about 300,000,000 of dreams per year. Now, is it astonishing, that amongst this immense number of dreams one or two should be fancies that really come to take place. The dreams that are realised are noted or remarked upon, but no notice is taken of the immense number that are never realised. It is natural, according to the doctrine of chances, that a few should turn out to be true. Some examples of the effect of sleep are very extraordinary.

Once a person went to sleep as he was

* Condensed from a lecture on the above subject, delivered by Dr. Cantor, at the Mechanics' Institution, Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1840.

chanting a psalm, and after being unconscious for a long time awoke, and began singing precisely where he had left off.

Again, an old lady is recorded to have gone to sleep whilst playing at whist, and on awaking several days after, cried out, "what's trumps?"

With respect to apparitions, they are produced by optical illusions or by the force of the imagination. Thus, the ancients had put down an island upon their chart which has been ascertained in modern times not to exist, though a crew, in a ship placed at a distance from the spot would often fancy there was the appearance of an island before them. It was an optical illusion. The illusions produced by "mirage" are often surprising.

The force of the imagination is also wonderful. Many a patient has owed his recovery to his physician making him imagine he was conquering his disease. At Montpellier, in France, a physician exemplified the force of the imagination by blindfolding a criminal condemned to death, and persuading him that he was being bled to death. The criminal positively died under the imaginary bleeding.

STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.

HINTS FOR THE LADIES.

(From the Scotsman.)

If we take 100 to represent the whole of a woman's chances of marriage, between the ages of 15 and 70, the proportional chances, in each period of five years, will be as follows:—

Age		Chances of Marriage.	
15 and under	20	...	14½
20	25	...	52
25	30	...	18
30	35	...	6½
35	40	...	3½
40	45	...	2½
45	50	...	1½
50	55	...	¾
55	60	...	¼
60	65	...	} one-
65	70	...	

100

From the table it appears—

1. That one-seventh part of all the females who marry in England, are married between the ages of 15 and 20, or one-seventh part of a woman's chances of marriage lies between those years.

2. That fully one-half of all the women who marry, are married between 20 and 25, or one-half of a woman's chances are comprised within these five years.

3. That between 15 and 25, precisely two-thirds of a woman's chances of marriage are exhausted, and only one-third remains for the rest of her life up to 70.

4. That at 30, no less than 85 chances out of the 100 are gone, and 15, or about one-seventh, only remain. She has strong reason now for improving her time.

5. At 35, a fraction, a tenth, is all that remains to her, which is reduced to a twentieth at 40.

6. At 45, her chances of marriage have sunk to one-fortieth; and at 50, to one-hundredth. At 60, there is still a glimmering of hope, for it appears that among females, about one marriage in 1,000, takes place at, and beyond, this age.

The number of women married between 15 and 20, is six times greater than the number of men.

The number of men and women married between 20 and 25, is very nearly equal, but the number of men married at all higher ages is greater than the number of women.

TOMB AND EXHUMATION OF AGNES SOREL.

AGNES SOREL,—La Belle des Belles—at the age of forty, was still the most lovely woman in France, adored by the king, respected and beloved by the people, whom death suddenly carried off "the most replenished sweet work of nature," whether by natural disease, or by poison, was never ascertained. Agnes died at the Château de Menil, near Jumièges, when on her way to join Charles in Normandy. According to her desire, her body was taken to Loches, where it was placed in a black marble tomb, in the choir of the collegiate church. Louis XVI., in consequence of the reiterated requests of the canons of Loches, authorized the translation of the tomb of Agnes to the nave of the church, with the special clause that no part of the body was to be disturbed; for it was imagined, not without reason, that respect for the dead would not be strong enough to repress the natural desire to appropriate some of these precious remains.

On the 5th of March, 1777, the first exhumation of the body of the fair Agnes took place. After opening the tomb, a sort of vaulted cell was discovered beneath the marble of the sarcophagus, in which reposed a coffin of oak enclosing another of lead, which was partly decayed; this covered a third of cedar-wood, in which lay the object of so much care; the head was entire, but all save the bones had disappeared: the teeth, which were very fine, were all uninjured, and the hair was there in all its beauty; two long floating ringlets depended at each side of what had been the face, and the long tresses behind were from eighteen to twenty inches long: the colour was of a clear brown.

The surgeon who assisted at the opening of the tomb, it appears, could not resist his desire to become the possessor of one of these beautiful tresses; but, so soon as the theft was

discovered, means were taken immediately to recover the lost treasure, which was in due time restored to the rector of St. Ours, who delivered it to the Archbishop of Tours, who, lamentable to relate, cast it into the fire as a profane relic unworthy of regard! It seemed as if this unnecessary profanation of the remains of her who had been looked upon almost as the tutelary genius of France, was an omen of the fearful events which so soon followed; the priests who, after three hundred years, suddenly discovered that her tomb was in the way, little dreamed, at that moment, of their own annihilation. Agnès Sorrel rose from her tomb, like a Pythoness disturbed in her cave, to announce the desolation which was about to fall on her country.

At the fatal period of the Revolution, this tomb was, with infinite difficulty, preserved in the general wreck, and some funds appropriated to obtain for it a niche of safety in a part of the old chateau; and, in 1834, it was placed where it is now found, by the sous-préfet of the arrondissement, in compliance with the wish of several lovers of the arts.

Here, then, after many vicissitudes, lies, without the pale of the church, the lovely mistress of France; for so she may be called, being as much loved by the nation as by the king. "She sleeps well," with her two white lambs at her feet, and two watching angels at her head, and is, perhaps, as beautiful a vision as ever delighted the eyes of a lover of the romantic in history.—*Costello.*

The Naturalist.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS ATTACHED TO INSECTS.*

THERE are several kinds of insects, to which are found attached plants, and portions of flowers. They are termed by the naturalist, *parasitical*; the following are the chief of this curious class:—

The Vegetating Wasp.

A species of hymenopterous insect, was first made known under the name of vegetating wasp, by a Spaniard, named Father Torrubia, at Madrid, in the year 1754. The sequent curious account was given by him:—

He found, two leagues from the city of Havannah, in New Spain, in 1749, some dead wasps in a field; from the belly of each wasp a plant germinated, which grows about five spans high. The natives call this plant *gia*, and it is full of sharp prickles, which are supposed by them to proceed from the bellies of the wasp.

Some others were found in the island of Dominica; they had very much the appearance of the drone: after they buried themselves in May, they began to vegetate toward the end of July, or, rather, they are found so about that time. When the tree has arrived at its

full growth, it resembles a coral-branch about three inches high, bearing several little pods, which are supposed by the inhabitants to "drop off and become worms, and from thence flies." This plant is supposed to be a species of *clavaria*, similar to the one which is sometimes found on dead horses' hoofs.

An interesting account has been given by a gentleman who, while botanizing in America, found lying on the ground a wasp's nest, which had, by some means unknown to him, been separated from a branch of a laurel, near which it had fallen. The creatures were in a strange condition after this disaster to their dwelling, some were flitting about over their cells, and by the softness of their wings and the faintness of their colours, were easily known to have been hatched but a short time. Many of them were lying dead on the ground, and, on examining these, he instantly perceived vegetables proceeding from their bodies, which were uniformly attached to the thorax. He collected about fifty of the vegetating wasps. On inspecting the nests, he found a considerable proportion of the cells empty; this, however, was not the case with them all, for there were still some that contained young wasps in the state of larva. He drew them from their cells, and satisfied himself that there was an incipient vegetation, and, moreover, that its progress had kept pace with the growth of the insect. Yet in some instances, the vegetation is considered to commence only when life has ceased.

In confirmation of this opinion, it is related that in Trinidad, a wasp was found, apparently in a perfect condition, glued somehow, by one of its wings, to a leaf of a tree. From all parts of its body issued filaments from one to three inches long; they were shining black, and resembled the plant called Spanish beard.

The Cicada of Martinique and Dominica.

The pupæ of a species of cicada, which is common in Martinique and Dominica, have been found with a plant attached to them. As they bury themselves under the dead leaves to wait their change, it is supposed, that when the season is unfavourable, many perish. The seed of the fungus finds a proper bed on this insect, and grows. Mr. Edwards considers that they are not dead pupæ, but that, before the insect is about to change, the fungus dries, and falls off. Messrs Kirby and Spence mention one of this genus in their cabinet, "with a kind of sphaeria, with a twisted thickish stipes and oblong head, springing up in the space between the eyes." Dr. Hill says, in speaking of the cicada, "this you may be assured is the fact and all the fact, though the untaught inhabitants suppose a fly to vegetate, and though there exists a Spanish drawing of the plants growing into a perfoliate tree; and it has been figured with the creature flying with this tree upon its back—

* Natural History of Insects, pp. 236—301

"So wild are the imaginations of man,
So chaotic and uniform is nature."

that some imago specimens of *ledidopterous* insects have been brought from the tropical regions, covered with long slender filaments. They are always in a very decayed state."

In China is found a geometrical larva, which has a long, rather thick stem growing from the head; this is about two inches and a quarter long, while the insect itself is not quite one inch and a half in length. The Chinese suppose that this is a plant during the summer season; but that in winter its stalk dies, and the root becomes a worm. On opening the body of the larva, however, it is found, that the root of the fungus on which the worm feeds, entirely occupies the whole interior portion from the head to the opposite end.

Most authors have supposed that the seeds are swallowed by the larva, and cause its death, and that, after the event, it becomes the soil or base upon which the vegetables fasten themselves, and thus germinate in the decaying remains.

On the other hand it is supposed that they are propagated by seeds in the ordinary mode; it plainly appears that the seeds would, on being wafted through the air, alight upon the most exposed part of the unhatched insect that was accommodated for its reception, and this would, of course, be near the head. Being there fixed, the plant would increase with the enlargement of the insect, and, drawing nourishment from its body, would continue to grow, even after it had attained its last and perfect state, until the plant has destroyed the life of the insect.

The opinion now laid before the reader is more likely to be the truth. As insects pass no small portion of their life in a state of torpidity, in which they remain chiefly without motion, it will not seem wonderful, should any partial moisture accidentally accumulate upon them, that it affords a seed-plot for certain minute fungi to come up and grow in.

Some insects have been found with portions of flowers attached to various parts of their body. Thus the stamina have been detected on bees, and even on coleopterous insects.

Christian, a German writer, has described some very curious appearances which he observed on the first joint of the four posterior tarsi of *Hylocopa latipes*. These were battle-door-shaped laminae, fixed in pairs by means of a footstalk to the joint, and are sometimes very numerous. He conjectures that the insect uses them for the purpose of collecting pollen.

Messrs Kirby and Spence, however, have remarked that some specimens do not possess this apparatus. They, therefore, imagine that these appendages are the anthers of flowers, and are spoils which the bees in question have filched from the blossoms of some plant.

REPENTANCE is the reflection of virtue in the waters of tears.

The earthquakes of affliction bring out many beautiful heights and fountains in the heart.

Arts and Sciences.

AGRICULTURAL STEAM-MACHINE.

THE mind is lost in inextricable amazement whilst contemplating the mighty powers of steam made subservient to the wants and ingenuity of man; and, among the many applications which we have of late years beheld with wonder, another is now shown at the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park: it is the working of a model, by machinery, by means of which, it is proposed to be shown what Mr. Pinkus, the patentee, intends to achieve. It consists of a stationary steam-engine, from which branch off, pipes, under ground, leading from the station, and passing into the fields, in necessary directions. Through these pipes, the power of the stationary engine is transmitted by an auxiliary vacuum power, which power, in any parts of such fields, puts in motion a locomotive engine of light weight, having neither boiler or furnace, and to which are attached, for purposes of husbandry, any and every agricultural implement for ploughing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, draining, levelling, &c.

LIGHTING-GAS FROM TURF.

It appears that M. Pahlenz, of Grunsberg, in Silosia, has made trials of the employment of turf for lighting; and, that he affirms that one thousand turfs of eight inches square, and four in height, were sufficient for lighting fifty street lamps with gas. The residue then presents a good coke for forges.

SUBMARINE OPERATIONS AT SPITHEAD.

MR. DEAN and his party, who are working at the wreck of the *Mary Rose*,* sunk in battle in the year 1545, in the reign of Henry VIII., have recovered a brass gun, between 11 and 12 feet long, of exquisite workmanship, and upwards of five inches in the bore, and which has been fished up; it bears an inscription which will be easily read when the gun is washed; even at present the name of Henry VIII. can be made out. Over the inscription is a beautiful full blown rose.

Alongside of this curious and perfect piece of ordnance, was found an iron gun of the very rudest description, made out of bars hooped round, and what is still more remarkable, a granite shot, rather larger than a 32-pounder! It is very strange to observe the extremos of the art, thus lying side by side, for more than three centuries.

* The "goodly-ship" *Mary Rose*, went down with her captain, Sir George Carew, and four hundred men. The French said they had sunk her by their fire—the English said she had gone down through great negligence, being overladen with ordnance, and having her ports very low.—*Ed. M.*

The Public Journals.

POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL.—September, 1840.

[THIS journal, always commendable, takes a wide range this month. Starting upon Russia, it next talks of Raffaele at Rome—pays a visit to King Juba at the Canary Isles—passes to India, where it discourses on theology like a

of London." From this last paper we, for the present, select the writer's statistics on the

Progressive Population of London.]

The capital till the reign of Anne, including the City, Westminster, and Southwark, was almost confined to the lower part of the valley of the Thames; the ground from thence, now nearly filled with buildings, rises gradually to Hampstead Heath, which is 433 feet above its level; the highest part of Shooter's Hill, which bounds it on the south, is 411 feet; the cross of St. Paul's its centre, 406 feet; the top of the Monument, 226 feet; the Horse Guards' barracks, Regent's Park, 200 feet, the County Fire Office, Regent-street, 60 feet; Buckingham Palace, 13 feet 4 inches; Life House, Whitehall, one foot six inches, and Westminster Hall, the lowest ground, eleven inches below the level of the river; as is also the lake in St. James's Park, which is five feet beneath it. The metropolis, in the reign of William III., extended from east to west five miles, and from north to south in its greatest breadth was under two: at the present day, calculating one continued junction of buildings, it is not less than nine miles in length, and its extreme breadth four. Though the population has increased in a still larger ratio, yet greater accommodation has been obtained for the people, arising from the increased elevation given to the houses, and the disuse of court-yards. The first census of the population was taken in the second year of the reign of Charles II., and from it to the present day the fact will appear thus:—

Year 1700	674,300 persons
1750	676,250
1801	900,000
1811	1,050,000
1821	1,225,694
1835	1,471,941

The number of inhabitants immediately within the walls has continued to decrease; in the year 1821, it amounted to 56,174, in 1831 to 55,778; this falling off was principally in the parish of St. Katherine, where the number which, at the commencement of the last-named year, amounted to 2,934, were at the close of it, by the formation of the St. Katherine's Docks, reduced to 72. The increase has amounted on the average to about 25,000 annually, and according to the last estimate in 1835, the entire population of the metropolis amounted to 1,776,600; the census of 1841 will in all probability bring it to 2,000,000,

STRYCK'S INSTITUTE OF THE LAW OF SPECTRES.*

(From the current number of Blackwood.)

[THIS curious treatise was first published by Stryck, in 1701, and in the collected edition of his works, and those of his father, (Frankfort and Leipzig,) it forms the fourteenth dissertation of volume twelfth. Stryck may be considered as one of the last thorough-going believers in the visible existence of the Satanic dynasty on earth, and devoted his time and talents to the compilation of a spectral code, or digest of the law, as applicable to the world we live in, with the devil and his emissaries. Stryck begins his dissertation with a subdivision of the classes of

The Genus Spectre.]

There is first your domestic spectre, (Hausgott or Kobold,) who passes with the premises, whoever may be the proprietor; your air-spirit, or flying-dragon; your water-spirit, or Nixe, who haunts the pond in your garden, or rises to your hook, if you be a brother of the angle, from some dark suicidal-looking pool in the river; your field-spectre, or out-of-door devil, (Feld-tenffel,) mentioned by Isaiah, chap. xiii., verses 14, 22, who keeps moving through woods and uninhabited places, with no very definite purpose; your mountain-spectre, (Berg-gott,) a most waggish and tricky spirit, and inveterate practical joker, of which tribe the notorious Rubenzahl of the Giant Mountain in Silcsia, is the most conspicuous representative; your spirit of the mine, who again suffers a subdivision into the *spiritus milior*, who creeps along and does no harm to any one, and the *spiritus crudelior*, who not unfrequently inflicts death upon the luckless inmates of the mine, though of late he has been pretty effectually laid by the spells of the magician Davy. To those add Lamia, Incubi, and Succubi, besides that large class of incognito spirits who make no personal appearance, but unequivocally announce their presence by uttering pestilent noises, subverting the pots and pans in the kitchen, and kicking the tables down stairs. "In domibus turbant," says Stryck, "ollas, patinas, &c., subvertunt, scamna, mensas per scalas dejiciunt."

Now, keeping in view the large spiritual standing army which is thus constantly in commission, and that all hours are the same to them—for it is quite a vulgar error to suppose that they confine themselves to the short period between twelve P.M. and one A.M.—it seems plain we cannot turn a corner either in town or country, but some of these agreeable companions may be at our elbow. "Pernocant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur." And this being the case, it becomes necessary to look the subject steadily in the face, and—instead of attempting, like Balthazar Bekker, and other base and presumptuous sceptics, to deny the existence of spectres altogether—to

* De Jure Spectrorum, John Samuel Stryck, 1701.

place the legal relations of men and things with these spiritual beings upon a distinct and systematic footing.

Stryck, accordingly, considers the law of spectres, in a civil and criminal point of view.

How monsters, shamming the ghostly character, are to be dealt with.

The point is illustrated by the case of two citizens of Wittenberg, (anno 1691,) who figure under the classic pseudonyms of Lucius and Seius. Lucius was a determined sceptic in matters spiritual; Seius, a firm believer. Many a dispute the pair had had upon the subject, with the usual result—each being only the more confirmed in his own opinion. Seius, thinking to add the force of an actual illustration to mere reasoning, waylaid his unbelieving friend, one dark evening, accoutred in a garb somewhat similar to that in which Pipes appalled the soul of Commodore Truncheon, and at first made a considerable impression: but Lucius rallying his senses, and recognizing the ass in lion's clothing, applied his cudgel with such energy to the shoulders of the apparition, that he speedily shrieked out for mercy, protesting that he was Seius only, and no spectre. "Impossible," retorted Lucius; "I don't believe you, you are a devil, and no mistake," and so continued the exercise until the unlucky apparition was really on the point of giving up the ghost.

Stryck puts the question in reference to the case cited:—"Whether this case was actionable?" He answers his own question, by holding that no action of damages will lie at Seius' instance, he himself being the occasion of the drubbing he had received; and we certainly think it probable, had any such action been brought by Seius, the verdict would have been similar to that returned by the Yorkshire jury in the case of the termagant killed by her husband—"Served him right."

Rather inconsistently, however, with his own doctrine, he is of opinion that both parties should be dealt with criminally; Seius for the personation of a spirit, and Lucius for excessive drubbing—a view in which we cannot concur; for we really hold that it is scarcely possible to thrash a pretended spirit too severely. Popular feeling, it is notorious, is strong on the subject. If a fellow is caught hoisting an illuminated turnip above a white sheet, he is dealt with *more majorum*, by a course of drubbing followed by ducking in the nearest pond. If he personates the devil, which was Seius' case, with horns, saucer eyes, and a fiery tail, and is then caught *in flagranti*, he may think himself lucky if he escapes with his life. In fact, there is no delinquency which we visit with more ferocity upon the offender, than that of having given us a thorough fright.

Stryck concludes his examination of the law of spectres, by the examination of the nice and important question—whether, if a house be rendered uninhabitable on account

of spectres, the proprietor must still pay taxes for it! Stryck holds the negative—an opinion which seems equitable, though we have our own doubts whether his law on the subject would be confirmed by the Court of Exchequer.

BELEMNITES, OR THUNDERSTONES.

BEFORE the geological history of this extinct marine animal was well made out, few natural productions ministered more largely to the superstitious feelings of man.

The nations of antiquity looked upon them with terror. They imagined that the gods, who sat throned on Olympus, hurled them to the earth as symbols of their wrath, to manifest their indignation against men or nations.

Another legend was, that they proceeded from the lynx—from this animal having eyes, dazzling and swift as bolts of lightning.

From their being found on Mount Ida, they were also, from their resemblance to those organs, called *Idæ dactyli*, or petrified fingers.

This last idea was too much in unison with the gloomy imagination of the northern nations to be lost: they had, accordingly, the title of "devil's fingers," bestowed on them.

Not unfrequently, also, they were called Spectre-candles.

Afterwards came the age of thunderstones, when this fossil was alleged to be the producer of electricity. *Lapis fulminans*—it was christened by the learned.

Subsequently, the belemnite was considered, even by those who had adopted more correct opinions on the subject of many fossil shells, to be strictly mineral—to be a stalactite or crystal.

At length it began to be granted that the belemnite was of organic animal origin, and the conical cavity at its broader end, caused it to be looked upon as the tooth of some unknown creature; others pronounced it to be a spine, like those of an echinus.

So late as 1808, an analysis of it was given in Nicholson's Journal, under the name of a crystal, called a "Thunder-pick."*

At last, the increasing light of science, placed the belemnite in a comparatively clear point of view—the true place of the belemnite is among the Cephalopods. Cuvier, Lamarck, and all modern writers of note, agree in this, and also concur in allowing that it was an internal shell, belonging to a cephalopodous animal not now existent.

Belemnites are most abundant, and occur principally in the chalk formations, in the oolite and lias.

* A substance with which fable had been so busy, was not likely to have been overlooked in the old materia medica. It was administered in a powdered state, as a remedy for the nightmare and stone. Dr Woodward states, that in Gloucestershire, the powder was blown into the eyes of horses affected with watery humours; and, in Russia it is said to be used, when pulverized, for dressing wounds.

The Gatherer.

Bartholomew Fair in 1670.—In "Some Account of Rachel, Lady Russell," mention is made of her ladyship, with her sister Lady Northumberland, and Lady Shaftsbury, returning from Bartholomew Fair, loaded with fairings for herself and children. How is this? Are the people of the present day more depraved than those at the above period; or are our female nobility now more *refined* than the above truly illustrious, virtuous, and intellectual ladies, that the fair is about being discontinued?

Woman's Privilege.—You may meet with twenty men in a day who stutter: but you never heard of a woman, who had an *impediment in her speech*.—*American Paper*.

The Executioner of Louis XVI.—M. Sanson, the public executioner, who died lately, was remarkable for the horrible task he had to perform in 1793, when, by virtue of his office, he had to bind the hands of Louis XVI., and afterwards place the monarch's head under the guillotine. He was the third of his name who had filled the same functions, and he has left a son and grandson. He had acquired some property, and become an elector, was a well-informed man, was fond of the arts, and passed most of his evenings in playing on the piano.

Great Birth-Year.—It is a curious fact, that Mehemot or Mohammed Ali, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Duke of Wellington, were all born in 1769.

Beauty of Soul.—The palm-tree is the true emblem of a beautiful soul, with no rough bark or branches, but crowned with thick leaves and rich fruit.

Mode of preserving animals.—M. Salomon directs, for this purpose, that reptiles especially, be immersed, for two months, in strong alcohol, and then placed in a stove, heated to 104°, until they are completely dried. After this, they may be kept for any length of time, without exhaling any disagreeable odour.

Diamonds found near Algiers.—Three diamonds have been found in the auriferous sands of the river Goumol, in the province of Constantine. One of them, weighing three carats, is worth about 20*l.*, if free from flaws, and is now at the School of Mimos, Paris. The second weighs 1½ carat, and is now in the Museum of Natural History; and the third, in the possession of M. Le Dréo weighs one carat.

Silkworms.—Every silk-worm produces about 500 yards of silk.

Rousseau, son of Queen Josephine's nurse, and an attached servant to the Napoleon family, on hearing of the catastrophe at Boulogne, was seized with a nervous fever, and died on the 16th ult.

The Formicaleo, or Lion-Dog.—The menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes, has just received a little dog, which has the mane, tail, and likeness, of a little lion. The ticket on its cage, calls it the "Formicaleo." It is said to have been brought from Tunis to Paris by M. Lefebvre, corresponding member of the Institute.—*Courrier de l'Europe*.

"The Songs of Degrees."—In the Court of the Temple, there was an ascent of fifteen steps or stairs between the women's court and the men's. Upon these steps, the Levites sung those fifteen psalms immediately following the one hundred and nineteenth, upon each step one psalm, whence those psalms are entitled, *Psalmi graduales*, Songs of Degrees.—*Godwin's Jewish Antiquities*, lib. 2, p. 67.

An Even Temper.—A correspondent states, that he has known a person for the last twenty years, during which period, he has never seen him in a good humour. Such magnanimous equanimity of disposition deserves to be recorded. We would advise a medal, bearing a suitable inscription, to be presented to the individual.—*Wills Herald*.

An enormous organ is now being erected in the Abbey of St. Denis. It contains about six thousand pipes, amongst which, are some measuring fifty-two feet, and weighing twelve thousand pounds. This magnificent instrument is nearly completed.

The Canal, for joining the Danube with the Maine, fast progresses; a large portion of the work from Bamberg to Nuremberg will be finished in the course of the present year. Three emblematical figures, in white marble, each thirteen feet in height, respectively representing the Danube, Rhine, and Maine, will be erected by Schwanthaler, the Bavarian sculptor, on its banks.

To the Scientific.—The British Association will, this year, assemble at Glasgow, on *Thursday*, the 17th of Sept., and not on a *Monday*, as heretofore.

A farm at Tamerville, near Valognes, in the Manche, was burnt on the 3rd of August, by the fall of a meteor, or shooting star. Six witnesses affirmed the fact of having seen the meteoric body going in the direction of the house, and of the conflagration breaking out immediately after; but there were no means of proving that it actually hit the building.

A weeping Picture.—Under the pressure of this sorrow, she, at length, gave way; she leaned her head upon her hand, while large tears dropped silently from her full blue eyes, and broke themselves upon the bare table before her.—*The Pope, a Novel*.

Thugs of India.—These are a community of murderers who infest the plains of Hindostan.

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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.



JAMES TOWN, ST. HELENA;
TAKEN FROM THE ANCHORAGE

Sketched by E.T.C.

JAMES TOWN, ST. HELENA.

PROBABLY ere this Number meets the eye of the reader, the rock of St. Helena will have again become a scene of powerful interest—that of the disinterment of the remains of the once mighty general, NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE—to be entombed beneath the cupola of the Church of the Invalides, in Paris. In order that this purpose might be accomplished, the French government voted two millions of francs to defray the necessary expenses, and commissioned the King's son, Prince de Joinville, to proceed to St. Helena: accordingly, he sailed about the 10th of last June, with the *Belle Pâle*, *Favorite*, and *Papin* steamer; and it is expected they will return to France about the end of next month.

Having been kindly favoured by a talented Correspondent with a View (taken off the island by himself) of James-Town, St. Helena, where the French vessels will receive their valued charge, we felt assured a faithful representation of so memorable a spot would be acceptable to our readers.

The following interesting particulars are also by the gentleman who furnished the drawing:

"Monday, May 2.—Moderate trade and cloudy weather. Down maintop-gallant-mast, and set up the new one. Painting outside of the ship.

Latitude . . . 16. 48 South.
Longitude . . . 4. 09 West.
Run . . . 154 miles.
Barometer . . 30. 16.
Thermometer 74.
Pumped ship, 8 inches.

At 8 P.M. in all studding-sails. At 11. 30. saw the island of St. Helena, the body of it bearing N.W.—At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2, while rounding the Sugar-Loaf Point, a battery on the summit fired a gun; continued our course, when a shot from the same battery struck under the ship's stern: lowered our topsails, and sent a boat to the Point; made sail again, when another shot struck astern, and blue lights were shown on the summits of the various rocks. Run on; the tiller ropes gave way, and the ship nearly became unmanageable; let go the anchor in James's Bay, in 8 fathoms, between a French barque and an American brig, upon which the firing ceased. The church bearing south $\frac{1}{4}$ west, and Sugar-Loaf Point N.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. Furled sails, and down royal yards; signals still passing along the heights with great rapidity. At 3 A.M. a boat came alongside, and ordered the ship not to have any communication with the shore, or with any other vessel. Fine moon; the island bearing a very bold aspect.

Run from the Cape . . . 1,856 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
Madras . . . 7,499 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Calcutta . . . 8,252 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Rangoon and Martaban 9,052 do."

In such language does my log-book describe my introduction to St. Helena, when returning

to England from the Burman country, with a corps which had completed its long and dismal banishment (in military parlance termed "*service*") of twenty years in the East. After a two hours' nap, I took my customary station on one of the poop hen-coops, and had completed a sketch of the town and batteries immediately in our front, and had more than once been called upon by some of our fair companions to tell of the exciting events of the earlier part of the morning, before the inspector of health came on board. By six o'clock the white flag, the signal of health, was flying at the mast-head, and the passengers had permission to disembark. The long-talked-of removal of Napoleon's remains assuming at length the air of reality, and public interest in the island of St. Helena being again awakened, I will not hurry my readers ashore with the same rapidity with which I sprang into the first boat that came alongside immediately the inspecting-officer had taken his departure, but will describe the external appearance of the island more minutely than in the scanty entries in my log-book. The island is about three leagues in length, running nearly N.E. and S.W.; of oblong or circular form; and about twenty-six or twenty-seven miles in circumference. It very evidently appears to have been formed by subterraneous fires, and forced upwards from the ocean: the abrupt ridges and chasms into which it is split, seem to prove this origin; and the effects of amalgamation by fire are visible from the summits of the hills to the cavities formed by the abrasion of the surge of the sea at the water's edge. I know no place which bears so singularly bold and menacing an appearance as St. Helena, when viewed from the deck of a vessel rounding the point which forms the eastern side of the harbour; the rugged rocks, starting abruptly and precipitously out of the sea to the height of 800 feet, are crowned by forts and signal-posts; and advantage appears to have been taken of every broken spot in the steep declivity, where by any possibility a battery could be perched. The first point which vessels, coming from the eastward, round, is a pyramidal hill, called "*The Sugar-Loaf*," with a signal-post upon it; at the base of this hill there are three batteries, at a small distance from each other, called "*Buttermilk*," and "*Banks' Upper*" and "*Lower Batteries*." A little to the S.W. of them, "*Rupert's Battery*," at the bottom of the valley of that name, appears, Munden's Point dividing it from James' or Chapel Valley, where the town (the only one on the island) is situated. On Munden's Point there is a fort of the same name; and several guns, placed on the heights over it, command the N.E. side of James' Valley, and the anchorage. The sea-face of James-Town is protected by a wall, and strong line of heavy ordnance, while the S.W. side of the harbour is secured by the forts and batteries on "*Ladder Hill*," so called from the summit being gained by a ladder of 671

stops; provisions, ammunition, &c., are drawn up an inclined railway by machinery within the fort on the summit, while more timid people, and those who have not strength to attempt the ladder, may toil up the long zig-zag horse-road which has been formed in the side of the Promontory. Immediately under the Fort, on Ladder Hill, a ledge of rock is occupied by a heavy battery, and a similar one is placed over the landing-place at the eastern side of the town. The platform for this last, has been hewn out of the solid rock, and overhangs the water to such a degree, that access can only be gained to it from above. Sandy Bay, on the south side of the island, where boats might land in calm weather, is guarded by another strong battery; and guns are placed on the heights over every spot where there is the most distant possibility of the surf being crossed. To complete the arrangements against foreign invasion, a continuous chain of signal-posts, communicating with the Castle, is established throughout the island. When a ship is first descried in the offing, a gun is fired at the post where she is seen; if more than two appear, a "general alarm" is beat, and every male takes the post assigned him. The regular troops, at the time of which I speak, did not exceed 1,200, and the inhabitants numbered about 1,000: since the expiration of the East India Company's charter, and the British government receiving over the island of St. Helena, the number of the former has been considerably reduced, and the troops of the line stationed there, consist merely of a detachment from one of the regiments at the Cape.

During the period of Napoleon's residence on the island, the frigates on the station performing their daily cruise round it with all the monotony and regularity of clock-work, and their row-boats watching every inlet by night, rendered assurance doubly sure, and it seemed doubtful whether a water-rat even could have landed without a passport from the watchful governor. When the vast importance of St. Helena is considered to a mercantile nation like the British, (the India fleet on its homeward-bound voyage in a great measure depending upon it for laying in their stock of water,) the precautions against foreign invasion appear no more than necessary, as an enemy's fleet might run up before the trade-wind, and appear off the island before the garrison had even heard that war had been proclaimed. Horsburgh, the navigator, says, "All ships, coming in from the eastward, heave-to before they pass Sugar-Loaf Hill, and send a boat with an officer to report them. The boat is generally hailed from the battery at Sugar-Loaf Point, but she must proceed to James-Town to give the governor information before the ship be permitted to proceed, or pass the first battery at the Sugar-Loaf. Ships of war, and all others, must observe this precaution, or the batteries

will open upon them, and shut them out from the anchorage, which is well defended by the forts and batteries around." The heavy gusts which always sweep down the valleys towards the sea in such mountainous islands as St. Helena, formed our only excuse for the disobedience of such plain and positive directions as the foregoing; and on the night in question we were under the necessity of hugging the land very close to make good our anchorage in the Bay; and the delay of heaving-to would have driven us off too far to leeward, that we should have been unable to beat up again to the island without very serious loss of time. Having been driven out of Table Bay by a violent storm, and before we had completed our watering, the governor, Sir R. Dallas, accepted the apology with which our captain waited upon him. Vessels run so close under the Sugar-Loaf Battery, that the artillerymen literally look down upon the decks, and from constant practice at floating butts they have become most dexterous marksmen. A portion of the guns, like those at Gibraltar and Quebec, are placed upon a swivel, so as to admit of the shot being plunged or sent perpendicularly downward upon any object. Europe being at this time in an unsettled state, the islanders were thrown into considerable alarm by the heavy firing; and we were subsequently informed, that the coloured signals which so rapidly passed from battery to battery, were, "Shall we fire into her?" Fortunately for us the governor happened to be at Plantation House, five miles distant from James-Town, and the few minutes which elapsed in receiving his reply, saved us from receiving the concentrated fire of some 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, as by the time his brief "yes" was received at the batteries, we had stowed ourselves so snugly between Mounseer and Brother Jonathan, that even St. Helena marksmen could not have picked us out without showering some of the compliments intended for us upon our neighbours. We were not the first who had of late so rashly run the gauntlet; Captain —— thought it would be a good joke to "*steal past*," but his vessel received such a riddling before her topsails were lowered, that she was with difficulty kept afloat.

James-Town, cramped in as it is by hills, and running in a long strip up the valley backwards from the Bay, makes but little show from the anchorage, the principal features being Ladder-Hill Battery, the Church, the Governor's House, and the Wall and Water Battery; while the back-ground is formed by Diana's Peak, which rises to the height of 2,200 feet, and the high lands in the vicinity of Plantation House. Without any stretch of fancy or imagination, the town appears to be threatened with as melancholy a fate as Pompeii or Herculaneum, by the impending rocky crags: in many places vast portions of rock have been underbuilt, so as to prevent their falling and crushing the

houses beneath ; while in other places excavations have been made at the base of the hills, in order to gain building ground ; and one man is seen busily employed creating the danger which his neighbour is so anxiously striving to avoid. Notwithstanding the town lies on the lee side of the island, there is sufficient surf to render the landing-place a very indifferent one ; nor has any effort been made to improve it, by throwing out a quay or pier for the accommodation of the numerous visitors en route from India to England ; the boatmen merely back their boat to the edge of some rocks which jut out into the water to the eastward of the town, and the passengers leap ashore whenever a fair opportunity offers : this, the retiring swell renders rather a nice manoeuvre.

As our boat quitted the ship for the shore, a salute of nineteen guns, fired over our heads from Ladder-Hill in compliment to one of our passengers, had a very fine effect. We entered the town over a drawbridge, and continuing 200 or 300 paces along the Water Battery, passed under an arched gateway, with an officer's guard stationed at it, and proceeded up the principal street. The valley is too narrow to admit of more than a single main street, which runs parallel with the hills ; the houses in it are neatly built, and there are several good shops, where, as might be supposed, every article is exorbitantly dear. In the upper part of the town there is a long esplanade, between two rows of trees, and a square, with the infantry barracks : the Governor's house and gardens are on the sea-front of the town, and immediately in rear of the Water Battery. But previous to attempting any thing in the lionizing way, we looked out for something substantial, and soon found our way into Solomon's lodging-house.

[Our intelligent Correspondent proposes to furnish another engraving, with description ; which we hope shortly to lay before the reader.]

THE MOTHERLESS.

(For the Mirror.)

SHE never knew a mother's love,
Or hailed a mother's voice ;
She'll never feel a mother's praise,
Make every pulse rejoice ;
Though friends around her path may vie,
Their sympathy to prove,
She'll never meet a mother's eye,
Or share a mother's love.

She nestled on her mother's breast,
But could not know the grief
That swelled within that place of rest,
So gentle and so brief ;
The bitter tear that slowly fell,
Her slumbering child above,
The agony that could not tell
A dying parent's love.

This world has many a grief to bear,
And many a hope to mourn,
But pity's hand will strive from her,
Its gathering thorns to turn,
And wipe the tear drop from her eye,
And soothe her griefs awhile,
Whose childish sorrows may not fly
Before a mother's smile.

MARIA R.—

THE SUMMER SUN.

(For the Mirror.)

How sweet to breathe the balmy air,
And lift the heart in praise and pray'r
To God, who made the day and night,
The Heavens and that blest orb of light,
The Summer Sun.

Who can be sad when Nature's gay,
When fields, and woods, and groves display,
The splendour and the beaming love
Of HIM who reigns in light, above
The Summer Sun ?

The golden gates of glory, see,
Are now unfolded ! vast and free
Streams the full blaze of lustrous light,
In rays refulgent from the bright—
The Summer Sun.

Music floats on the swelling gale ;
The lark's rich song fills all the vale ;
Warbling his praise, he soars away,
And blesses with his ardent lay,
The Summer Sun.

This scene, an emblem bright portrays,
Of that blessed source of light, whose rays
Diffuse sweet peace in Christian hearts,
Whilst o'er the fair creation darts
The Summer Sun.

Thou " Sun of Righteousness, arise !"
Send forth Thy beams o'er earth and skies—
Inspire our souls with heavenly love,
That we, at last, may soar above
The Summer Sun.
W. HARDY, Junr.

Mansfield.

THE WORM.

(For the Mirror.)

AVE, spurn the foul worm aside,
So noisome, and cold, and vile.
Yet bethink thee, man, in thy scorn and pride,
Thou art but a worm the while !

Yes, look at the chrysalis—
So cold and stiff and stark,
Then wilt soon, O man, be as cold as this,
And shut in a grave as dark !

But watch the gay butterfly—
So blithesome, and bright, and brave,
Wilt thou, like the butterfly, heav'nward lie,
When thou burstest, like him, thy grave ?

E. M.

SPANISH PHILOSOPHY.

"THE day after my arrival," says a recent traveller, "at Vittoria, I went to a shoe-maker's to get some repairs done to my boots.

"There was nobody in the shop—the master was on the opposite side of the street, smoking his cigarito.

"His shoulders were covered with a mantle, full of holes. He looked like a beggar, but a Spanish beggar, rather appearing proud, than ashamed, of his poverty.

"He came over to me, and I explained my business.

" 'Wait a moment,' said he, and immediately called his wife.

" 'How much money is there in the purse ?'

" 'Twelve picettas.' (fourteen francs, forty centimes.)

" 'Then I shan't work.'

" 'But,' said I, 'twelve picettas will not last for ever.'

" 'WHO HAS SEEN TO-MORROW ?' said he, turning his back on me."

WOLKENBURG ;

OR, THE CASTLE OF CLOUDS.

It was a warm summer's day; the sky was bright and cloudless, and all nature cheerful, when a knight rode leisurely along the road that wound under the Drachenfels, beside the banks of the Rhine. From the nature of his arms and accoutrements it was evident that he had returned from the crusades, which at that time occupied the attention of the principal European states; from the tired walk of his panting steed it was further made clear that they had journeyed that day far and fast, and that the knight, whom we now introduce as the Baron of Ehrenbach, wanted the power, and not the will to continue his journey at the same rapid pace.

What thoughts were passing in the Baron's mind may easily be conjectured when the reader hears, that he had been called suddenly to the crusades, and was now returning as unexpectedly as he had departed to claim her as his bride whom he had left with a heavy heart, and who, during his absence, had dwelt in his castle under the protection of his sister, the Countess Amina.

The baron, then, was occupied with such thoughts as these circumstances would suggest, when he looked up from his reverie, and sought the castle which contained his Anna—his expected bride. The mountain on which the Castle of Ehrenbach was built, he could readily perceive, bathed, as it was, in the rays of an afternoon sun—but the castle itself was shrouded by thick clouds!

This circumstance naturally excited the surprise of the crusader; but it is necessary that we should now leave him for a time to learn what we can of the events that had taken place during his absence.

No sooner had the Baron of Ehrenbach left his own territory, than his sister, whom he had left to rule in his absence, commenced the exercise of her power, by dismissing from the castle every one of the domestics. For this arbitrary act no cause was assigned, and when the faithful servants of the baron, thus cast away, came amongst the villagers, the hatred which they had always cherished against the Countess Amina rose to its utmost; every individual of the baron's vassals vowed that should he be elected to any of the places thus rendered vacant, he would resolutely refuse to serve, and the whole village was in a turmoil, expecting the consequence of the lady's wrath—but their resolution was not tested—the places of the dismissed retainers were not filled! This caused fresh wonderment. The Countess Amina and the Lady Anna were the only inhabitants of the castle! Was it possible that they performed for themselves the necessary menial offices? The baron's sister was too proud, his lady-love far, far too gentle;—but it was at length decided that gentleness gave way to pride, and that the Lady Anna acted as the servant of the Countess Amina.

Shortly after this, the castle afforded the vassals of Ehrenbach fresh cause for amazement—thick clouds were seen to gather round it, and constantly to remain there; and, although the provisions the castle was known to have contained must by this time have been exhausted, no fresh supplies were asked or given. Nothing could account for this, except the belief that the Countess Amina was making some use (and, if any, without doubt, an evil one) of the black arts in which she was known to be a proficient. Fears were entertained on behalf of the Lady Anna, and the villagers, amongst whom she was very popular, determined to go up to the castle, and do what they could on her behalf. Accordingly, they marched up the sides of the mountain, plunged into the clouds at its summit, and again, after a time, emerged—but it was on the same side from which they entered them!—again and again they made the attempt, but still with the same result; at last they gave up their fruitless enterprise and returned to the village. Thenceforth, the mountain and castle were known by no other name than the Wolkenberg, or Castle of Clouds.

Return we now to the baron; he had scarcely recovered from his surprise, and found means to account for the singular appearance which he witnessed, when a strange figure stood in his path! it was that of an old man, whose long white beard flowed over a dark loose robe that completely covered him. The knight instinctively stopped, and was about to address him, when he made signs that demanded silence. Seeing that the baron obeyed his gestures—"Baron of Ehrenbach," said he, "be not surprised that I should know you, that which I am about to unfold is still more marvellous, and it affects you nearly. Amina, thy sister, now practices the sorcery which her whole life has been spent in studying—you clouds are of her raising. She loves neither thee nor thy affianced bride, whom she would wed to another. The Lady Anna is true and therefore suffers—during one hour in the day, and one hour only, the sorceress sleeps—for that time her charms are at the control of the Baron of Ehrenbach and of none but him—it is the hour after midnight—then, if thou goest to the castle, thou hast but to speak, and all thou askest yields before thee. If thou delayest beyond the hour, thou art lost."

"I will save her this night," cried Ehrenbach.

The old man made a motion of satisfaction, and the baron saw him no more.

At midnight the baron hastily ascended the mountain, the night was bright and clear; as the old man had prophesied, at his word the clouds vanished, and the doors, closed by magic art, opened at his touch; he reached the chamber where the Lady Anna was confined; the hour was almost up, he dragged her hurriedly out of the castle, and then, commanding that fire should consume the scene of his sis-

tor's wickedness, saw it immediately wrapt in flames. The fire was potent, for the hour was not completed until the castle was entirely consumed; standing on its ruins, the baron fancied he saw the form of the old man grasping his struggling sister; he turned away, and, bearing with him the Lady Anna, now almost lifeless, hastened to the village; here he was no sooner known, than he was greeted cordially by his rejoicing vassals, and, if it were possible, still more did they rejoice, when, soon after, the baron and his lovely bride sat among them at the wedding-foast.

The site of the baron's castle thus destroyed is still called the Wolkenburg, but the Knight of Ehrenbach chose not again to reside on a spot so unhallowed;—another and statelier castle soon rose, with the assistance of friendly vassals, on a neighbouring eminence, in which the knight and his lady lived long and happily.

Of Amina and the old man no more was heard, although the baron long sought the latter to reward his services, and inquire into the sources of his mysterious information.

H. A. L.

SHOE BUCKLES.

THEIR INTRODUCTION AND DISUSE.

IN the time of Henry VII., an act of parliament was passed, interdicting, among other things, (to preserve the monopoly to our country,) the importation of, by "merchaunt straungers," "into the realme of Ynglond to be soulded, any bokelles, . . . claspes for gloves . . . bokelles for shoys," (shoes,) &c. This tended to keep foreigners in the out-parts, and to encourage trade at home.

This article, of very ancient use in our country, and the manufacture of which contributed largely to the employment of Warwickshire ingenuity during the last century, is now almost forgotten.

Insignificant as it may seem at the present day, the time was, when almost every shod foot in the kingdom was dependant on the buckle for its garniture.

A writer, characterized for his quaintness,* thus discourses upon the shoe-buckles of old time.

"This fashion, (of piked toes,) like every other, gave way to time, and, in its stead, the rose began to bud upon the foot; which, under the house of Tudor, opened in great perfection. No shoe was fashionable without being fastened with a full-blown rose. Ribands of every colour, except white, the emblem of the depressed house of York, were had in esteem; but the red, like the house of Lancaster, held pre-eminence.

"Under the house of Stuart, the rose withered, which gave rise to the shoe-string. The beads of that age ornamented their lower tier with double laces of silk, tagged with silver, and the extremities were beautified with a small fringe of the same metal.

* Hutton, Hist. of Birmingham.

The inferior class wore laces of plain silk, linen, or even a thong of leather; which last is to be met with in the humble plains of rural life.

"The revolution was remarkable for the introduction of William, and the minute buckle, not differing much in size and shape from the horse-bean. This offspring of fancy, like the clouds, is ever changing—the fashion of to-day is thrown into the casting-pot to-morrow."

The buckle seems to have undergone every figure, size, and shape of geometrical invention. It has passed through every form in the whole zodiac of Euclid.

In 1781, the large square buckle, plaited with silver, was the *ton*. The ladies also adopted the reigning taste; "it was difficult," says Hutton, "to discover their beautiful little feet, covered with an enormous shield of buckle, and we wondered to see the active motion under the massive load." Thus the British fair of that time, killed by the weight of metal.

The change of fashion that ensued was disastrous to a large class of ingenious artisans, who were compelled to suffer, though not in silence, the loss of their usual employment.

In 1791, a deputation of master buckle-makers, from Birmingham, Walsal, and Wolverhampton, waited upon the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George IV.,) at Carlton House. The object of their audience was to present a petition, setting forth the distressed situation of thousands of individuals, in the different branches of the buckle manufacture, in consequence of the fashion then prevalent of wearing strings. His Royal Highness received the petitioners very graciously, and, as a proof of his sympathy, not only resolved to wear buckles himself, but to order that his household should do the same. But the royal example, and the royal command, were alike nugatory, when opposed to the dominion of fashion:—strings became general.

In 1812, to adopt the words of Hutton, "the whole generation of fashions in the buckle line was extinct; a buckle was not to be found on a female foot, nor upon any foot except that of old age."

During the last period above-mentioned, Bolsover, in Derbyshire, now only noted for its castle, was famous for the manufacture of superior steel buckles.

The test of their excellent temper, still traditionally reported in the neighbourhood, was, that though the wheel of a loaded cart should pass over a Bolsover buckle, the latter, in consequence of its elasticity, would not suffer any permanent alteration of shape.

Metal clasps, formerly so common for fastening the shoes of children, seem, in their disappearance, to have followed the buckles of the men and women, as they are now rarely to be met with. What, however, does remain of the shoe-buckle and clasp trade, is mostly confined to Walsal.

ESTIMATE OF PATERNAL DUTIES IN CHINA.

THE following list of merits and errors, relating to the conduct of females, is extracted from a Chinese work, entitled, "*Merits and Demerits Scrutinised*." The person addressed is the husband, or head of the family; and, as he possesses authority over the females of his house, he is considered answerable for their merits or errors.

MERITS.

To guard the female apartments with rigor for one day, one rate of merit; to teach females with a mild and cheerful countenance, for each time, one rate of merit; to cause them to curb their tempers and dispositions for ten days running, one rate of merit; to cause them to reform their errors—namely, want of filial piety, quarrelsomeness, and ill-nature; for each evil reformed, one rate of merit; to put a stop to their scolding, for a month, one rate of merit; to teach them to be careful and cleanly in the kitchen, for each day, one rate of merit; to teach them to attend to family affairs, spinning, weaving, etc., for each day, one rate of merit; to teach them cheerfully to work, and not to put their labour upon their sisters-in-law, for each day, one rate of merit; to hinder them from gadding to see plays acted, for each instance, five rates of merit; to hinder them from going to temples to burn incense, for each instance, five rates of merit; to teach them to be humane and kind to female slaves, for each instance, twenty rates of merit; to teach them to be dutiful to their father and mother-in-law, for each instance, fifty rates of merit; to teach them to agree with their sisters-in-law, for each instance, fifty rates of merit; to teach wives and concubines not to be jealous of each other, for each instance, fifty rates of merit; to teach them to be benevolent and virtuous, for each instance, one hundred rates of merit.

Not to keep the female apartments in rigorous seclusion, for one day, one rate of error; to allow the women to lay long in bed of a morning, to be lazy, to steal rest, and to neglect their work, for one day, one rate of error; to suffer a second wife to maltreat the children of the former wife, for one day, one rate of error; to suffer them to keep the bowls and plates in a filthy state, and to cook the food in dirty style, for one day, one rate of error; to forbear to do a proper thing because the wife or concubines oppose it, for each instance, one rate of error; to suffer the women to commit their own proper work, to their sisters-in-law, from an unwillingness to work, for every day, two rates of error; to allow them to scold, for every day, five rates of error; to beat and oppress wives or concubines, for each instance, five rates of error; to allow them to ramble to see plays and comedies, for each instance, ten rates of error;

to allow them to go and worship in the temples, for each instance, ten rates of error; to suffer them to be hard upon the female slaves, for each instance, thirty rates of error; to use inhuman punishments; namely, pinching, burning the skin, tearing out the hair, etc., in correcting wives and concubines, for each instance, fifty rates of error; to allow them to neglect their duty to their father and mother-in-law, for each instance, one hundred rates of error; to allow them to quarrel with their sisters-in-law, for each instance, one hundred rates of error; to be partial in his love and favours to them, for each instance, one hundred rates of error; when rich, to cast off the wife, whom he espoused while poor, for each instance, one hundred rates of error; when a husband suffers a wife to disgrace and rule over him, for each instance, one hundred rates of error.

W. G. C.

Arts and Sciences.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

It is worthy of remark, that the proportions of the British Queen steam-ship, the last great effort of marine architecture that has interested the world, are exactly those of Noah's Ark, the first that was set afloat, proving that 4,000 years of practical science has done nothing to improve the dimensions of floating boats, first given by the Great Builder of the universe; and if the critical character of these proportions be duly considered, it may afford an evidence of the truth of the Scripture narrative. The breadth of the Ark was one-sixth of the length; the depth thereof one-tenth of the length. The British Queen is 40ft. 6in. wide; stem to stern-post 243ft. aloft, whole depth 29, making the square depth 24ft. 6in. The Ark was twice as long as the Queen.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

A NEW MACHINE FOR CALICO PRINTING,

MAY be witnessed at Mr. Houtson's works in Minshall-street, Manchester, exhibiting a very important improvement in calico printing, and calculated, we conceive, to produce a vast change in this important branch of trade. One of the modes in work (for the invention is of a twofold character) is applicable to cylinder and surface printing—the other to surface printing only, each admitting of a considerable saving in the outlay, which at present is necessarily great, in the purchase of copper cylinders and surface rollers, as by these inventions an almost unlimited number of colours may be printed by one operation of a printing machine, and these colours in positions extensively variable. We are informed that these improvements may be introduced into the printing machines now in use. For this important invention we understand the public are indebted to the ingenuity of a Mr. J. M. Chapier (a Frenchman) and it is patented by a Mr. Beard, of London.

MURILLO, VELASQUEZ, AND ZURBARAN.

THE three painters whose names have immortalized the Spanish school,* are Murillo, Velasquez, and Zurbaran. The first was born in 1618, in Seville; the second in 1599, in the same city; and the third, in the village of Fuente de Cantos, in Estremadura, in 1598. They were, therefore, contemporaries, and all lived to a good age.

Murillo died in his 66th year, and would probably have lived longer, had not his death been hastened by a fall from the scaffolding, whilst painting in the Franciscan convent of Cadiz. Velasquez died at the age of 61, and Zurbaran at that of 64.

The merit they possessed, is the important one of originality; the first of them, however, *Murillo*, has proved the justice of a remark of Voltaire, that he who copies best, is the best original; for, perhaps, no one imitated so many masters as Murillo, and yet, no one can mistake his style for that of any other painter. We have his imitations of Herrera, of Titian in his portraits, of Guido in his Magdalens, of Velasquez in his beggar-boys and fancy subjects, of Zurbaran in his saints; yet he shines out in all as peculiarly Murillo, and it seems as if he imitated others, only to surpass them. His animals are admirably drawn, but he never appears to have loved landscape painting. His sea views are of extreme rarity, and are spirited, but inferior to those of the High Dutch school.

This was not the case with *Velasquez*, who was, perhaps, the most universal genius we have known. He could paint animals, landscapes (the knowledge, of which, he had, probably, acquired from Herrera el Viejo, his master), the sea, and fancy subjects, and historical pieces, with equal ease. In vigour and versatility of genius, he equalled Rubens, and drew largely from him. A residence in Italy, did not, however, induce him to change his style, and the works of his later years, differ little from those of an earlier period, save in a little less attention to the minute parts of drawing, and a greater endeavour at effect. No painter managed light better. The aerial perspective of the surrender of Breda, and the picture of the artist himself working for Philip IV., and surrounded by his family, is not exceeded by De Hooge, Rembrandt, or the most skilful Dutchman; yet he had not the grace or tenderness of Murillo; he surprises, but does not woo us into admiration. Much of his time was unfortunately lost in attending on Philip IV., who invested him with the office of chamberlain at court, and the last public act of his life, was that of accompanying the Infanta Maria Theresa to Irun, on her marriage with Louis XIV. of France. The wife of Velasquez only survived her husband seven days.

The life of *Zurbaran* presents us with one of the numberless histories of men, who, born in situations apparently unpropitious for the development of talent, have, nevertheless, attained to the highest glory in their profession. He was the son of a country proprietor, and any who are acquainted with the state of that class in Spain (bad as it is now, it was worse then) will consider the eminence to which he advanced, as almost a work of magic. He was born a painter, and his early efforts attracted so much notice, that his parents sent him to Seville to study under Rodelas. Before attaining the age of thirty, he had completed the chapel of St. Peter, in the cathedral, and the famous altar-piece for the collegiate church of St. Thomas Aquinas, the latter of which, is considered his master-piece. The paintings of the Carthuja, at Xeres, were executed in his 35th year. Neither Murillo nor Zurbaran ever left Spain, and yet their notions of the art are strikingly opposed. Zurbaran copied nobody, Murillo everybody; the first was satisfied to spend days over a white mantle fixed on a model, and occupy himself on a single figure; Murillo was grouping, and varying, and catching at every new form and expression, trusting to his own genius to improve upon nature. Zurbaran threw a strong contrast of light and darkness on the principal figure in the first term, and went no further. Murillo aimed at and succeeded in conveying aerial perspective to the furthest distance in the sky, and sought to make his outlines melt into the air. Two paintings for the Geronimito convent of Bournos, by Zurbaran, one of which is in my possession, had the outlines of the figures marked on the plain side of the canvas, so hard and inflexible was the system of the painter. Both were fine colourists, and both true to nature, but Murillo toned down his pictures by glazing, and Zurbaran passed a wash over the strong blue and white he employed, and detached the figures by painting the distances lightly. In point of composition, Zurbaran was inferior to Murillo or Velasquez an observation which the reader may readily verify, by turning to the "Bavaria Sacra," with the plates of Sadelen (wrongly quoted in my *Notices of the Northern Capitals*, as "Batavia Rediviva"), where he will find the subjects of many of the pictures of the two first masters, and particularly that of St. Isabel washing the child afflicted with the Scurvy, by Murillo. According to my own taste, the order of precedence I should give to these three great painters, is as I have placed them in the text; others, however, and particularly the French, reverse the order, and quote Zurbaran, Velasquez, and Murillo. Indeed, in England, and at Madrid, Velasquez is generally put before either Murillo or Zurbaran.—From *Standish's Seville and its Vicinity*.—1840.

* For notices of other masters of the Spanish school, vide No. 935 of the Mirror.

Public Journals.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. NO. CCXCIX.
September, 1840.

[THE memory of Gilbert White has long hal-
lowed the spot on which "the days of the years
of his pilgrimage" were holily passed; and no
traveller to Selborne but is filled with chaste
delight on visiting the haunts of the reverend
philosopher. Blackwood has a most pleasing
paper this month upon the subject, entitled
"A Visit to Selborne," thoroughly imbued with
good and gentle sentiments.]

Harmony of Soul.

I know not how, sitting on a stile, calmly
gazing upon a quiet little village, and listening
to the murmuring of an insignificant brook, in
the twilight of an April evening, can fill the
heart of man even to overflowing with a soft
and balmy dreaminess—a gentle ecstasy—a
passive pleasure, which one cannot refer to any
exercise of the imagination, for the imagina-
tion is not at work—nor to reflection, for in
such cases there is no turning of the mind in-
ward upon itself. Whether it is the realiza-
tion of the dreams of our fancy in the contem-
plation of a spot whose ideal picture long had
occupied our mind, or whether some long-for-
gotten remembrance of the scenes—scenes,
porchance, like this—of our early boyhood, or
of our youthful loves, comes welling up in the
breast, filling the eyes with not unpleasurable
tears; or whether, which is, perhaps, as likely
as anything else, in the beholding a place
where peace itself might dwell, the peace of
nature descends like dew, and fills the heart
of the beholder with that peace which the
world cannot give. The analysis of these de-
licious sensations I leave to the masters of the
human heart, Sterne or Mackenzie. It is suf-
ficient for me to be enabled to enjoy them.

Venerable Oak at the Plestor.

In the centre of the village (Selborne) and
near the church, is a square piece of ground,
surrounded by houses, and vulgarly called the
Plestor. In the midst of this spot stood, in
old times, a vast oak, with a short squat body,
and huge horizontal arms, extending almost
to the extremity of the area. This venerable
tree, surrounded with stone steps, and seats
above them, was the delight of old and young,
and a place of much resort in summer evenings;
where the former sat in grave debate, while
the latter frolicked and danced before them.
Long might it have stood, had not the amazing
tempest of 1703 overturned it at once, to the
infinite regret of the inhabitants and the vicar,
who bestowed several pounds, in setting it in
its place again, but all his care could not avail;
the tree sprouted for a time, then withered and
died.

One can readily conceive the "infinite regret"
of the inhabitants at its destruction. Their
fathers had many a time and oft, sported
round its bulging root, as did their children
yesternight; and for their children's children

did they still expect it would have spread its
hospitable shade. It was a brave old oak—a
link connecting time past with time to come—
generation with generation. It was to them
an old familiar friend—associated with the
sports of their youth; for they gambolled be-
neath its spreading boughs—with the loves of
their manhood—with the garrulities of age—
nay, with their very griefs; for the ashes of
their fathers rest awhile beneath its shade ere
they finally repose in peace beneath the undis-
tinguished turf.

Sanctified Spots.

Of the hermitage wherein Gilbert White
often studied and contemplated nothing re-
mains but the site. There is, it appears to
me, a degree of criminality in the neglect that
suffers anything that has been sanctified by
genius to be lost or forgotten. It is not merely
an injustice to the memory of the man, who
makes classic the very ground whereon he
treads, but it is a sad privation to those who
hold in veneration the place he inhabited, and
the haunts of his footsteps; where one lingers
fondly and long, as if to catch from the inspi-
ration of the place something of the inspira-
tion of the man who gave to the place much
of its interest, much of its beauty, and when
we consider how greatly natural beauty is as-
sisted by association; when we reflect that the
pleasure we derive from the contemplation of
magnificent scenery, is as nothing where no-
thing of genius is associated; and that no
place is tame, no place barren, no place un-
lovely, that genius has consecrated to fame;
we cannot help feeling an indignant sorrow
that the spot which genius loved to inhabit
should be suffered to be forgotten, or the print
of his footsteps to be effaced from the earth.
The bleak and naked waste, enriched by clas-
sical associations, has more attraction for us
than the exuberant prairie of the desert—the
stream by whose banks the poet sat and sang,
flows to a music sweeter than its own, and
the valleys and hills, peopled with the embo-
died "creations of fancy," live in remembrance
and look green in song. These associations
make the best riches, the true glory of a na-
tion—robe nature in a perpetual spring; they
give to barrenness fertility and beauty; they
endear to us our country, and, by fostering the
growth of national pride—that vanity which
is akin to virtue—nerve the soul to deeds of
noble daring, and stimulate us to study to be
thought worthy of the classic soil we boast to
call our own. Therefore, I say again, let no
haunt of genius be desecrated by neglect or
injury; let every memorial of its whereabouts
be studiously and lovingly preserved and che-
rished, till time and memory shall be no more.

Selborne seen from afar.

The prospect of the village from the Hanger
is surpassingly beautiful. It is a picture, and
that picture the picture of peace. The cot-
tages surrounded each by its shrubby en-
clo-

sure—some built of yellow stone—some of red brick—others of lath and plaster—but all of picturesque and fanciful forms; the intervening trees shading and softening down the tone of the landscape; the unpretending, though tasteful tower of the venerable church; the shadowy contemporary yew, that for so many centuries has borne the old church tower company; the surrounding habitations of the silent dead; the modest vicarage, with its magnificent hedge or rather, wall of yew; the moss-grown and, alas! neglected garden of Gilbert White, where delighted to disport Timothy the tortoise, and where, at this moment, you may see the blackbirds hopping familiarly about the walks; the vale winding on towards Oakhanger, parted in the centre by a strip of brighter green, where runs concealed the babbling little brook; the pale peat-reek, or, rather, vapour, ascending from the cottage-chimneys, hardly dimming, where it rises, the lucid transparency of the air. Our stroll was delightful, and we returned by moonlight, serenaded by the nightingale, to our inn, when we retired to rest after a day of unmixed pleasure; in which, despite the length of our excursion, fatigue had no share, full of thankful gratitude to that great Being, who has, in His measureless goodness, poured out into the lap of nature, so much of luxury for the mind of meditative man, and made medicine for the wounded spirit in the groves, and hills, and fields, and harmony of universal nature.

Grave of Gilbert White.

From the place where White drew his first breath, and where, with short and unfrequent interruptions, he spent a long and happy life, a few paces brought us to his grave.

He lies undistinguished in the village church-yard. There are, in the south side of the chancel, five lowly tenements of the dead, the fifth from the chancel is that of Gilbert White; his grave is, like his life, lowly and peaceful. I was glad that he was laid here; nor could I help thinking that the grass was more green, and the moss more richly verdant on that grave. He lies tranquilly, in the lap of his mother earth; and, even in death, within the influences of that nature, he, living, loved so well. He lies nobly—the world is his tomb, the heavens his canopy, the dew of evening scatters with diamonds the spot where his ashes repose, his requiem is chanted by the warbling choristers of spring, and starry lamps that never die illumine his sepulchre.

The Writer's Peroration.

Our pilgrimage was done—we had traversed the classic ground of the philosopher, we had wandered in his footsteps, and we had calmed and soothed our spirits into tranquility in the contemplation of his peaceful grave.

Why did we come here—why leave our homes and families to wander over spots which make no part of our world, which have no connexion with our hopes, or fears, or in-

terests or prejudices, or passions? Why did we come here?

I will answer for myself that I came here to pay my humble homage to a peaceful spirit—a meek possessor of the earth—a man without gall or bitterness in his nature, one who gained fame without making an enemy, and bequeathed to posterity a reputation as unenvied as extensive.

Appreciate him as a naturalist I cannot, for I am not qualified. No one save an observer of nature can sufficiently appreciate the fidelity of his descriptions, the accuracy of his observations, the clear lucidity of his delineations of natural phenomena;—but I can sufficiently appreciate the *man*—the ease, grace, and simplicity of his style have an indescribable charm for the general reader; the holiness of his pursuit; his unaffected, serene, and cheerful piety; the tendency of every line he wrote to advance the interests of religion, humanity, and goodness; the tranquilizing influence of his writings on the mind of man.

Surely if the memory of the illustrious dead is to derive honour from a pilgrimage to the scenes he has familiarized to every one—and what fitter homage can the illustrious dead receive?—you will forgive me, reader, that I stole from business, and turbulence, and care, the few tranquil hours I dissipated in my pilgrimage to happy, peaceful, and classic Selborne.

THE CHEMIST. NO. IX. September, 1840.
[London: Hastings.]

[THIS journal, similar in shape and management to the *Lancet*, makes this month its ninth advance in public favour, of which it is every-way worthy. Among others it contains a very able paper "On the Chemistry of Mountains," which for the present is deferred, while we proceed to condense from it an equally important article on the

ADULTERATION OF BREAD,

BY CHARLES WATT.]

That the adulteration of bread is carried on in the metropolis and other large towns to a most serious extent cannot, for one moment, be doubted; indeed, the circumstance that there are, in the branch of business which manufactures this chief commodity of life—which, if deficient, admits of no substitute—two distinct classes of tradesmen, viz:—one called "full-priced bakers," from their selling bread at the regular trade price, and the other "cheap," or "low-priced," from their selling it at a lower rate—naturally leads to such an inference. When we consider the fact, which is well known, that the difference in price varies to the extent of two-pence, or more, in the four-pound loaf, we can come to no other conclusion than that this vast difference, namely, one-fourth, can proceed from no other cause than the most extensive and culpable adulteration.

In order to satisfy public anxiety on this subject, it has often been submitted to attentive and close inquiry, and the answers received from these "low-priced" bakers, are universally, "that the reduction is dependent on their keeping no men to carry out the bread," while the replies from the high-priced bakers are, that they use the best flour, and that those who sell cheaper must do otherwise."

That the trifling amount of wages thus saved can make up for so serious a difference in price as exists, is by far too ridiculous to be for an instant admitted.

It must be observed, however, that the adulteration of bread is by no means confined to the "low-priced" bakers, for it may be policy for the "full-priced" dealers to keep up the farce of high prices, in order to check suspicion; there being many who think nothing good unless it is dear.

Any one may, with a very little trouble, be satisfied that there are very serious mal-practices carried on with regard to the manufacture of bread, if he but take the pains to examine that purchased at different shops.

At some of the more respectable houses at the west end of the town, from which the higher classes are supplied, the bread is of a fine whiteness, is exceedingly light, and the crust is not hard and dry; while at those houses where there is a crowded and poor population, it is of a very dark colour, is heavy, and the crust has a hard and compact appearance, which latter circumstance arises entirely from the quantity of inferior flour, and the admixture of a large quantity of potatoes.

The adulterations of bread are of two kinds, noxious and innocuous; the noxious are such as may by repeated action become injurious; these are alum, sulphate of copper and zinc, chalk, plaster of Paris (sulphate of lime), and bone dust.

With the observations of Dr. Ure, in his valuable work on the arts, "that it is a very serious thing for a lady or gentleman of sedentary habits or infirm constitution, to have their digestive powers daily vitiated by damaged flour, whitened with 197 grains of alum per quartern loaf; acidity of stomach, flatulence, headaches, palpitation, costiveness, and urinary calculi, being perhaps the probable consequences of the habitual introduction of so much acidulous and acescent matter,"—we entirely agree.

Alum may be detected in bread by treating the latter with distilled water, filtering the liquor thus obtained, first through calico, and then through blotting-paper, till it is quite clear, then dividing it into two equal portions, into one of which is to be poured a few drops of nitrate or muriate of baryta, and into the other a few drops of liquid ammonia.

Chalk, plaster of Paris, or bone dust may be detected by incineration of the bread containing them, and treating the ashes with nitric acid, which will dissolve the chalk with effe-

vescence, and the plaster of Paris and bone-dust without. In each of these cases the lime may be rendered evident in the solution, either by oxalic acid, or, in preference, by oxalate of ammonia.

The innocuous adulterations are chiefly inferior flour, rye flour, and also that of beans, peas, and potatoes, substances which, as possessing less fecula than wheaten flour, are very inferior in their nutritive properties, and, therefore, their introduction into bread is a fraud on the public, which requires the strictest vigilance to prevent, and should be punished by the highest penalties when detected.

As any adulterations of this kind can be discovered in the flour only before it is made into bread, Dr. Ure very properly observes, that "every baker ought to be able to analyse his own flour."

In the mills near London, no less than seven different kinds of flour are ground out of one quantity of wheat.

These are, for one quarter:—

Fine flour	5 bushels	3 pecks.
Seconds	0	2
Fine middlings	0	1
Coarse middlings	0	0.5
Bran	3	0
Twenty-penny	3	0
Pollard	2	0
	14	2.5

But it is, however, a sad thing to say, that the flour often comes into the baker's possession in a genuine state, and undergoes, while in his hands, a most serious amount of adulteration. In this important article of consumption, and, likewise, in other trades, adulterations are carried on to an alarming extent, and with perfect impunity. A board of commissioners ought to be appointed to examine the various articles of life, such as food, medicines, important articles of commerce, &c.; to condemn every bad article, and to fine those who thus violate the just laws and every duty to humanity.

Bread—the most important of all articles of life to us all—the chief support of the poor—it is worse than wicked to adulterate.

PORTICOES OF LONDON.

(Abridged from the *Civil Engineers' and Architects' Journal*, No. 36.)

A GLANCE at the porticoes which adorn our metropolis, may afford pleasure and instruction. They divide themselves into two classes: those which were erected at the period of the introduction of fine art into this country from Italy, and those which have been more recently built, and subsequently to the revival of the Greek taste.

St. Martin's Portico stands foremost amongst those which court attention, from its size, as well as from its merits. Its co-

lums are massy and finely proportioned; the capitals bold, and finely sculptured; and the detail evinces taste and study on the part of the architect. This portico recommends itself moreover, by its great projection from the face of the building, a requisite which should ever be a *sine quâ non* in the composition of this architectural feature.

The inhospitable iron-railing, however, inserted between the columns, quite curtails the utility of the portico, inasmuch, as the multitude, who daily pass to and fro in that neighbourhood, are debarred the shelter which it would otherwise afford them from the inclemency of the weather.* The feeling which keeps up such barriers, is not a charitable one.

Vere-street Chapel has a little portico, which, till lately, was both an object of utility, as well as of ornament, to its immediate neighbourhood: it offered, moreover, the additional attraction of plants and flowers, which a poor man used to sell, ranging his vases between the columns; the portico, thus adorned, became really a pleasing sight—it imparted cheerfulness to that portion of the street, which is itself, quiet and retired; and offered a spectacle quite refreshing to the eye; besides the mind's eye being gratified by this picture of the church *sheltering*—not encouraging poverty. The charm has, however, been sacrificed, and the plants and their vendor have been driven from their sacred asylum, and, as a substitute, the inhabitants of that quarter, gaze upon an uncouth iron-railing, which encloses portico, steps, and all, giving to that which looked free and inviting, an imprisoned appearance.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden, has a portico of very striking character, and the condemnatory terms, even of a Quatremère de Quincy, avail not in shaking our admiration of a work so very characteristic of the bold genius of its author. The propriety of applying so plain an order as the Tuscan, to a building of so exalted a character as a place of public worship, may admit of doubt, but, that the effect of this portico is truly admirable, no unprejudiced person will deny.

This portico appears to great advantage when seen in conjunction with the crowds which assemble about it at the time of an election in the market-place; its grave and solemn aspect sheds an additional interest over the important scene—the whole realizing, to the painter's eye, and patriot's heart, a soul-enrapturing picture.

The East India House has a portico, which displays a new era in taste—the refinements

* It is possibly, very true, that at the time at which this railing was so placed, the neighbourhood of St. Martin's offered a very different scene from that which we now behold: and that, without some such defence, the portico would have been exposed to injury, from the barbarous propensities of the rude frequenters of that quarter; but circumstances have changed, and the reason for the defence having vanished, the defence itself might also disappear.

of Greek feeling; though having but little depth, it presents rather a graceful architectural frontispiece, than a portico. It were impossible to comment upon any portion of the East India House, without speaking in praise of the little Doric portico at the east front; though small, this work is full of attraction—abounding in grace, delicacy, and much energy of character.

The Mansion House has a Corinthian portico, raised upon a basement of rusticated piers and arches, and is pronounced by some, to produce a very inharmonious effect; the latter features being of too ordinary a character to suit the grace and dignity of the Corinthian order.

St. George's, Hanover Square, has a portico, in which the Corinthian order has been well attended to, and much vigour is produced by the columns being closely placed—the centre opening is wider than the rest, which is very admissible.

St. George's, Bloomsbury, has something very noble about its portico—the order is boldly treated, and the deep tone of shadow obtained by the great projection from the line of wall, gives to the front columns, a fine relief.

These porticoes, and others which adorn our metropolis, possess very great merits, and it is cheering to reflect, that they display originality of thought, and are modified by circumstances peculiar to the buildings to which they attach; thus, they afford us valuable lessons.

The following remark from the late Mr. Thomas Hope, respecting porticoes, is excellent. Touching the important requisite *depth*, that author says, “a portico, thus constructed, becomes, in the first place, an object of real utility: it fulfils its apparent destination, that of affording shelter to the pedestrian, and screening the inhabitant, waiting for the hour of prayer, from the inclemency of the weather; it becomes, in the second place, a means of infinite beauty, and gives, at once, to the individual columns, more relief, more distinctness, and consequently, more effect, through the deep shade it throws upon the wall behind; and to the entire façade, more motion, more picturesqueness, and more dignity.”

HANDEL.

THREE of the greatest composers since his time, have acknowledged him the greatest of musicians, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.

Haydn, at the commemoration at Westminster Abbey, said, “Surely this man is the father of us all!”

Mozart's words are much in the same tone.

Beethoven's expression is the sublime of homage,—“I could kneel to his tomb,” said he.

New Books.

The Art of Needle-work from the Earliest Ages. Edited by the Countess of Wilton. [Colburn, 1840.]

[Long ages, indeed, hath the "rosy-fingered" hand of womankind done wonders with the fine-acuted needle—sometimes achieving works remarkable for their gorgeous beauty, but at all times eminent for their usefulness. No idle "lilies of the field" are they, finding no occupation for toiling or spinning, for from Eve to Miss Linwood their labour has been without stop. No man or woman child has entered the world, during that long lapse of centuries, but has been furnished by her assiduous hands with cradle-clothes, marriage-clothes, and, even grave-clothes, all calling for her charitable manipulations and needle-work. Blessings be upon the hands that "clothe the naked," from life's entrance to its exit.

Such a subject, then, as this invaluable art, could not but afford opportunities for rich display, and a fair pen has here put to record its chiefest glories and achievements. Saving that the book is in parts somewhat episodic, it is well written.

The finest specimens of the art appear to have been those worked by the nunneries, and for the service of the church; and from the chapter on "The Needle-work of the Middle Ages," we condense much entertaining information.]

NEEDLEWORK OF THE CHURCHES.

Perhaps the work was a brodered scarf for some spiritual father, a testimony of gratitude and esteem from the convent at large; perhaps it was a tunic or a girdle which some high and wealthy lady had bespoken for an offering, and which the meek and pious sisterhood were happy to do for hire, bestowing the proceeds on the necessities of the convent, or, if those were provided, on charity.

Perhaps it was a pair of sandals, so magnificently wrought, as to be destined as a present by some lofty abbot, to the pope himself, like those which Robert, Abbot of St. Albans, sent to the pope, Adrian the Fourth, and which alone, out of a multitude of the richest offerings, the pope retained; or if it were in England, it might be a magnificent covering for the high altar, with a scripture history embroidered in the centre, and the border of regal purple, inwrought with gold and precious stones. We say, *if in England*, because so celebrated was the English work, the *Opus Anglicum*, that other nations eagerly desired to possess it. The embroidered vestments of some English clergymen were so much admired at the Papal Court, that the pope, asking where they had been made, and being told "in England," despatched bulls to several English abbots, commanding them to procure similar ones for him.

Or it might be a magnificent pall, that taxed the skill and patience of the fair needlewomen. It was about A. D. 601, that Pope Gregory sent two archbishop's palls into

England; the one for London, and the other to York.

The accounts of the rich embroidered ecclesiastical vestments, robes, sandals, girdles, tunics, vests, palls, cloaks, altar-cloths, and veils or hangings of various descriptions, common in churches in the dark ages, would almost surpass belief, if the minuteness with which they are enumerated in some few ancient authors did not attest the fact. The cost of many of these garments was enormous, for pearls and precious jewels were literally inwrought, and the time and labour bestowed on them was incredible. It was no uncommon circumstance for three years to be spent even by these assiduous and indefatigable votaries of the needle, on one garment.

Pope Eutychianus, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Aurelian, buried, in different places, 342 martyrs with his own hands; and he ordained that a faithful martyr should, on no account, be interred without a dalmatic robe or a purple colobio. This is, perhaps, one of the earliest notices of ecclesiastical pomp or pride in vestments.

Pope Sylvester, some forty years afterwards, was invested by the hands of his attendants with a Phrygian robe of snowy white, on which was traced, by busy female hands, the resurrection of our Lord, and so magnificent was this garment considered, that it was ordained to be worn by his successors on state occasions.

Leo the Third, a magnificent benefactor of the church, amongst various other vestments, gave to the high altar of the blessed Peter, the prince of the apostles, a covering spangled with gold (*chrysoclamam*) and adorned with precious stones, having the histories both of our Saviour giving to the blessed apostle Peter the power of binding and loosing, and also representing the suffering of Peter and of Paul. It was of great size, and exhibited on St. Peter's and St. Paul's days.

Pope Paschal, early in the ninth century, had some magnificent garments wrought, which he presented to different churches. One of these was an altar-cloth of Tyrian purple, having in the middle a picture of golden emblems, with the countenance of our Lord, and of the blessed martyrs, Cosman and Damian, with three other brothers. The cross was wrought in gold, and had round it a border of olive-leaves most beautifully worked. Another had golden emblems, with our Saviour, surrounded with archangels and apostles, of wonderful beauty and richness, being ornamented with pearls. This pope had also a robe worked with gold and gems, having the history of the Virgins, with lighted torches, beautifully recorded; he had another of Byzantine scarlet, with a worked border of olive leaves;* also another rich and peculiar gar-

* This was a very usual decoration of ecclesiastical robes, and a very suitable one; for from the time when in the beak of Noah's dove, it was first an emblem of comfort, it has ever in all ages, in all nations, at all times, been symbolical of plenty and peace.

ment, entirely indebted to the needlewoman for its varied and radiant hues. This was a robe of amber-colour, having peacocks.

Many of these garments were peculiar for their embroidery of *birds*:—

Pope Leo the Fourth had a hanging worked with the needle, having the portrait of a man seated on a peacock.

Pope Stefano the Fifth had four magnificent hangings for the great altar, one of which was wrought in peacocks.

Lytllyngton, Abbot of Croyland, in Edward the Fourth's time, gave to his church nine copes of gold, exquisitely feathered. This was most likely embroidered imitation.

Cnut the Great presented to the same abbey, a vestment made of silk, embroidered with eagles of gold.

Richard Upton, Abbot of Croyland, in 1417, gave silk, embroidered with falcons, for copes, and about the same time,

John Preston gave a rich robe of Venetian blue, embroidered with golden eagles.

Gifts of these works—chiefly executed by ladies of the highest rank and greatest piety—were frequently devoted to the embellishment of the church, or the decoration of its ministers, and oftentimes they were bequeathed by will:—

"I give," said the wife of the Conqueror in her will, "to the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, my tunic, worked at Winchester, by Aldoret's wife, and the mantle embroidered with gold, which is in my chamber, to make a cope. Of my two golden girdles, I give that which is ornamented with emblems, for the purpose of suspending the lamp before the great altar."*

Isabella, Queen of Edward II., sent, among some costly presents to the Pope, a magnificent cope, embroidered and studded with large white pearls, and purchased of the executors of Catherine Lincoln, for a sum equivalent to between two and three thousand pounds of present money. Another cope, thought worthy to accompany it, was also the work of an Englishwoman, Rose de Bureford, wife of John de Bureford, citizen and merchant of London.

St. Dunstan, who excelled in many pursuits, and especially in painting, on one occasion, at the earnest request of a lady, tinted a sacerdotal vestment for her, which she afterwards embroidered in gold thread, in an exquisitely beautiful style.†

Edgitha, Queen of Edward the Confessor, sumptuously embroidered with her own hands,

* The name of Dame Leviet has descended to posterity as an embroiderer to the Conqueror and his queen.

† Most of these embroidered works were first tinted, very probably in the way in which they are now, or until the freer influx of the more beautiful German patterns, they lately wore: and it is from this previous tinting that they are so frequently described in the old books as *painted garments*, *pictured vestments*, &c.: this term by no means seeming usually to imply that the use of the needle had been neglected or superseded by them.

the garments which he wore on occasions of great solemnity.

It is not to be supposed, that at a time when the "whole island" was said to "blaze" with devotion, and when, moreover, her own fair daughters surpassed the whole world in needle-work, that the *English* churches were deficient in its beautiful adornments. Far otherwise, indeed. We forbear to enumerate many, because our chapter has exceeded its prescribed limits; but we may particularize the following:—

A golden Veil, or Hanging, (volumen,) embroidered with the destruction of Troy, which Witlaf, King of Mercia, gave to the abbey of Croyland.

The Coronation Mantle of Harold Harfoot, son of Cnut, which he gave to the same abbey, made of silk, and embroidered with "Hesperian apples."

A Suit of Hangings, which contained the whole history of the primitive martyr of England, Allan, presented to his monastery by Richard, abbot of St. Albans, from 1088 to 1119.

SUBMARINE FOREST.

WE have been favoured with an inspection of several specimens of the fossil remains of this forest. It lies on the sea coast below Seathorne, or Owthorne, and extends along the shore for some hundred yards, and, probably, a considerable way below the low-water mark into the sea. The most prominent portion now visible, is to the north of the ancient site of Owthorne Church, supposed to have been built early in the thirteenth century. Whether the ground on which this forest once stood, has experienced the change which has taken place, through the agency of a convulsion of nature, or from the mere gradual encroachment of the sea, does not appear from any documentary testimony—we think from the last, the cliff above it being remembered by old inhabitants, to have been much nearer the fossil remains than it now is, and must have been part of the mainland on which the forest stood. These remains consist of fir, beech and oak, most of them in a carbonized state, and crumbling to pieces on any force being applied to them. A few months ago, the vertebræ and antlers of a stag were found, which are now in the possession of the Rev. C. Sykes, of Roos. The trunks and boles of many of the trees now visible, are from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, and from three to four feet above the surface, inclining in different directions, from a horizontal position, at an angle of about thirty degrees. The arms and branches are prostrate, and partially embedded in the sand of the shore. The best time for a survey, is the second and third day after the full and change of the moon, as the tides then ebb and flow the lowest.—*Hull Paper.*

ASCENDANCY IN THE WORLD.

"Some," as Malvolio says, "are born great; some make themselves great, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Most of those who arrive at any distinction in the world, are favoured more or less by all three of these circumstances; but the main point is, to have the ability to become great, through your own endeavours.

A man may force circumstances, but circumstances cannot force a man into greatness. He must have the stamina in himself, or he never can be eminent.

Circumstances operate in various ways, for the advancement of gifted individuals.

Some are drawn up by friends.

Some are kicked up by enemies.

The latter generally fare better in the end; for enmity is a thing more to be depended on than friendship.

Friendship often withdraws his arm when you stand most in need of his services; but

Enmity will continue to kick as long as the mark is within his reach.

The secret of rising to be ascendant in the world, is to know how to make use of both friends and enemies.

PULLA FISHERY ON THE INDUS.

UP the river, we first saw the pulla fishery on the Indus; a piscatory pursuit which more nearly reduces the human form divine into an aquatic beast of prey than Izaak Walton, or any disciple of the "gentle craft" could have contemplated by the silver Thames. A large, light, and thin earthen vessel, of the strong and unequalled pottery of the Indus' clay, so thoroughly baked, forms the fisherman's float: it is fully four feet in diameter, and about thirty inches high; of a very flattened form, and exceedingly buoyant. On this, the fisherman balances himself on his stomach: covering the short neck and small aperture at top, and launching himself forth on the current, paddles with his legs behind, to steer his course, drifting with the stream, and holding his pouch-not open to receive the prey; which, when caught, he deposits in his reservoir, the vessel he floats on. The pulla is an oily fish, of a very strong potted-lobster flavour, and greatly admired by our gourmands; but it is, unfortunately, most detestably bony, and that to a degree, which renders it scarcely safe for an unwarned and hungry traveller to venture on it. We were divided in our opinion of the flavour; some pronounced it a resemblance to salmon, others to mackerel or potted lobster: my recollection of Edinburgh caller-herrings was revived, and the well-experienced in fresh herrings agreed with me; but the pulla is intensely stronger. The fish we saw, averaged twenty inches in length, and might weigh a pound and a half, or nearly two pounds: the shoals are migratory, and ascend the river as far as Bukka, betwixt January and April. The natives imagine that they travel thither on a religious pilgrimage to the shrine of Ka-

jun Kizir; and gravely assure us, that, on attaining and swimming round the holy islet and shrine of the saint, they followed our St. James's court etiquette, where no courtier's back can possibly be turned upon sacred royalty, and that the poor pilgrim fishes never presented their tails towards the hallowed Kuddum zah (footstep-place) of the saint till fairly round, and back again past the islet.—*Kennedy's Campaign of the Army of the Indus.*

ANTI-SEPTIC PROPERTIES OF AN IRISH BOG.

On the 21st of last August, the body of a female was found in Balliknard bog, county of Donegal: it was proved to have been that of Betty Thompson, who was murdered in May, 1811; her throat being cut in a frightful manner; the body was in a state of the finest preservation, the flesh not in the least decayed or shrivelled, but perfectly firm, and free from all unpleasant smell; and it was really astonishing to see a human body, for thirty years inhumed in a bog, with the lineaments apparently perfect and unchanged as the day the unfortunate creature was murdered: and the clothes of the deceased were uninjured by time. Even the small pox, with which she was slightly marked, was clearly discernible. The figure was finely proportioned, and the limbs perfectly elastic, and most exquisitely formed, with beautiful dark hair flowing down the neck, as if veiling from the eye of nature, the horrid deed of an unnatural assassin.

ENVIRONS OF

THE METROPOLIS, IN MDXCIII.

NORDEN, in his *Historical and Chorographical Description of Middlesex*, 4to., Lond., 1593; thus writes of

PANCRAS:—

"And although this place be, as it were, forsaken of all, and true men seldom frequent the same but upon devyn occasions, yet is it visited and usually haunted of roages, vagabondes, harlottes, and theeves, who assemble not ther to pray, but to wayte for preye, and manie fall into their hands clothed, that are glad when they escaped naked. Walke not ther too late."*

The same indefatigable topographer, after enumerating the names of *Brydges of most use in Myddlessex*, makes the following mention:—

"KINGESBRIDGE,

Comonly called Stonebridge, nere Hydo parko corner, wher I wish noe true man to walke too late without good garde, unless he can make his partie good, as did Sr H. Knyvet, knight, who valiantlye defended himselfe, ther being assailed, and slwe the master theefe with his own handes."†

* De Foe, in his diverting History of Col. Jack, [1723] makes the immediate vicinity of Pancras church the scene of one of the fictitious highwayman's robberies.

† Doubtless, the cause of that locality being afterwards called "Knight's-bridge."

FALLING STARS.

THE pupils at the Observatory at Paris carefully watched the number of meteors during the nights of the 9th and 10th of August. Until midnight the number did not exceed 18 per hour, or nearly a mean of what are observed on ordinary nights; but at three o'clock M. Mauvais counted 35 in one hour. The greater proportion fell almost parallel to the milky way, which at this time extended from the zenith towards the west, a little inclined to the south.

The Gatherer.

The celebrated Professor Müller, of Göttingen, died at Athens, August 1st, last, having been taken ill some days before, at Delphi, where he had made an excavation along the polygonal wall, which supported the basement of the great temple, by which he discovered a number of new and long inscriptions. He likewise discovered some subterraneous chambers under the site of the temple.

Love and Marriage.—The chain of love is made of fading flowers, but that of wedlock, of gold, lasting as well as beautiful.

Auroch Horns.—A pair of these enormous horns, held to be of the primitive bull, have been found in the river Seille, near Tournon, by some fishermen. Though broken at the tips, they are three-quarters of a yard long, and five inches in diameter at the base. This animal, on account of its size, was surnamed the elephant of the Gauls. The Auroch, according to ancient chronicles, was the most terrible of all the beasts against which the Gaulmen, desirous of perils, had to exercise their courage.

Education.—That we write and talk so much about education, only proves that we feel our deficiency in it. It is only lost things that are cried in the streets.

Dr. Rüppell, in his late journey in Abyssinia, was not a little astonished at the size of the grapes brought to the market of Bada, and at their cheapness, about ten pound's weight of them being given for a piece of salt, or two hundred and a-half for a dollar.

Epigram.

'Tis a very good world we live in,
To spend, and to lend, and to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or ask for our own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

J. BROMFIELD.

Present to Louis Philippe.—The four Andalusian horses which the Infant Francisco has sent to Louis Philippe, crossed Marseilles on the 17th ult. These beautiful animals, dappled with red, unite in themselves all the grace and activity of the Arabian race from which they draw their origin. They at present rest, to recover their freshness after travel, and then proceed instantly to their destination. —*French Paper, Sept. 5.*

Love.—The honeymoon is the richly-laden, soft, dreamy autumn, of which first love was the spring.

Royal Visit to Wordsworth.—The Queen Dowager, in her late tour to the north, visited the poet Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and, welcomed by the poet at his garden-gate, partook of a repast, not of the Muses' making, but of the meats and drinks, and realities of life. Pope, on a similar occasion, declined a visit from Queen Caroline, at Twickenham, but entertained Frederick, Prince of Wales, at his own table, and nodded in sleep, it is added, when the Prince was speaking of poetry.

Statue to Jacquard.—France is erecting a statue, in the great trading town of Lyons, to the memory of her distinguished citizen and benefactor, Jacquard, the inventor of the loom.

The Paris papers mention the death, at an advanced age, of Dr. Varslaud, formerly surgeon to the Emperor Napoleon, and created by him a knight of the Empire.

Grand Arsenal of Prussia.—A building of the greatest architectural beauty, and nearly two centuries old. Within, are arms for two hundred thousand men, most splendidly arranged. Specimens of the weapons used by every army in Europe, and of all kinds of fire-arms since the first invention of powder, mingled with ancient suits of armour, of which one belonged to Francis I., and with a thousand stand of French colours, won since the old revolution.

A quantity of quicksilver is in the possession of a veterinary surgeon at Oswestry, which was gathered from the breast-bone and other remains of the body of a farmer who was interred in Whittington churchyard, about thirty five years ago. The discovery was lately made whilst a grave was being dug to receive the corpse of a son of the above. —*Shrewsbury News.*

Discovery of Vinegar, or pyroligneous acid.—This has been ascribed to Glauber, but Berzelius has observed that it was used by the Egyptians in the preservation of their mummies, and supports himself by a passage from Pliny. —*Polytechnic Journal.*

Speak little, speak well, and well will be spoken again. —*Cornish Prov.*

Time.—The angel of Time, like Milton's cherubim, has six wings: two cover its coming, and two its going, and with two it flies.

Longevity.—Etienne Delametaire, born blind, lately died in the hospital at Bourges, aged 103 years and 18 days. For more than a century he was an inhabitant of a world he never saw. Like many of his darkling companions in the brute creation, he was employed for 60 years in turning a grindstone.

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OLD MARKET-HOUSE, STRATFORD-LE-BOW ;

FROM A SKETCH MADE 1822.

It is the faithful duty of the topographer and historian, to detail not only "the rise and fall—progress and decay" of grander structures, but to rescue from oblivion vestiges of buildings elucidatory of the humble pretensions of society in ages long since fled; and by the inquirer contrasting such-like edifices as the above engraving represents, with the huge mansions of "splendid misery" of the present day, he becomes possessed of facts which give him a correct view into the varied and ever-changing modes of transacting business according to the wants and tastes of different times and people.

Among the most ancient of English Marts, was that of the Market House at Bow; and even the memory of that is fast fading from the minds of the oldest inhabitants. But few upon the spot retain any reminiscences of this singular relic of antiquity, save in mere abstract and detached recollections; for no vestige of it at the present time remains, beyond what the venerable sexton of the parish points out in the shape of a diminutive tone, beset by grass and earth, as identifying the spot where the Market-house originally commenced.

It is uncertain when the Old Market house
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ceased to be a mart, but the ruined remains of the fabric itself existed about thirteen or fourteen years back, and was then in a sadly dilapidated and untenable state. It stood close at the back of the present church,* which was built in Henry II's time, at not more than six or eight yards distance behind it. It is also stated that, by reason of its propinquity to the back of the church, it very much darkened the great window just over the communion table in the inner part of the church, so that the interior is much improved in lightness and appearance since its removal.

The site of the old Market-house is that now occupied by the new churchyard, for, being nothing better than an incumbrance to the soil on account of its ruinous state, and more room being required for the purposes of interments, it was, twelve years ago, pulled down. One of the upper rooms was occupied by Sir John Jolles' school,† which has been

* For a View and History of this sacred edifice, vide *Mirror*, No. cxxv., p. 65.

† This school was founded by Sir John Jolles, in 1613, and intended for thirty-five boys of Stratford Bow, and St. Leonard Bromley. Within the church are to be seen the original documents of the gift, bequest, &c.

subsequently removed to a new School-house, recently built, to re-supply the accommodation for a long period afforded by the now-demolished Market-house.

The new burial ground, which occupies its site, as before mentioned, is already full of tombs and stones, and the entrance gate at its side is precisely parallel with the beginning of the old building. The Market-house was, as will be seen by our engraving, a very low building, partly constructed of timber, and partly of brickwork, being no more than one story high, and with a narrow wall running round it.

There is now a painting of the Old Market-house inside the church, very particular in its details, and an exact copy, comprehending the beadle's house, and the old watch-house, which latter was attached to it. Mr. Bland, the present beadle, and his wife, lived in part of it for some time; and in his memory, the last tenant of it he knew of, had been a cobbler. He never was aware of its having been used for a market in his own time, though it was undoubtedly employed for that purpose in former days.

ODE TO MUSIC.

BY JAMES WYLBON.

(For the Mirror.)

MUSIC! thy mystic influence I own,—
First of thy lovely heav'n-born sisterhood :
Thy sway hath with my dawning spring-time grown,
Till now, whate'er the hour, or place, or mood,
On dancing wave, on upland, or in wood,—
With joy thy varied time and tone I hail,
Mid kindred souls, or wrapt in solitude ;
My heart-strings vibrate with responsive thrill.
Nor soon their homage cease, though past the strain,
and still.

Accept the offering on thy altar laid ;—
Devotion's tribute and his suit receive :
Thine are the warblings, in the woodland glade,
Whose joyful choir their feather'd bosoms leave,—
In untaught harmony from morn till eve :
Thine the electric gift with potent spell,
Around our senses magic toils to weave ;
The care-fraught lodgings of our hearts to quell,
Till in some fairer sphere, our spirits, dreaming, dwell.

At ruddy sunfall, ere the shadows meet,—
When rosy belles and rustic swains agree,
Old care to spurn with merry-making feet,
And trip the mossy mead in diuine glee,—
With steps unmoilish, and to strains as free ;
Thine are the charms, sweet pow'r! which then un-
thrall

The toil-yoked victims of adversity ;—
Mingling with sweets their daily cup of gall ;
Strewing their thorny path with fairer flow'rs withal.

The hopeless captive in his dungeon drear,
With fettered limbs in stone and iron bound,—
When tender strains salute his startled ear,
Forgets his woe, and drinks each soothing sound ;—
While rays of former sunshine stream around :
Visions of joy each stumb'ring pulse reawake ;
And back he glides o'er long-familiar ground ;
His fancied footsteps boyhood's pathways take,
Where, saving love's first pang, his young heart knew
no ache.

When, summon'd sudden to the field of strife,
The youthful warrior grasps his battle brand,—
The martial clarion and the stirring fife
Bring back his wav'ring strength of heart and hand,
And fire his patriot love for father-land :
The life-stream flows with unchecked ardour now,
At timeous touch of thy inspiring wand ;
Mantling, with fervid glow in cheek and brow ;
While from his quiv'ring lip comes retribution's vow.

When silent gliding through the sacred aisle,
To join the throng on pious ritual bent ;
The organ's solemn peal our thoughts can wile
From ways profane to virtuous intent ;
And teach the vengeful bosom to relent :
Each cadence melts a dormant sympathy ;
Each swelling symphony makes penitent :
Such thy celestial pow'r, sweet melody !
In holy fane attuned, to man on bended knee.

Thy varied strains have each their high behest ;—
Like errant angels on love-missions sped,
To calm the troubled and make glad the oppress'd,
And kindle hope in hearts to sorrow wed ;—
Infusing gladness where repose had fled :
Oft has thy simplest song my spirit cheer'd,
When brooding o'er some theme of pleasure fled ;
Thus to thy vot'ry hast thou been eulog'd :
And long he'll cherish thee, though sad his soul, and
scard.

CŒUR DE LION'S FAREWELL.

(For the Mirror.)

HIGH soul was his, and fiery mood,
On Salem's desert shore who stood,
And all indignant gazed,—
As saw he from the sacred coast
Depart in haste, his craven host,
With spear and shield unrais'd !

"O why," he shouts, "should Richard mourn ?
'Tis well such recreant chiefs return,
Nor dare a brave man's droid—
'Tis well they quit this hallu'd sod,
'Tis well they should desert the God,
Who succoured them in need !

"O shame our banner should be fann'd
So long by gales from Poynim land,
To turn disgraced at last !
O tear it, cowards, from the staff,
Nor let the crescent warriors laugh,
To see it taint the blast.

"Farewell, farewell, bright Palestine !
O, would the honour'd task were mine,
To break thy slavish chain !
But no—may hist'ry blot the day—
We leave thee to the Soldan's sway,
And vauquish'd cross the main.

"A curse upon the coward train—
On crafty France, and traitor Spain !
Who quit the path of fame !—
Unworthy of the soil they tread—
Unworthy of the God who bled
Upon the cross they shame !"

E. M.

ENIGMA.

(For the Mirror.)

I DWELL in all houses, in great as in small,
And mostly am used by the dwellers in all ;
At breakfast, at dinner, at supper, or tea,
My friends do invariably look out for me.
Sometimes I am high, but oftener low,
And always am useful wherever I go.
When speeches are flowing I tender my aid,
Am frequently hought, or for hire am paid ;
At times I am pretty, at times I am plain,
I often give pleasure, I often soothe pain ;
Sometimes I'm called easy, and also called straight,
Am always acceptable, early or late.
If my name you should guess, you will readily see,
How often, my friends, you're indebted to me.

H. B.

SENSIBILITY.

(For the Mirror.)

"DEAR Sensibility!" said Sterne; "source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows;" truly can we echo the praise bestowed by the somewhat eccentric divine, on this most enlaving quality. We would continue the strain of eulogy, and call it the distinguishing feature in refined and exalted natures,—that "unbought grace" of character, without which, talent, learning, good sense, wealth and station, lose their charm and best influence—the shade to the picture, the indefinable, but always-felt spell, which makes known to each other and unites, kindred and feeling minds, which, in a thousand ways, sooner felt than expressed, gives interest to our pilgrimage through this "working-day world," robbing the ordinary detail of human cares, of all sordid and spirit-corroding influences. But even as the rainbow's hues mix and blend, so as to leave no distinct line to mark their several beginnings or endings, so do these delicate shades of character colour, imperceptibly, all that is said or done in the daily intercourse with our fellow-beings. Those highly-tuned chords, which so promptly respond to every generous impulse, are, alas! all the sooner jarred by contact with the rude and ungentle. The "small unkindnesses," which are, in truth, great offences, "the hint malevolent, the look oblique," "the obvious satire, the implied dislike," have their rise in an absence of that sensibility, which learns, from its own wounded feelings, to be tender and forbearing to those of others:

"Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain;"

and guilt it is, to add to the mass of human woes, to ruffle the stream of life, by what has been aptly called "speaking daggers," words "which be very swords." Regrets, and memories of the lost, the distant, and the dead, which "live on long remembrance;" the ready tear, the ready aid, for the distresses of others, the avoidance of all which may jar the music of the soul; all things "lovely and of good report," result from this quality. The countenance in which sensibility shines forth, however deficient in regularity of feature, or that tincture which vies with the lily and the rose, has a charm readily felt by those to whom

"The broadest mirth unfelt by folly wears,"
is
"Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears!"

Charity, the greatest, in its enlarged sense, of all the virtues, receives an added charm when united with this trait of character; there may be those who give alms, and largely too, who, however, offend in their very giving—who grate harshly on the recipient's feelings, and then call attention to their own liberality. The Samaritan who tended the wounded traveller, sought not to publish abroad the deed,

or to impress on the obliged party how much he had done for him; no! he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him; without parade or ostentation, his gift fell silently as "the gentle dew of heaven upon the place beneath." This "discerning sense of decent or sublime," is most especially evident in giving or receiving; bestowing grace and charm on the action. It is the essence of good breeding; and in whatever rank the unfortunate may be placed who is without this untaught sense of right, the chances are, that such an one will offend against some of those rules prescribed for the amelioration of society. "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away;" and the imitators of Sterne, during a part of the last century, (the venerable Mackenzie excepted,) by their absurd parodies on his finely drawn, but sometimes whimsical touches of feeling, combined to bring this species of writing into contempt,—perhaps in some instances deservedly so,—when mere passive feeling usurped the place of active benevolence, and sympathy was tortured out, and expended, on trifling and unworthy objects, when it was known that the moralizer on the "dead ass" failed to discover the same tender feeling, in the nearest relations of life. Yet how exquisite is his picture of "poor Maria," the lovely and broken-hearted pilgrim to Moulins—her jarred and wounded intellect, her sorrows, and her grace! Sighs, however, are so plentiful in our atmosphere, that it is scarcely wise to court them; and perhaps the somewhat morbid state of feeling encouraged by this school, called for some wholesome antidote; but we all know, that the use of anything is not to be condemned from its abuse; and those who would reduce everything to a matter of gain or loss, and square all the interests of life by rule and compass, have somewhat to answer for, in ridiculing down so much, that which, apart from its excess, ought to distinguish the refinement of modern times and manners. Less in words than in its benign influence, is this attribute known, "Tis not to mourn because a sparrow dies," but to lessen the sad variety of human woe. The deep and lasting affection of such natures, their self-sacrifice, their long regrets, their fear to offend, may be felt and appreciated by kindred natures; but their deep wounds of heart, their lasting sorrows, can only be known to One who has promised to dry the tears of the "heavy laden." Let not the social tear, the social sigh, be called folly, by that species of earth-born prudence which draws a circle round self, and centres *there* all its thoughts, and knows no generous joys or cares beyond, which can turn from the closing grave, to the eager pursuit of some present good, and forget

"That such things were,
That were most precious to them!"

"The knowledge which causes not to err,
(said a late distinguished author,) most fre-

quently visits the mind in seasons of sorrow, and tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring and take root in the human breast." In our journey through the wilderness of this world, painful circumstances are more likely to occur than pleasing ones; and the sensitive, who "start and agonize at every pore," and are prone to extract misery or delight from circumstances which the happy insensible passes by unnoted, find sensibility a dubious gift, which calls for self-command to prevent their being its victims. Not to mere abstract sentiment, but to that which leads to active benevolence, is our admiration accorded. Nor do we forget, that the Saviour of the world sympathized with the grief of those, whose tears his own Omnipotence was so soon to change into joy, when at the grave of Lazarus, on witnessing the tears of the bereaved sisters, we are told, with the divine simplicity which characterizes the sacred page—that "Jesus wept!"

Kirton-Lindsey.

ANNE R—.

THE GOLDEN ANKLET.

THE memory of the scenes amid which we are born and brought up, sinks, as it were, into the spirit of man, twines itself intimately with every thought, and becomes a part of his being.

He can never cast it off, any more than he can cast off the body, in which his spirit acts.

Almost every chain of his after-thought is linked at some point to the magical circle which bounds his youth's ideas; and even when latent, and in no degree known, it is still present, affecting every feeling and every fancy, and giving a bent of its own, to all our words and our deeds.

I have heard a story of a girl who was a captive to some eastern prince, and wore on her ankles a light golden ring.

She learned to love her master devotedly, and was as happy as she could be in his love.

Adored, adorned, and cherished, she sat beside him one day, in all the pomp of eastern state, when suddenly, her eye fell upon the golden ring round her ankle.

Custom had rendered it so light, that she had forgotten it altogether.

The tears instantly rose in her eyes, as she looked upon it, and her lover divining, at once, the cause, asked, with a look of reproach, "Would you be free?"

She cast herself upon his bosom, and answered, "Never!"

Thus, often the links that bind us to early scenes and places, in which we have passed happy or unhappy hours, are unobserved and forgotten, till some casual circumstance turns our eyes thitherward; but if any one should ask us whether we would sever that chain, there is scarcely one fine mind that would not answer, "Never!"

LAST MOMENTS OF KNOX, THE REFORMER.

(From *Tytler's History of Scotland*, vol. vii.)

It was the very day on which Morton was chosen Regent, that the celebrated reformer, Knox,* died, [1572] in his house at Edinburgh. He was scarcely to be called an aged man, not having completed his sixty-seventh year, but his life had been an incessant scene of theological and political warfare, and his ardent and restless intellect had worn out a frame which at no period had been a strong one.

There is, perhaps, no juster test of a great man than the impression which he has left, or the change he has wrought, upon his age, and, under this view, none is more entitled to this appellation than Knox, who has been deservedly regarded as the father of the Reformation in Scotland. The history of his life is, indeed, little else than the history of this great religious revolution, and none can deny him the praise of courage, integrity, and indefatigable exertion in proclaiming that system of truth which he believed to be founded upon the word of God. To this he was faithful to the last, and, although it appears to me that on many occasions he acted on the principle (so manifestly erroneous and anti-christian,) that the end justified the means, on no one occasion do we find him influenced by selfish or venal motives. In this respect he stands alone, and pre-ominent over all the men with whom he laboured. To extirpate a system, which, in its every part he believed to be false and idolatrous, and to replace it by another, of which he was as firmly persuaded that it was the work of God, seem to have been the master passion of his mind. In the accomplishment of this, no one who has studied the history of the times, or his own writings, will deny that he was often fierce, unrelenting, and unscrupulous, but he was also disinterested, upright, and sincere. He neither feared, nor flattered the great: the pomp of the mitre, or the revenues of the wealthiest diocese, had no attraction in his eyes, and there cannot be a doubt of his sincerity, when, in his last message to his old and long-tried friend Lord Burghley, he assured him that he counted it higher honour to have been made the instrument that the gospel was simply and truly preached in his native country, than to have been the highest prelate in England.

During his last illness, his time was wholly occupied in offices of devotion, and in receiving the visits of a few religious friends, who affectionately assisted his family in the attendance which his feeble and helpless condition required. A few days before his death he sent for Mr. David Lindsay, Mr. James Lawson, and the elders and deacons of the church, and, raising himself in his bed, addressed them in these solemn words, "The time is ap-

* For "Knox's Monument," and "Knox's House," vide *Mirror*, Nos. 1,001 and 1,002.

proaching for which I have long thirsted, wherein I shall be relieved of all cares, and be with my Saviour Christ for ever. And now God is my witness, whom I have served with my spirit in the Gospel of his Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrine of the Gospel, and that the end I proposed in all my preaching was to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the weak, to comfort the consciences of those who were humbled under the sense of their sins, and bear down with the threatenings of God's judgments such as were proud and rebellious. I am not ignorant that many have blamed, and yet do blame, my too great rigour and severity, but God knows that in my heart I never hated the persons of those against whom I thundered God's judgments. I did only hate their sins, and laboured at all my power to gain them to Christ. That I forbore none of whatsoever condition, I did it out of the fear of my God, who had placed me in the function of the ministry, and I knew would bring me to an account. Now brethren, for yourselves, I have no more to say, but that you take heed to the flock over whom God hath placed you overseers, and whom he hath redeemed by the blood of his only begotten son. And you Mr. Lawson (this was his successor) fight a good fight. Do the work of the Lord with courage and with a willing mind, and God from above bless you and the church whereof you have the charge. Against it, so long as it continueth in the doctrine of truth, the gates of hell shall not prevail."

During his illness, he continued to exhibit all his wonted interest in public affairs, often bewailed the defection of Grange, one of his oldest friends, and sent a message to him which at the time was regarded as almost prophetic. "Go," said he, addressing Lindsey, the minister of Loith, "to yonder man in the castle, whom you know I have loved so dearly, and tell him that I have sent you yet once more to warn him, in the name of God, to leave that evil cause. * * Neither the craggy rock in which he miserably confides, nor the carnal prudence of that man (meaning the Secretary Lethington) whom he esteems a demigod, nor the assistance of strangers shall preserve him, but he shall be disgracefully dragged from his nest to punishment, and hung on a gallows against the face of the sun, unless he speedily amend his life and flee to the mercy of God."

BOHEMIAN PEARLS.

A LETTER from Vienna says that the pearl fishery in Bohemia and Moravia has been very productive this year. These pearls, known by the name of Bohemian pearls, are found in the Moldawa, from Krumau to below Farenberg. This river furnishes every year from 300 to 400 pearls, of the purest water, and very well shaped, besides several hundred imperfect pearls. The house of Schwartzenberg is proprietor of the greatest part of the banks. The

shells which produce the pearls are of a particular species, which it would be advantageous to increase. Besides the Moldawa, there is another small river, called the Wattawa, which produces a few pearls. They are not fished up, as in the Moldawa, from the bed of the river, but taken from the shells thrown upon the banks by the overflowing of the Wattawa.

MANDRIN'S* VISIT TO THE TAX-GATHERER OF MONTBRISON.†

IN the year 1764, Mandrin, the first brigand of France, presented himself at the gates of Montbrison. He was so well accompanied, that no one dreamed of opposing him with resistance. He, at this time, occupied the capital of Forez, as the Duke de Nemours did before him in the sixteenth century, but with this difference, in favour of the brigand, that he never exacted the least thing from the inhabitants, made them observe the most rigorous discipline, and even ordered one of his men to be shot upon the ramparts for having made an unworthy robbery.

After sundry dispositions of his troops to secure the inviolability of his person, Louis Mandrin, elegantly attired, and wearing even a rich-embroidered court-robe, say some historians, presented himself, followed by only two livery-men, at the house of M. de Palmaroux, Receiver of Taxes. The interview he had with this financier has been differently reported, but the majority of versions describe it to have been calm, the celebrated brigand never for a moment losing his politeness or suavity of manner.

"Monsieur Receiver, I am come to sup with you," said Mandrin, profoundly saluting the financier, and placing under his left arm his plumed hat, with all the ease of an accomplished courtier.

"May I know, sir, to whom I owe the honour of a visit of which I am highly sensible?" lisped M. de Palmaroux, fluttering between fear and surprise, though he knew not yet the name of the terrible guest he received.

"Nothing simpler, Mr. Receiver; my name is Louis Mandrin."

"—Louis Mandrin"

"—Do not exclaim; it is imprudent, my dear financier, to judge of people afar-off: it is necessary to see them. I am come precisely on this account, and to be entertained by you with a glass of wine. . . ."

"To be entertained! I do not understand what kind of relations we may have yet," said the Receiver, trembling from head to foot.

"I expected, to a marvel, you would say that to me, Monsieur; but it is needless to

* Mandrin and Cartouche, are, the one the most celebrated brigand, and the other the cleverest thief, which France has produced.

† Translated from the French of Touchard Laforest. Loire Historique.

discuss about my entertainment, we can conclude it at once by beginning. . . . I wish that everything should be transacted with a scrupulous regularity ; I am a man of good faith and justice, I ! it is for that reason I walk escorted by a file of muskets. For you must know, dear Receiver, that as the times run, a certain energy must make equity triumph. But before all, let us sup. . . . Where are the ladies !—they hide themselves, I fear !—What a shame !—They tell me that Madame de Palmaroux is a fine musician—I should be enchanted to hear her. One of the disagreeables of my career is to be deprived of music ; I hear nothing, except the cowhorns on the mountains, and that is not very harmonious.”

“—Monsieur, certainly . . . I think that . . . I am afraid that Madame de Palmaroux is indisposed.”

“Against me, perhaps . . . these devils of reputations ! . . . I wish to assure her myself.”

Louis Mandrin soon presented to Madame de Palmaroux the white and ornamented hand of a select gentleman : they went into the dining-hall, where, for precaution's sake, he placed behind his chair the pretended lacqueys, who also served at table, with great attention, the financier and his lady.

During the repast, they talked about the court, the public spectacles, the romances of the day, and the favouritism of Madame Pompadour, without a word touching on the motive of his interested visit. He persuaded Madame de Palmaroux, who was certainly very charming, to sing for him and play upon her harp. Mandrin, too, sang in his turn, and his voice was certainly melodious, however quaint his song :—

SONG.

I cannot tell ye, in sooth, from where
My maiden came, with her golden hair
And her snowy brow, but I say to ye,
She was fairer than aught in Christentye.

I cannot tell ye my maiden's name,
I cannot tell ye from whence she came ;
But from her kinsle's gold brocade,
I should say she was damsel of high degree.

'Tis the mystic eve of St. John, I ween ;
On Jordan's bank is that maiden seen ;
And a golden cross on her breast she beareth,
And a chalice of gold in her hand she beareth.

For she who shall first dip her hand in the stream,
When the full moon at midnight sheddeth her beam,
Shall govern all sprites till the shadows flee,
And whatever she wisheth shall granted be.

I would ye had seen how that maiden stood,
Lofty of brow and fearless of mood,
Looking to heaven with many a prayer,
To shield her from fiends of the midnight air.

The hour's at hand—the moon's at her height—
Up maiden ! nor fear thee nor goblin nor sprite ;
Thou art sainted with water and roses divine ;
On thy bosom thou bearest the holy sign !

There is shriek—there is shout—there is death-like cry ;
But the maiden hath rushed all rockless by ;
She stands in the stream, 'mid goblins fell,
An angel girl round by the fiends of hell.

Joy to thee, maiden, the spell is won !
Haste with thy cup, ere the morning sun
Shall gleam o'er the mountains : the water thou holdest
Will govern a' fiends, and appal the boldest.

Madame de Palmaroux, much admired Mandrin's song, and more his singing, and everything still went on merrily till the supper-cloth was removed, when the conversation changed its object. Madame, foreseeing the *conclusum* of Mandrin, desired to remain, although the brigand had prayed her to retire, as he did not wish, he said, to sadden the evening by the details of business. Confiding, like all women, in the power of her sex, she at least hoped to be able to moderate the exactions of the bandit, who had shown himself so courteous. But it was a chapter on which Mandrin never made any concessions, and of this she was soon convinced.

“There, let us finish our business,” said, at last, the enemy of fiscal rates, after having swallowed a last glass of champagne. . . . “How much, Monsieur Receiver, have we in cash ?”

“Ah ! very little, indeed, Monsieur Mandrin : the receipts have been a mere nullity this month—not, perhaps, seven or eight hundred pounds, altogether.”

“Take care what you tell me, dear Receiver, I intend to give you a good acquittance : and to put in your coffer, instead of the money, an accountable receipt, in proper form, to discharge you of all responsibility. You understand,—a discharge, sealed with my seal, with the stroke of five hundred double muskets : no chamber of accounts in the world can reject such a discharge. Come along, papa l'almaroux ; what sum have you in the cash-box ?”

“My hand on my conscience, 6,000 pounds.”

At these words Louis Mandrin, drawing from his embroidered pocket a little paper, threw his eyes upon it, and answered :—

“6,790 pounds. . . . You see, dear Receiver, that I am very well informed. . . . But 790 pounds come and go in the conscience of a financier. . . .”

Then turning himself to his two livoried myrmidons, the brigand added :—

“Accompany Monsieur to his cash : let him give you 6,790 pounds : you know that I never touch gold ; silver soils my hands : meanwhile, I will write my receipt here upon a stamp. Nothing like regularity in one's transactions.”

So saying, Louis Mandrin drew from his pocket a portable writing-case, and wrote his acquittance thus :—

“I, the undersigned, Louis Mandrin, own to have *received*, in cash, of M. Palmaroux, Receiver of Taxes, the sum of 6,790 pounds, violently extorted from the people of this town ; declaring the said Receiver to be duly exonerated of the said sum ; in token whereof I have given the present acquittance, to serve as an available discharge.—LOUIS MANDRIN.”

After this, Mandrin bowed to his hosts, who, though little flattered by his visit, could not avoid rendering their admiration to the urbanity and exquisite politeness of the renowned robber.

MR. HAYDON'S LECTURE ON
PAINTING.

THE above talented artist resumed his interesting lectures at the Mechanic's Institution, on Friday, the 4th inst.; and on that evening he delivered a history of—

THE FLORENTINE SCHOOL;

stating that, in 1290, the first society of artists was established in Venice, comprising painters, engravers, and sculptors, which materially tended to the advancement of science. Were such a combination now to exist, there would be more independence in art, and such imbecility as was now so evident in modern productions would not be the case. In 1406, the Florentines took possession of Pisa, the first great school, and here, under the patronage of the Medici, there arose a host of painters and artists. About this period it was supposed that the art of oil painting commenced; but this was not the case, as it was known about 1230 in historical paintings in England. Pliny even alludes to it, and Dr. Aske, who wrote fifty years ago, describes a mummy case, off which the painting could not be removed by spirits, so that it must have been an oil-colour. It was thus evident that Van Eyck but revived an art which had been discovered 2,000 years before. In the Florentine school arose two great luminaries, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci. The latter was a man of remarkable talents, but with no concentration of his energies. Painting was not the end of his existence, but only a portion of his occupation. His "Last Supper," and "The Battle of the Standard," were his two greatest productions, and displayed marks of great genius. In the National Gallery was one of his celebrated productions, that of "Christ reasoning with the Doctors;" but here there were defects which would, in modern productions, soon be borne down by the censure of the press. There was in his style a sense of beauty, which greater steadiness would have brought to perfection. No man could be more opposite to him than Michael Angelo, at once a painter, an architect, a sculptor, and a poet. He was one of those rare beings who came when he was wanted, and when the opportunity was suitable. He was brought up with every advantage under the patronage of Lorenzo de Medici, when ancient literature and art were breaking out from their obscurity, when men's minds were watching with eagerness every discovery, and the art of printing had first developed itself. The Pope, Julius II., who was his great patron, was a man of strong mind, and both were independent, proud, and happy. They were good friends, but often quarrelled and soon made friends again. His pictures are figured as if he had no time to live, the marks of hurry and rapidity of execution being visible in all. Many of his great productions were in the Sistine Chapel, but some of them contained the greatest errors of judgment.

THE PILE DE CINQ MARS.

ONE of the monuments, which is not only the most ornamental, but has occasioned the most speculation of any along the banks of the Loire, is the famous Pile de Saint-Mars, or de Cinq-Mars, about four leagues from Tours. It is a quadrangular pyramid of 86 French feet, 6 inches in height, and 12 feet 6 inches in breadth on each of its faces, at its summit, which is surmounted by five pillars 10 feet high, somewhat similar to those on mosques. That in the centre has been destroyed by storm, but those at the four angles remain entire. It is a mass of brick, mortar, and cement, without staircase or opening, and what its destination could have been will ever be a profound mystery. It is attributed to the Romans, but, like the round towers of Ireland, is involved in total darkness as to its origin, and, whether the Visigoths, or their predecessors built it, it is impossible to decide. Of course it has given rise to endless disputes and conjectures, which will probably continue to the end of time, or as long as this wonderful pile lasts, which there is every reason to suppose will be for ever, to judge by its strength and stability through ages. The unfortunate favourite of Louis XIII., the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, derived his title from the château near this spot, of which the ruins remain.—*A Summer among the Bocages and Vines.*

Fine Arts.

DIORAMA.

WHAT an influx of ideas burst on the imagination whilst viewing the above beautiful representation of that most sanctified of all earthly spots—THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM—which we saw at the private view on Thursday, the 10th inst. It is a faithful representation, painted by M. Rénoux, from a sketch taken on the spot by Mr. D. Roberts last year, and displays all that consummate skill in the various changes and contrasts of light and shade, and brilliancy of effect, the great characteristics of a Diorama, bringing before the eye of the beholder the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, with its ever-burning lamps in the shrine, and also in the recess, pointing out the place where the star rested.

—“And lo! the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was: when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy: and when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him.”

No description can give a just idea of the splendour of the magic transitions of light, as displayed in the bursting of the noon day's sun to the softening "religious light" emitted from the candles in the various niches. The painting must be seen in order to feel the excitement that irresistibly pervades the mind on viewing this powerful and solemn scene—the very spot hallowed by being once the resting-place of the infant Saviour of Mankind.

PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURE.

ITS SOILS AND IMPLEMENTS.

[AGRICULTURE is, of all sciences, the most ancient, for the Almighty Father of all, enjoins it to Adam, upon the planting of the first Garden. Gloriously, but solitarily, did that primeval region spread out, fresh in beauty from its Makor's hand; but until from its virgin mould, the first man was compounded, there was no living creature "to till the ground." The gloaming marigolds, and stately-tall sunflowers of Eden, were by the first great gardener, cultured for pleasure; while, it having been ordained that he should "eat of the herbs of the earth," he heartily applied himself to the growth and cultivation of the herbaceous tribe, and the fruitage of the arborescent kingdom. Nor in later times, has a science been found, which tends more to bring men to civilization, or yield more productive or healthy employment to the largest portion of the population of the globe—that provides sustenance for the whole. In the subjoined paragraphs,* the early state of this science, is lucidly described.]

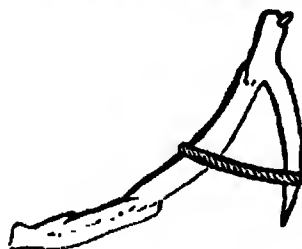
Primitive Agriculture of Egypt.—Tillage, or cultivation of the soil for grain, and other articles of vegetable food, is supposed to have been first practised, in imitation of the effects produced by the sand and mud left by the inundation of rivers. Those take place, more or less, in every country, and their effects on the herbage, which spontaneously springs up among the deposited sand and mud, must, at a very early period, have excited the attention of the countryman. This hypothesis seems supported by the traditions and natural circumstances of Egypt—a country overflowed by a river—civilized from time immemorial, and so abundant in corn, as to be called the granary of the adjoining states. Overflowed, only for a certain time, and the waters rapidly declining, the ground, enriched by the mud, was soon dug, and in a state fit to receive seed. The process of cultivation, was in this country, almost obvious and natural, for the ground being every year covered with mud brought by the Nile, and plants springing spontaneously after its recess, must have given the hint, that nothing more was necessary than to scatter the seeds, and they would vegetate. Secondly, the ground was prepared by nature for receiving the seed, and required only stirring sufficient to cover it. From this phenomenon, the surrounding nations learned two things; first, that the ground before sowing should be prepared and cleared from plants; and secondly, that the mixture of rich mould and sand would produce fertility.

Soil of India richly favourable to Agriculture.—Taking the whole of India, we find so varied a soil and climate, that there is lit-

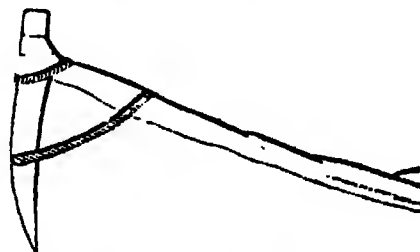
* Abridged and re-written, with additions, from a lecture delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, Calcutta, by A. Anderson Esq.—Vide *India Review*, vol. iv., No. xlv., pp. 753—7.

tle doubt that every product of the world might, in some part or other, be cultivated; and that under an improved and efficient system, so great is its fertility, and so vast its resources, that it might be made to supply the mother country with every culturable product, and render unnecessary, any imports from other nations. The intense heat and periodical rains in the plains, produce luxuriance of vegetation unknown elsewhere. In fact, the excess of luxuriance forms the chief embarrassment of the agriculturist, and seed is frequently seen, that had been sown one day, sprouting from the earth on the following; and the light loamy soil of the plains, is well known to produce, almost spontaneously, the richest produce, at the expense of so very small a portion of labour, as renders the cultivator unwilling to improvements that may involve him in a greater degree of exertion than he now bestows, which is next to nothing: indeed, along the immediate banks of the rivers, no more labour is expended on the winter crop, than is required to cast the seed on the wet soil, where it is left to Providence, to bring forth the crop in due season. There, the sugar-cane, the indigo, the poppy, the mulberry, the castor-tree, the palm, the cocoa-nut, and the cotton, all high in commercial estimation, are indigenous, and flourish abundantly.

Progressive Improvement of the Primitive Implements.—Antiquarians are, for the most part, agreed that the first agricultural implement must have been the bough of a tree, so growing in conjunction with another branch, as to form a hook, with which the ground might be scratched to deposit the seed; such are to be found in the images of Osiris.



This naturally led to the formation of the similarly shaped instrument of the pick-axe, very much resembling this:—



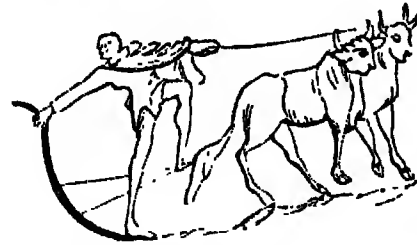
From this, the transition was very easy to the instrument known as the Etruscan plough, as depicted on a sculptured fragment in the Roman college, which, being subsequently shod

with iron, was, doubtless, the instrument with which the Israelites went down to fight the Philistines, as mentioned in the 13th and 14th chapters of the 1st Book of Samuel. This led also, there is no doubt, to the formation of the pickaxe, or mattock, and the hoe. That this became clumsy and unmanageable in a short time, is very evident, as also that it required much care in guiding, from the declaration of Jesus, to the man who expressed himself ready to follow him, but required to take leave first, of those in his house:—"No man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God,"—the entire attention of the ploughman being absolutely requisite to direct its movements, even with safety to the guider, has frequently been known to cause the log of a man to be caught by his plough, and the flesh torn, forming a ghastly wound of upwards of ten inches in length.

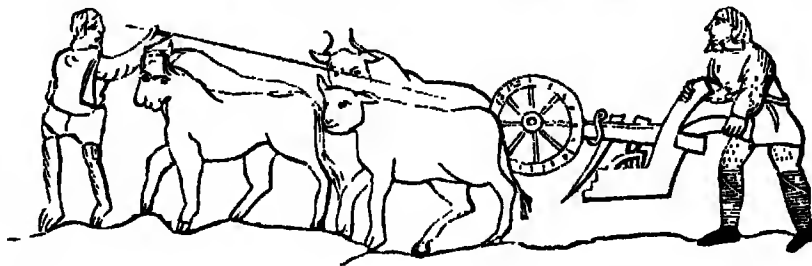
Saxon Agriculturists.—The only branch of the agricultural science pursued by the ruder Saxons, was pasturage and cattle, forming a medium of exchange, in lieu of money; as, in fact, was the case in most countries in the early ages, and some of the oldest coins are stamped with their figures; whence the term *pecunia*, in Latin, for money, holds its derivation from *pecus*, cattle. In fact, the Saxons held the culture of the soil as ignoble, fit only

for women and slaves; but after they were fully established in the land, they resorted extensively to pasturage, as a pursuit, so much so, that Stowe affirms, "The English people might have been said to be graziers, rather than ploughmen, for almost three parts of the kingdom were set apart for cattle."

Saxon Implements.—Of their implements, we have various sketches among the ancient manuscripts in the British Museum. The plough, used with two bullocks, is very simple, as appears by this sketch, taken from the Harleian Manuscripts:—



But the Cotton Manuscript furnishes a very superior implement, in the shape of a wheeled plough, drawn by four oxen, and furnished with a coulter and share of iron, but this does not appear at all in common use, and was,



most probably, as great a curiosity, as an English plough is here; and like it, required more oxen and many more hands, than the one ordinarily made use of. The ropes to attach the oxen, were made of twisted willow; while the ploughman frequently carried with him, a beetle or mallet, for breaking the clods of earth.

[Such was this science, in its early and primitive condition; since then, age by age, and day by day, has been signalised by fresh

improvements and discoveries, either in the fertilization of soils, or the perfecting of machineries. England, from being a rude, swampy, and uncultivated desert, as in the first periods of its history, has, by the pursuit of agriculture, been converted into a fruitful and luxuriant garden, while the vast steppes of Asia and Russia, and the broad uncultured prairies and savannahs of the Americas, have, by the same power, been transformed from barren solitudes, into regions of delight and abounding plenty.]

STARRY MANSIONS.

THE Stars!—habitations, it may be, of other classes of beings like ourselves—perhaps of angels—and perhaps of minds that have dwelt on, and quitted, earth, and are now coursing from star to star, as they advance in the power, or the wisdom, or the benevolence of their being. And is there anything of reality in this fond conjecture? Shall I, at some future day, sit with those whom I admire,

and those whom I love, on that bright orb? And may not attendant spirits there minister to our weaknesses and doubts, or the Deity himself condescend to more intimate communion? On which of these does Plato now repose? Where do the Cæsars mourn their lost dominion? And he, the "self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau," where has he found a refuge from "the wrack of this tough world?"

DISCOVERY OF SILK AS AN ELECTRIC.

No particular attention was paid to the electric qualities of silk, nor were any experiments made on it, as an electric, until the year 1759. Mr. Symmers' notice was then attracted to the subject, by the following whimsical circumstance, which led him to the performance of many curious experiments. The result of those, he communicated to the Royal Society, by whom his paper was inserted in the fifty-first volume of their "Transactions."

Mr. Symmer was in the habit of wearing, at the same time, two pair of silk stockings; the under pair white, and the upper black. If these were pulled off together, no sign of electricity appeared; but if the black stockings were pulled off from the white, a snapping or crackling was heard; and when this happened in the dark, sparks were plainly perceived between them. Thus incited, their philosophic wearer proceeded to make some further observations on the subject. He found, that by merely drawing his hand several times backwards and forwards over his leg, while the stockings were upon it, he produced, in great perfection, the following appearances.

On the stockings being taken off separately, and held within a certain distance of each other, both appeared to be highly excited, the white one vitreously, the black one resinously.* While kept at a small distance from each other, they were so inflated, that they exhibited the outsize shape of his leg; and if brought somewhat nearer, would immediately rush together. The inflation gradually subsided as they thus approached, and their attraction of extraneous objects diminished, as their mutual attraction increased; so that, when they actually met, they became flat, and adhered together like so many folds of silk. On being again separated, their electric powers did not seem to be at all impaired, and they continued for a considerable time to afford a repetition of those appearances.

If the two white stockings were held in one hand, and the black ones in the other, they were thrown into a strange agitation, owing to the attraction exercised between those of different colours, and the repulsion between those of the same colour. This conflicting of attractions and repulsions caused the stockings to rush to each other from greater distances than they would otherwise have done, and "afforded a very curious spectacle."

If the stockings were allowed to meet, they adhered together with considerable force. They required, at one time, a weight of twelve ounces for their separation; and, on another occasion, when they were more highly electrified, they sustained, in a direction parallel to their surface, as much as seventeen ounces,

which was twenty times the weight of the stockings. If one were placed within the other, it required a weight equal to twenty ounces to separate them, although half this sufficed for the purpose, if the stockings were applied to each other externally.

The black stockings being newly dyed, and the white ones first washed, and then bleached by exposure to the vapour of sulphur, their mutual attraction was seen to be much increased. Under these circumstances, if one was placed within the other with their rough sides together, it required a force of three pounds, three ounces to separate them.

With stockings of more substantial make, the cohesion was found to be still stronger. A white stocking of this description was placed within a black one of similar quality; first, with the right side of one contiguous to the wrong side of the other, and afterwards with the two rough surfaces touching each other; in the first case, they raised nearly nine pounds; and in the second, the still more surprising weight of fifteen pounds, without separating their surfaces. The tufts and ends of silk which are generally found on the inside of stockings considerably assisted towards the result of these experiments, which were not nearly so striking after these tufts were removed.

In the course of his experiments, Mr. Symmer also discovered that black and white silk, when highly electrified, not only cohere to each other, but will also adhere to any broad and to any polished surfaces, even though these bodies should not be themselves electrified. Having, undesignedly, thrown a stocking out of his hand, it struck against the side of the apartment, and adhered to the paper-hangings. He repeated the experiment, and found that the stocking would continue its adhesion for nearly an hour. Placing a black and a white stocking against the wall in this manner, he applied the two others to them, which had previously been highly electrified; and putting the white to the black, and the black to the white, he carried them off from the wall, each of them hanging to that which had drawn it from its situation. When the stockings were applied to the smooth surface of a looking-glass, they adhered even more tenaciously.

This knowledge of the non-conducting power of silk, was quickly followed by the discovery of the same quality in many other substances, and thus, accidentally, was laid the foundation of many of the subsequent improvements in the science of electricity.

TURKISH WIVES.

THERE is a very general idea prevalent in this country, that the Turks have a plurality of wives, but such a custom has no existence in reality. It is true that the Koran allows the Sultan seven wives, and every other Mussulman four; but there are few instances in Tur-

* Vitreous and resinous electricity used to be termed positive and negative.

key at the present day, of Turks having more than one wife; and I was assured by a Bey, that, with the exception of the Sultan, and three or four of the wealthiest Pachas, there were not five Turks in Constantinople who had more than one wife. On one occasion I asked an old Effendi how many wives he had. He replied, "One is all I can afford." I said it would be almost as cheap to keep four in a house as one, and his answer was, "Probably four English wives might live peaceably in one house, but Turkish wives must have separate houses; and a man must have as many establishments as he has wives, for if they were to live in the same house, they would scratch one another's eyes out." I was, however, acquainted with one Effendi who, getting tired of his wife, sold her, and bought two black ones with the money he got for her.—*Reid's Turkey and the Turks.*

ON STERNE'S TAKING SHELTER IN SAVOY.

STERNE's chapter of "The Case of Delicacy," when he was obliged, in passing through Savoy in his way to Turin, on a "wet and tempestuous night," to take shelter "at a little decent kind of an inn by the road-side," from the peasants having been all day at work in removing a fragment of a great stone which a cataract had rolled down from its summit, and blocked his road up, between St. Michel and Modane; and where he took possession of his bedchamber, got a good fire, ordered supper, and thanked heaven that it was no worse. This chapter has charmed so many readers, that one naturally wishes to know where this little inn exactly is—Thomas Warton declared, that every hovel to which Shakspeare alluded, interested curiosity. I fear, however, that all remnants of this *auberge* are now lost, and I can therefore only state to my reader, the kind of country where it was unfortunately situated, and they will then judge of the satisfaction which Mr. Sterne must have felt, when he was lucky enough, on this "wet and tempestuous night," to enter this little asylum, which has conferred an imperishable lustre on his sportive genius.

A "Voyage en Suisse et en Italie," par V. D. M., 1800, thus endeavoured to have found it: "Après avoir passé le village de

Breman, bâti dans l'endroit le plus triste du canton, on traverse plusieurs lieues de pays qui m'ont fait une impression difficile à s'effacer; un bois de sapins, de pins, de mélèzes; rond l'ombre causée par l'elevation des montagnes plus épaisse encore. On croirait en voyant les rochers, qu'ils vont rouler dans les fonds du précipice. Un bruit considerable, qui ne diminue ni n'augmente, ajoute encore à l'horreur de ce séjour. C'est une rivière qui tombe de roches en roches. On écoute, on contemple, on est saisi, on croirait toucher au moment où quelque grand convulsion de la nature va confondre les éléments. Un torrent qui paraît tomber du ciel interrompt la route, et sépare les deux montagnes. Elles sont réunies par un pont rustique qui tremble, un bruit que fait le torrent. Bois d'Una, séjour d'une mélancholique horreur! Vallons de Modane et Saint Michel, vos torrens, vos précipices, vos rochers de toutes couleurs, seront long-tems gravés dans ma mémoire! Nous cherchâmes en vain entre Saint Michel et Modane, la maison où Sterne termina son *Voyage Sentimental*, dans la société d'une Piémontaise, qu'un hasard heureux lui fit rencontrer." This gentleman, whose name, I believe, is *Musset*, in a note, informs us, he had translated the whole of the *Sentimental Journey*, but delayed printing it, from the numerous editions, and sale of preceding translations. Whether he has ventured to publish it I know not. With respect to this "Voyage en Suisse et en Italie," every page is marked with interest.

The "Itinéraire d'Italie," 1806, thus states part of the road from Chamberi to Turin:

Saint Jean de Maurienne.

à St. Michel, 1 poste and $\frac{1}{2}$.

à St. André, $1\frac{1}{2}$.

à Modane, $1\frac{1}{2}$.

à Villadorin, $1\frac{1}{2}$.

à Bramante, 1.

à Laus-le-Bourg, $1\frac{1}{2}$.

It does not give an alluring display of the scenery of this country. There are many villages* "qui se trouve dans une situation

your passage, and separates the two mountains. They are re-united by a rustic bridge which shakes at the sound made by the torrent. Forest of Una, abode of melancholy horror! Vallies of Modane and St. Michel! Ye torrents, precipices, and many-coloured rocks, long will ye be graven on my memory! We sought in vain between St. Michel and Modane, the house where Sterne terminated his "Sentimental Voyage," in the society of a Piedmontese, which a happy chance made him meet with.

* There are many villages which are frightfully situated. In the vicinity of the cascade, are to be perceived the remains of a dreadful earthquake, and of rocks which cover about two miles of ground, and give an idea of the horrible convulsion which this spot has witnessed. . . . St. Jean de Maurienne is situated in the midst of the highest Alps. . . . In winter, and during the pressure of the snows, avalanches are much to be dreaded. The routes most difficult to traverse, are the mountain St. Michel, the side of St. André, the forest of Bramante, and the mountain of Tremignone. From St. André to Bramante, the highest tops of the Alps are to be seen.

* After having passed the village of Breman, built in the most wretched part of the Canton, I traversed some leagues of country, which made an impression on me, difficult to efface; a wood of firs, pines, and larches, caused the shadow thrown down by the elevated mountains, to become more sombre still. You would have thought, on seeing these rocks, that they were ready to hurl themselves into the depths of the precipice. A considerable noise, which neither diminished nor increased, added further to the horror of the place. There is a river which falls from rock to rock, you listen to it, contemplate it, are astonished, and fancy you are arrived at the moment when some great convulsion of nature is about to confound the elements. A torrent which seems to fall from heaven interrupts

effrayante. Près de la cascade, on voit les restes d'un éroulement terrible de terre, et de rochers qui couvrent environ deux miles de terrain, et donnent une idée de l'horrible secousse que cet endroit dut éprouver St. Jean de Maurienne est situé au milieu des plus hautes Alpes. Dans l'hiver, et pendant la foule des neiges, les avalanches sont à craindre. Les passages les plus difficiles sont la montagne de *St. Michel*, la coté de St. André, les bois de Bramante, et la montagne de Tremignone. De St. André à Bramante, on voit les plus hautes cimes des Alpes."

Richard's "Guide des Voyageurs en Europe," 1824, thus describes this part of Savoy: "St. Jean de Maurienne, n'offre que de vilaines maisons et de vilaines rues, mais les dehors en sont frais et rians. Le faubourg où passe la route est assez agréablement bâti, et l'on y trouve quelques auberges passables. De plus vastes tapis de neige frappent les regards du voyageur, qui se reproche insensiblement de la région où la nature a établi leur éternel empire. Presque à mi-chemin de St. Jean à St. Michel, où traverse le village de St. Julien, dont les environs produisent un vin délicat et très estimé dans la Savoie, sous le nom de vin de St. Julien. St. Michel, joli village. La route le traverse en deux haies de jolies maisons, dont plusieurs sont des auberges; mais c'est surtout par son site qu'il plaît aux voyageurs. Entouré d'une enceinte riante des vergers et de prairies, il semble sortir du milieu d'un bouquet de verdure." Les vignes se montrent encore auprès de St. André, qu'on laisse à peu de distance sur la gauche, pour passer à Franco, hameau voisin, qui offre la ressource d'une auberge. On arrive à Modane, bourg, avec une médiocre auberge. Villasouders, et Bramante, deux chétifs hameaux. Termignon, bourg qu'on trouve une lieue avant celui de Lans-lo-Bourg. On vante la beauté des femmes. Lans-lo-Bourg, est encore plus

* St. Jean de Maurienne contains nothing but wretched houses, and wretched streets, but the country parts are fresh and pleasing. The suburb through which the route lies is nicely built, and in it are to be met some respectable inns. The vast tracks of snow quite astonish the traveller, who insensibly approaches a region, where nature has established their eternal place. In my way from St. Jean to St. Michel, I traversed the village of St. Julien, whose environs produce a very delicate wine, very much esteemed in Savoy, under the name of the wine of St. Julien. St. Michel is a charming village. The road to be traversed lies between two rows of pretty houses, many of which are auberges; but that which chiefly pleases travellers is its site. Surrounded by a beautiful enclosure of orchards and pastures, it seems to rise from the midst of a cluster of verdure. Vines show themselves yet, as far as St. André, which you leave at a little distance on the left, to pass to Franco, a neighbouring hamlet, which offers the resource—of an inn. You next arrive at Modane, a town, with a poor inn. Villasouders, and Bramante, two wretched hamlets. Termignon, a town which is arrived at about a league before that of Lans-lo-Bourgh. The beauty of its women is much vaunted. Lans-lo-Bourgh, is yet more wretched, if possible, than Termignon. Both of them are very frightful places.

triste, s'il est possible, que Termignon. Ce sont deux bien affreux séjours."

Mr. Downs, in his "Letters on the Continent," 2 vols., 1832, says: "Having passed the poor village of Ternigham, we reached Modane for breakfast; a picturesque line of road beyond, follows the course of the Arque. *St. Michel* is an agreeable village, embowered now with foliage and verdure. In the day there was a hurricane, which threatened to overset the carriage." Sterne, in a letter from Turin, Nov. 1765, says: "I was eight days in passing the mountains of Savoy." As thousands of travellers yearly, (nay monthly,) pass from Lyons and Geneva, through Savoy, to Turin, in their road to Rome, and other parts of Italy, perhaps the "road-side" *ubi Troja fuit* may yet be discovered. Jackson, the "enchanting harmonist of Exeter," as Dr. Wolcot called him, thus writes: "Sterne was a prodigy. By daring to think for himself, and, what is more, daring to express his thoughts, he naturally belongs to a different period of society than that in which he lived. An anonymous writer thus speaks of him: "The airy visions of Mr. Sterne are sketched with a bold line of eccentricity. He colours his scenery with most expressive tints of glowing sensibility, and he disposes his drapery in all the alluring folds of a luxuriant fancy. His heart-touching pages pronounce him to have possessed the magic talisman of sensibility;" and Sir W. Scott says of him: "In the power of approaching and touching the fine feelings of the heart, he has never been excelled, if, indeed, he has ever been equalled." S. F.

PLAY-BILL OF PASTRY-WORK.

PLAY-BILLS have, from time immemorial, issued from the Caxtonian office of the printer, in solid black letter, and forming the technically termed "broadside," but there is much reason for doubting, whether on this side the sun, since the days of King Solomon, anything newer or more original than the following, has been started in that line.

"An Italian comedian," says a foreign journal, "is about to establish, in his theatre, at Bologna, a theatrical play-bill, remarkable for being as original as new, and which, according to some opinions, promises sanguine success.

"The inventor, reflecting that the spectators would be well pleased to drive away the ennui occasioned by the time between acts, with some knick-knack or delicacies, has determined to make a play-bill, giving the programme of the pieces, and, for this purpose, to make use of, instead of paper, a delicious pâté, which, by a process of the pastry-cook's art, should be capable of transforming itself into a number of little pastry-leaves, on which are to be printed, the names of the best pieces, acts, and actors, not in ink, but in chocolate

juice. By these methods, the play-bill, after having served as a programme of the play, is, as may be seen, convertible, at last, into a confectionary treat of nice cake, shaped in the fashion of leaves.

New Books.

Stenography Remodelled. By J. Fancutt.
[Sherwood.] MDCCCXL.

THIS stenographic system is based on a good plan, but should have been set out more lucidly for practical purposes. Harding's clever little short-hand book is a model that way, and pre-excellent for the clearness and simplicity of its examples.

Mr. Fancutt's emendations will be of much service to the practisers of the art, and are capable of being worked out to great advantage. His use of the *quasi* triple line, affords him a great variety of positions, and its power is much further enhanced by the grammatical re-triplications he further makes use of, as set forth at p. 21 :—

"The most important thing to be understood in reference to this part of the subject, is the *grammatical power of the line* in its general application of the three positions; whereby it is made to express :—

First :—the affirmative, negative, and interrogative;
Second :—the present, past, and future;
Third :—the nominative, possessive, and objective;
Fourth :—the noun, adjective, and verb."

At p. 80, exists a statistical morceau, demonstrating the comparative frequency and reiteration of the consonants, in general speech and writing, whereby it is evident, that such letters as are most frequent of occurrence, should, by the framers of stenographical alphabets, be made of the very simplest marks :—

Comparative recurrence of the Consonants.

B 1,000	C 2,000	D 2,000	F 2,000
G 1,000	H 1,000	J 300	K 500
L 2,500	M 2,000	N 4,000	P 1,000
Q 300	R 3,000	S 5,000	T 4,500
V 500	W 1,000	X 200	Y 1,000
Z 100			

Mr. Fancutt likewise adopts three very convenient marks for figures of speech; and which being used as indicative signs thereof, are sufficient to recall to an intelligent mind the substance of the illustration itself: they are these :—

First, metaphor, allegory, or comparison, is signified thus, ———. It should not often be used for simple and short metaphors unless they are very pointed and novel, but invariably for an allegory or comparison.

Second, antithesis, ———. Comparison is founded on the resemblance, antithesis on the resemblance of two objects; contrast has always the effect to make each of the contrasted objects appear in the stronger light; white, for instance, never appears so bright as when opposed to black, and when both are viewed together.

Third, amplification or climax, ———. This figure is frequently used. The reasons or circumstances are by it made to rise out of each other, to ascend and accumulate till their force appears irresistible, following each other by inseparable links.

If the sign suggest but the least idea to the memory, very little effort will be necessary to recall the illustration in detail to the mind.

Mr. Fancutt has certainly endeavoured to imbue his art with a classicality it had not beforetime; and he desires that the student should not regard it as a mere mechanical pursuit, but as one which is capable of invigorating his memory, and intellectualizing his mind.

A Trip to North Wales. By John Parry.
[London: Limbird. Chester: E. Parry.]

To those of our readers who intend, in the invigorating months of September and October, to luxuriate amidst the rich autumnal magic scenery of North Wales, they cannot do better than avail themselves of "Parry's Trip:" it will be found an entertaining and exhilarating Guide whilst perambulating those sublime and beauteous spots with which that favoured and romantic part of the Principality so pre-eminently abounds. It conducts the reader from London, explaining throughout the *route*, in the most pleasing and familiar manner, the various mountains, lakes, and rivers; with graphic descriptions of the castles, and every object worthy of attention. The various distances, names of principal hotels, conveyances, &c., &c., are appended. It is a perfect *mullum in parvo*.

The Servant Girl in London. [R. Hastings.]

AMONG the numerous Hand Books, Guides, and other similar works, daily emanating from the press, none gives fairer promise of being more generally useful, than "The Servant Girl in London:" it is addressed to young females on leaving their homes "to go out to service;" and, certainly, a more useful companion cannot well be placed in their hands; for, like a faithful Mentor, it will guard them against the innumerable ills which strew the paths of the unsuspecting and defenceless servant girls in the Metropolis.

This little work will prove a valuable present from parents to their daughters; and also from mistresses of families to their servants. It is very neatly printed, and very cheap.

QUEEN MARY'S FAIR HAND.

QUEEN MARY's first attempt to escape from the Castle of Lochleven with William Douglas, failed through the carelessness of the queen herself.

She had succeeded in leaving the castle in the disguise of a laundress, with whom she had changed clothes, and when seated in the boat, which was pushing from the shore, she betrayed herself by lifting her hand to her head.

The beauty and extreme whiteness of that hand discovered her at once, and she was carried back to her chamber in tears and bitterness of heart.

BERZEWITCH.

THE UPRIGHT ROBBER OF BOSNIA.

It has been no unfrequent thing for men who started in life with fine principles, and severely just notions, to swerve, when stung by the vexations of the world, from the paths of that original rectitude, and plunge into a career hostile to all law; still, nevertheless, at times, sparks of their former nobility are struck out amid the darkness of their degradation, and the inward man triumphs over the victim which the world has made him.

The famous Berzewitch was the chief of the Bosniac brigands. A young man named Yorkich presented himself before him to be enrolled in his band.

Interrogated as to what were the guarantees of his bravery, he answered that he had assassinated the father and the two brothers of a young damsel of Temeswar, whom they refused to give him in marriage, that her, being unwilling to follow him, he had stabbed, and then set fire to the house.

"I see," said Berzewitch, coldly, "that you are brave, but your courage must still be tried by a proof, and for this purpose you must accompany one of my men to the top of the mountain." He then addressed some words in an undertone to one of his faithful adherents, who forthwith went with the young man to the mountain's summit.

Arrived at the peak of the great mountain, he shattered the culprit's brains with his pistol.

Berzewitch then wrote this billet to the judges of the tribunal at Temeswar.

"Yorkich, the assassin and incendiary, has been punished with death by my order.

(Signed) "BERZEWITCH, Captain of the free Bosniacs."

The carrier of the billet disappeared immediately after he had delivered it.

Ever since, the chief of the brigands has been surnamed, "The Grand Justiciar."

POISONING BY THE SWEET PEA.*

(*Lathyrus Odoratus*.)

BY M. PUEL, OF FIGEAC.

THE *Lathyrus Odoratus*, a leguminous plant, is very common in the south of France. Its beautiful colours and agreeable odour have acquired for it a place in our gardens. No one hitherto has recognised pernicious properties in it. The following fact, however, proves that it may occasion symptoms analogous to those caused by acro-narcotic vegetables.

On the 20th of July, 1837, M. Puel was called in to a lady who exhibited every symptom of poisoning. In the absence of physicians he was obliged to render immediate assistance; and the following are the observations which he made of the case:—

The pulse was strong, and gave 120 pulsa-

* Re-written from "the Chemist," No. 12.

tions; the eyes sunken and the pupil much dilated; the tongue and lip became purple and swelled; the face very deeply coloured; the veins of the neck full and prominent, and the lower extremities cold.

The husband of the lady, being interrogated as to what had caused this state, gave M. Puel the following information:—

In the morning, at nine o'clock, Madame B—— had prepared and taken a cup of chocolate; she went into the garden, where she gathered a bouquet of sweet-pea, which she put in her mouth. Soon after, she set out with her husband to return to their residence in the town. Half an hour after their departure, she felt a pain in the throat, accompanied by excessive thirst; she attributed this to the extreme heat of the day, but it gradually increased to the end of their journey. She presently could not articulate a word, and almost entirely lost the use of her senses. M. Puel was at this crisis called. He requested to be shown the bouquet which Madame B—— carried in her mouth during her walk; it was composed of ten branches of sweet-pea. The total weight was about 24 grammes; the lower part of these branches was chewed for a third of its length. M. Puel immediately attributed the symptoms which Madame B—— experienced to the properties of this plant, and treated her case as he would one of poisoning by *bella donna*.* By this treatment, after a day's pain and illness, Madame B—— revived.

M. Puel considers that the symptoms experienced were the result of poisoning by an acro-narcotic vegetable—and produced, in all likelihood, by the sweet-pea.

He endeavours to turn the attention of experimentalists to the subject, that they may determine the true properties of the *Lathyrus Odoratus*.

Arts and Sciences.

IRON EXPRESS COACH, FOR CROSSING SANDY DESERTS.

THE want of a vehicle of this description has long been considered a desideratum by European travellers, in their toilsome journeyings across the arid and scorching deserts of Egypt and Arabia. Hitherto the means of conveying travellers or merchandize over these extensive and barren sands has been by camels and dromedaries, for wooden carriages of any construction were utterly useless, as it was found impossible to discover any species of timber that could resist the intense heat of these districts, which soon splits and rends the best-seasoned timber. British ingenuity has, how-

† *Atropa Belladonna*. Deadly nightshade or dwale: it is also called *solanum melnucerasus*, and *solanum lethale*. This plant has been long known as a strong poison of the narcotic kind, and the berries have furnished many instances of their fatal effects, particularly upon children that have been tempted to eat them. The activity of this plant depends on a principle *sui generis*, called *atropia*.—*Hooper's Med. Diet., sub articulo*.

ever, found out a mode of overcoming the difficulty, by substituting *iron* for *wood*. A carriage has been constructed, under the direction of Mr. Waghorn, by Messrs. Theodore Jones and Co. of Spitalfields, the patent iron wheel manufacturers. This vehicle, which is calculated to hold six persons, their stores, water, &c., has not the smallest portion of wood in its construction. The framework, the wheels, shafts, flooring, benches, &c., are all of wrought iron bars, either flat or round, according to the purpose required, the bottom being open like a *not-work*, to allow the temperate air to come up freely, and drive out the hot air, as it generates, through the top valves. There are hair-cushions placed on the benches, which form seats quite as comfortable as those of any other coach. The machine is hung on the central spring principle, which discharges the weight from the horse, and throws it on the wheels—this is another advantage in a hot country. It will thus afford, when brought fully into operation, a safe and comfortable conveyance for travellers, despatches, and the lighter articles of commerce, and is likely to be the means of opening extensively that easy intercourse between Palestine, Persia, Arabia, and Egypt, which is greatly wanted, and would vastly extend the bounds of human knowledge, commerce, and civilization.

NEW MODE OF PROPELLING STEAM-VESSELS.

A few days since, the Lord Mayor, attended by several scientific gentlemen, made an excursion on the river Thames, in the little steamer, *Jane*, to witness Mr. Taylor's invention for propelling steam-vessels. The *Jane* has long been an object of admiration on account of her diminutive size, being only a common whaling-boat, to which Mr. Bloxland, some months back, applied paddle-wheels, and in which he fixed a steam-engine of rather less than one-horse power. These paddle-wheels, with their clumsy and unsightly appendages, the paddle-boxes, have been removed, so that the little boat is restored to her original form, excepting the addition of a figure-head and counter-stern; the propeller, which has increased her speed one third, the power remaining the same, has been introduced, but the steam-engine has not been moved from its original position, a fact that proved to the experimenters the entire applicability of the method to every steam-vessel. His lordship took water from Southwark-bridge pier, and proceeded some way up the river against tide, after which he proceeded to Blackwall, and then returned against the tide, which was running strong all the time, and, on landing at Dyer's-hall Wharf, the gentlemen expressed the strongest approbation of the genius of the inventor. Throughout the whole of the trip, the *Jane* performed admirably; she was under the most perfect control, and appeared to be steered much more easily than when encum-

bered with the paddle-wheels; she moved as if by magic, creating no swell in the water, and was not affected by the hubbub occasioned by the rapid transit of the large steamers.

ERECTION OF A SAFETY BEACON ON GOODWIN SANDS.

To Captain Bullock, of Her Majesty's Steamer, *Boxer*, we are indebted for having succeeded in erecting a column about 40 ft. above the level of the sea, having cleets and ropes attached to four of its sides, with holds for hands and feet. At the summit of the column is attached a gallery of hexagon form, made of trellis work, and capable of holding 20 persons at one time. Above the gallery, and in continuation of the column, is a flagstaff 10 ft. long, thus making the entire beacon 50 ft. in height. The sides of the gallery are so constructed as to enable the persons in it to be covered in with sailcloth, which is reefed in and round it, and can be used at pleasure; as also an awning to pass over it, which is fixed to the flagstaff; thus entirely protecting any unfortunate mariner who may seek shelter on the column from foul and tempestuous weather. A barrel of fresh water, together with a painted bag enclosing a flag of distress, is stationed on the gallery, and the words "hoist the flag," painted in the languages of all nations on boards stationed round the inner part of the gallery, so that the foreigner as well as native seaman may be enabled to show a signal of distress, and obtain help from shore, which is about seven miles distant from the beacon. The means by which the beacon has been erected in so extraordinary a place as the Goodwin Sands, are as follow:—The foundation of the column is several feet below the surface of the sand, and is secured in the centre of a stout oak platform, extending from it on either side several yards. This is secured by upwards of two tons of pig-iron ballast being lashed to it. In addition to this, eight stout iron bars, each six feet long, are driven obliquely on each quarter of the column, and two also put at a distance of 12 ft. on each quarter, and chains attached to them, communicating with the upper part of the column and the gallery. The sands for three or four hours during the tides, are high and dry, and present a fine tract of level extending for several miles.

CHINESE ASSOCIATIONS.

"THE HEAVENLY FLOWER ASSOCIATION"

Is a name assumed by the Beggars' Association in Canton. It is said to consist of a thousand members. Eight dollars entrance money is required; there are four head-men; these have power to punish severely a member of the association who violates its rules. These beggars require and obtain certain gifts for good luck on all great domestic affairs, whether

mournful or joyful, whether at marriages and deaths, or births and funerals. Any street or neighbourhood can free itself from beggars by paying a certain sum to one of the head-men, who sticks up an order that none are to beg there for money; they are still allowed to beg for food.

"THE WHITE BONE SOCIETY"

Is another of these associations. It is established to collect dead men's bones, the bodies of drowned persons, &c., to inter them; and is considered one of the most benevolent institutions in Canton.

The Gatherer.

Truth, Love, Justice, and Art, may be called the four Evangelists of the world.

Exalted instance of high principle.—Mr. Wesley tells of a person who, unknown to others, seeking no praise, and looking to no reward, but the applaudings of his own conscience, bought a pennyworth of parsnips weekly; and on them, and them alone, with the water in which they were boiled, lived that he might save money to pay his debts!

The Northmen in America.—A very old large city, the buildings of which are of hewn stone, has been lately discovered in the vicinity of Bahia. Professor Schuk, of the Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, infers, from the attached specimens of inscriptions, that the city was founded by the Scandinavians, during their residence in, or occupation of, the country. The signification of a figure, erected on an immense pillar, which stretches out its right arm and points with the forefinger to the north pole, appears to be singularly remarkable.

Self-praise.—Beware of counting up your own merits and advantages with complacency, and remember, that it was for counting the number of his people, that David was deprived of them.

The *Montreal Gazette* confirms the melancholy account of the death of Mr. Simpson, (one of the discoverers of the North-West Passage); he having destroyed himself in a paroxysm of despair.

Broadstairs is a capital station for falling in love. I strongly advise all matrons with growing-up daughters, to go thither in preference to Margate or Ramsgate. The double pier and steam-vessels in the former place, and the view of the Downs from the latter, occupy the mind too much; there is no room for the tender passion. But at Broadstairs, after a young man and maiden have eaten their morning prawns, and taken their morning yawns, they have nothing to do but to fall in love till eleven o'clock at night. There is no raffle at the libraries, and the Tract Society meetings only occur once a month.—*Memoirs of James Smith.*

Metamorphoses of Cultivation.—It is believed that above 1,000 named varieties have been manufactured, within the last twenty-five years, out of the common pansy.

Sharp pains and terrible nights form a constant codicil to the gout.—*Letters of Horace Walpole.*

The downy seeds of plants seen floating about upon the wind in autumn, are *not* lighter than air, but have so much bulk and surface in proportion to their weight, that the friction upon them of the passing air is greater than their weight, and carries them along.

Knowledge.—That which we do not know, is what gives value to all our knowledge, and interest to our studies.

The Temple at Jerusalem was thrice built. First, by Solomon: secondly by Zerobabel: thirdly, by Herod. The ancient men were said to weep when they beheld the second, because its glory was so far short of Solomon's. Ezra. 3, 12. Herod's Temple was finished in eight years, and was set on fire by the soldiers of Titus.—*Josephus, lib. 6, cap. 6.*

The Dwarf in the Bayeux Tapestry.—The dwarf in this tapestry has the name of TVROLD placed above him, and seems to have been a dependant of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, William the Conqueror's brother.—*Archæologia, vol. 1, xix.*

The natives of Otaheite, though soft and gentle as children, were yet cannibals.

Draining the Haerlem Lake.—M. Dietz, a celebrated Dutch engineer, has invented a machine which it is supposed will be adopted for this purpose, and by means of which he calculates that 100,000 cubic ells of water may be drained off daily. This ingenious person estimates the body of water contained in the Haerlem Sea at 770,000,000 of cubic feet, to empty which it would require ten of his machines of thirty horse power each, the quantity drained off by them daily being 1,000,000 of cubic feet, thus making the period required for its entire removal 800 days.

Lusus Naturæ.—The wife of a private of the 60th rifles at Windsor, has a son 17 years old, standing only 2ft. 6in. high. When born he had a twin brother, who died shortly after its birth; and, singular to relate, both born with tails; the one still living underwent a surgical operation, and the appendage was removed.—*Reading Mercury.*

The King of Prussia has written an autograph letter to the poet Tieck, granting him an annual pension of 4000 thalers, or 560*l.*

Unhappiness.—It is hard for an elevated spirit to be happy. Those who are born among mountains, pine away with longing when condemned to dwell in valleys.

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The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1025.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.



SINGAPORE:

WITH THE DEPARTURE OF THE DIVISION OF THE FLEET FOR CHINA: MAY 30, 1840.

SINGAPORE.

BEING favoured by a gentleman with a drawing of the above important station, made by himself at the time of the departure of the expedition to China, on Saturday afternoon, the 30th of last May, we immediately availed ourselves of so interesting a tableau at this critical juncture; together with some particulars of the country and its inhabitants.

Singapore Town, in lat. $1^{\circ} 17' 22''$ north, and long. $103^{\circ} 51'$ east, is four miles directly north of the centre of St. John's Island, or north a little westerly of Signal Island. This place is becoming very populous, and will be of great importance to the British nation, both in point of trade, and for the protection of ships of any size during war, or for refitting in case of accident. It is also central with respect to Java, China, and our Indian possessions, which, together with the probability of establishing docks for ships, renders this settlement of the utmost consequence to commerce.

The following information is extracted from a letter by an officer in the expedition, dated May 21st. last:—"The circle of society here is much more extensive than I had imagined, and, as visitors from other parts of the straits are frequently arriving, enough of variety in that respect is to be found to satisfy some of the many. Most of the dwelling-houses are exceedingly handsome buildings, and although the soul-quieting punkah is certainly not in such general use as in the residences over the water, coolness and comfort are quite as much studied, and in the majority of cases with as much elegance, as in the best of Madras mansions. For the most part, also, the view commanded from the houses is lovely to a degree, and especially from those situated in and about the lines of the regiment stationed here, about a mile and a half from the town, where in all directions landscapes of the most beautiful description, embracing every feature of sea, islands, forests, dwellings, &c., present themselves to the eye. Unfortunately, the island is covered with so dense and impervious a mass of low jungle, that but little of the *terra firma* can be seen, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the town; the surface of the whole island appears to be gently undulating, but none of the hills seem to rise to any considerable height; where these have been cleared of jungle the nutmeg tree flourishes in great luxuriance, and the plantations of it are now so extensive, as to promise to render the produce one of importance. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more delightful retreat and richly planted field for the botanist than in this island and the small ones which surround it; an immense variety of the most beautiful and rare ferns, parasites, and epiphytes, of the pitcher plant, &c., seem here to abound; and in the prosecution of this study any one whose fate it may be to be a sojourner in this part of the

world, cannot fail to find it a sure resource and a delightful dissipator of ennui, which here as elsewhere holds its own.

"Of the geology of the island I cannot speak so surely, as, from the universal dense jungle which I mentioned before, and from the depth of the soil where patches of it have been cleared, it is a matter of great difficulty to find a section, even upon the smallest scale, by which to gain an insight into the nature of the earth beneath; such, however, as I have seen of it induces me to expect that to a careful inquirer it will prove abundantly interesting, as it appears to promise to throw much light upon the question of the origin and true geological position of the laterite: this stone, or rock as we may call it, here occurs immediately in contact with, and confusedly mixed up with, red sandstone, (whether the old or the new I have found no evidence to determine,) large fragments of which, as well as of innumerable small ones, occur imbedded in the masses of laterite, which cap the hills, dip into the valleys, and meet the eye wherever the cutting of a road or other similar work has exposed a small section to view; in other parts it runs in small and large veins into the sandstone, often terminating in seams of a fine stiff white clay, which sometimes cuts the sandstone entirely out."

For further particulars of Singapore, we refer the reader to the nineteenth volume of the *Mirror*.

TO AN EXILE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE gaudy flowers of tropic skies,
Must scarce yield beauty to a mind
Whose inmost pulse too often sighs
For the sweet blossoms left behind;
Though richest hues their charms combine
To grace full many a glowing spot,
They cannot with thy feelings twine,
Like England's mourned Forget-me-not.
I know not each proud name they bear,
Those foreign, bright, and gorgeous flowers;
I only know they can't compare
With the beloved ones of ours;
The flowers that blessed our early years,
The woodbine and sweet violet,
I gaze on often now with tears,
Nor canst thou e'er their charms forget.
Or should they in that clime be seen,
In each sweet shadowy leaf thou'lt trace,
Some memory that once has been
Dear to thine early dwelling-place;
Their very fragrance then would bear
Thy wandering spirit to the spot
Where last it saw them blossom fair,
Distant and lone, yet unforget.

MARIA R.—

DUM VIVIMUS—VIVAMUS.

CHILDREN, 'tis not in vain
Ye drink and dance; for mortal men are all
Weighed in the balance,—words God wrote on Babel's
wall.

One little hour—one little hour, and ye
Are gone for ever, like the summer flowers;
Gone like the sunshine of the maiden's eye;
Gone like the song which gladdened all the bowers;
So dance and slug—the present hour is ours.

Allen Cunningham.

T A R A R E.

AN IMAGINARY DRAMA.

(From *Blackwood*.)

GREAT men must be employed to complete great changes in empire ; but little men often begin them. In this moral architecture, the man who raises the proud superstructure, who brings all the discordant features into one grand harmony, who fills the eye with the consummate and magnificent shape of solidity and power, must be the master of his art ; but any workman can dig the foundation.

Joseph II., of Germany, was the workman of the French Revolution. He was the deliver, Napoleon was the architect. Nothing could be more remote from each other, than the obscure industry of the German, and the brilliant mischief of the Italian ; yet they were confined in one fearful fabrication, they were both essential to the design ; if Joseph, in all his mediocrity had never been born, Napoleon, in all his splendour, would never have been heard of. Let philosophers reconcile these difficulties ; I have now no time to speculate. These are the mysteries of human character. They must be left till the day when oracles revive, and men have only to ask questions of the pythoness.

* * * *

In those days the French theatre was the theatre par excellence. In fact, the continental world of taste acknowledged no other. The Italian stage had long before sunk into burlesque and opera. Goldoni was the wit of the one, and Metastasio the manufacturer of the libretti of the other. No more expressive epitaph could be written on a dead stage. The Spanish theatre was in the library—the boards contained nothing but grimaces, and dancers of the bolero.

Calderon and Lope were known only on their tombstones, and read only by the cunning of French authorship, who robbed them for ideas. Germany was still in nearly the state in which it had been left by Arminius, or the Deluge. Its poetry, strong and savage,—its drama, strong, but savage too—its language voted by all the polished world, with Frederick of Prussia in its front, to be incapable of anything but the phraseology of eating, drinking, and fighting. France, light as a zephyr, and brilliant as a fire-work, led the way ; delighted all, dazzled all, and deluded all. The French company in the Austrian capital was perfection, according to the connoisseurs. The theatre was the *chef-d'œuvre* of a French architect, its scenery alone was by an Italian pencil ; but all its sculptured pillars, its rose-festooned *loges*, all that was before the scenes, and all that was behind them too, was Parisian. The French capital itself scarcely furnished anything more perfect than the select company of *artistes*, who, on that stage, performed all the brilliancies and the pleasantries, the romantic loves, and

the gay stratagems of the repertoire of the French dramatic muse.

The "drame" was "Tarare," the most famous performance of the revolutionary stage ; and so revolutionary that it would have been endured on no stage of the continent but that of Vienna itself. But Joseph, the "philosopher," was of another calibre. The emperor loved to play in the political extravagances, as children love to play on the edge of a precipice. His faith in the aristocracy of the empire, gave him courage to sport with the lightnings which were so soon to set Europe in a blaze. He looked on, and scoffed at the hazards which were in a few years to overflow the earth, like molten iron, pouring out red-hot from the furnace.

The drama began. It was well calculated to excite strong attention ; it soon awakened still more disturbing impulses. It opened with a dialogue in the skies. Splendid and visionary forms descended, holding council upon the fates of humankind ; and shaping those vast and daring ideas which were yet to be embodied in the destinies of nations. The visions were Fortune, Genius, and Power, and the whole tribe of mighty influences, which guide invisibly the wills, and influence the passions of the human race. The dialogue was lofty, the music wild, strange, and touching. The scenery, such as Italian talent would have conceived for the new Olympus of a new generation of Deities—regions basking in the radiance of solar light, and thrones of pomp unstained by our sullen world.

The effect even of this commencement upon the audience was electric. They had seen nothing like it before. The mysticism of the German stage, just then beginning to exhibit that mysterious spirit which so deeply engages the human mind in all ages, was shallow to the strange depth and solemn grandeur of the dialogue. The French was tinsel to the substantial splendour of thought, which seemed to be uttered by oracles, and conceptions which seemed to elevate them less to a higher rank than to a higher nature. If any man think this exaggerated, it is only a proof that he had not lived in 1789, and seen *Tarare*. If he had, doubt was impossible. It was the most profound artifice, in the guise of the purest simplicity : the spirit of overthrow, with the wings and sceptre of an angel of light. It was temptation in its most magnificent appeal to the intellect—bold, brilliant, and revolutionary !

* * * *

The author had laid his story in the east—and all glows with the heat and splendour of the land of the sun. The hero begins his career in the most obscure condition of life. He has been a forgotten infant, an unknown youth, a disregarded man. Unconscious of his powers, he has proposed to lead the life of a peasant. Accident throws an opportunity of distinction in his way. It is the sound of a trumpet to him, and marshals all his facul-

ties like an army sprang out of the earth. He describes it as the first ray of the sun upon a hemisphere covered with clouds, suddenly gilding their sullen outlines, painting them with orient colours, and shaping them into masses of grandeur. It is a new creation, filling the vacant and formless space with vivid existence and various glory. Tarare the slave, becomes the soldier. His mind develops itself at every new achievement; his views become more enlarged at every upward step; he is continually ascending. The feeble inheritors of wealth, the worn-out possessors of honours, the indolent masters of thrones, yield before him like dust before the whirlwind. They sink before his fire, like frost before the sun-beam. They are torn up and overwhelmed by his swift and unretiring advance, as the city on the sea-shore before the stormy rise of the ocean. He still advances; he is gigantic alike in his ambition and genius; he at length is sovereign of the East; he is all soul and sword; but conquest has now done its work; he has only a more illustrious triumph before him; he casts aside the sword, and commands that it shall be cast aside by all nations; he sits the benevolent arbiter of the earth; he commands, and commerce showers wealth on all mankind; he speaks the law of peace, and it is the law of all. For the great assembly of representatives from all kingdoms, he is the supreme legislator; for the temple of universal nature, he is the high priest; from the central throne of the East he sends forth the combined dictates of majesty, power, and wisdom, like rays from a central luminary, to scatter the remotest darkness of the globe; he sits, Tarare, the King of Men.

The continued plaudits of the excited auditory followed this superb performance, scene by scene. Wild as its improbabilities were, and daring as was its language, there was a fascination in this rapid development of human faculties, which kept them in a perpetual fervour. Even when the severity of the sarcasm passed all the bounds of courtly observance, it was either lost in the general admiration of its sparkling language, or it was so quickly followed by some lofty incantation against the pride of birth, the folly of prejudice, or the feebleness of absolute custom, contending with salutary and magnificent change, that no time was left for censure. While the eye was gazing at the flash, it was in the opposite quarter, as bright and as penetrating as ever, and in both alike inaccessible.

The last scenes of the drama were still statelier than those which had already so deeply engaged the audience. Tarare, the conqueror, the king, and the legislator, was now to be no more. The Genii of fortune, power, and wisdom, again stood before the eye. They recited lofty sentiments, accompanied with delicious music in the style of the ancient chorus. He was now to be more than man; to be enrolled among those mighty names, which change cannot reach, to which

history can add nothing, and to which time can only add a broader glory. All was now complete, the trial of mind had been accomplished, the supremacy of valour and virtue had been shown, and now the three sister-destinies of man expanded their mighty wings. Tarare rose from the earth on a throne of gems. Clouds of crimson and gold followed the pomp upward, and gradually involved it from the eye. Trumpets and choral harmonies were heard, fainter as it rose, and the whole pomp slowly ascended, like an ascending world.

Theatrical as all this was, the illusion was as complete as it was beautiful. It was as a lovely dream; but, unlike the dream, was not made to vanish with the morning. The curtain fell amid deep silence;—the emotion was too deep for applause. It was not until an actor came forward with some announcement for the following night, that the audience recovered their senses. Then the acclamations, unrestrained by the habitual etiquette of the court, burst forth, Joseph himself taking the lead.

THOUGHTS AND SENTENCES:

GATHERED FROM THE MAGAZINES.

WHY it was that the ancients had no landscape-painting, is a question deep, almost, as the mystery of life, and harder of solution than all the problems of jurisprudence combined.

Printing.

The Pagan man has no printing press; just four centuries, therefore, have the slaves of the Crescent clung to their darkness by rejecting it. Christianity signs her name; Islamism makes her mark. And the great doctors of the Mussulmans take their stand precisely where Jack Cade took his a few years after printing had been discovered. Jack and they both make it felony to be found with a spelling-book, and sorcery to deal with syntax.

Stephen Duck.

The English court kept Stephen Duck, the thrasher, for the national poet-laureate, at a time when Pope was fixing an era in the literature.

Verse, the First Kind of Composition.

Those people are mistaken who imagine that prose is either a natural or possible form of composition in early states of society. It is such truth only as ascends from the earth, not such as descends from heaven, which can ever assume an unmetrical form. Now, in the earliest states of society, all truth that has any interest or importance for man will connect itself with heaven. If it does not originally come forward in that sacred character, if it does not borrow its importance from its sanctity; then, by an inverse order, it will borrow a sanctity from its importance. Even agricultural truth, even the homeliest truths

of rural industry, brought into connection with religious inspiration, will be exalted, (like the common culinary utensils in the great vision of the Jewish prophet) and transfigured into vessels of glorious consecration. All things in this early stage of social man are meant mysteriously, have allegoric values, and week-day man moves amongst glorified objects. So that if any doctrine, principle, or system of truth, should call for communication at all, infallibly the communication will take the tone of a revelation; and the holiness of a revelation will express itself in the most impassioned form—perhaps with accompaniments of music, but certainly with metre.

Aphorisms.

This detached and insulated form of delivering thoughts is, in effect, an evasion of all the difficulties connected with composition. Every man as he walks through the streets, may contrive to jot down an independent thought; a short-hand memorandum of a great truth. Standing on one leg you may accomplish this. The labour of composition begins when you have to put your separate threads of thought into a loom; to weave them into a continuous whole; to connect, to introduce them; to blow them out or expand them; to carry them out to a close. All this evil is evaded by the aphoristic form.

Plato.

In Plato there is a gloomy grandeur arising at times from the elementary mysteries of man's situation and origin, snatches of music from some older and Orphic philosophy, which impress a vague feeling of solemnity towards the patriarch of that school, though you can seldom trace his movement through all that high and vapoury region.

INVESTITURE BY DRINKING HORNS.*

Horns were formerly used as modes of investiture, and this manner of endowing was usual amongst the Danes in England.

King Cnut himself gave lands at Pnsey in Berkshire to the family of that name, with a horn solemnly at that time delivered, as a confirmation of the grant.

Edward the Confessor made a like donation to the family of Nigel.

The celebrated horn of Alphas, kept in the sacristy in York Minster, was probably a drinking-cup belonging to this prince, and was by him given, together with all his lands and revenues, to that church. "When he gave the horn that was to convey it (his estate) he filled it with wine, and on his knees before the altar, 'Deo et S. Petro omnes terras et redditus propinavit.' So that he drank it off, in testimony that thereby he gave them his lands.

* Archæol. 1, 3.

MIRRORS OF BEAUTY.

FAIR maiden! be not over-proud of thy beauty. Though thy Mirror tell thee that thine eye is stained with a celestial blue, and thy cheek coloured with carmine of the sunset, yet shortly over both must the dimness of fading pass. No grey moralizers are we who state it, merely to put you in mind of Death and his cross-bones; no, our motive is another, and it is this; that thou disdain not too highly in the palmy days of thy bloom, and the flourishing pride of thy beauty, the humble adoring swain, who lives in thy smile, and does homage at thy feet. For the day may come,—and that will be the day when thy gold hair is dimmer, and thy rose-akin tarnished,—that the rejected suitors of thy youth will pass thee by undesired, and Neglect consign to the shades of old-maid-hood, the spinster who "sat in the seat of the scorner." O ye beautiful girls of England and her homes, "be not high-minded, but fear!"

But my moral has a tale: listen to it, beautiful young woman!

In the pleasant villages of Bretagne, and on the Sunday which follows the 8th of September, Notre Dame de Clery, as the villagers call her,—Sweet Saint and Patroness of the place,—has a grand fête celebrated to her honour. Beneath the blue skies, and the lovely weather, the whole village is metamorphosed into a merry fair, where the troubadour with his many-stringed harp, and the jongleur with his marvellous feats, exhibit all their powers of attraction.

But not for this is Bretagne remarkable: these festivities may be everywhere seen, at your Carnivals, your Feasts of Lanterns, or Feasts of Fools, in Italy, China, France, or Hindostan; but it is especially for a sweet custom which reigns in this rude hamlet, marked by an air of refinement, scarce equalled by the courtliest customs of chivalric Blois.

This fête has something to do, as we shall show, with love-making, and, even farther than that, with love-matches. At the conclusion of the fête, each Pierrot, or amatory Romeo, on taking affectionate leave of his Marie, or soul-enchancing Juliet, presents her with a special kind of bouquet, sold only upon this occasion. This is no Covent-Garden nosegay, made up of cabbage-roses, blowzy peonies, African marigolds, and green dock-leaves, but such a one, minute in form, and exquisite in arrangement, as the glorious shepherd-prince, Paris, would have laid upon the balmy bosom of his Helen.

Artificial flowers of every fanciful shape compose this gem of nosegays. The cup of every flower is formed of a glittering pearl, made of *looking-glass*, and everywhere disposed between the flowers and leaves, are numbers of brilliant little convex mirrors. These bouquets are religiously preserved by the young girls, as they are generally a pledge of proposed marriage at All Saints, or Christ-

mas. These intelligent glasses are placed at the head of their beds, and are frequently looked at with great interest to see if the little mirrors remain untarnished; as otherwise, it is a sure proof of the infidelity of the youth of the tell-tale treasure. The subjoined simple poem, alluding to the "Custom of the Mirrors," we draw from Miss Costello's Rambles among the Bocages and Vines, as also the incidents of this Bretagne legend. Of a deeply melancholy character, it would appear, by the conclusion, that the young girl on whom it was composed by the rustic minstrel, must have committed suicide. She is called in the verse, *Marhait de Kergluj*, or, in the strange dialect of Vannes, *Var'hait doc'h Gerglujar*:—

"THE MIRRORS.

Dialect of Vannes.

*Chiloust Iroll, o chiloust,
Ur zobik névé zo suuet.*

"Listen all and listen long,
To the minstrel's latest song;
'Tis of Mary whom ye knew,
Flower that in our humlet grew.

Of her mother said apart,
'Mary, oh, how fair thou art!'

'Ah! what boots it being fair?
Happier other maidens are!
I am with'ring on the stem,
For I may not wed, like them.
When the apple's tender cheek
Blushes with its rosy streak,
It is sought and gather'd free;
But, if left upon the tree,
Soon 't will perish and decay,
And, like me, will fade away!'

'Pretty child, lament no more,
Wait but till a year be o'er.'

'If I die before the year,
Thou wilt shed the fruitless tear.
Build a tomb if I should die,
On it let three nosegays lie;
One must be of roses' shewn,
And the rest of laurel green.
When two lovers pass that way,
Tender grief their hearts shall move;
Each shall choose a flower and say,
'Tis her grave who died for love:
For around her shining hair
Was no marriage garland tied,
No bright Mirrors glittering there,
Bade us hail her as a bride!'

'Ah!—no bell for me shall sound,
Place me not in hallow'd ground;
Dig my grave beside the way.
Never priest a prayer shall say;
None the flower-strewn grave shall see,
Of a wretch who died like me!'

Being upon the subject of "Mirrors," it affords us no ungraceful opportunity of noticing a flattering contribution, which came to hand some days ago, with the signature of "Iones." We bid its unassuming writer be of good cheer, and to cultivate industriously the mental talents of his, or her, youth. The lines are simplicity's self, and the ideas bespeak a candid and ingenuous mind; which make the praise it offers us trebly pleasant.

THE MIRROR.

Mirror of Time! in thy fair page,
I read in lines most pure and bright,
The present, past, and future age,
Set forth in forms that must delight.

Mirror of Truth! where all is found,
Like Ophir gold,—that gold refin'd,—
To shed its dazzling rays around,
In gleams to purify the mind.

Mirror of Beauty! where I trace
All that is beautiful and real;
The brittle mirror shows the face,
But you the depths of mind reveal.

Mirror of Worth! what gems adorn
Thy goodly page in lightsome shewn,
Like flowers smiling on the morn,
That beautify each varied scene.

Still as a Mirror shed thy light,
Reflecting all of wit and worth,
And may thy pages cause delight
O'er the most distant parts of earth.

INXII.

EARLIEST TRAVELLERS TO THE HOLY LAND.

ARCULFUS, about the year 705, is the first travelling pilgrim on record, who visited Jerusalem and its holy places, and from whose report Adamannus composed a narrative which was received with very considerable approbation.

He describes the Temple on Mount Calvary with some minuteness, mentioning its twelve pillars and eight gates. But his attention was more particularly attracted by relics, those objects which all Jerusalem flocked to handle and to kiss with the greatest reverence. He saw the cup used at the Last Supper—the sponge on which the vinegar was poured—the lance which pierced the side of our Lord—the cloth in which he was wrapped—also another cloth woven by the Virgin Mary, whereon were represented the figure of the Saviour, and of the Twelve Apostles.

WILLIBALD, a Saxon, about 785, undertook the same journey, influenced by the same motives.

From his infancy he had been distinguished by a sage and pious disposition; and on emerging from boyhood, he was seized with an anxious desire to "try the unknown ways of peregrination—to pass over the huge wastes of ocean to the ends of earth." He obtained a place in the Roman Calendar. In Jerusalem he saw all that Arculfus saw, and nothing more; but he had previously visited the tomb of the Seven Sleepers, and the cave in which St. John wrote the Apocalypse.

BERNARD proceeded to Palestine in the year 878. He travelled first to Egypt, and from thence made his way across the desert.

At Alexandria he was subjected to tribute by the avaricious governor, who paid no regard to the written orders of the Sultan. The treatment which he received at Cairo was still more distressing. He was thrown into prison, and in this extremity he asked counsel of God; whereupon it was miraculously revealed to him, that thirteen denari, such as he had presented to the other Mussulman, would produce here an equally favourable result. The celestial origin of this advice was proved by its complete success. The pilgrim was not only liberated, but obtained letters from the propitiated ruler, which saved him from all farther exaction.

The Crusades threw open the holy places to the eyes of all Europe; and, accordingly, so long as a Christian king swayed the sceptre

in the capital of Judaea, the merit of individual pilgrimages was greatly diminished. But no sooner had the warlike Saracens recovered possession of Jerusalem, than the wonted difficulty and danger returned; and, as might be expected, the interest attached to the sacred buildings, which the "infidel dogs" were no longer worthy to behold, revived in greater vigour than formerly.

WILLIAM DE BOULDESELL, in 1831, adventured on an expedition into Arabia and Palestine, of which some account has been published.

In the monastery of St. Catharine, at the base of Mount Sinai, he was hospitably received by the monks, who showed him the bones of their patron saint, in a tomb which, however, they appear not to have treated with much respect. By means of hard beating, we are told, they brought from out these remains of mortality, a small portion of blood, which they presented to the pilgrim as a gift of singular value. A circumstance which particularly astonished him, would probably have produced no less sensation in a less believing mind; the blood, it seems, "had not the appearance of real blood, but rather of some thick oily substance;" nevertheless the miracle was regarded by him as one of the greatest that had ever been witnessed in this world.

BERTRANDON DE LA BROQUIERE, a hundred years afterwards, sailed from Venice to Jaffa, where, according to the statistics of contrito pilgrims, "the pardons of the Holy Land begin."

At Jerusalem, he found the Christians reduced to a state of the most cruel thralldom. Such of them as engaged in trade were locked up in their shops every night by the Saracens, who opened the doors in the morning at such an hour as seemed to them most proper or convenient. At Damascus they were treated with equal severity. The two first persons whom he met in this city knocked him down—an injury which he dared not resent for fear of immediately losing his life.

BREIDENBACH, of Mentz, and **MARTIN BAUMGARTEN**, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, achieved a journey into the Holy Land.

The latter of these, while passing through Egypt, was most barbarously treated by the Saracen boys, who pelted him with dirt, brickbats, stones, and rotten fruits. At Hebron he was shown the field, "where it is said, or at least guessed, that Adam was made;" but the reddish earth of which it is composed is now used in the manufacture of prayer-beads.

BARTHOLOMEO GEORGEWITZ, travelled in the same century as the foregoing.

He gives a melancholy account of the miseries endured by such Christians as were carried into slavery by the Turks in those evil days. They were manacled day and night,—obliged to plough with oxen in the field—the sufferers often being men of rank, and learned by profession. Owing to the great rivers and arms of the sea, it was, also, extremely difficult for those who were sent into Asia, to effect their escape; whence, in many cases, the horrors of captivity had no other limits than those of the natural life. No wonder that Bartholomeo recommends to every one valuing those parts, to make his will, "like one going, not to the earthly, but to the heavenly, Jerusalem."

LAURENCE ALDERSEY, who set out from London, in 1581, was the first Protestant who encountered the perils of a voyage to Syria.

The Catholics on board endeavoured to make him kiss a figure of the Virgin Mary, which he resolutely refused, like a true Protestant. On his journey to

Jerusalem, he describes Rama as so "ruinated, that he took it to be rather a heap of stones than a town." He was much maltreated by the Arabs, but entered the holy city in peace.

The beginning of the seventeenth century witnessed a higher order of travellers, who from such a mixture of motives as might motivate either a pilgrim or an antiquary, undertook the perilous tour of the Holy Land. Among these, one of the most distinguished was **George Sandys**, who commenced his peregrinations in the year 1610.

He was succeeded by **Doubdan**, **Cheron**, **Thavenot**, **Gonzalos**, **Morrison**, **Maundrell**, and **Pococke**; all of whom have contributed many valuable materials towards a complete knowledge of the localities, government, and actual condition of modern Palestine.

In our own days, the number of works on these important subjects has increased greatly; presenting a nearer and more minute view of society, and more sterling descriptions of Asiatic edifices and sceneries, than could possibly be obtained by the earlier travellers.

STORM AT SEA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A PASSENGER ON BOARD THE EXMOUTH. (PORT LOUIS.)

We parted from the pilot on the 17th of March, and made a most tedious passage till the 26th of April, when, between 7 and 8 S. lat. we encountered a very heavy gale, and lay to till the morning of the 29th.

On the morning of the 30th we witnessed a most extraordinary phenomenon; the day appeared to break full an hour before its time, though there was no apparent break in the heavens from which it could be said light broke; all was seen through the medium of bright crimson. Sails, men, sea, and even gray clouds, appeared as acted on by a Claude Lorraine glass; it gradually decreased till the sun rose. The 1st of May was one of the most lovely days I ever remember to have witnessed, and on it and the 2d we made the two first fair runs we had had, but the sea continued still unaccountably high, and was running against the wind. At a little before 3 P.M. on the 3d, I was struck by a very peculiar cloud that rose on our lee bow. We had prayers as usual, and sat down to dinner; the wind increased; by 8 P.M. it set in a strong gale from the N.E. to E., and from E. to S.; by 12 it blew what they denominate a storm, and by 7 A.M.—I am at a loss for a word—I cannot at such a time attempt to describe the order of events. By 11 A.M. on the 4th, our state was powerless, and we had about two feet of water on the main deck. To describe the horrors of the scene as light came on us is impossible; though it was light, nothing was visible a yard from the ship, such was the

* Murray's Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia, vol. iii., p. 130.

violence of the wind and volume of spray. At precisely 11 minutes before 11 A.M. the wind suddenly ceased, and the sun made two attempts to struggle forth and show us all the terrors of the scene and the frightful confusion on the deck; there was, nevertheless, not the slightest rise in the glass, which had been falling all night. Precisely as the hand of my watch struck on midday, a crash, such as perhaps never mortal before heard and survived to record, broke forth; such was the violence of the wind, that the very sea, though rising in mountains, appeared perfectly deprived of its fury. I do not exaggerate when I say, that sea, air, and sky, appeared one combined mass; and as the different particles of wreck flew from us, and rose as high as the eye could follow them, it was not possible to say whether they rode on wind, wave, or cloud. By about half-past 1 P.M. all hope of the ship surviving long seemed lost, and the captain notified such to the passengers. I must leave such scenes to the imagination of the reader. It was deemed advisable that the passengers should go below, and the whole party assembled in the great cabin, the divisions being long ago knocked away. Six men were attending the leak from the rudder, and the remainder chiefly employed in raising water in the buckets. At about this time (between 1 and 2 P.M.) the fore and mainmasts were got rid of, and fortunately went over the side without loss of life or injury to the side. The ship was at this time so perfectly over, and so much by the head, that there was not the slightest doubt that she was fast settling in the water; had the mast been left, there can be no doubt that in an hour would have been our end. At about half-past 3 o'clock the captain came down, and said he believed some one had touched or injured his glass, as it had made the extraordinary rise of half an inch within the last few minutes; but he observed, "It can signify little, for the pumps neither of them work, and it would be wrong to deceive you," or words to that effect. It has since been ascertained that there was far more water in the ship than was imagined, or is entered in the log, and the passengers were at that time sitting aft in about a foot and a half of water. The captain had quitted the door, perhaps about three minutes, when a cheer from the men broke on us; one of the pumps worked, and at the same moment the wind almost ceased! It is not possible to describe that instant, the night that followed, or the morning that succeeded; the ship may even then be said to have had her head almost under water, and until the sun set she scarcely appeared to have any disposition to rise, the water that was on the upper deck merely swashing from side to side like the contents of a washtub; all the galley and bulkheads of the fore-castle were gone, and the men's chests were so totally ground to bits, that there was scarcely a piece of wood left as large as a rat-trap. Nothing

perhaps can give a more correct idea of the violence of the wind, than the assurance of the masts both having gone over the side without the slightest noise being heard. Thus, then, on the morning of the 5th inst., in 18 51 S. lat. and 75 long., about 1,100 miles from this, we lay on the frightful sea without masts or rudder; the lee guns and two anchors were got over, much of the cargo followed, and by the 12th we had a third attempt at a rudder, but that succeeded tolerably, and under jury mast we were doing well; the leaks in the chains stopped, and the ports closed; our great terror being the fear of fire, from the dreadful heat of the holds, which at times they could not enter. Most of the upper jute that was wet was thrown over. On the morning of the 15th a sail was discovered astern, which proved to be the *Elera*, from Bombay; she refused, on good grounds, to tug us, but agreed to stay by us the night, and she continued with us till we sighted land, and then, when in smooth water, took us in tow. It is useless to give any account of hopes, fears, failures, and disappointments, with all those horrors attendant on such scenes. It pleased God to allow us to anchor at the mouth of this harbour on Sunday, the 24th, all hands well, and nothing can surpass the hospitality shown to us. — *From the Times.*

MODERN ALEXANDRIA :

UNDER MEHEMET ALI.

[BELIEVING that, by reason of the important changes which have lately taken place, and are still rapidly proceeding, with regard to the political condition and position of Egypt, an account of Alexandria, the seat of Mehemet Ali's government and improvements, would be acceptable to our readers, we submit to them the subjoined paper :—]

Modern Alexandria.

Modern Alexandria, called by the Turks Scanderia, or Escanderia, is shut in by walls and fortifications, extending far beyond the inhabited portion, which being merely a narrow neck of land, has been again enclosed by an inner wall, stretching from one harbour to the other. In this intermural space are several Arab villages, huddled together in clusters, containing a miserable and squalid population.*

Within this desert boundary, two forts have been raised on considerable heights. Near one of these forts is situated a convent of Italian capuchins, with a walled garden; a hospital for the sick, upon an extensive scale; the remains of the mosque of a thousand pillars, once a Christian church; and near it, the Greek convent, a building of considerable dimensions. In several parts of the same circuit are the handsome houses of

* Hogg's Travels in Egypt, vol. I. p. 180.

foreign settlers, amid gardens and palm-groves; beneath the soil of which are many ancient cisterns, which still receive their annual supply of water from the New Canal, and their mouths are everywhere to be seen, resembling those of ordinary wells.* In spite, however, of the quantity of salt and nitre that corrupt the soil of the vicinity, a considerable degree of cultivation begins to extend around this barren tract.†

Two gates, strongly fortified and guarded, give access to the country. Of these gates, one leads to Rosetta, and the other towards Pompey's Pillar, and thence to the New Canal, and Cairo.

Appearance of the Harbour, or New Port.

The low craggy beach, to the right, is crowned with a group of windmills, succeeded by ranges of storehouses, and a picturesque, but neglected summer pavilion of the Pasha's, with piles of timber lying in the fore-ground. Close to these is the termination of the new canal, and a little beyond are some massy, fortified walls, over which is seen the summit of a slender minaret. Still farther, Pompey's pillar towers on high. Next is the principal landing-place of the port, generally lined with small craft, behind which is the custom-house; and at the farthest extremity of this line of coast, a cluster of tasteless buildings, full of windows, like an overgrown English manufactory, the usual residence of the omnipotent Pasha, and his numerous suite.‡

Inhabitants, seen on the Beach.

On drawing near the shore, Arabs are seen pursuing their employments on the beach: soldiers, strangely dressed, near them on guard:—numerous donkey riders, singularly habited:—women, enveloped in large blue mantles, that leave only their eyes visible; some with earthen jars on their heads, and others with a child astride on one shoulder:—loaded camels issuing from a deep road, waving their slender necks, and filing slowly away like a theatrical procession: and, at sunset, many individuals approaching solitary spots on the shore, and, after making the preparatory ablutions, there performing their devotional exercises, with the numerous prostrations prescribed by the ritual.§

People of the Interior.

In the Frank quarter, the scene is interesting, and perpetually changing. The constant succession of passengers is made up of a motley assemblage of Arabs, Turks, Greeks, and Franks, each in their peculiar costume. Military officers frequently pass on horseback, in richly-embroidered uniforms, with an ornament on each breast, either simply of wrought

silver, or composed of diamonds, according to their grade; always with one or two "running footmen," in long blue cotton vests, and white turbans, preceding their horses, and often followed by two others, whose dresses may have a more military cast. Sometimes groups of soldiers lounge by, shabbily habited in dingy red jackets and trousers, with a cap of the same colour: many of them tall, well-grown men, of every variety of complexion, ill-dressed, bare-legged, and almost shoeless.

Revenue and Population.

The revenue* of Egypt is variously estimated, some averaging it at 25,000,000 of dollars, others at 2,100,000*l.*; and others again from 2,500,000*l.* to 3,000,000*l.* sterling.

The population of Alexandria—a strange colluvies of different nations—amounts, according to calculations made in 1835,† to between 36 and 40,000. Of these, 3,000 are English, Maltese, and Ionians under English protection; 300 French, 40 Germans, 30 Italians, 10 Algerines, and 20 natives of different parts of the Levant, are under French protection. There are also 400 Greeks, 500 natives of Tuscany, 296 Austrians, 150 Neapolitans, 70 Sardinians, and 60 Spaniards; making a total of 4,876 foreigners.

Imposts and Taxes.

The possession of the surface of the soil throughout the whole country has been resumed as an appanage of the government, acquired by right of conquest; and every capacious and well-constructed edifice, wherever situated, is either a government store, or a government manufactory. Thus all belongs to government, and the government is the Pasha; the people are mere appendages to the soil: their labour and their lives equally subject to his arbitrary will. Again, the power of the Pasha compels the cultivation of such articles as will be profitable to himself, and purchases the produce at a price fixed by his own agents. To such a length is this taxation carried, that the Arabs are restrained from converting even the succulent plants that grow at their doors into an article of profitable export; and the very ordure of their camels, which, mixed with mud, forms their only fuel, contributes its tithe to swell the hoards of the Pasha.

The Old and New Port.

The present city is a kind of peninsula, situated between two ports. That to the westward was called by the ancients the Portus Eunostus, now the Old Port, and is by far the best; Turkish vessels only are allowed to anchor there, and it is hardly ever entered or used, save by the grain-boats from Rosetta; the other, called the New Port, is for the

* Hogg's Egypt, vol. i. p. 180.

† Wilkinson's Topography of Thebes, &c. cap. vi. p. 314.

‡ Hogg's Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem, vol. i. p. 89; 2 vols. 8vo. 1826.

§ Travels in Egypt, vol. i. p. 95.

* Wilkinson's Topography of Thebes, p. 277.

† This precise documentary statement is from the French paper, established by the Pasha himself at Alexandria. Allowances must of course be made for the increase of population during the last five years.

Christians; at the extremity of one of the arms of which stood the famous Pharos. The New Port, the only harbour for Europeans, is clogged up with sand, insomuch that in stormy weather ships are liable to bilge; and the bottom being also rocky, the cables soon chafe and part; so that one vessel driving against a second, and that against a third, they are perhaps all lost. Of this there was a fatal instance sixteen or eighteen years ago, when forty-two vessels were dashed to pieces on the Mole, in a gale of wind from the north-west, and numbers have been since lost there at different times; indeed it is not safe to winter there. The Old Harbour will in time be destroyed likewise, as the ballast of vessels has been continually thrown into it for the last 200 years.*

The Mahmoodsea, or New Canal.

About a mile beyond Pompey's Pillar, is the termination of Mehemet Ali's New Canal, called the Mahmoodsea, formed to unite Alexandria with the Nile, and which begins at Faoua. A previous channel had always existed, for the purpose of conveying water to the city, and the old enormous cisterns remain still. A somewhat different line was, however, selected for the New Canal, which is navigable for boats of considerable size. It has totally ruined the trade of Rosetta, but has converted Alexandria into the metropolis of Egypt. On the side of this Kalidj, or New Canal, are gardens, full of orange and lemon-trees; and the fields are full of caper and palm-trees.†

Alexandria under Attack.

It is stated that Alexandria, if taken by conquest, would be a place of no value. A foreign power could not maintain itself there, as the country is without water. This must be brought from the Nile by the Kalidj, or New Canal, of twelve leagues. It is evident, therefore, that were a foreign power to take possession, the canal would be shut, and all supplies of water cut off.

White observes, in his *Egyptiaca*, that the whole of the fortifications of Alexandria might be easily beaten down by a single frigate; but from the want of water, it would be difficult to keep possession of the town, without being masters of the surrounding country.

Remains of Old Alexandria.

Some parts of the old walls of the city are yet standing, and present us with a masterpiece of ancient masonry. They are flanked with large towers, about 200 paces distant from each other, with small ones in the middle. Below are magnificent casements, which may serve for travellers to walk in.‡

Manners and Customs.

HINDOO MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

The bridegroom having been received by the father of the bride with various ceremonies, the bride has three vessels of water poured severally upon her head; during which ceremony the following prayers are pronounced:—"Love! I know thy name; thou art called an intoxicating beverage; bring the bridegroom happily; for thee was formed the inebriating draught! Fire! thy best origin is here; through devotion wert thou created. May this oblation be efficacious." After which, the hand of the bride is placed in that of the bridegroom, both having been previously rubbed with some auspicious drug, and a matron binds them with cusa grass, amid the sound of cheerful music. The father of the bride then bidding the attendant priests begin their acclamations, pours water from a vessel containing tila and cusa grass upon the hands of the united pair, at the same time exclaiming, "God the Existent;" and, after pronouncing the name and designations of the bridegroom, the bride, and himself, says, "I give unto thee this damsel adorned with jewels, and protected by the lord of creatures." The bridegroom replies, "Well be it." After which, the bridegroom, having received from the father of the bride a piece of gold, and recited an appropriate text, the parties are affianced, and, as they walk forth, the bridegroom thus addresses the bride: "May the regents of space, may air, the sun, and fire, dispel that anxiety which thou feelest in thy mind, and turn thy heart to me. Be gentle in thy aspect, and loyal to thy husband; be fortunate in cattle, amiable in thy mind, and beautiful in thy person; be mother of valiant sons; be fond of delights; be cheerful; and bring prosperity to our bipeds and quadrupeds." A libation of water is afterwards made; and the father of the bride, having meditated the gayatri, ties a knot with the skirts of the mantles of the bridegroom and bride, saying, "Ye must be inseparably united in matters of duty, wealth, and love. The bridegroom next attires the bride, at the same time performing a variety of ceremonies, among which are the following. Going to the principal apartment of the house, he prepares a sacrificial fire, and hallows the implements; after which, a friend of his, bearing a jar, walks round the fire, and stops on the south side of it; and another, after performing the same ceremony, places himself on the right of the first. The bridegroom then casts four double handfuls of rice, mixed with leaves of sami, into a flat basket; and placing near it a stone and mullar, which he had, with much formality, previously touched, he causes the bride to be clothed with a new waistcloth and scarf, while he himself recites a variety of prayers. After which, the bride goes to the western side of the fire, and recites a prayer, while she steps on a mat made of viraṇa grass,

* Meamer and Impressions in Egypt and Italy, p. 208.

† Mong's Egypt, vol. II. p. 127.

‡ Burrows's Encyclopedia, vol. I. p. 193.

covered with alk; and seating herself down on the edge of the mat, the bridegroom makes six oblations of clarified butter, reciting a prayer with each. He then names the three worlds separately and conjointly, presenting oblations; and, after making four or five oblations to fire and to the moon, he rises up with the bride, and, passing from her left to her right, makes her join her hands in a hollow form. The rice, which was previously put into the basket, being then taken up, and the stone which was laid near it, being placed before the bride, she treads on it with the point of her right foot, while the bridegroom recites the following prayer: "Ascend this stone, be firm like this stone, distress my foe, and be not subservient to my enemies." He then pours on her hands a ladleful of clarified butter; another person gives her the rice; two ladleful of butter are poured over it; when she separates her hands, and lets fall the rice on the fire, while a holy text is recited. She treads again on the stone, again makes an oblation of rice, again a prayer is recited, again walking is performed round the fire, again four or five oblations are made with similar ceremonies and prayers, when the bridegroom pours two ladleful of butter upon the edge of the basket, and then rice out of it, into the fire, saying: "May this oblation to fire be efficacious." After the ceremony of ascending the stone and throwing the rice into the fire, the bride is conducted to the bridegroom, and by him directed to step successively into seven circles, while seven texts are repeated. This is the most emphatical part of the ritual; for, as soon as the seventh step of the bride is performed, the nuptial bond is complete and irrevocable. The bridegroom then, in appropriate texts, addresses the bride and spectators; after which, his friend, who stood near the sacrificial fire, bearing a jar of water, advances to the spot where the seventh step was completed, and, while a prayer is recited, pours water on the head of the bridegroom, and then on the head of the bride. When this ceremony is completed, the bridegroom, putting his left hand under the hands of his bride, which are joined in a hollow posture, takes her right hand in his, and recites six holy texts; after which, he sits down with her near the fire, and makes oblations, at the same time naming, severally and conjointly, the three worlds. On the evening of the same day, when the stars begin to appear, the bride sits down on a bull's hide of a red colour, placed with the neck towards the east, and the hair upwards; and the bridegroom, sitting down beside her, makes oblations, naming the three worlds, as usual; then six other oblations, pouring each time the remainder of the clarified butter on her head, and reciting the following prayers:—"I obviate by this full oblation all ill marks in the lines of thy hands, in thy eye-lashes, and in the spots of thy body. I obviate by this full oblation all the ill marks of thy hair, and whatever is sinful in thy looking or in thy

crying. I obviate by this full oblation all that may be sinful in thy temper, in thy speaking, and in thy laughing. I obviate by this full oblation all the ill marks in thy teeth, and in the dark intervals between them; in thy hands and in thy feet. Whatever natural or accidental evil marks were on any portion of thy body I have obviated all such marks by these full oblations of clarified butter. May this oblation be efficacious." After rising up, and contemplating the Polar star as an emblem of stability, matrons pour upon them water mixed with leaves, which had been placed upon an altar prepared for that purpose, and the bridegroom again makes oblations with the names of the worlds. He then eats food, prepared without factitious salt, reciting prayers during the meal; and when he has finished, the remainder is given to the bride. During the three subsequent days, the married couple must remain in the house of the father of the bride, must abstain from factitious salt, and must live chastely and austere, sleeping on the ground. On the fourth day, the bridegroom carries her to his house, reciting texts when he ascends the carriage, and when they come to cross roads. On arriving at the end of their journey, he conducts her into his house, at the same time chanting a hymn; after which, matrons seat her on a bull's hide, as before, and the bridegroom recites a prayer. They then place a young child in her lap, putting roots of lotus, or fruits, into his hand; when the bridegroom takes him up, and, after preparing a sacrificial fire with all the usual ceremonies, makes eight different oblations, with as many prayers. After which, the bride salutes her father-in-law and the other relations of her husband. The bridegroom then prepares another sacrificial fire, and, sitting down with the bride on his right hand, makes twenty oblations, with as many prayers, at the same time throwing the remainder of each portion of the consecrated butter into a jar of water, which is afterwards poured on the head of the bride, conclusive of the marriage ceremony.

W. G. C.

CLOTHES.

"Clothes," says the venerable Fuller, "are for necessity: warm clothes for health; cleanly for decency; lasting, for thrift; and rich, for magnificence."

"Clothes ought to be remembrancers of our lost innocency. Besides, why should we brag of what's but borrowed! Should the estridge snatch off the gallant's feather, the beaver his hat, the goat his gloves, the sheep his suit, the silkworm his stockings, and neat his shoes, (to strip him no farther than modesty will give leave) he would be left in a cold condition. And yet 'tis more pardonable to be proud, even of cleanly rags, than (as many are) of affected slovenliness. The one is proud of a mole-hill, the other of a dunghill."

BATTLES OF BUTTERFLIES.

THE common white butterflies of our gardens are contentious animals, and drive away every rival from their haunts. They may be seen progressively ascending into the air, in ardent unheeding contest; and thus they are observed, captured and consumed in a moment by some watchful bird. But there are few of this species more jealous and pugnacious than the little *argus*. When fully animated, it will not suffer any of its tribe to cross its path, or approach the flower on which it sits with impunity; even the large admiral (*vanessa atalanta*) at these times it will assail and drive away. There is another small butterfly (*papilio phlaeas*), however, as handsome and, perhaps, still more quarrelsome, frequenting, too, the same station and flowers: and a constant warfare subsists between them. These diminutive creatures, whenever they come near to each other, are seen to dart into action, and continue buffetting one another about, till one retires from the contest; when the victor returns in triumph to the station he had left. Should the enemy again advance, the combat is renewed; but, should a cloud obscure the sun, a breeze chill the air, their ardour becomes abated, and contention ceases.

The *papilio phlaeas* enjoys a combat even with its kindred. Two of them are seldom disturbed, when basking on a knot of asters in September, without mutual strife ensuing. Being less affected by cold and moisture than the *argus*, they remain with us longer, and these contentions are protracted till late in the autumn. The pugnacious disposition of the *argus* butterfly soon deprives it of much of its beauty; and, unless captured soon after its birth, the margins of its wings are found torn and jagged, the elegant blue plumage rubbed from its wings, and the creature become dark and shabby.

AN inaccurate or erroneous remark, poisons the stream of knowledge at its source, and exercises an influence the more baleful, as it tends, in proportion to its apparent importance, to warp our theories, and thereby prevent, or at least, retard, the detection of its faultiness.

New Books.

John of Procida, or the Bridals of Messina.
A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By James Sheridan Knowles. [Moxon, 1840.]

[KNOWLES has "bared his right arm" for the writing of this drama, and one of the Jupiters—Omnipotens or Tonans—has been his helper in the achievement. Weaknesses of plot it may have, but the fiery and original vigour of its thoughts and language—the startling points and brilliant transitions in which its stately characters are displayed, together with the refined and classical morality of its sen-

timent—render it a great and good production.

The broad principle on which the play grounds itself, is that of Patriotism antagonizing with Love. To enter into the machinery of the plot we have not opportunity, but intermingle elucidatory remarks, among the eloquent passages selected by us for recital.

Procida is displayed as the stern patriot of Sicily. Fernando, enamoured of the French Governor's daughter, is summoned by Procida to a sense of his duty as a patriot and Sicilian, demanding that all inferior affections should be merged and absorbed in the greater love of country: reproaches are employed, then taunts, thus :—]

Procida. Thou'rt a coward!

Fernando, (drawing) Try if I fear death!

Procida. Death is a little thing to brave or fear.

Except a thought of the after-reckoning,

The which to fear becomes, not shames a man:

'Tis but a plunge and over, ta'en as oft

By the feeble as the stout. Give me the man

That's bold in the right—too bold to do the wrong.

Not bold as that, thou art a traitor still,

And coward!

Fernando. Draw!

Procida. For what? To pleasure thee?

To place myself on tuss equality

With one whom I look down upon?

Fernando. Or draw

Or I will spurn thee.

Procida. Villain, to thy knee!

Fernando. My knee!

Procida. What! fear'st thou degradation? How

Can he crouch lower than he does who kneels

To his own weaknesses, when Duty bids him

Stand up and take the manly post becomes him

At the side of Virtue.

[This interlocutory violence still continues, and Procida, powerful in the subtleties of eloquence, now tries to open the fountains of Fernando's heart by the following reiterated appeals :—]

Procida. Hast thou a father, still

I say to thee?

Fernando. Thy sword, or I'm upon thee!

Procida. Then wilt thou have a murder on thy soul,

For from my stand I will not budge an inch,

Nor move, so far, my arm to touch my sword,

Until thou answer'st me. Hast thou a father?

Fernando, (bursting into tears.) No,—no! thou

churlish, harsh, remorseless man—

That bait'st me with thy coarse and biting words,

As boons ahead let loose unmuzzled dogs

Upon a tether'd beast! my arm withheld

By thy defencelessness, that hast defence

At hand, but will not use it—who art thou

To use me thus? to do me shameful wrong

And then deny me means to right myself?

What have I done to thee to use my heart

As if its strings were thine to strain or rend?

Thou mak'st my veins hot with my boiling blood,

And not content, thou follow'st it up,

Mine eyes inflaming with my scalding tears,

Thou kindless, ruthless man. Hast thou a father?

I never knew one!

Procida, (aside) I thank God!

Fernando. Thou hast

A father—hast a father's training—O

How blest the son that hath. O Providence,

What is there like a father to a son?

A father, quick in love, wakeful in care,

Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,

Severe in honour, perfect in example,

Stamp'd with authority! Hast such a father?

If then hadst a father,
 'Twas cruel, knowing that thou wast so rich,
 To taunt me, where, knewst not that I was poor,
 Thou mightst at least suspect my poverty.
 How had I loved my father! He had had
 The whole of my heart. I would have given it him
 As a book to write in it what'er he would.
 I never had gainsaid him—never run
 Counter to him. I had copied him, as one
 A statue doth of the rare olden virtue,
 In jealous, humble imitation.
 I had lived to pleasure him. Before I had
 Disgraced him, I had died.

Standard Men.

Thou art a man. Men that uphold the name
 Act, not from impulse, but reflection.

Peremptoriness of Duty.

Procula. Sir! 'tis not what a man dares do,
 Nor what's expected from him by a man.
 But what Heaven orders him to do,—'tis that
 He should do. Heaven expects we keep its laws;
 May we make league then with the foes of Heaven?
 Or having made it, may we keep it. No!—
 Else we shall forfeit Heaven! This base alliance
 Is even such a league. Break it!

[Fernando is finally persuaded by Procula to break off his marriage-promise to Isoline, and thereby preserve himself from being linked with a daughter of the land's oppressors: but Isoline, a high-minded and dignified woman—severely chaste and noble-minded as the Lady in Comus, resolves that the sacredness of their plighted vows shall not be dallied with. Her reasoning throughout is fine, resolute and noble.]

Firm and Virtuous Love.

Isoline. Why should I blush
 To own mine honest love? Is love a thing
 To blush for?—Love!—the sacred root of all
 The household purifications, things of truth
 And piety next what we owe to Heaven.
 Love that makes friendship poor—that mocks enhance-
 ment—

Itself possession endless! That's example
 Of loyalty! Its master better served
 Than monarchs on their thrones, his throne himself!
 That more abounds in sunshine of content,
 Than destiny in clouds to quench the light.
 Whole in itself! Love, that is chastity
 Of more than vestal perfectness! The world
 For choice, yet one with leave of Heaven selecting
 And giving all the rest to negligence!
 As the refiner the alloy, when once
 He finds the extracted gold. He shall be mine!
 The maid that's not staunch stickler for her love
 Hath little on't to strive for. She may smile
 Scornful good-bye, and turn upon her heel;
 Forget and love again; or think she does—
 For, by the love I feel, she knows not love.
 My love's a heap takes all my heart to hold,
 As rich as large, and she'n't be cast away.

[This strain is continued in a still more
 exalted and forcible manner in the after-
 pages:—]

Isoline. Peace!
 No words—save such as make reply to questions.
 We part—why? Lies the reason at my door?
 Am I to blame? Then sit we part. It not,
 It is not fit! I have no right to suffer.
 Suffer, Fernando!—Did you hear me?—Heaven!
 The boon, with showers of tears and gusts of sighs
 You won from me, I call it suffering.
 To find you would not take! But I'm a woman
 Strong in the faculty your nobler sex
 Advances less claims to with most gone pretensions—
 Once sleeping, sleeping still. We shall not part.

You think to leave me. Try! The cement, that
 Becomes a portion of the thing it joins,—
 No that as soon you tear yourselves apart
 As them from it,—not more tenderly
 Keeps hold than I! Pieced, they may disjoin us,
 But perfect, never!

Fernando. Isoline!

Isoline. Fernando!

When I consented to become thy wife,
 I gave myself to thee. A thousand rites
 No more had made me thine. I was thy wife
 That very hour—that very minute! All
 Ties of reserves, heads, other interests,
 That held thy heart from thee, I snapp'd at once,
 And, like a woman, gave it thee entire!
 Whole and for ever!—ay, so gave it thee,
 Were I and all my race in slavery,
 And it the ransom, which, on paying down,
 The shackles would fall off—gall as they might,
 They must remain. I could not take it back,
 Not even if I would.

Fernando. Nay, Isoline!

Isoline. Nay, hear me out, Fernando. There is a
 word

By nature set for the true woman's heart
 Undream'd of by thy sex, except the few
 Of the true manhood, that contemplate them
 With delicate regards. Without that word
 Woman is won and lost, and lost and won,
 As oft we see; but, with it, won—lost never;
 Though won unworthily—a contradiction,
 Yet proof of her pure nature! which, it seems,
 Falls to thy lot to test. You are here to take
 The oath, I vow'd to take along with thee.

[High-spirited and defenceful sentiments!
 —Pallas Minerva—shrined in her high and
 unapproachable sanctity—froze the Gorgon to
 stone, with no severer looks of cold and saintly
 chastity, than does Isoline the wavering Fer-
 nando as she utters those sublime and becom-
 ing sentiments. Thus, she again resumes:—]

Isoline. Men cannot dream

What desperate things a desperate woman dreams,
 Until they see her act them! Men go mad
 To lose their hoards of pelf, when hoards as rich
 With industry may come in time again!
 Yet they go mad—it happens every day.
 Have not some slain themselves? Yet if a maid—
 Who finds that she has nothing garner'd up
 Where she believed she had a heart in store
 For one she gave away—is desperate,
 You marvel at her! Marvel! When the mines
 Of all the earth are poor as beggary
 To make her rich again! Am I ashamed
 To tell thee this?—No!—Save the love we pay
 To Heaven, none purer, holier, than that
 A virtuous woman feels for him she'd cleave
 Through life to. Sisters part from sisters—brothers
 From brothers—children from their parents—but
 Such woman from the husband of her choice
 Never!—Give me the oath you promised me.

[Fernando in vain attempts to resist these
 fine, heart-searching appeals; he is wholly
 won over, as the following lines of beauty
 betoken,—taken from a subsequent scene.]

A Beautiful Hand.

Fernando. *How*
 Lay on my brow this white and velvet hand
 Thou gavest me yesterday.

Heaven, what a hand!

Were it ethereal, yet were given to sense.
 What could be spared of it, or added to it?
 Shape?—No! Hue?—No! Touch?—No! Does it
 breathe?—It does!
 The air of Heaven! I will breathe them—
 [Kissing Isoline's hand.]

The Art of Needle-work from the Earliest Ages. Edited by the Countess of Wilton.

(Second Notice.)

[THE opening chapters of this book are on subjects dear to every devoutly-tuned mind. Of the "coat of many colours," which Jacob made for his beloved Joseph—of that also which Hannah fashioned for "the child Samuel," who, not as yet a prophet, ministered at the shrines of Israel—of the blue, and golden, and embroidered work, done by the "wise-hearted" virgins for the first Temple—of these it entertainingly recites. From the work-table and boudoir of the lady its charming pages render it inseparable.]

KING RYENCE'S MANTLE, OF THE BEARDS OF KINGS.

Who would have believed such a thing to have existed? But such there was. King Ryence's mantle, of rich scarlet, was indeed bordered round with the beards of kings, sewed thereon full craftily by accomplished female hands. Thus runs the anecdote in the "Morte Arthur:"—

"There came a messenger hastily from King Ryence of North Wales, saying, that King Ryence had discomfited and overcome eleven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was thus: they gave him their beards clean flayne off.

"Wherefore the messenger came for King Arthur's beard, for King Ryence had purfeled a mantell with king's beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and breun and slay, and never leave, till he have thy head and thy beard.

"'Well,' said King Arthur, 'thou hast said thy message, which is the most villanous message that man ever heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfoll of; but tell the king that—or it be long—he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head.'"

In what precise manner the beards were sewn on the mantle, we are not exactly informed. Whether this royal exuberance was left to shine in its own unborrowed lustre—its own naked magnificence, as too valuable to be intermixed with the grosser things of earth; whether it was thinly scattered over the surface of the "rich scarlet," or whether it was gathered into locks, perhaps gemmed round with pearls, or clustered together amid emeralds and rubies; whether it was exposed to the vulgar gaze on the mantle, or whether it was so arranged that only at the pleasure of the mighty wearer its radiant beauties were visible:—on all these deeply interesting particulars we should rejoice in having any information; but, alas, excepting what we have recorded, not one circumstance respecting them has "floated down the tide of years." But we may, perhaps, form a correct idea of them from viewing a shield of human hair in

the museum of the United Service Club, which may be supposed to have been *compised* (so to speak) with the same benevolent feelings as that of the heroes to whom we have been alluding. It is from Borneo Island, and is formed of locks of hair placed at regular intervals on a ground of thin tough wood; a refined and elegant mode of displaying the scalps of slaughtered foes. These coincidences are curious, and may serve at any rate to show that King Ryence's mantle was not the invention of the penman.

THE DARK AGES.—"SHEE SCHOOLS."

"Meantime, whilst monk's pens were thus employed, nuns with their needles wrote histories also; that of *Christ, his passion*, for their altar-cloth; and other scripture- (and more legend-) stories in hanging, to adorn their houses."—Fuller, Ch. Hist., B. 6.

"Nunneries," says Fuller, "also were good shoo-schools, wherein the girls and maids of the neighbourhood were taught to read and work; and sometimes a little Latin was taught them therein. The sharpness of their wits, and suddenness of their conceits wore by education improved into a judicious solidity, and adorned with arts which now they want, not because they cannot learn, but because they are not taught them! Yea, give me leave to say, that if such feminine foundations were extant now of dayes, haply the weaker sex might be heightened to an higher perfection than hitherto hath been attained."

Miss Lawrence gives a more detailed account of the duties taught in them. "In consequence of convents being considered as establishments exclusively belonging to the Latin Church, Protestant writers, as by common consent, have joined in censuring them, forgetful of the many benefits which, without reference to their peculiar creed, they were calculated to confer. Although providing instruction for the young, the convent was a large establishment for various orders of women. There were the nuns, the lay-sisters, always a numerous class, and a large body of domestics; while in those higher convents, where the abbess exercised manorial jurisdiction, there were seneschal, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, grooms, indeed the whole establishment of a baronial castle, except the men at arms, and the archer-band. Thus within the convent walls the pupil saw nearly the same domestic arrangement to which she had been accustomed in her father's castle, while, instead of being constantly surrounded with children, well-born and intelligent women might be her occasional companions. And then the most important functions were exercised by women. The abbess presided in her manorial court, the cellareress performed the extensive offices of steward, the precentrix led the singing and superintended the library, and the infirmareress watched over the sick, affording them like spiritual and medical aid. Thus, from her first admission, the pupil was taught to respect and emulate the talents of

women. But a yet more important peculiarity did the convent school present. It was a noble, a well endowed, and an independent institution, and it proffered education as a boon. There was no eager canvassing for scholars, no promises of unattainable advantages; for the convent school was not a mercantile establishment, nor was education a trade. The female teachers of the middle ages were looked up to alike by parent and child, and the instruction so willingly offered was willingly and gratefully received, the character of the teacher was elevated, and, as a necessary consequence, so was the character of the pupil."

In these schools, continues the Countess of Wilton, the nuns considered it an acceptable service to employ their time and talents in the construction of vestments, which, being intended for the service of the church, were rich and sumptuous even at the time when richness and elegance of apparel were unknown elsewhere. It was no proof, either, of the ignorance or bad taste of the irreligion of the "dark" ages, that the religious edifices were fitted up with a rich and gorgeous solemnity which are unheard of in these days of light, and knowledge, and economy. And besides the construction of rich and elaborately ornamented vestments for the priests, and hangings for the altars, shrines, &c., besides these, being peculiarly the occupation of the professed sisters of religious houses, it was likewise the pride and the delight of ladies of rank, to devote both their money to the purchase, and their time to the embroidering of sacerdotal garments as offerings to the church. And whether temporarily sheltering within the walls of a convent, or happily presiding in her own lofty halls, it was oftentimes the pride and pleasure of the high-born dame to embroider a splendid cope, a rich vest, or a gorgeous hanging, as a votive and grateful offering to that holy altar where, perhaps, she had prayed in sorrow, and found consolation and peace.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S RUFFS.

The best known, and most distinguishing characteristic of the costume of her day [Elizabeth's] was the ruff, which was worn of such enormous size that a lady in full dress was obliged to feed herself with a spoon two feet long. In the year 1580, sumptuary laws were published by proclamation, and enforced with great exactness, by which the ruffs were reduced to legal dimensions. Extravagant prices were paid for them, and they were made at first of fine holland, but, early in Elizabeth's reign, they began to wear lawn and cambric, which were brought to England in very small quantities, and sold charily by the yard or half-yard; for there was then hardly one shopkeeper in fifty who dared to speculate in a whole piece of either. So "strange and wonderful was this stuff," says Stowe, speaking of lawn, "that thereupon rose a general scoff or byeword, that shortly they would wear

ruffs of a spider's web." And another difficulty arose; for when the queen had ruffs made of this new and beautiful fabric, there was nobody in England who could starch and stiffen them; but happily her grace found a Dutchwoman possessed of that knowledge which England could not supply, and "Guillan's wife was the first starcher the queen had, as Guillan himself was the first coachman." * * The ruffs were adjusted by poking sticks of iron, steel, or silver, heated in the fire—(probably something answering to our Italian iron); and in May 1582, a lady of Antwerp being invited to a wedding, could not, although she employed two celebrated laundresses, get her ruff plaited according to her taste, upon which "she fell to swear and teare, to curse and ban, casting the ruffles under foete, and wishing that the devill might take her when shee did wear any neckerchers againe." This gentleman, whom it is said an invocation will always summon, now appeared in the likeness of a favoured suitor, and inquiring the cause of her agitation, he "took in hande the setting of her ruffles, which he performed to her great contentation and liking; insemuch as she, looking herself in a glasse (as the devill bade her) became greatly enamoured with him. This done, the young man kissed her, in the doing whereof, he writhed her neck in sunder, so she died miserably." But here comes the marvel: four men tried in vain to lift her "fearful body," when confined for interment; six were equally unsuccessful; "whereat the standers-by marvelling, caused the coffin to be opened to see the cause thereof; where they found the body to be taken away, and a blacke catte, very leane and deformed, sitting in the coffin, *setting of great ruffles, and frizzling of haire*, to the great feare and wonder of all the beholders."

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S STATE CHARIOT.

The State Chariot of the celebrated John, Duke of Marlborough was among other antiquities consumed in the fire that broke out in the house of the Earl of Spencer, at Wimbledon, 1785.

It was in this carriage that he brought the Mareschal Tallard, the French general, when he fell into the hands of the combined army, after the celebrated battle of Oudenarde. The duke's dispatches on that occasion are worthy of record, as they were exceedingly short and laconic:—

"We have fought and conquered, and I have the French general, Monsieur le Mareschal Tallard, at this time with me in my chariot. Let my royal mistress be immediately acquainted with these particulars, and expect more as soon as possible."

The paper on which the above was written, was the back of the direction of an old letter to the duke.

The Gatherv.

ROSAMOND'S POND,

WAS on the south-west corner of Saint James's Park; it tempted more persons (especially females) to suicide by drowning than any other place about town: it was filled up in 1770. That melancholy-looking stagnant pool on the north-west side of the Green-Park, which was filled up in 1837, has been, in late accounts, called Rosamond's Pond, but erroneously so.

An Excuse.—Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you are unemployed?" "Ah," replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected, that Miravaux gave the fellow a piece of silver.

Extraordinary Vitality of Seeds.—On Wednesday, the 16th inst., at a lecture on Egyptian antiquities, delivered by Mr. Pettigrew, in the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, the lecturer exhibited some wheat found in a tomb at Thebes by Sir Gardener Wilkinson, which must have lain there for 30 centuries. The seeds were found in a vase hermetically sealed. He had sown 12 seeds, out of which he obtained one plant, which had grown five feet high, and the seeds of which were new perfectly ripe.

A palm tree of enormous dimensions was lately taken to the Duke of Devonshire's seat at Chatsworth. It weight was 12 tons; it was drawn by nine horses; and the carriage alone was expected to amount before it reached its destination to 1,000*l*.

The remains of the venerable and virtuous *Miles Coverdale* were discovered on Tuesday last, in the centre of the chancel of St. Bartholomew's Church.*

Palm-oil from Africa.—The import of palm-oil from the west coast of Africa, (nineteenths of it being from the Bight of Biafra,) into Liverpool alone, in 1836, was 9,783 tons, and, in 1837, 14,126 tons.

Great Mining School in Cornwall.—A munificent bequest has been made by Sir C. Lemon for the establishment and endowment of a mining school in Cornwall. For this purpose he is willing to provide that a sum of 10,000*l* should, at his death, be placed in the hands of trustees for the use of the college, and should that prove insufficient, he will make it 20,000*l*. An experimental school has already been conducted for two years at his own expense, (more than 1,500*l*.)

A Female Lieutenant.—Mary Schellinck, an extraordinary woman, died, Sept. 1, aged 84. She had served as a common soldier at

Jemmapes, Austerlitz, and several other conflicts, and was severely wounded at each. Napoleon treated her with distinction, made her a Lieutenant, and invested her with the decoration of the Legion of Honour. In 1807, she had bestowed on her an annual pension of 675 francs. On her return from Italy, Gantoise presented her, in her military costume, to the Empress Josephine, who gave her a velvet robe. Her brevet, velvet robe, and legionary decorations are now in the possession of G. Schellinck, of Gand.

A New Ascent of Mont Blanc, successfully achieved, was made on the 26th and 27th of last month, by a naturalist of Naples, Signor Imperiale de Sant-Angelo; who is stated to be the first Italian, though only the thirty-fourth traveller, who has reached the summit of that mountain.

Bishop Burgess's Suavity.—His smile was peculiarly winning. The Reverend Mr. Smelt, a very accomplished man, and sub-tutor to George IV., who often met him at Durham, used to say, "Of all the sweet things I can think of, there is nothing quite equal to Burgess's smile."

"My dear Sir, don't disturb my feelings," said Garrick to Johnson, one night, behind the scenes, "consider the exertions I have to go through." "As to your feelings, David," replied Johnson, "Punch has just as many; and as for your exertions, those of a man who cries turnips about the street are greater."

The Youths with Eagle's Claws.—The two miserable boys who were exhibited, some time since, in New York, as two youths "with eagle's claws," from the South Sea Islands, and who were carried off by their keepers, were lately exhibited in the eastern part of Connecticut. These wretched children are stated to have been taken from their parents in Ohio, under the fraudulent pretence of paying their father, by a farm in Pennsylvania—which said farm was not anywhere to be found.

Greece, so famed in history's pages,
Founder of a thousand schools,
Ne'er produced but ~~such~~ *such* heroes—
Judge the number of his faults!

Forme, by T. Westwood.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The receipt of the promised favour of E.T.C. will give us much pleasure.

Our friend of the "Spectator," must yet try again. He indulges in writing somewhat too personally, and his style is rambling. Let him but peruse one of Addison's divine papers, and he will find that every sentence is weighed with reflection, and polished by deep after-thought.

We regret to decline the following:—F. C.'s Epigrams. "A Christian's Charity," by T. H. H. Sharp. "Kindly Advice to a Neighbour." "George," on Content. R.S.L. Opera.

Many other Contributions are under consideration.

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* Interesting particulars of the disinterment, with engravings, will be given in a future number of *The Mirror*.

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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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MEHEMET ALI,

DRAWN BY GRAHAM, FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH, TAKEN AT A DIVAN.

MEHEMET ALI.

THE above most extraordinary man, who, like his mighty prototypes, Oliver Cromwell and Napoleon Buonaparte, seems to have been created to change the destinies of the world, was born at Cavale, in Roumelia, in the year 1769, but his bodily and mental faculties retain the vigour of youth. The governor of Cavale adopted him as his son, for his family was obscure. Mehemet had scarcely reached thirteen years old, when the inhabitants of a neighbouring village refused their protector the tribute due to him, and as he had not troops, he could not enforce the payment. "Give me a dozen troopers, and a good horse," said Ali, "and I will undertake to get in the impost."

He left with nine soldiers for that purpose. Having reached the village when the greater number of the rebels were absent at work, he repaired to the mosque, and called for four of the principal inhabitants to make a proposition. They presented themselves without mistrust; Mehemet Ali took them prisoners, placed them before his troopers, went through the village threatening to kill the prisoners if a single inhabitant made resistance, and arrived thus at Cavale without accident. The four chiefs, feeling confident that they would not recover their liberty without they urged that the tribute ought to be paid by their fellow-citizens, employed their influence, and it was soon discharged.

Address and audacity are the two great virtues of the East. This expedition made the name of Ali celebrated throughout the country, and procured him a marriage with a wealthy widow, the relation of the governor. Mehemet, who had, as all true Turks have, a taste for commerce as well as arms, entered into the tobacco trade, in which he made a large fortune.

The conquest of Egypt, by the French, took him away from his mercantile pursuits; he left at the head of a troop collected by the governor of Cavale, and soon distinguished himself, and obtained honour from the hands of the Capitan Pasha.

In the mean time, he studied the tactics of the French army, observed the discipline established by the conquerors, and sought to make himself acquainted with the ideas suggested by Buonaparte, upon the importance of the regeneration of Egypt. These ideas he was destined to organize, to extend, and, probably, he already saw the future that awaited him.

He neglected nothing to attract the attention of the Sultan, by taking an active part in the war which the latter was carrying on against the Mameluke rebels. It is, doubtless, to this period of the life of Ali, that the following anecdote, told, without date, by a traveller, relates. Though it is far from being in accordance with our ideas of honour, we relate it as showing the courage and sagacity of Mehemet:—

A rebel chief had rendered himself very formidable, ravaging the country, burning the faithful villages, and killing the inhabitants. His force, which increased day by day, threatened to become an army. Mehemet sent a secret envoy to him, to ask an interview in an appointed place.

It was in a lonely house, where they had little fear of an ambush, and each was to be accompanied by only a few troopers. The insurgent chief thought that Ali wished to join him with his Albanians, and, being desirous to attach himself to such a companion, went to the appointed place. A collation having been prepared, the two chiefs placed themselves at the table, and remained alone, that they might converse with greater freedom.

The rebel made propositions to Mehemet, which he, at first, discussed, and then apparently accepted. They rose from the table, and no slave being present to bear the ewer, according to Eastern custom, the Mameluke presented it to Mehemet, who put down his arms to enable him to wash more freely, made a great lather with the soap upon his beard and eyelids, which, having dried, he, in his turn, offered to his host the water and perfumes.

The Mameluke, not wishing to show less confidence, imitated the example. Ali, then, profiting by a moment when the Mameluke was not looking, seized his arms, made a blow at his neck, and killed him, dragged the body to the window, and cast it thence at the feet of the troopers who attended it. Paralyzed by this sight, they made flight, and the band, which had increased through the reputation of the chief, dispersed as soon as the news of his death spread.

An act of this kind, committed by an European, would be dishonorable, but in Egypt, it added fresh laurels to the reputation of Mehemet. He was not asked respecting the means employed against the Mameluke, who was known to be a ferocious tyrant; he had delivered the country of a dangerous enemy, and that was sufficient for public admiration. Ali knew his nation, and knew what ennobled a man in its eyes.

His increasing celebrity raised the jealousy of his rivals. They persuaded the Grand Signior that his popularity in Egypt would end in making him formidable, and they had him named Pasha at Salónica.

But Ali perceived that his political destiny was to be fulfilled alone on the borders of the Nile. The Sheiks and Ulemas, excited by him, sent to Constantinople, deputies, who brought back a firman, by which the government of Egypt was entrusted to him.

England, who from that time, had longed for the occupation of that country, and saw the obstacles which Ali would oppose to her designs, succeeded in getting his nomination revoked, by promising to the Grand Signior, one thousand five hundred purses. Mehemet,

knowing this, sent two thousand to Constantinople; and, from this time, his title was no more contested.

What followed, shewed him worthy of the situation he held. The English, having declared war at the Porte, formed a squadron of twenty-three vessels, and attempted the conquest of Egypt, after the example of Buonaparte; but routed on all sides, they were, at last, reduced to solicit a capitulation, which Mehemet granted them.

He then followed up, with activity, the war against the Mamelukes; with whom, at last, he concluded a treaty, which was destined to be of short duration. Whether it was, that these implacable enemies continued to conspire, or whether it was, the fear of the Pasha was their only crime, he determined to be quit of them at one blow. Every one knows the Mahomedan St. Bartholomew, by which perished all that remained of these enfranchised slaves. We may say, that with them, perished the whole Mussulman tradition, and that their fall was necessary to the regeneration contemplated by Mehemet. Without approving of the treachery to which they fell a victim, we must admit that their despotism, their ambition, and their indestructible attachment to savage prejudices, had rendered them as odious to the people, as embarrassing to the Pasha. We may be dazzled by the poetical splendour of that courageous band, feel sympathy at witnessing its sanguinary destruction, without, at the same time, forgetting what a mass of violence, extortion, and perfidy, was associated with the name of Mameluke. At the present day, this name awakens in Egypt the remembrance of a scourge, rather than of a glory.

It is seldom that the lives of founders of empires are free from these terrible executions, and which must be called crimes, but are, perhaps, necessary. Mehemet Ali has shed less blood than Charlemagne, and his domination is less absolute than that of Peter, whose right to the title of "great" is not contested. Born in a period of decline, in an uncivilized and corrupted nation, he, of course, had the vices of his people, and this is so true, that to his very vices he has owed his success. Nevertheless, if he employs stratagem to levy an impost, quell a revolt, or destroy his enemies, it is because stratagem alone can succeed in such a situation, and because he himself fears the treachery which he himself employs. Thus it may be said that there are two men in the Pasha of Egypt—first the Turk, a barbarian among barbarians—then the elevated mind who has guessed at the civilization of nations, showing himself to them as they are to him. This double character is not only the sign of a rare degree of intelligence, but is the general characteristic of founders who, by their very mission, belong to two orders of ideas and two orders of society. I would add a remark. Our European governments have the bad habit of less-

ening everything; they have introduced chafing into state affairs, and have applied to the highest questions a sort of shopkeeping cunning. In this, at least, an important lesson is given them by Mehemet. He has never employed petty perfidy but in petty things. When his horizon is enlarged, his arrant cunning gives way to the rectitude of a man of genius, and he returns to that which is simple and true, because in politics, as in everything else, that is also really great and beautiful. But to return to his history. Once delivered from the Mamelukes, he occupied himself with the war against the Wahabites, a fanatical sect, who pretended to restore Islamism to its original purity, and who had just taken Medina. He sent against them his eldest son Toussoum, who, after many victories, died of the plague at Damanhour, leaving the army to the command of his brother Ibrahim, the same who commanded at Nezib, and who commands yet.

Ibrahim Pasha, who is regarded as the sword of old Mehemet, is about forty-four years of age (it is said he was born in the year 1796.) His intellect is not so capacious as that of his father, but "talent comes to him upon the field of battle," as Napoleon said of Massena. His campaign against the Wahabites would have done honour to our greatest generals. Egypt owes to him the organization of her army, and, what is more difficult, the establishment of strict discipline. Much has been spoken about the excesses committed by his troops in Greece, but the truth is, that the rebels furnished the example which the Egyptians followed.

When the combined fleets of Russia, France, and England destroyed the Turco-Egyptian squadron without declaration of war, but by a surprise, which perhaps one day they will rue, Ibrahim had not landed at Navarino, but arrived four hours afterwards. The shores were yet smoking with the remains of his vessels, and covered with the dead bodies of his seamen; cries of anger and indignation arose at this sight in the Egyptian ranks, and they spoke of reprisals against the Christians.

"We will put to death whoever dares insult a Frank," cried Ibrahim.

He then smothered his desire of vengeance and of grief, and busied himself in saving the remains of his fleet.

We ask, could the most civilised of our generals have done better?

Besides Ibrahim, Mehemet had a third son, who gave great hopes—Ismael. To him the pasha confided the unfortunate expedition to Nubia, which was to him; as the campaign of Moscow had been to Buonaparte. Ismael perished there with nearly all his soldiers, and the grief of Mehemet at this loss is still felt.

We will say nothing of the effects made by Mehemet Ali for the civilization and enrichment of Egypt; these are well-published facts, and well-known to all. Pestilential marshes have been drained off; the bed of the large

river repaired from Ramanhia to Alexandria; olive, cotton, and mulberry trees planted in all directions. The pasha has founded schools, raised hospitals, timber-yards, and arsenals—in short, has executed in less time, with less means and resources, and in spite of the embarrassments of a precarious situation, more than Peter the Great had even commenced during his long reign. Thanks to him, Egypt has become, within the last fifteen years, the refuge of all these pioneers of intelligence who go on drying up barbarism before them, and an asylum of all unappreciated talent. He has made the Ulemas accept European civilization—a result which the Sultan Mahmood never could arrive at, and he is at this moment the representative of progress and Islamism in the East. Thus, to him are turned the eyes of the true believers who still desire to save the old empire, and the arrival of Turkish vessels in Egypt sufficiently proves it. The captains and all the crews of the fleet do not yield without fighting, and at the mere order of an admiral, without sympathy or admiration from the enemy.

Such, then, are Mehemet and Ibrahim. The first continues the projects of Napoleon in Egypt, and is, after him, the man who has done more and greater things than any other man of our age. A clever politician, a powerful administrator, he is found acquainted with general science, without having learned anything, and by the mere intuition given by genius. The second, nearly always at the head of armies since twenty-four years of age, and nearly always victorious, commands the trained troops, who place in him that unshaken confidence which constitutes the strength of a soldier.

Our Portrait, which prefaces the above memoir, is from the original sketch, taken during an audience with Mehemet Ali.

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Oh, when did sorrow bow my head,
And all earth's blessings seem as dead,
To thee, my Guardian Angel, I
Imploring raise my tearful eye.
Benevolent Spirit! from thy throne,
Thou look'st with kind compassion down;
'Tis thou who whisperest words of hope,
And bid'st my heart no longer droop.
And in the moment of despair,
Dear Angel, thou art ever there,
To chase all darker thoughts away,
And bid thy child kneel down and pray.
Thou sweetly point'st to heaven above,
The mansion of eternal love,
Where spirits all in glory reign,
Redeemed from every breath of pain.
Lead on, lead on, my glorious guide,
Let me be ever by thy side,
And when my soul has left this clay,
Lead me to realms of endless day.
Yes, after death I still would be
In sweet companionship with thee
My blessed Guide, my Angel friend,
May thy protection never end!

LAVINA C. R.—s.

CAUSES OF

ERECT STATURE IN MAN.

DANTE, when contemplating the erect stature of man, and his countenance empowered to gaze upon the heavens, spontaneously broke into the melodies of adoration, thanking man's Maker for these glorious prerogatives.

The differences which we discern in the muscles of the lower extremity between man and the other mammalia, arise out of that characteristic feature, which so strikingly distinguishes man from all other animals, viz., his erect stature. An accurate examination of this subject, will shew us, that the erect position belongs to man only; and that the well-known passage of the Roman poet, is not merely distinguished by its elegance of diction, but confirmed by the results of physiological investigation.

*Pronaque cum spectant animalia petra terram
Os homini sublime dedit; cœlumque tuum
Jussit; et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

Prone to the dust are ever bowed,
The looks of all earth's lower creatures,
But God gave man a front sublime,
To gaze on Heaven with glorious features;
—Gave him to walk erect, and view,
His stars, and armaments of blue!

In order to enable any animal to preserve the erect position, the following conditions are required:—

1st. That the parts of the body should be so disposed, as to admit of being maintained with ease, in a state of equilibrium.

2d. That the muscles should have sufficient power to correct the deviations from this state.

3d. That the centre of gravity of the whole body should fall within the space occupied by the feet.

4th. That the feet themselves should have a broad surface, resting firmly on the ground, and should admit of being, in a manner, fixed to the earth.

All these circumstances are united in the necessary degree in man only.

The broader the surface included by the feet, the more securely will the line of gravity rest within that surface. The feet of man are much broader than those of any animal, and admit of being separated more widely than any other. The sources of the latter prerogative reside in the superior breadth of the human pelvis, and in the length and obliquity of the neck of the femur, which, by throwing the bone of the body outwards, disengage it from the hip-joint.

The whole tarsus, metatarsus, and toes, rest on the ground, in the human subject; but not in other animals. The simia, and the bear, have the end of the os calcis raised from the surface; while on the contrary, it projects in man, and its prominent portion has a most important share in supporting the back of the foot. The exterior margin of the foot rests chiefly on the ground in the simia; which

circumstance leaves them a freer use of their thumb and long toes in seizing the branches of trees, &c., and renders the organ so much the less adapted to support the body on level ground.

The *plantaris** muscle, instead of terminating in the os calcis, expands into the plantar fascia, in the simiæ; and in other quadrupeds, it holds the place of the *flexor brevis*, or *perforatus digitorum pedis*, passing over the os calcis, in such a direction, that its tendon would be compressed, and its action impeded, if the heel rested on the ground.

The extensors of the ankle-joint, and chiefly those which form the calf of the leg, are very small in the mammalia, even in the genus simiæ. The peculiar mode of progression of the human subject, sufficiently accounts for their vastly superior size in man. By elevating the os calcis, they raise the whole body in the act of progression; and by extending the leg on the foot, they counteract that tendency which the weight of the body has to bend the leg, in standing.

The thigh is placed in the same line with the trunk, in man; it always forms an angle with the spine, in animals; and this is, often, even an acute one. The extensors of the knee are much stronger in the human subject than in other mammalia, as their double effect of extending the leg on the thigh, and of bringing the thigh forwards on the leg, forms a very essential part in the human mode of progression.

The flexors of the knee are, on the contrary, stronger in animals; and are inserted so much lower down in the tibia (even in the simiæ), than in the human subject, that the support of the body, on the hind legs, must be very insecure; as the thigh and leg form an angle, instead of continuing in a straight line.

The *gluteus maximus*,† which is the largest muscle in the human body, is so small and insignificant in animals, that it may almost be said not to exist. This muscle, which forms the great bulk of the human buttock, extends the pelvis on the thighs, in standing; and, assisted by the other two *glutei*, maintains that part in a state of equilibrium on the lower extremity, which rests on the ground, while the one is carried forwards in progression. The true office of these important muscles does not, therefore, consist, as it is usually represented in the common anatomical works, in moving the thigh on the pelvis, but in that of fixing the pelvis on the thighs, and of maintaining it in the erect position.

Such, then, are the supports by which the trunk of the human body is firmly maintained in the erect position. The properties of the trunk, which contribute to the same end, may now be slightly mentioned, to complete the view of the subject.

The breadth of the human pelvis affords a firm basis on which all the superior parts rest

securely; the same part is so narrow in other animals, that the trunk represents an inverted pyramid; and there must, consequently, be great difficulty in maintaining it in a state of equilibrium, if it were possible for the animal to assume the erect position. In those instances where the pelvis is broader, the other conditions of the upright stature are absent; the bear, however, forms an exception to this observation, and, consequently, admits of being taught to stand and walk erect, although the posture is manifestly inconvenient and irksome to the animal.

The perpendicular position of the vertebral column, under the centre of the basis cranii, and the direction of the eyes and mouth forwards, would be as inconvenient to man, if he went on all fours, as they are well adapted to his erect stature. In the former case, he would not be able to look before him; and the great weight of the head, with the comparative weakness of the extensor muscles, and the want of *ligamentum nucha*, would render the elevation of that organ almost impossible.*

When quadrupeds endeavour to support themselves on the hind extremities, as, for instance, for the purpose of seizing any objects with the fore feet, they rather sit down than assume the erect position; for they rest on the thighs as well as on the feet, and this can only be done where the fore part of the body is small, as in the *simiæ*, the *squirrel*, &c.; in other cases, the animal is obliged also to support itself by the fore feet, as in the *dog*, *cat*, &c. The large and strong tail, in some instances, forms, as it were, a third foot, and thereby increases the surface for supporting the body, as in the *kangaroo* and the *jerboa*.

Various gradations may be observed in the mammalia, connecting man to those animals which are strictly quadrupeds. The simiæ, which are by no means calculated for the erect position, are not, on the other hand, destined, like the proper quadrupeds, to go on all fours. They live in trees, where their front and hinder extremities are both employed in climbing, &c.

The true quadrupeds have the front of the trunk supported by the anterior extremities, which are, consequently, much larger and stronger than in man; as the hind feet of the same animals yield, in these respects, to those of the human subject. The chest is, in a manner, suspended between the scapulae; and the serrati magni muscles, which support it in this position, are, consequently, of great bulk and strength. When viewed together, they represent a kind of girth surrounding the chest.

There are some who have endeavoured to show that Man was not the only animal formed to look upon the Heavens, and adduce the fish called *Ouranoscopus*, as an instance *au contraire*; but the readers of the above

* From *planta*, the sole of the foot.

† A broad radiated muscle on which we sit.

* Lawrence's Blumenbach on Comp. Anat. pp. 308-9.

chapter will see, that there are causes involved within causes to promote this structure in man, inseparably combined with his erectness of stature, which no animal possesses in combination; and that the eye of man is not a mere vacant staring ball, but filled with wonderful glory, and gifted, by aid of reason, with the power of piercing beyond "the Veil," even into the "Heaven of Heavens."

EVERY DAY SKETCHES.

THE STREET.

THE man whose thoughts are of the future directs his gaze aloft, he that is busy with the past looks to the ground, the present fills the mind of him who looks straight before him, while he that thinks of nothing, looks to the right and left; but if a man cast frequent glances in the rear, be sure remorseless creditors are busy with his thoughts. He that walks slowly, reflects, meditates, or is wrapt in some calculation—he whose mind is filled with projects, strides rapidly along; he who runs, dreams of some rich legacy, of love, or of vanity.

A simple dress, slightly neglected, but clean withal; a gait neither too hasty nor too slow; a demeanour without effeminacy, yet not too stiff; mark a reasonable, good, and cordial man.

The man who trots along, mincing his steps, blinking his eyes, thrusting forth his head, and wagging his shoulders, is a chatterbox, a punctilious caviller.

He whose dress is neat, yet stiff, who is constantly drawing his hand over his hat, dusting his trousers with his pocket-handkerchief, rubbing the fronts of his coat with his sleeve, is of a minute, susceptible, and waspish disposition.

He that wears gold chains visible with the naked eye, cameos, rings, watch-seals, is either a wealthy rustic, a conjurer, a vendor of spicifics, or an Italian prince.

THE SALUTATION.

The magistrate, the professor, or the president of a public office, who, dressed in a sable suit, with one hand thrust in his breast, walks rather stiffly, jerks out his leg at each step, and when he bows lifts his hat high above his head, is not, as is commonly supposed, a man puffed up with pride; he is, in general, good, and well-meaning, though rather particular and precise.

Your proud man is not merely the cub that greets you with a glance or a nod, but is also he that requites your bow with affectation.

The only occasion on which it is allowable for a clever man to appear a fool is this:—

Two men meet, look, smile at each other, exchange endless bows, and at every salaam each advances a step, until, when near enough to shake hands, both at once inquire and respond, "How do you do?" "Pretty well,

thank you, how are you?" then stand staring with open mouths. They thought they knew each other.

The inferior and superior, both conceited, never exchange bows, but pass on, apparently not seeing one another. Were you to meet a fool ten times in an hour, he would bow as many times.

A man of tact, if he meet you at dusk, or in some out-of-the-way place, in the company of one lady, will never bow, even if you are face to face.

When two men meet who despise each other, both bow with marked respect and civility, for both fear one another.

The husband bows to the lover with a patronizing air, the lover returns the bow with a smile, on the same occasion: rivals compress their lips, the creditor bows in confusion, the debtor with levity; friendship greets with the hand alone, love with a glance. When two men have previously seen each other at a funeral, on meeting again, were it even at a masked ball, they assume a grave and solemn air.

The man who wears a wig bows but seldom; the exercise of the hat always causes him considerable anxiety.

THE HAT.

The shape of a hat, and the mode in which it is worn, give considerable insight into the heart and mind.

He that cocks his hat on one ear is a poltroon assuming an air of bravery.

He that wears it off his forehead is a gaby.

He that wears it slouched over his eyes, and raised up behind, is a railor.

He that rams it down perpendicularly over his brows is a blunt ill-natured fellow.

He that walks with it in his hand is a coxcomb.

The man who has always a bran new shiny hat possesses the spirit of order; he is a man of method.

He that wears a peaked hat with a large brim and a broad riband—in a word, he that wears a hat such as they are never worn, is a false-minded and conceited mannerist.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The man who is ever laughing is a fool, but he that never laughs is a blockhead.

The busy man looks, but sees not; the idler sees without looking; the loungeur both sees and looks.

A quick walker either does not lounge, or knows not how. The same may be said of him that yawns in the street, or that passes a pretty woman and looks not, or passes before a showy shop-front or a mountebank's booth without stopping. A fool takes a walk and never lounges. A stupid man lounges sometimes, a man of talent often.

The true loungeur continues in one direction until a carriage pass before him, or he encounters some interruption; a crowded shop-window at the corner of a street, a shove, a blow

from the elbow of a passer by, are capable of changing his course. From accident to accident, from encounter to encounter, he comes, he goes, he returns, and finds himself either very far from, or very near, his home, as chance may have willed.

One may lounge away from home, in a public place, alone or in company with one other lounge. Ho that thinks to lounge in his own house is mistaken, he muses.

The muser is he that continues to say, "I am going, I am going," and yet still retains his interlocutor by the button. The muser babbles, but thinks not; the loungeur thinks much, but speaks little. The muser is the loungeur travestied, he is enough to disgust one of lounging.

Enough for the present.—Good evening.—*Charivari.*

HERODOTUS.

THE FIRST RECORDING TRAVELLER.

(From *Blackwood.*)

WHAT was the audience that Herodotus addressed. Was it readers whom he courted? No, but auditors. Was it the literary body whom he addressed—a small body everywhere? No, but the public without limitation. Public! but what public? Not the public of Lacedæmon, drunk with the gloomy insolence of self-conceit—not the public of Athens, amiably vain, courteous, affable, refined. No, it was the public of universal Hellas, an august congress representing the total civilization of the earth; so that of any man not known at Olympia, prince, emperor, whatever he might call himself, if he were not present in person or by proxy, you might warrantably affirm that he was *homo ignorabilis*—a person of whose existence nobody was bound to take notice; a man to be ignored by a grand jury. This representative *Champ de Mai*, Herodotus addressed. And in what character did he address it? What character did he ascribe to the audience? What character did he assume to himself? Then he addressed sometimes in their general character of human beings; but still having a common interest in a central network of civilization, investing a certain ring fence, beginning in Sicily and Carthage, whence it ran round through Lybia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, the Ionian belt or zone, and terminating in the majestic region of *Men*—the home of liberty—the Pharos of truth and intellectual power—the very region in which they were all at that moment assembled. There was such a collective body dimly recognized at times by the ancients, as corresponds to our modern Christendom, and having some unity of possible interest by comparison with the unknown regions of Scythias, Indias, and Ethiopias, lying in a far wider circle beyond; regions that from their very obscurity, and from the utter darkness of their

exterior relations, must at times have been looked to with eyes of anxiety—as permanently harbouring that possible deluge of savage eruption which, about 150 years after, did actually swallow up the Grecian colony of Bactria, (or Bokkara,) as founded by Alexander; swallowed it so suddenly, and so effectually, that merely the blank fact of its tragical catastrophe has reached posterity. Perhaps the only record of Bactria was the sullen report of some courier from Susa, who would come back with his letters undelivered; simply reporting, that on reaching such a ferry on some nameless river, or such an outpost upon a heath, he found it in possession of a fierce unknown race—the ancestors of future Affghans or Tartars. * * *

In this character it was, that Herodotus at times addressed the assembled Greece, at whose bar he stood. That the intensity of this patriotic idea intermitted at times; that it was suffered to slumber through entire books; this was but an artist's management, which caused it to swell upon the ear all the more sonorously, more clamorously, more terrifically, when the lungs of the organ filled once more with breath, when the trumpet stop was opened, and the 'foudroyant' style of the organist commenced the hailstone chorus from Marathon. Here came out the character in which Herodotus appeared. The Iliad had taken Greece as she was during the building of the first temple at Jerusalem—in the era of David and Solomon—a thousand years before Christ. The eagle's plume in her cap at that era was derived from Asia. It was the Troad, it was Asia that in those days constituted the great enemy of Greece. Greece universal had been confederated against the Asia of that day, and, after an Iliad of woes, had triumphed. But another era of 500 years had passed since Troy. Again there has been an universal war raging between Greece and a great foreign potentate. Again, this enemy of Greece is called Asia. What is Asia? The Asia of the Iliad was a petty maritime Asia. But Asia now means Persia; and Persia, taken in combination with its dependencies of Syria and Egypt, means the World. The frontier line of the Persian empire "marched" or confined with the Grecian; but now so vast was the revolution effected by Cyrus, that had not the Persians been withheld by their dismal bigotry from cultivating maritime facilities, the Greeks must have sunk under the enormous power now brought to bear upon them. At one blow the whole territory of what is now Turkey in Asia, viz the whole of Anatolia, and of Armenia, had been extinguished as a neutral and interjaacent force for Greece. At one blow, by the battle of Thymbra, the Persian armies had been brought nearer by much more than a thousand miles to the gates of Greece.

That danger it is necessary to conceive, in order to conceive that subsequent triumph. Herodotus—whose family and nearest genera-

tion of predecessors must have trembled after the thoughtless insult offered to Sardis, under the expectation of the vast revenge prepared by the Great King—must have had his young imagination filled and dilated with the enormous display of Oriental power, and been thus prepared to understand the terrific collisions of the Persian forces with these of Greece. He had heard in his travels how the glorious result was appreciated in foreign lands. He came back to Greece with a two-fold freight of treasures. He had two messages for his country. One was—a report of all that was wonderful in foreign lands; all that was interesting from its novelty or its vast antiquity; all that was regarded by the natives for its sanctity, or by foreigners with amazement, as a measure of colossal power in mechanics. And these foreign lands, we must remember, constituted the total world to a Greek. Rome was yet in her infant days unhealed of beyond Italy. Egypt and the other dependencies of Persia composed the total map south of Greece. Greece, with the Mediterranean islands, and the eastern side of the Adriatic, together with Macedon and Thrace, made up the world of Europe. Asia, which had not yet received the narrow limitation imposed upon that word by Rome, was co-extensive with Persia; and it might be divided into Asia *cis*-Tigritana, and Asia *trans*-Tigritana; the Euxine and the Caspian were the boundaries to the north; and to one advancing further, the Oxus was the northern boundary, and the Indus the eastern. The Punjab, as far as the river Sutlege, that is, up to our present British cantonments at Ludiana, was indistinctly supposed to be within the jurisdiction of the Great King. Probably he held the whole intervening territory of the late Runjeet Sing, as now possessed by the Sikhs. And beyond these limits all was a mere path of ideal splendour, or a dull repetition of monotonous barbarism.

The report which personal travels enabled Herodotus to make of this extensive region composing neither more nor less than the total map of the terraqueous globe as it was then supposed to exist, (all the rest being a mere *Nova Zembla* in their eyes,) was one of two revelations which the great traveller had to lay at the feet of Greece. The other was a connected narrative of their great struggle with the King of Persia. The earth bisected itself into two parts—Persia and Greece: all that was not Persia was Greece; all that was not Greece was Persia. The Greek traveller was prepared to describe the one section to the other section; and having done this, to relate in a connected shape the recent tremendous struggle of the one section with the other. Here was Captain Cook fresh from his triple circumnavigation of the world: here was Mungo Park fresh from the Niger and Timbuctoo: here was Bruce fresh from the coy fountains of the Nile: here was Phipps, Franklin, Parry from the Arctic Circle: here

was Leo Africanus from Moorish palaces: here was Mandeville from Prester John, from the Cham of Tartary, and the golden cities of Hindostan; from Agra and Lahore of the great Mogul. This was one side of the medal; and on the other was the patriotic historian who recorded what all had heard by fractions, but none in the whole series. Now if we consider how rare was either character in ancient times, how difficult it was to travel where no license made it safe, where no preparations in roads, inns, carriages, made it convenient; that even, five centuries in advance of this era, little knowledge was generally circulated of any region, unless so far as it had been traversed by the Roman legions; considering the vast credulity of the audience assembled—a gulf capable of swallowing mountains; and, on the other hand, that here was a man fresh from the Pyramids and the Nile, from Tyre, from Babylon, and the Temple of Belus—a traveller who had gone in with his sickle to a harvest yet untouched—that this same man, considered as an historian, spoke of a struggle with which the earth was still agitated; that the people who had triumphed so memorably in this war, happened to be the same people who were then listening; that the leaders in this glorious war, whose names had already passed into spiritual powers, were the fathers of the present audience; combining into one picture all these circumstances—one must admit that no such meeting between giddy expectation, and the very excess of power to meet its clamorous calls, is likely to have occurred before or since upon this earth. Hither had assembled people from the most inland and most illiterate parts of Greece; people that would have settled a pension for life upon any man who would have described to them so much as a crocodile or ichneumon. To these people, the year of his public recitation would be the meridian year of their lives. He saw that the whole scene would become almost a dramatic work of art; in the mere gratification of their curiosity, the audience might be passive and neutral; in the history of the war, they became almost actors, as in a dramatic scene. This scenical position could not escape the traveller-historian. His work was recited with the exaggeration that belongs to scenic art. It was read probably with gesticulations by one of those thundering voices, which Aristophanes calls a “damnable” voice, from its ear-piercing violence.

A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

AN immense overgrown girl was brought to the house of a Buckinghamshire medical practitioner by her father, to ask his advice concerning her health. “She had no spirits,” said her father, “to do anything, and seemed as heavy as a lump of lead.”

The following dialogue took place:—

"Well, my good girl, when do you get up?"

"At half-past seven, sir, since I've been delicate." (She weighed at least twelve stone.)

"And when breakfast?"

"At eight."

"What do you eat for breakfast?"

"Bread, and bacon, and yell." (sic.)

"When do you dine?"

"At one, sir."

"You take nothing, I suppose, between breakfast and dinner?"

"I *pick a bit* of bread, and could bacon, and yell, when foyther has a drop o'beer, at eleven."

"What do you eat for dinner?"

"Bread, and hot bacon, and yell, and may be a bit o' hard doompling."

"Then, I suppose, you wait till tea—at what hour is that?"

"At four—but we don't take tea, it's so *washy*—fayther says—we take bread, and could bacon, and yell."

"And then," said the doctor, "I suppose you go to bed?"

"Na, na," exclaimed the red-cheeked victim of self-imposed regimen, (and while she spoke she smiled as well as her fat cheeks permitted;) "we have supper last, at eight:—a little hot bit of bacon, bread, and yell!"

ETIENNE DELAMETAIRIE.

Etienne Delametairie, born blind, lately died in the hospital at Bourges, aged one hundred and three years and eighteen days. For more than a century, he was an inhabitant of a world he never saw. Like many of his darkling companions in the brute creation, he was employed, for sixty years, in turning a grindstone.—*Mirror*, No. 1023, p. 176.

GRINDING away in the blackness of darkness!—sixty years was this poor human scarecrow employed in turning a grindstone; and further existed, as a mortal being, in our large Pandemonium of a world, for one hundred and three years, and eighteen days.

One hundred and three years! Blindness, like a plague-spot, had fastened upon his countenance, even from his mother's womb. Day trod upon night, and night upon day, through the complete circle of a century, without any perception, on his part, of the great changes from light to darkness, and from darkness to light, which pass over this globe and its puny habitants, every twelve alternate hours. The morning broke rosily in the heavens—the sun came forth as a bridegroom, and day spread out its azure-curtained skies—but them he saw not, neither regarded. Darkness, at the eleventh hour, fell down upon the earth, and the burning blazonry, which men have for centuries gloried to behold, this solitary man of more than a century, scarce knew, even in conception—for if even friend or neighbour told him of the things which he could not see, and spake of golden balls moving with a staid regularity, and not without music, through

firmaments on high, and illimitable regions—he could only, by the aid of a dull and impractical fancy, try to picture the scene to his inner eye of mind, for the visual and outer organ was irrevocably blinded—and if he had, at last, overcome the drossiness of his lot, so that patient resignation had somewhat reconciled him to his calamity, he would have wished, perchance, so early as his twelfth or twentieth year, to have cast off the dark and corporeal investiture that wrapt his life and senses in obscurity, and soared amid the "sapphire blaze," where blindness would have been no privation, seeing that even the angels, at that insufferable light, "with both wings veil their eyes."

Happy, comparatively, would have been Etienne's lot, if he had only, for a portion of his life—say a very fraction of his lifetime, a few weeks or days, at least—recovered, or originally have had, the use of his vision. For then, in the years of his subsequent darkness, he would have still have had some delight treasured up beside him. The memories of an emerald earth, with its garniture of flowers, and streams, and spangled trees—the memories of a blue-o'erarching sky, with its glorious sun-risings and ruddy sun-falls—these would not have been the least of the things over which his spirit could have rejoiced, and consolingly thought of, in the after-days when his eyes were dimmed. Over these grand and gorgeous pictures, *allâ mente repêstum*, he would have loved to ponder, spite of the bitter regrets that sometimes might arise; so that the glooms of his casual dependencies would thereby have been dispersed, before the rich-laughing sunshines of olden recollections.

And then too, "the human face divine"—the face of woman never had he beheld. He had experienced her kindness, and already loved her, though her he had never seen. For had not she—while rough and unfeeling fellow-men flung at him their scorn, and assailed him with their jibes—had not she, like a ministering seraph, soothed and comforted his soul? Did she not bring him, daily, his food and his refreshing drink, and smooth, at night, his pillow, and leave him with a prayer. O, if on any score, he sighed for power of vision, would it not have been that his eye—eloquent index of the inward soul—might have thanked her with its expressive glances—that he might have seen the spirit of love and tenderness—which he now only felt conveyed in the sweet tones of her affectionate tongue—transfigured upon her face; for very sure he was, although he saw it not, that her "face was as the face of those in Heaven." If Adam, replenished with every faculty, knew of a truth that it was not good for man to be alone, how much more so must destitute Etienne, when he found her "eyes to his blind."

Life must, nevertheless, have been to Delametairie, little better than a formidable sphinx, armed with irresolvable enigmas; and he, a

poor and simple Darius, was no *Ædipean* solver of her mystic riddles. Notions of space, or dimension, were, to him, almost unknown. Man's life, he had heard his pastor say, was but a span—a brief period of three-score years and ten; but Etienne arrived at that ancient age, and still fresh days were heaped upon the "days of the years" he had already

There is a chapter in *Ecclesiastes*, describing in beautiful allegorical language, the progressive decay of the mortal fabric—the gradual decadence of the animal framework. One token, however, therein mentioned, of destruction's insidious doings—the "darkening of the windows"—or the obscurement of sight—was a warning which was not destined to visit Etienne; for, even from his birth, no light, or scintilla of light, had ever pierced the thick obtenebation of his sightless balls; they rolled to and fro in their rightful sockets, but they were muffled in darkness ere he issued from the womb's portal, and so, to his death-hour, were they doomed to be. True, however, that he was not altogether desolate—though one sense was blotted out, yet, so were not the others;—vocal speech and moving music were not shut out from his audible ear—sweetness and acidity equally gratified his palate—his touch had become more vivid, nay, his finger-tips seemed almost gifted with eyes, so acute had their sense become in acting as substitutes for the deficient organ—the aroma of flowers and fine savours regaled his smell; so that, after all, Etienne had abundant cause still to rejoice in his existence, and to be grateful to his God, that he could still, in so many other ways, comprehend his merciful goodness.

Sixty years in turning a grindstone! Etienne might almost have begun to fancy that he was doomed, like Ixion, to eternal labour—destined to turn for ever, an irrevoluble wheel. Tho' "*Ignis Rota*," that the doomed of Avernus are compelled to turn, was scarcely more constant than the wheel of Etienne; yet, was his reflection thereon somewhat more pleasing than theirs, for not in pain or misery he turned it, since it brought him his humble bread from day to day, and secured to him the blessed pallet on which his time-worn limbs reposed at night. Without these two things, therefore, which his daily labour brought him, desolate, indeed, had he been in the bleak, cold world, where pity is a-froze to marble, and charity chilled to stone.

But, there is a day when "the grinders shall cease in the streets," and that day, at length, came—which must inevitably come to every one—even to ancient Etienne. The generous heart that had poured abroad warm blood for more than a century through his veins, invigorating and sustaining his animal being, had now become like a broken pitcher at the fountain. The wheel at the cistern, as Scripture beautifully typifies the heart with its motive function, had, day after day, be-

come less and less incapable, till one morning, upon the eighteenth day of his hundred and fourth year, the grindstone, which had, for sixty years, been ever constant—regular as any horologe or chronometer in its sound and movements, was not heard, as customarily, by an inhabitant of the house, and when the wondering inmate entered the hovel, he found that Etienne was dead—that the grinder had ceased for ever.

BLISSES OF MEMORY.

It is difficult to discover what are the exact sources from which spring the thrilling feelings of joy and satisfaction with which we look back to the days of our early youth, and to the scenes in which our infancy was passed. It matters not, or at least very little, what are the pleasures which we have enjoyed in after-years, what are the delights that surround us, what are the blessings which Heaven has cast upon our lot. Whenever the mind, either as a voluntary act, or from accidental associations, recalls, by the aid of memory, the period of childhood and the things which surrounded it, there comes over us a gladdening sensation of pure and simple joys which we never taste again at any time of life. It must be, at least in part, that the delights of those days were framed in innocence and ignorance of evil; and that He who declared that of such as little children consisted the kingdom of Heaven, has allotted to the babes of this world, in the brightness of their innocence, joys similar to those of the world beyond—joys that never cloy and that leave no regret. What though some mortal tears will mix with those delights!—what though the flesh must suffer, and the evil one will tempt! yet the allotted pleasures have a zest which not even novelty alone could give, and an imperishable purity in their nature which makes their remembrance sweeter than the fruition of other joys, and speaks their origin from heaven. I love to dwell upon such memories, and to find likenesses for them in the course, the aspect, and the productions of the earth itself. I see the same sweetness and the same simplicity pervading the youth of all nature, and find in the dim violet, the youngest child of Spring, an image of those early joys—pure, soft, and calm, and full of an odour that acts upon the sense more than that of any other flower. Thus it is, I suppose, and for these causes, that in looking back upon the days of my youth—though those days were not as happy and as bright as they are to many—I feel a secret satisfaction which I know not at the time. Yet those hours indeed, as one who gives a diamond to a child, bestowed upon me a gift, the value of which I knew not, till many a year had passed away.—*The Man at Arms.*

Public Journals.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. CXXXII.
September, 1840. [Murray.]

["*Modern English Poetesses*,"—this, a singular and all-attractive paper—appears in the present Quarterly. But for its length, it would have ornamented our this week's pages. Like a rich piece of mosaic, it is formed of the reviewer's remarks, and the most golden passages that the harps of those "Poetesses" have flung forth. The article, in truth, resembles an Harmonic Temple, that, with its hymns of Priestesses and Virgins, demonstrates eloquently of the powers of woman, and meanwhile wraps the soul in melodies delicious.—This, therefore, we debit to the future.

Mr. Carlyle's fascinating philosophy is shortly after taken in tow, and the "sift essence" of its "reason" inquired into. Many of the writer's conclusions are forcible, but he makes that system no better than a skeleton, which others consider full of bloom and healthfulness:—Doctors disagree. The following remarks are just, on

Modern Egotism in Writing.

The personal appearance of the writer is to be noticed, (Mr. Carlyle in his work on the "French Revolution,") because it is unhappily too much in accordance with the general practice—and a very bad practice—of our modern literature. It is egotistical. Unless it ceases to be egotistical, it will achieve nothing great or good. Shakspeare painted all things but himself. Like the magic spirit of the mind itself, like the ruling creative power in nature and in all things, he worked himself invisible, and now when he has vanished entirely from sight, and we can scarcely trace a vestige of his personal existence, his soul remains immortal. Homer the same. In only one moment of awakened feeling he trusts himself to utter a simple wish for

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

Milton (and Mr. Carlyle seems to have a juster appreciation of Milton's faults than modern critics in general,) cannot resist coming forward—but it is not for any time. Plato—the great poet and artist Plato—in all his exquisite dramas, mentions himself, we think, but four times at the most, and then only in a catalogue of names, as an entire stranger. Thucydides and Herodotus, but for the testimony of others, would scarcely be known to have written their own books. Not so our modern writers. Everywhere, like an officious cook, insisting on coming into the dining-room, and explaining himself the mysteries of the table; the author, whether a poet, or historian, or novel-writer, or essayist, comes prominently forward, and will not consent to be unseen. Either his hero is a copy of himself, or his facts are mixed up with his own explanations, or his poems are the pouring forth of his own sensibility, or his essays are a popular exhibition of his own modes of thought and

feeling. The "I" appears everywhere. It is a black spot and mars the whole.

[At p. 515 opens a laborious essay on the life and writings of the great historian Niebuhr. The subjoined passage, while it displays his very extraordinary gifts and attainments, presents a pleasing picture of his early boyhood.]

Niebuhr's Parentage and Boyhood.

Barthold George Niebuhr was the son of Karsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller in Arabia. The younger Niebuhr wrote a life of his father. The elder Niebuhr and his wife, a daughter of Blumenburg the physician, were Germans by birth. His Arabian travels had been performed under the auspices and at the expense of the Danish court, whose able and intelligent minister, Count Bernstoff, had set this example to more powerful and wealthy sovereigns, of encouraging geographical and scientific inquiry. On his return from his travels, Niebuhr remained, as an officer of engineers, in the service of the King of Denmark, and nine years after, (A.D. 1776,) his illustrious son was born at Copenhagen. In 1778, the father received an appointment as district secretary at Meldorf, the capital of the old republic of Ditmarschen, a province which retained many vestiges of its free institutions. In a large old-fashioned house in the midst of that vast cultivated morass, as flat and traceless as the sands of Arabia, this adventurous and enterprising traveller closed his days, and the future historian passed the first years of vivid youthful impression in this dreary and monotonous habitation. He was long, he acknowledges, insensible to the beauty of natural scenery. At Edinburgh he had some dawning perception of the sublime in nature, but his mind awakened but slowly to any feeling of the soft, the genial, and the graceful. Their mode of living was plain and simple; the elder Niebuhr never abandoned the rigid and abstemious habits of his more active prime. An occasional visitor, either a friend, or some one attracted by the fame of the traveller, alone broke the dull uniformity of their society. Fortunately, however, when Barthold was between five or six years old, Boie, the editor of the "Deutsche Museum," settled at Meldorf, as the governor of the province; and Boie brought with him into that dreary and secluded region, the inestimable treasure of an excellent library, rich in German, French, and English literature.

Boie was struck with the early intelligence and assiduity of the child. A slight anecdote shows how early that great endowment of an historian, with which Niebuhr was so highly gifted, an accurate and retentive memory, began to develop itself. When he was about seven years old, Boie read to him "Macbeth." He was struck with the profound impression it seemed to make on the boy. Boie endeavored to make him understand the poem, and took pains (perhaps unnecessary pains,) to explain that the witches were not real per-

sonages. The child sat down and wrote on some pages the whole story, without leaving out a single incident, and without any notion of receiving praise for what he had done.

He was by nature a gay and playful child; but his mother's constitution began early to suffer from the damp and insalubrious air of the low district, and Niebuhr had inherited her constitution and temperament. The buoyancy of his youthful spirits was repressed by ill-health; he withdrew from the noisy and bustling amusements of childhood, and became a quiet and thoughtful child.

His imagination, which in this dreary and sullen region had no external objects of excitement, was powerfully stirred by the conversation of his father on the adventures of his early life.

"He was all ear," says his biographer, "when his father related to him his travels, and endeavoured to bring before him, not only the geography and history, but the life, manners, and customs of the East. He described the vast and gorgeous buildings till the fancy of the child was crowded with endless images of grandeur and majesty."

His imagination formed the narrative of his father into real and living pictures, and peopled them with settlers whose life and habits he adapted to these poetic regions. Even in his later youthful years, he indulged in these dreams; and his castle-building consisted in settling colonies in these countries, and framing ideal constitutions for them. Niebuhr, it is said, from the boldness and activity of his imagination, doubted whether his natural vocation was that of poet or historian; but the damp and fogs of Ditmarschen were little congenial to the poetic faculty, and his education scarcely more so.

His extraordinary aptitude, however, for learning languages, was favoured by circumstances. Danish and German were spoken in his family. He acquired from his father, from books, and from other fortunate opportunities, his knowledge of French and English. In Latin he made so much progress in the lower department of the "golehrte schule," that the panting usher (no great clerk as it should appear,) "toiled after him in vain." Greek he began at eight years old; but in the learned languages he attained his perfection in the upper department of the same grammar-school, under Jager, a proceptor of very high character. His first attempts at Arabic, under his father, were not very successful. We transcribe the following list of languages which he gradually acquired, and out of the treasures of which he gathered his vast and multifarious knowledge:—

1. German, considered his native language. 2. Latin, 3. Greek, 4. Hebrew, learned at school. At Meldorf he acquired—5. Danish, 6. English, 7. French, 8. Italian. From some books cast ashore in the neighbourhood, he taught himself—9. Portuguese, 10. Spanish. In Kiel and Copenhagen, he had an opportunity of speaking and writing French, English, and Danish. From the Austrian minister at Copenhagen, Count Ludolph, who was born in Constantinople, he acquired—11. Persian, 12. Arabic, self-taught, perhaps with some reminiscences of his father's earlier instruction. In Holland he learned—13. Dutch. In Copenhagen, (later,)—14. Swedish, and some Icelandic. In Munich—15. Hungarian, 16. Slavonian, 17. Polish, 18. Bohemian, 19. Italian. If we add "Low German," on the whole, twenty languages.

His father subjoins to this account of his son's accomplishments—"You will pardon this pouring forth of my heart about my son, but I will not boast."

New Books.

John of Procida; or, the Bridals of Messina.
A Tragedy. By Sheridan Knowles.

[Second Notice.]

[MR. KNOWLES'S plays possess a distinctive feature which sets them above all other dramas of the day: it is this,—that the high advocacy of elevated moral sentiments is maintained by him in every page. The perfect and visible beauty of Plato's ideal Virtue, is so constantly shadowed forth, that the reader is unconsciously made enamoured of her heavenly image. Therefore, in preference to any other dramas would we place Sheridan Knowles's plays in the hands of our sons and daughters, feeling assured, that their refined and beautiful sentiments are better fitted than any other agent, to sublime and purify the mind.

Beating with the pulse of life, and the warm effusions of generous and dignified feeling, we adduce a concluding selection of passages, from John of Procida:—]

Procida's Irresistible Eloquence.

His words were fire—both light and heat! At once
With zeal they warm'd us, and convinced with reason.
I had read and heard of eloquence before,
How 'tis despotic; takes the heart by storm,
Whate'er the ramparts, prejudice, or use
Environ it withal; how, 'fore its march,
Stony resolves have given way like flax;
How it can raise, or lay, the mighty surge
Of popular commotion, as the wind,
The wave that frets the sea:—but, till to-day,
I never proved its power. When he began,
A thousand hearers prick'd their ears to list,
With each a different heart; when he left off,
Each man could tell his neighbour's, by his own.

Hear'dst ever lips before, with power like his?
A holy man, and brigand, near me stood,
Wedged by the press together; charitably
They first endured their compell'd neighbourhood,
And shrank from contact, they would fain escape;
The one with terror; and with scorn the other,
Who blaz'd with life and passion, like a torch
Beside a taper;—such the man of prayer
Appear'd, in contrast with the freebooter.
But, lo! the change! soon as the orator
That universal chord, with master skill,
E-sound—the love of country—like two springs,
Ravines apart, whose waters blend at last
In some sweet valley; leaning cheek to cheek,
Attracted by realis'd sympathy,
Their tears together ran, one goodly river!

"Lead us not into Temptation."

Why do we pray that we be spared
Temptation, but that 'tis a whirlpool, which,
Once we're within its vortex, draws us in,
And sucks us down to ruin—Charybdis like!
Which of the huge war-galley makes us light,
As boat, compared to that, a cockle-shell!
Whence should all men that love their souls beware
Temptation.

Family Differences no Bar to Love.

Isoline. He shall be mine! Shall private enmities
On others' parts set bars 'twixt those that love?
Make of two hearts, grown one, two hearts again,
Distinct and alienate? Or rather—for
Judging mine own Fernando's heart by mine,
That can't be done—untwine two lives, which love
Has drawn together till they grow like tendrils,
Knotted and interwreathed, that without bruising
You cannot part them—may be killing them?
It should not be, and shall not.

Falling off of Love.

Isoline. Why, Fernando?
If but the morning, noon, or afternoon,
Withheld thee from me, when thou camest again,
Thine eyes did dance, thy breath grew scant, thy
cheek
Did change its blood for frost, and I was met
Like new-found, wondrous treasure. Yesterday
It had been so.—What hath befallen to-day
To make it look so utterly unlike
Its happy fellow? Dost not joy, Fernando,
To see me?

A Strict Virgin.

Fernando. Isn't Isoline that speaks?
Isoline. Yes! Isoline!
The very maid thou know'st as call'd—a maid,
So chary of her virgin sanctity,
Thee, her betroth'd—these, her almost espoused,
She challenges to tell the moment only
She gave thee license, she would bar thee name,
Or blush to hear thee do so.

Isoline's dignified Resolution.

Isoline. You did vow
To me before to take an oath—and shalt.
And judge me worthily as you're a man!
But that I have a fiddle to thy hand—
But that 'tis mine, upon the warranty
Of Earth and Heaven, that heard thee say 'twas mine—
Brought it the wealth and power of all the thrones
That glitter on the earth, and I could have it
By only asking for it—ere I could speak
The word, I'd choke, blacken before thee, fall
A corpse at thy feet!

Reproaches of an unquiet Spirit.

O, I have play'd a part
Most mean and spiritless! Have proffer'd smiles
Where it behoved me to hurl frowns! exchanged
Kind speech for curses, and grip'd hands with men,
With whom, had I dash'd daggers, I had done
The proper thing! What must men think of me?
Is there a lip I know, which did it speak
The heart of the owner, would not curl at me?
O, God! to be despised! regarded as
A thing, the man who understood himself
Would use his foot to! To despise one's self!
That's it! The scorn of all the world beside
I could endure, had I mine own content.
But that is lost. No man can call me worse
Than I do know myself.

Overmeasures of Feeling.

Excess of happiness, like that of grief,
Will paralyse feeling, till the owner seems not
To know how hugely blest he is.

Present Pleasure to be seized.

Were we to live the three-score years and ten,
And then to die, being what now we are,
We could not die more happy. Lose not now
With care for by-and-by, what'er may come;
But leave 't with trust to Heaven.

A Gallant Dancer.

Surely the lightest, most graceful form,
And set of meriment! I'd give the world
To have the mood of him who danced just now.
How he did seem to pulse him in the air,
As he could hang there at his will, by which
Alone he seem'd to come to earth again!
He did not spring, but fly, from step to step!
With joints that had not free or play'd, methinks.

Were hinges made of air and theirs were such!
Yet could they plant themselves, I warrant me,
To meet a shock! These spirits are fine things,
Subtle as quicksilver; only they freeze
Sooner than water; one cold breath, and ice!

A Mother and her first-born.

Fernando. I remember there was one,
Upon whose breast I used to lie.
Provida. She had a mother's breast—the heart
within
Becoming its fair lodge—adorning it
With all the sweet affections of her sex,
And holy virtues that keep watch for them!
Thou art like her! Dost thou mark? Thou art like
her now;
And so, I saw thou wast, upon her lap;
A little baby looking up at her!
Thou wast her first child, and her only one!
Thou mayst believe she loved thee!

A Desolate Being.

I am a doomed man!—My lot, on earth,
Is cast in utter misery!—For me,
Not in the wide world blooms that blessed spot
I can find comfort in!

Unswervable Attachment.

I can't leave her!
Do wrong to her did ever good to me!
I took her for all chance, and through all chance
I'll cleave to her. In cloud I wedded her,
And thunder shall not scare me from her now!
No blame is hers.—I swear that she is good.
Loves holily as heartily. Is a gem
Of crystal truth—a mine of every ore
Of excellence—a paragon of worth,
Well as a paragon of loveliness.
Is she her father's hand or foot, that you
Or I should spurn her for her father's fault?
High Heaven did frame her, as it frames us all,
Not of the temper of our parentage,
But of the attributes itself vouchsafes us.
Heaven framed her to be loved—if to be loved.
Then cherish'd!—I have sworn to cherish her—
I'll keep my oath!—I will not give her up.

A Vigilant Eaves-dropper.

Take stand behind the hanging stealthily,
And there keep watch. And ever recollect
You are mine honour's sentinel, and bound
To let thine eye no parley hold with sleep,
So much as e'en a wink. As open as
Your eye, your ear; to note what'er may pass,
And in thy memory to book it down,
And faithfully; for, on some syllable
May something hang, which in esteem I hold
Next to my soul's salvation. Quick! He comes.

Massacre of "The Vespers."

Then came the Massacre,
'Mid yells for quarter, answer'd by despair.
The strugglings then—the blows—the kinds of death!
Some falling by a single stroke, and some
By none at all but grasp of strangling horror.
By pieces some despatch'd—gash upon gash—
Their bodies hack'd, yet life without a wound.
How variously they met their fate—some mad,
Some as all sense were lapsed, some speaking it—
Some flying from it; and with all the signs
As the blood works in such extremity!
Some, pale as ashes; some, with face on fire;
Some, black as though with premature conflagration;
Here tears; there scowls; there laughter—yes, I saw
Some that did die with laughter! Some did groan
And some did shriek. Most died with curses. Few
With prayers, and they were mixed with imprecations.

A Wife's Supplication.

Oh, be a gentle master to me, love!
Don't overtask me, lest the duty, which
'Twere sweetness to discharge, grows weariness,
And I do cast the heavy burden down
I lack the strength to bear.

Isoline's affecting questions when insane.

Procida. We must remove her hence.
Come with me, child.
Isoline. Child!—Do you call me child?
 Child is a sweet name!
Procida. Come, my daughter.
Isoline. Daughter!
 That's sweeter yet than child. Nothing so sweet
 After the name of wife; but wife's not sweeter
 Than husband.—Husband? That's the sweetest name
 Of all! My husband is your son! and "son"—
 There is a sweet name too!—No sweeter name
 Than son! Do you not think so?

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING STATISTICS OF LUNACY.

From "A Return of Patients admitted into the County
 Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, from its opening on the
 16th May, 1831, to 30th September, 1839."

Admitted Males -	888	Cured Males -	79
Females -	928	Females -	84

CAUSES ASSIGNED OR ASCERTAINED IN 281 CASES.

MEN.	
MORAL.	PHYSICAL.
Reverses - - - 13	Intemperance - - 26
Poverty - - - 12	Epilepsy - - - 25
Grief - - - 10	Blow on the head - 7
Religious enthusiasm 9	Fever - - - 6
Disappointed affections 5	Paralysis - - - 3
Fright - - - 5	Effect of lightning - 2
Disappointed views - 3	Hot climate - - - 2
Domestic unhappiness 2	Dentition - - - 1
Irregular life - - 1	Smallpox - - - 1
Pride - - - 1	Rheumatic fever - 1
	Profession of tumbler 1
	61

HEREDITARY.

Hereditary disposition	13
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WOMEN.	
MORAL.	PHYSICAL.
Disappointed affections 34	Intemperance - - 11
Domestic unhappiness 30	Blow or fall on the head - - 7
Grief - - - 13	Uterine excitement - 5
Fright - - - 11	Fever - - - 4
Poverty - - - 11	Puerperal fever - - 4
Religious enthusiasm 11	Suppression of milk - 3
Reverses - - - 9	Epilepsy - - - 3
Pride - - - 2	Various other disorders
Suicide of husband 1	Incidental to the sex 8
	112

HEREDITARY.

Hereditary disposition	13
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The two foregoing tables are curious and interesting. They show that moral causes affect females more than physical ones. They show that it is the reverse with men. Compare the effects of disappointed affections and domestic unhappiness on the minds of females with the effects they produce on the minds of men, and the comparison will be found highly favourable to the former, and ought to make men treat them with the utmost regard and tenderness. These tables also show that women are less intemperate than men, and that in affairs, such as reverses and poverty, not of the heart, they exhibit greater fortitude.

PROPORTION OF THE MARRIED AND SINGLE, AND OF WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS, ASCERTAINED IN 696 CASES.

Women.—Married - - - -	193
Single - - - -	363
Widows - - - -	30
	415
Men.—Married - - - -	99
Single - - - -	157
Widowers - - - -	25
	281
	696

Celibacy, by this table, appears to lead to lunacy.

DEGREE OF EDUCATION ASCERTAINED IN 494 CASES.

	Women.	Men.
Well educated - - - -	10	8
Can read and write - - -	108	155
Can read - - - -	129	49
Cannot read - - - -	19	16

This table furnishes a melancholy proof that—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

The class of persons among whom lunacy is by far most prevalent is female servants; next, but in a far minor degree, labourers; then sailors aboard ship, shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, male servants, weavers, and clerks. Amongst all other classes of the community lunacy, on an average, is not by any means so frequent.—*Times*.

A CALIPH'S NOTION OF WASHING.

THE ancient custom of presenting a visitor with a new dress, as a token of welcome, or symbol of rejoicing at his presence, has always existed in Turkey, Persia, and Arabia.

We find in Chardin that the Kings of Persia had great wardrobes, where there were always many hundred habits, sorted, ready for presents, and that more than forty tailors were always employed in this service.

New clothes are thought by the people of the East *requisite* for the due solemnization of a time of rejoicing. The Turks, even the poorest of them, would submit to any privation rather than be without new clothes at the Bairam or Grand Festival.

There is an anecdote recorded of the Caliph Montanser Billah, that, going one day to the upper roof of his palace, he saw a number of clothes spread out on the flat roofs of the houses of Bagdad.

He asked the reason, and was told that the inhabitants of Bagdad were drying their clothes, which they had newly washed, on account of the approach of the Bairam.

The caliph was so concerned that any should be so poor as to be obliged to wash their old clothes for want of new ones, with which to celebrate this festival, that he ordered a great quantity of gold to be instantly made into bullets proper to be shot out of cross-bows, which he and his courtiers threw, by this means, upon every terrace of the city where he saw garments spread to dry.

PICTURE OF GLASGOW.

IN the very centre of the city, there is an accumulated mass of squalid wretchedness, which is probably unequalled in any other town in the British dominions. In the interior part of the square, bounded on the east by Saltmarket, on the west by Stackwell-street, on the north by Trongate, and on the south by the river, and also in certain parts of the east side of High-street, including the Venals, Havannah, and Burnside, there is concentrated everything that is wretched, dissolute, loathsome and pestilential. These places are filled by a population of many thousands of miserable creatures. The houses are unfit even for styes, and every apartment is filled with a promiscuous crowd of men, women, and children, all in the most revolting state of filth and squalor. In many of the houses there is scarcely any ventilation, dung-hills lie in the vicinity of the dwellings, and, from the extremely defective sewerage, filth of every kind constantly accumulates. In these horrid dens the most abandoned characters of the city are collected, and from whence they nightly issue to disseminate disease, and to pour upon the town every species of crime and abomination.—*Captain Miller's Report*, Sept. 1840.

CELEBRATED RACE-HORSES.

CHILDERS,

Also called Flying Childers, a chestnut horse, with part white on his nose, and four white legs, foaled in 1715, bred by Mr. Leonard Childers, of Can-house, near Doncaster, and was purchased, when young, by the Duke of Devonshire. Childers started several times at Newmarket, against the best horses of his time, and was never beat. In April, 1721, he beat the Duke of Bolton's Speedwell, 8st. 7lb. each, four miles, 500 guineas, and in October following, he received of Speedwell 500 guineas forfeit. In October, 1721, Childers beat the Earl of Drogheda's Chanter, 10st. each, six miles, for 1,000 guineas. In April, 1723, he received of the Duke of Bridgewater's mare, and Milsingtowne's Stripling, 50 guineas forfeit each, and in November following he received 100 guineas from Lord Godolphin's Bobsey. About the year 1721, Childers ran a trial against Almazor, and the Duke of Rutland's Brown Betty, carrying 9st. 2lb. over the round course at Newmarket, in six minutes and 40 seconds, (the round course is three miles four furlongs and ninety-three yards in length,) and it was thought that he moved 82½ ft. in one second of time, which is nearly at the rate of one mile in a minute—a degree of velocity which no horse has ever been known to exceed. He likewise ran over the Beacon course (the Beacon course is four miles one furlong and and 133 yards in length,) in seven minutes and thirty seconds, and it was supposed that he covered at every bound a space of 25 ft. He also leaped ten yards on

level ground with his rider. He was allowed by sportsmen to be the fleetest horse that ever ran at Newmarket, or, as generally believed, that was ever bred in the world. He died in his Grace's stud, in the year 1741, aged twenty-six.—*Whyte's History of the British Turf*.

ECLIPSE.

This celebrated racer, equally as fleet a horse as the Flying Childers, was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, (brother of George III.,) and being foaled during the great eclipse, was named "Eclipse" by the Duke in consequence; at whose death it was, with the rest of his Highness's stud, sold by auction, and purchased by Mr. Wildman, a sporting gentleman of celebrity, for forty-six guineas. At four or five years old, he was sold to Colonel Dennis O'Kelly, for seventeen hundred guineas: he remained in the colonel's possession, winning king's plates, and everything he ran for, to the amount of 25,000*l.*, until the death of the owner, November, 1787. Eclipse survived his old master little more than a year, dying on the 27th of February, 1789, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, at Canons, near Edgeware.

Mr. Whyte, in his account of Eclipse, says, "at his interment, ale and cake were given, as at that of the Godolphin Arabian:" if he was so buried, certainly his body must have been re-exhumed; for his skin and skeleton were publicly exhibited, [August, 1789,] as appears by the following advertisement:—

"To the AMATEURS of RACE-HORSES.

"THE EXHIBITION of the famous HORSE, ECLIPSE, as represented in his natural skin, as likewise his skeleton, is removed from the Haymarket to St. Martin's-street, to the house which was built and occupied by the great Sir ISAAC NEWTON; now in the possession of Mr. De ST. BEL; and may be seen from eleven in the forenoon, to seven in the evening.

"Admittance, Half-a-Crown each Person."

This Mr. Charles Vial de Saint Bel, Professor of the Veterinary College at London, published [1791,] "A Treatise on the Proportions of Eclipse," 4to.; with a view to ascertain the mechanical causes which conspire to augment the velocity of the gallop; and, according to the Professor's calculation, Eclipse, free from all weight, and galloping at liberty in his greatest speed, could cover an extent of twenty-five feet at each complete action on the gallop; and could repeat this action twice and one-third in each second of time; consequently, by employing without reserve all his natural and mechanical faculties on a straight line, he could run nearly four miles in the space of six minutes and two seconds. The mechanism of his frame was almost perfect; and yet he was neither handsome, nor well-proportioned. His heart weighed 13lbs. The size of this organ was presumed to have greatly enabled him to do what he did in speed and strength.

The Gatherer.

Portius Cato and Aristophon.—The boast of Portius Cato, that he had been fifty-one times tried and acquitted, though extraordinary enough, was greatly exceeded by that of the Athenian Aristophon, who prided himself in having been ninety-five times cited and acquitted before the public tribunals, and in every instance pronounced innocent.

Mr. Eliason has taken Drury-lane Theatre for one year, at a rental of five thousand five hundred pounds; it opens on Monday next.

The *Limerick Chronicle* says, that the post-mistress of Coppoquin, county Waterford, lately gave birth to a daughter with a red mark on her cheek, and, upon minute examination an exact resemblance to the new post-office stamp was found in the mark! Surely this little lady ought to go post-free.

Mount Ararat.—There is a rumour from Teflis, of the fall, at the end of June, of one of the great historical landmarks of the world—the upper portion of the ancient Mount Ararat, in Armenia. For some days previously, a dull, hollow sound had alarmed the neighbourhood, but the disaster has been little destructive.

Lover's Quarrels.—No love is so sweet as that which follows ill-humour, as we press sweet oil out of the bitter olive.

Petroleum Oil Well.—About ten years since, whilst boring for salt water, near Burksville, Kentucky, after penetrating through solid rock upwards of two hundred feet, a fountain of pure oil was struck, which was thrown up more than twelve feet above the surface of the earth. Although in quantity somewhat abated after the discharge of the first few minutes, during which it was supposed to emit seventy-five gallons a minute, it still continued to flow for several days successively to the mouth of a small creek, emptying into Cumberland river, and for a long time covered its surface. Some gentlemen below applied a torch, when the surface of the river blazed, and the flames soon climbed the most elevated cliffs, and scorched the summit of the loftiest trees.—*Athenaeum*.

Horticultural Society.—Mr. J. Head, of Worthing, exhibited specimens of a seedling cherry of large size (twenty-six weighing half a pound) resembling the old Morella. Mr. D. Brewster, gardener to Col. Lindsay, of Fifeshire, also remitted two jars of a very excellently flavoured jam and jelly, made from unripe grapes.

Antiquity.—The outworks of the temple of God were built by the ancients, and they still stand. Our present age would sink to a fearful depth, if we did not lead our youth through the holy shrines of the antique world, the still temples of a race gone by, before we take them into the market-places and booths on which the scene of our practical life is played.

Women as Artists.—It need not be so much matter of surprise that women succeed but indifferently in the fine arts—they are born works of art, not artists.

A dog, belonging, to M. Cleffis, at Germain-en-Laye, was lately seized by the police charged with the crime of poaching, and indicted accordingly; when, to prevent his being destroyed, his master appeared to answer for his offence; after counsel being heard on both sides, the case was dismissed.

Time.—Time is a commodity of which the value rises as long as we live.

M. Félix Ravaisson, who was recently despatched on a mission of exploration among the libraries of the west, has reported the existence of a variety of MSS., hitherto unknown or forgotten, in those of Tours, Angers, Avanches, Alençon, and Falaise. Amongst these, are mentioned an unpublished work by the celebrated Scotus,—a Universal History by Julius Florus—besides twenty-four unpublished letters from Voltaire to Targot, and other curious matters.

It was a beautiful sentiment of one whom her lord proposed to put away—"Give me, then, back," said she, "that which I brought to you." And the man answered, in his vulgar coarseness of soul, "Your fortune shall return to you."—"I thought not of fortune," said the lady; "give me back my real wealth—give me back my beauty and my youth—give me back the virginity of soul—give me back the cheerful mind, and the heart that had never been disappointed."

The Dutch government has purchased the extensive and splendid collection of Chinese, Japanese, and Tibetan Antiquities, formed by the celebrated traveller, Siebold, of Leyden, in the course of his long and perilous wanderings.

Children.—What are children? Habit makes us indifferent to these spiritual creatures whom we can call by no sweet enough name; flowers, dewdrops, butterflies, stars. If we had never seen any children before, we should think them messengers from another world, strangers to our language and our atmosphere, regarding us with silent but intelligent mildness, like Raphael's infant Christ.

Diffidence.—A man gets along faster with a sensible married woman in hours, than with a young girl in whole days. It is next to impossible to make them talk or to reach them. They are like a green walnut; there are half a dozen outer coats to be pulled off, one by one, and slowly, before you reach the kernel of their characters.—*American Paper*.

Experience.—Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but she has never a large congregation.

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[PRICE 2d.



TAOU-KWANG, EMPEROR OF CHINA,

FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN OIL, BY A NATIVE ARTIST.

Vol. XXXV.

TAOU-KWANG, EMPEROR OF CHINA,

ASCENDED the throne on the 2d of September, 1820, upon the death of his father Kea-King ; and, although a contest for the succession between him and his brother was at first apprehended, the claims of Taou-Kwang were peaceably acknowledged ; and on his taking on himself the reins of government, he assumed the name of Yuen-hwuy, under which he is scarcely known among Europeans. He is about 58 years of age, rather robust, and of a mild expression of countenance. He is, on the whole, favourably spoken of ; being represented to be of a benevolent disposition, and not given to those acts of cruelty or despotism which have disgraced many of his ancestors. He has several children by the late Empress—the second son having shown signs of a rebellious disposition, has been despatched to the Monkdon army, with strong injunctions to treat him with severity.

Taou-kwang, although a despotic monarch, is entirely at the mercy of the ministerial Mandarins, who form the "interior council chamber," and the chief councillors are four in number, two Tartars, and two Chinese ; the former always taking precedence. Below these, are a number of assessors, who form the chief council of state. A peculiar feature of the government, is, the office of censors, who are, properly speaking, spies. By the ancient custom of the empire, they are privileged to present any remonstrance to the sovereign, without danger of losing their lives ; but they are frequently degraded, if their advice is unwelcome. These ministers also dictate the measures to be pursued, and keep the Emperor entirely ignorant of the principal events of his empire ; and who, in all probability, will not be made acquainted with the formidable armament invading his territories, until the thunder of the British artillery is resounded in the walls of his palace, and awakens him from his celestial slumbers of fatal security.

In the year 1644, Peking was besieged and taken by the rebel Li-tse-tching, who, on the Emperor Hoi-tsong and his consort killing themselves in despair, assumed the imperial title ; he was opposed by Prince Ou-san-kong, who invited the Mantchew Tartars to his assistance : when, upon the usurper being defeated, and, at length, killed, by some peasants, the Tartars placed the nephew of their sovereign, a child of seven years of age, on the throne of China.

In 1649, the Tartars having completed the conquest of China, the year is reckoned as the first of the reign of Chun-tai, with whom began the twenty-second dynasty, of Tsing, of which race, the sixth Emperor is now reigning.

First emperor, [1644] Chun-tai.
Second emperor, [1661] Kang-hi.
Third emperor, [1721] Yung-king.
Fourth emperor, [1735] Kien-Long.
Fifth emperor, [1795] Koa-king.
Sixth, and present emperor, [1820] Taou-kwang.

HISTORY OF
THE CANARY ISLES.*

THE shores of these islands, formerly visited by the galleys of Tyre and Carthage, were subsequently explored, during the Empire of Augustus, by the envoys of King Juba, and were at a later period known to the Arabs by the name of the Happy Islands. Juba called the Canaries Proper, Fortunatæ, but Madeira and Porto Santo, Purpureæ.

In the middle ages, enterprising navigators again sailed over the Atlantic, with the hope of once more discovering these islands, whose existence was still a mystery.

In 1341, the Maghrouzin Arabs sailed from Lisbon, in an expedition consisting of three ships, under the command of the Florentine Admiral Angiolino del Tagghio. They proceeded to the Canary Isles, favoured by a fair wind, and in five days reached the coasts of that archipelago. The island at which these new Argonauts first landed furnished them with the chief part of their cargo. There they obtained goat-skins, tallow, fish-oil, and the remains of seals. This island must have been either Lancarota or Fortaventura, both of which were abundant in goats at the time of the conquest.

The narrator of this Portuguese expedition designates by the name of Canaria, the second island at which the vessels touched. Some of the natives are described as having been clothed in short aprons, made of the fibres of the palm-tree ; others were clad in goat-skins.

The navigators next visited an island covered with superb trees. This island was probably Ferro, renowned for its lofty pines and fine junipers. From thence they repaired to another island (most likely Gomera,) "abounding," observes the narrative, "in streams and woods, while shady groves afforded shelter to a beautiful species of pigeon, which feeds on bay-leaves, and whose flesh is very savoury."

This account of the Portuguese expedition sent to the Canary Islands, in 1341, is of the highest degree of importance. The celebrated chronicler Azurara quotes it in detail in his "History of the Conquest of Guinea." He informs us that they prevailed on four of the natives of the Canary Islands to accompany them to Portugal. These young Canarians, who were brought to Lisbon, were presented to the Infant, and that prince afterwards liberated them, and sent them home to their country, declaring them to be of a race superior to the black slaves who were brought to him.

Between 1316 and 1334, the Spaniards, pressed by the Moors, discovered again, and conquered these islands, and they are laid down with accuracy in the old map which Andreas Bianco published at Venice, 1486.

* Re-written from "A Memoir by M. S. de Berthelot, on the Guanche, or inhabitants of the Canary Isles ;" quoted at length in the Polytechnic Journal, 1840.

In 1402, a noble French Baron, Messire Jane de Bethencourt, forsook his manor in Normandy, and sailed for the Canaries. In the account given by his chaplain, he remarks that "the country is very populous, more so than any of the other islands. Every year 60,000 goats might be killed, and their skins and fat turned to profit." It was on the islet of Lobos, situated in the channel between the two great islands, that the Norman adventurers hunted the seals, for the purpose of making shoes of their skins.

In 1455, Cadamosto, a Venetian, sailed from Portugal, for the purpose of exploring the western coast of Africa, and making new discoveries. At that time the three most important islands of the Canarian Archipelago, Canary, Teneriffe, and Palma, were yet unconquered. The first contained about 9,000 warriors, and the second included a population of upwards of 15,000 inhabitants.

About 1590, twenty-four years after the surrender of Teneriffe, Fray Alonzo de Espinoza wrote his account. Espinoza was a Dominican monk, a native of Alcala de Henares, and the preacher of his order in the convent of the Candelaria.

In 1478, the Spaniards again undertook the conquest of the Canaries. At the end of the fifteenth century they had subdued the original inhabitants entirely; and they extirpated them at a later period.

At present, the islands are inhabited almost entirely by Spaniards; only a few Portuguese reside there. The fortified capital is the seat of the governor, has 8,400 inhabitants, and an excellent harbour on the eastern side of the island. Five islands of this cluster are still uninhabited.

GEORGE IV.'s ARCHITECTURE.

(From the Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal.)

THE finest and most showy parts of London—such as the shops in Regent-street, and the mansions in the Regent's Park—are mere gingerbread and pasteboard—skeleton palaces masked in stucco. These were the earliest efforts of George IV., a man magnificent enough in his aspiration, but of a taste most tawdry and glaring. He wished, apparently, to say, with Augustus, that he found his capital of brick, and that he left it of marble. But he forgot that the Roman Emperor spent his life—and he attained the purple at a very early age—in building up the *alta mania Roma* such as Attilla found it—and that he had, in the mean time, the absolute command of all the riches in the world, and of the genius of Greece and Italy—those riches for such purposes would have been useless. The Regent of England, with the praiseworthy design, however, of enriching his metropolis, set about the scheme with great zeal—he had ready a class of secondary architects—he had drawings and plans in abundance, and, above all, he

had the sanction of Parliament. To work he went—but it was not to marble, nor yet to Portland stone, or to granite, that he applied himself—it was to making Roman cement. It was to plastering the houses with a very pretty, nay excellent composition, and cutting out the fronts of the dwelling-houses as Temples of Theseus, Parthenons, Acropolises, and fanes dedicated to the winds. All was parish-ing brick within—without all was a coating of architectural painting. And then all orders and ages of architecture were jumbled together. The tailor's house had a Grecian portico, and his next-door neighbour, the draper, rejoiced in a Gothic castle. Here was a temple of Bacchus,—there was something resembling a Chinese Pagoda, only more full, if possible, of pretension and exaggeration. You saw at a glance that this part of the city of London was made for the nonce—that it was gotten up for a show—that it was fine and glaring scene-painting. But, nevertheless, the design of trying to alter the dirty and ferruginous aspect of London, was altogether great and commendable. An impulse was given to architectural improvement, in a city which, though it contains many splendid edifices, was, until this endeavour was made, the most uninteresting, and, notwithstanding its situation on a river twenty times more magnificent than the Seine, the hugest and ugliest collection of brick and mortar in the world—nothing but tiles and brick.

THE LAST AUTUMN FLOWER.

THE last autumn flower
Is withered and dead,
And has bowed to the tempest
Its beautiful head;
Its leaves are all faded,
Its loveliness flown,
In the place where it flourished
No more is it known.

It awakened to life
In the glory of Spring,
When earth's beauties were rife,
And the bee on the wing;
And it smiled in the sunbeam,
And danced in the breeze,
When summer shone brig'ly
On flowers and trees.

It lingered to share in
The sun's latest ray,
When the rest of its sisters
Had faded away;
But when cold tempests gathered,
And wintry winds blew,
It shrunk from the trial,
And fell away too.

And, thus, often a friend,
Spring and summer have known,
Will live through one autumn,
When many have flown;
But when hope has departed,
And sorrow's clouds lour,
Fades away from our side,
Like the last Autumn Flower.

MARIA R.

THE POETRY OF
MILTON'S PROSE-WRITINGS.*

[WHEN Lord Chesterfield was once presented with a small volume, entitled "The Beauties of Shakspeare,"—he is said to have asked, "Where are the other seven volumes?" This emphatic compliment could not be better applied than to these extracts from the prose compositions of Milton—they are but as units out of the dazzling clusters that cumulate in his pages. Compared, however, to the thousands who delight over the inspirations of his muse, the readers of his prose-writings are but few—these severer transcripts of his mind are as a fountain shut, and a book sealed up. But the bright things that are consecrated in them contain high and lofty food for all men, and are endued like the tree of life in the Apocalypse, with appreciable bloom, efficacy, and sweetness:—]

Zeal.

Then Zeal, whose substance is ethereal, arming in complete diamond, ascends his fiery chariot, drawn with two blazing meteors figured with beasts, but of a higher breed than any the Zodiac yields, resembling two of those four which *Ezekiel* and *St. John* saw, the one visaged like a lion to express power, high authority, and indignation; the other of countenance like a man, to cast derision and scorn upon perverse and fraudulent seducers; with these the invincible warrior Zeal, shaking loosely the slack reins, drives over the heads of scarlet prelates, and such as are insolent to maintain traditions, breaking their stiff necks under his flaming wheels. Thus did the true prophets of old combat with the false.—*Apolo- gogy for Smeectymnus.*

Truth is impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Doctrine of Divorce.*

Truth.

Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid to sleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the God Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and

Commons! nor ever shall do till her master's second coming: he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection!—*Iconoclastes.*

Recreations of Marriage.

There is a peculiar comfort in the married state, besides the genial bed, which no other society affords. No mortal nature can endure, either in the actions of religion or study of wisdom, without sometimes slackening the cords of intense thought and labour, which, lest we should think faulty, God himself conceals not his own recreations before the world was built:—"I was," saith the Eternal Wisdom, "daily his delight, playing always before him." And to him indeed, wisdom is as a high tower of pleasure, but to us a steep hill, and we toiling ever at the bottom. We cannot, therefore, always be contemplative or pragmatical abroad, but have need of some delightful intermissions, wherein the enlarged soul may leave off a while her severe schooling; and, like a glad youth in wandering vacancy, may keep her holidays to joy and harmless pastime.—*Tetrachordon.*

Sublime Prayer in Behalf of England.

Thou, therefore, that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of Angels and men; look upon this thy poor and almost spent and expiring land; leave her not a prey to these importunate wolves, that wait and think long till they devour thy tender flock; these wild boars that have broken into thy vineyard, and left the print of their polluting hoofs on the souls of thy servants. O let them not bring about their vile designs, that stand now at the entrance of the bottomless pit, expecting the watchword to open and let out those dreadful locusts and scorpions, to re-involve us in that pitchy cloud of infernal darkness, where we shall never see the SUN of thy TRUTH again, never hope for the cheerful DAWN, never more hear the BIRD of MORNING sing.

Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments, in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation, to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day when thou, the eternal, and shortly-expected king, shalt open the clouds, to judge the several kingdoms of the world.—*Of Reformation in England.*

Rash Unhappy Marriages.

If we do but err in our choice, err but one minute—one moment after those mighty syllables pronounced which take upon them to join heaven and hell together unpardonably,

* As a short predicate, we would observe, that the passages here adduced from the polemical compositions of this great man, are totally free from his *question-begging* of church, state, or education. Our extracts merely regard his beauties of style, and meddle with no man's interest.

till death pardon;—this divino blessing, that looked but now with such a humane smile upon us, and spoke such gentle reason, straight vanishes like a fair sky, and brings on such a scene of cloud and tempest as turns all to shipwreck, without haven or shore, but to a ransomless captivity.—*Tetrachordon*.

Against such as are athoists, unbelievers, urge thou only the gospel, and hold it ever in their faces, till it dazzle and pierce their misty eyeballs.—*Of Reformation in England*.

Active Virtue.

He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.—*Areopagitica*.

Good Books.

As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Areopagitica*.

Free Spirit of the Times—a Noble and Puissant Nation.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her like an eagle mewing* her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.—*Areopagitica*.

Heavenly Succour.

But ever blessed be He, and ever glorified, that from his high watch-tower in the heavens, discerning the crooked ways of perverse and cruel men, hath hitherto maimed and infatuated all their damnable inventions, and deluded their great wizards with a delusion fit for fools and children. Had He so minded, he could have sent a spirit of mutiny amongst us, as he did between Abimelech and the Shechemites, to have made our funerals, and slain heaps, more in number than the miserable surviving remnant; but He, when we least deserved, sent out a gentle gale and message of peace, from the wings of those his cherubims that fan his mercy-seat.—*Of Reformation in England*.

* Mewing—Moulting.

Character of the English Nation.

Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and able judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island.

Behold now, this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleagured truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant, and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already.

* * * * *

I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out, as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage: "If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted, to make a kingdom happy!"—*Areopagitica*.

A Winning Introduction.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should do, but straight conduct you to a hill-side, where I will point out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.—*Letter to Mr. Samuel Hartlib*.

THE RICH MAN'S AND THE POOR MAN'S HOME.

THE ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of Heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; his associations with them are associations of pride and wealth and triumph; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stone; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rags and toil and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

Oh! if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember this,—if they would but think how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring, when they live in dense and squalid masses, where social decency is lost, or rather never found,—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in bye-ways where only Poverty may walk,—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky, than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt, and crime, and horrible disease, to mock them by its contrast. In hollow voices from Workhouse, Hospital, and Jail, this truth is preached from day to day, and has been proclaimed for years. It is no light matter—no outcry from the working vulgar, no mere question of the people's healths and comforts that may be whistled down on Wednesday nights. In love of home, the love of country has its rise; and who are truer patriots or the best in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood, and stream, and earth, and all that they produce! or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain!—*Master Humphrey's Clock*, No. 27.

PAINTED AND PALMATED GARMENTS.

ALCISTHENES, the Sybarite, had a garment of such magnificence, it is said, that when he exhibited it in the Temple of Juno, at Lacinium, where all Italy was congregated, it attracted universal attention. It was purchased from the Carthaginians, by Dionysius the Elder, for one hundred and twenty talents. It was twenty-two feet in breadth, of a purple ground, with animals wrought all over, except in the middle, where were Jupiter, Juno,

Themis, Minerva, Apollo, Venus; on one sleeve it had a figure of Alcisthenes, on the other, of his city, Sybaris.

The Massagetas, according to Herodotus, painted animals on their garments, with the juice of herbs; we also read of these garments, though then considered very antiquated, being used under the Cæsars of Rome.

That the above descriptions are not exaggerated, may be inferred from the following passage from a homily on Dives and Lazarus, by a Bishop of Amnasan, in Pontus, given by Ciampini.

"They have here no bounds to this foolish art, for no sooner was invented the nameless art of weaving figures in a kind of picture, such as animals of all sorts, than they (rich persons) procured flowered garments, and also those variegated with an infinite number of images, both for themselves, their wives, and children. Whosoever thus clothed, they go abroad—they go, as it were, painted all over, and pointing out to one another, with the finger, the pictures on their garments.

"For there are lions and panthers, and bears and bulls, and dogs and woods, and rocks and huntsmen; and, in a word, everything that can be thought of, all drawn to the life; for it was necessary, forsooth, that not only the walls of their houses should be painted, but their coats also, and likewise the cloak which covers it.

"The more pious of these gentry take their subjects from the gospel history: e. g. Christ himself, with his disciples, or one of the miracles, is depicted. In this manner, you shall see the marriage of Cana and the waterpots; the paralytic carrying his bed on his shoulders; the blind man cured by clay; Lazarus coming from the tomb; and they fancy there is great piety in all this, and that putting on such garments must be pleasing to God."

The palmated garment was figured with palm-leaves, and was a triumphal or festive garment. It is referred to, in an epistle of Gratian to Augustus:—"I have sent thee a palmated garment, in which the name of our divine parent Constantine is interwoven."—*Countess of Willon*.

MODERN ENGLISH POETESSES.

(*Abridged from No. cxxxii, of the Quarterly Review.*)

[By selection from the writings of Nine Ladies, of their choicest passages, the Quarterly Reviewer, with the addition of remark and comment, constructs the above entitled paper. He has penetrated, so to speak, into the "Garden" of the "Nine," and having plucked some ruddy gold apples from the Hesperian boughs, offers the world his samples of their quality.

The nature of the poems selected, may be gathered from the reviewer's own remarks—of one, he says, "passages occur in it, which sound like javelins hurled by an Amazon"—of

another, that it is beautified by "tender pauses which he islanded amidst the arrowy rushing of the poetess's passion"—and, of a third, that it is "worthy to be laid up in cedar with the best in our language."

This last expression is bestowed on a poem of Mrs. Norton's; a fair specimen of whose latest productions may be read in the *Mirror*, vol. xxxvi., No. 1014, which, we regret, anticipates any further notice at the present of this talented authoress.

Pretermittin all mention of such lady poetesses as lay claim to the title of *emerita*—poetesses, who now fear neither censure nor need praise—such as Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Mitford, and Miss Louisa Costello,—the reviewer next notices one, who, in his poetical Ennead, stands second, viz:—

Miss Elizabeth Barrett.]

"Miss Barrett is extraordinary for her acquaintance with ancient classic literature, as for the boldness of her poetic attempts. Her early enthusiasm for *Æschylus*, whose "Prometheus bound" she translated in 1833, has sensibly aggravated her tendency to the overstrained and violent, precluding that discipline of art, and sense of beauty, which a warmer study of *Sophocles* might probably have imparted. The following poem is in her purer and better style, and surely a powerful composition."

EARTH.

How beautiful is earth! my starry thoughts
Look down on it from their unearthly sphere;
And sing symphonious—Beautiful is earth!
The lights and shadows of her myriad hills;
The branching greenness of her myriad woods;
Her sky-affecting rocks; her zodiac sea;
Her rushing gleaming star-acts; her streamers
That race below, the winged clouds on high;
Her pleasantness of vale and meadow!—

Hush!

Mesmereth through the leafy trees to slugs
A chime of bells, to falling waters tuned,
Whereat comes heathen Zephyrus, out of breath
With running up the hills, and shakes his hair
From off his gleesome forehead, bold and glad
With keeping blythe Lian Phœbus company;—
And throws him on the grass, though half-afraid;
That glancing round lest tempests should be nigh;
And lays close to the ground his sultry lips,
And shapes their beauty into sound, and calls
On all the petal'd flowers that sit beneath
In hiding places from the rain and snow,
To loosen the hard soil, and loose their cold
Sad idleness, and betake them up to him.
They straightway hear his voice.

A thought did come,
And press from out my soul the heathen dream.
Mine eyes were purged. Straightway did I bind
Round me the garment of my strength, and heard
Nature's death-shrieking—the hereafter-cry,
When he of the lion-voice, the rainbow-crowned,
Shall stand upon the mountains and the sea,
And swear by earth, by heaven's throne, and Him
Who sitteth on the throne, there shall be time
No more, no more! Then veiled Eternity
Shall straight unveil her awful countenance
Unto the reeling world, and take the place
Of seasons, years, and ages. Age and age
Shall be the time of the day. The wrinkled heaven
Shall yield her silent sun, made blind and white
With an exterminating light; the wind,

Unchained from the poles, nor having charge
Of cloud, or ocean, with a sobbing wail
Shall rush among the stars, and swoon to death.
Yea, the shrunk earth, appearing livid pale,
Beneath the red-tongued flame, shall shudder by
From out her ancient palace, and leave a void.
Yet huply by that void the saints redeem'd
May sometimes stray when memory of sin,
Ghost-like shall rise upon their holy souls;
And on their lips shall lie the name of earth
In paleness and in silence, until
Each looking on his brother, face to face;
And bursting into sudden happy tears,
(The only tears audried,) shall murmur—"Christ!"

[The Reviewer concludes his notice of Miss Barrett's writings, by an extract from her somewhat fantastic poem,

ISOBEL'S CHILD.]

'Tis aye a solemn thing to me
To look upon a babe that sleeps;
Wearing in its spirit-deeps
The unrevealed mystery
Of its Adam's taint and woe,
Which, when they revealed be,
Will not let it slumber so!
Lying now in life beneath
The shadow of the coming death,
With that soft low quiet breath,
As if it felt the sun!
Knowing all things by their blooms
Not their roots! Yea, and und sky
Only by the warmth that comes
Out of each!—earth, only by
The pleasant hurs that o'er it run!
And human love, by drops of sweet
White nourishment still hanging round
The little mouth so slumber-bound!
All which broken sentience
Will gather, and unite, and climb,
To an immortality.
Good or evil, each sublime,
Through life and death, to life again!
O little life, now closed so fast,
Must ye learn to drop at last
Over large and burning tears?
O warm quick body! must thou lie,
When is done the round of years,
Bare of all the joy and pain,
Dust in dust—thy place upgiving
To creeping worms in sentient living?
O small frail being! wilt thou stand

At God's right hand,
Lifting up those sleeping eyes,
Dilated by sublimest desires,
In endless waking? Thrones and seraphims,
Through the long ranks of their soul-mullets,
Sunning thee with calm looks of heaven's surprise—

Thy look alone on Him?
Or else self-willed, to the godless place—
(God keep thy will!)—feel thine own energies,
Cold, strong, objectless, like a dead man's clasp,
The sleepless, deathless life within thee, grasp,—
While myriad faces, like one endless face,
With woe, not love's, shall glass thee everywhere,
And overcome thee with thine own despair?

[The third Muse of the Reviewer is Mrs. Brooke, otherwise known as *Maria del Occidente*. "Mary of the West's" chief poem is "Zophiel," a story, the germ of which is the tale contained in the 6th, 7th, and 8th chapters of the Apocryphal book of Tobit—"quem si quis," says the decree of the Council of Trent, "pro sacro et canonico non susceperit, ANATHEMA sit."* as sample.]

* Sess. IV., Decretum de Canonica Scriptura.]

He saw, and soft'ning every wily word,
Spoke in more melting music to her soul;
And n'er her sense, as when the fond night-bird
Woo'd the full rose, o'erpowering fragrance stole;
Or when the lilacs, sleepier perfume move,
Disturb'd by two young sister-fawns that play
Among their graceful stalks at morn, and love
From their white cells to lap the dew away.

[The following judicious and right-hearted remarks on the authorship of women, and the criticism of their productions, form pleasing confessions :—]

"It is easy to be critical on men; but when we venture to lift the pen against women, straightway *apparent facies*; the weapon drops pointless on the marked passage; and whilst the mind is bent on praise or censure of the poem, the eye swims too deep in tears and mist over the poetess herself in the frontispiece. Edwin Landseer's drawing must be removed, or we shall hold our court, like the Areopagites, in the dark."

"There was a time, when the disgust excited by the female smatterer in letters, kept the really learned, and, therefore, modest, woman, in retirement; when the vulgar-minded of both sexes took occasion, from the folly of a few poor unfeminine creatures, to sneer at the very notion of learning and genius in any woman; and when—worst of all!—religion was dragged into the question, and serious people doubted whether the pursuit of literature by women were not incompatible with the full and cheerful performance of their social and domestic duties. That time is past in England; the sensual philosophy, with which it was so closely connected, has lost its hold on the rising spirits of the age; women move amongst us on nobler and truer principles, joint heirs with men who have begun to feel their exalted origin and destiny, and to recognize that inborn dowry of spirit and power, the existence of which the material systems of the last century had denied or obscured. A different tone prevails in society on this subject; the peculiar talents of women are acknowledged, and the powers common to men and them are, in particular instances of exhibition, fairly appreciated. Hence we see less and less of the prating Miss, or the elderly young lady of letters of some years ago, in proportion as the really cultivated and intellectual woman feels assured of her just place in all good company. Affectation has disappeared with the uneasy singularity of position which provoked it; and the woman of genius or learning, who knows that men are conversing with her on a ground of respect and equality, learns to be humble and sincere."

[We crave pardon for the hiatus we have occasioned, and return afresh to our Poetesses. Next follow the Marchioness of Northampton, with extracts from her unpublished poem of "Irene;" and Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Whereafter, Mrs. Southey, (Caroline Hawles,) is quoted in a very striking poem:]

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing-bell doth toll,—
Ye: an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread
One squalid woman stands
Lifting with negre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd—agen
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized, and low
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

[Here is also a delicate little touch in her latest poem, "The Birthday," below registered :—]

In a dark, deep pool
Collected now, the peaceful waters slept,
Embayed by rugged headlands; hollow roots
Of huge old pollard willows. Anchor'd there
Rode safe from every gale a sylvan fleet
Of milk-white water-lilies; every bark
Worthy as those on his own sacred flood
To wait the Indian Cupid.

[Miss Lowe, the Dean of Exeter's daughter, is very happy in her poem of "Cephalus and Procris." It is sown thick with shoots of beauty; e.g. :—]

Heaven's favours wait
On the pure will, like winged handmaids,
Attending it in strength.

["IX. Poems by V—," are copiously quoted from: the ninth *Musa*, is the authoress of "Phantasmion," of which the Reviewer says—"It is what it is—pure as a crystal in diction, tinted like an opal, with the hues of an ever-springing sunlit fancy." We have not room to take any of these gems out of their settings, but here is a sweet idea :—]

A thousand and a thousand silken leaves
The tufted beech unfolds in early spring,
All clad in tenderest green
All of the self-same shape;

A thousand infant faces, soft and sweet,
Each year sends forth, yet every mother views
Her last, not least, belov'd
Like its dear self alone.

[After a copious recitation of more abundant passages than our space permits us to adduce, but out of which our readers have

the most prominent gems, the Reviewer thus prettily concludes :—]

"Moleager bound up his poets in a wreath. If we did the same, what flowers would suit our tuncful Nine ?—

Mrs. Norton would be the *Rose*, or, if she like it, *Love-lies-a-bleeding*.

Miss Barrett must be *Greek Valerian*, or *Ladder to Heaven*; or, if she pleases, *Wild Angelica*.

Maria del Occidente is a *Passion-flower* confessed.

Irono was *Grass of Parnassus*, or sometimes a *Roman Nettle*.

Lady Emmeline is a *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and a *Crocus* too.

Mrs. Southey is a *Meadow Sage*, or *Small Teasel*.

Miss Lowe—the classical nymph of Exeter—is a *Blue Belle*.

V. is a *Violet*, with her leaves heart-shaped.

And the authoress of "*Phantasmion*," is *Heart's-ease*.

There's a wrath ! Can any other nation show an equal to it ?

[We are glad in conclusion to see, that the Reviewer notices also a young and rising poetess, of charming powers :—"We hope, (says he,) that our present mention of Miss Elizabeth Charlesworth's name, will direct the attention of some of our readers to her modest but vigorous muse. There are several pieces in her '*Historical Reveries*, by a Suffolk Villager,' full of beauty."

One of these singularly sweet poems will be found in the *Mirror*, No. 1014, p. 20, and fully warrants the encomium bestowed.]

PANTOMIME CLOWNS.

THE pantomime clowns of the present day are mere grimacers, posture-masters, and gymnasts. We remember the unctuous fun with which Grimaldi of old swallowed up in his capacious mouth (a match for the ear of Dionysius,) and his voluminous breeches, the contents of all the baskets of all the market people who crossed his path. Now the goods are only stowed away in sacks. The mouth no longer entombs the whole contents of a pastry-cook's shop, or labyrinthine chains of sausages. The very excesses of modern clowns are dull and literal. It is like seeing a country cormorant belt fat bacon for a wager. It is a gross entertainment. You see they have no preferences. They devour without a relish. Their runnings through the body with swords and red-hot poker— their thwacks and tumbles—are gratuitous, and yet all performed in the way of business. You see that they don't mind them, and cease to wonder that they don't hurt themselves.

ASSASSINATION OF THE REGENT, MURRAY.

(From Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol vii.)

MURRAY, who was at Stirling, intended to pass through Linlithgow, on his way to Edinburgh. In this town, and in the High-street, through which the cavalcade generally passed, was a house belonging to the archbishop, his uncle. Here Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh took his station in a small room or wooden gallery, which commanded a full view of the street. To prevent his heavy footsteps being heard, for he was booted and spurred, he placed a feather-bed on the floor; to secure against any chance observation of his shadow, which, had the sun broke out, might have caught the eye, he hung up a black cloth on the opposite wall, and, having barricaded the door in the front, he had a swift horse ready saddled in a stable at the back. Even here his preparations did not stop, for, observing that the gate in the wall which enclosed the garden was too low to admit a man on horseback, he removed the lintel stone, and, returning to his chamber, cut in the wooden panel, immediately below the lattice window where he watched, a hole just sufficient to admit the barrel of his caliver. Having taken these precautions, he loaded the piece with four bullets and calmly awaited his return.

The regent had received repeated warning of his danger; and, on the morning of the murder, John Hume, an attached follower, implored him not to ride through the principal street, but pass round by the back of the town, promising to bring him to the very spot where they might seize the villain who lay in wait for him. He agreed to take his advice, but the crowd of the common people was so great that it became impossible for him to alter his course. The same cause compelled him to ride at a slow pace, so that the assassin had time to take a deliberate aim; and, as he passed the fatal house, he shot him right through the lower part of the body; the bullet entering above the belt of his doublet, came out near the hucklebone, and killed the horse of Arthur Douglas, who rode close beside him. The very suddenness and success of this atrocious action produced a horror and confusion which favoured the escape of the murderer; and mounting his horse with the weapon of his revenge still warm in his grasp, he was already many miles from the spot, whilst the people, infuriated at the sight of their bleeding governor, were in vain attempting to break open the door of the lodging from which the shot proceeded. A few, however, caught a glimpse of him as he fled, and, giving chase, observed that he took the road to Hamilton. Here he was received in triumph by the Bishop of St. Andrew's, the Lord Arbroath, of whom Bothwellhaugh was a retainer, and the whole faction of the Hamilton's. They instantly assembled in arms, declared Scotland once more

free from the thralldom of an ambitious tyrant, who had been cut off at the very moment when he was plotting against the life of his sovereign; and resolved instantly to proceed to Edinburgh to join with Grange, liberate their chief, the Duke of Chastelherault, and follow up the advantage they had won.

All these events took place with a startling rapidity, of which the slow progress of written description can convey but a faint idea; in the meantime the unhappy regent, though bleeding profusely, had strength enough to walk to the palace, where at first the surgeons gave hopes of his recovery. Mortal symptoms, however, soon appeared, and, when made acquainted with them, he received the information with his usual calm demeanour. When his friends bitterly lamented his fate, remarking that he might long since have taken the miscreant's life, and observing that his clemency had been his ruin, Murray mildly answered that they would never make him repent of any good he had done in his life; and after faintly, but affectionately commending the charge of the young prince to such of the nobility as were present, he died tranquilly a little before midnight.

I will not attempt any laboured character of this extraordinary man, who, coming into possession of almost uncontrolled power, as the leader of the reformed party, when he was little more than a youth, was cut off in the midst of his greatness before he was forty years old. Living in those wretched times, when the country was torn by two parties which mortally hated each other, he has come down to us so disfigured by the prejudices of his contemporaries, that it is difficult to discern his true features. As to his personal intrepidity, his talents for state affairs, his military capacity, and the general purity of his private life, in a corrupt age and court, there can be no difference of opinion. It has been recorded of him, that he ordered himself and his family in such sort, that it did more resemble a church than a court; and it is but fair to conclude that this proceeded from his deep feelings of religion, and a steady attachment to a reformation which he believed to be founded on the word of God. But, on the other hand, there are some facts, especially such as occurred during the latter part of his career, which throw suspicion upon his motives, and weigh heavily against him. He consented to the murder of Riccio; to compass his own return to power, he unscrupulously leagued himself with men whom he knew to be the murderers of the king; used their evidence to convict his sovereign; and refused to turn against them till they began to threaten his power, and declined to act as the tools of his ambition. If we regard private faith and honour, how can we defend his betrayal of Norfolk, and his consent to deliver up Northumberland? If we look to love of country, a principle now, perhaps, too lightly esteemed, but inseparable from all true greatness, what

are we to think of his last ignominious offers to Elizabeth? If we go higher still, and seek for that love which is the only test of religious truth, how difficult is it to think that it could have a place in his heart, whose last transaction went to aggravate the imprisonment, if not to recommend the death, of a miserable princess, his own sister and his sovereign.

All are agreed that he was a noble-looking personage, of grave and commanding manners. His funeral, which was a solemn spectacle, took place on the 14th of February, [1571,] in the High Church of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, where he was buried in St. Anthony's Aisle. The body had been taken from Linlithgow to Stirling, and thence was transported by water to Leith, and carried to the Palace of Holyrood. In the public procession to the church it was accompanied by the magistrates and citizens of Edinburgh, who greatly lamented him. They were followed by the gentlemen of the country, and these by the nobility. The Earls of Morton, Mar, Glencairn, and Cassilis, with the Lords Glammis, Lindsay, Ochiltree, and Ruthven, carried the body; before it came the Lairds of Grange, and Colvil of Cleish; Grange bearing his banner, with the royal arms, and Cleish his coat armour. The servants of his household followed, making great lamentation, as Randolphe, an eye witness, wrote to Cecil. On entering the church, the bier was placed before the pulpit, and Knox preached the sermon, taking for his text, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

CONSECRATION OF A BELL.

THE Church of Saint Exupere, in the suburbs of Bayeux, was about to *consecrate a bell*. The bell intended to be placed in the new tower was suspended from a scaffold, on the east side of it. A temporary altar stood near, adorned with crucifix, candlestick, and pix, and around the bell were boys in white surplices, bearing incense; the curé, and three priests of less importance, in their proper robes; and several vergers and attendants in their surplices, with silver crosses and elevated lanterns. The curé first read to the assembly, which consisted of about a hundred women, a long declaration of the uses of the bell—stating that it served to call the faithful to the service of God, and to tell the various offices that were going on; that it communicated joyful or sad news, and would tend to mitigate the grief caused by the latter, or to increase the pleasure of the former; and he begged the people to unite with him in soliciting the good-will of God towards the bell. Various prayers, after an established ritual, were then read, and the attendant priests lavied the bell with a bunch of myrrh, dipped into "holy water," chanting monotonously during the whole time. A riband was then tied round the clapper, the bell was anointed by the curé with oil, and under it, various

powders of powerful odour were burnt. Making use of the riband, the curé struck the bell three times with the clapper; afterwards a lady, who was the godmother of the bell—if we may so speak—struck it in like manner, and some of the attendants and spectators did the same. The clapper was then wrapped in a napkin, the inside of the bell was again fumigated and anointed, and the whole party adjourned to the interior of the church to celebrate mass. An inscription on the outside of the bell stated that it was “given in 1838, to the church of St. Exupere, by M. Jean Baptiste Gregoire Gueroult de la Bigne, blessed by M. de la Fontaine, curé of the parish, and named CLEMENTINE by M. Agapit Autelme and his wife.”—*Godwin's Churches of London.*

MEN OF LEARNING AND GENIUS.

PREVIOUS TO THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

[BEFORE “the Star” had shined forth, to the light of whose rising the nations were to flock, our world, struggling with heathenism and darkness, resembled a gloomy stage, on which the “burning and shining lights” were few and feeble. Yet wide apart as was each from each, and occurring but at stated intervals, they form collectively, “long trails of light descending down,” which alone kept the dark world from being utterly benighted. Regarded in this view, the subjoined list of ten centuries will furnish grave material for contemplation.]

907. Homer, the first prophane writer and Greek poet flourished.—*Pope, Cowper, Southey.*

Hesiod, the Greek poet, supposed to live near the time of Homer.—*Hooker.*

854. Lycurgus, the Spartan Lawgiver.

600. Suppho, the Greek Lyric Poetess, fl.—*Fawkes.*

Sixth Century before Christ.

558. Solon, the Lawgiver of Athens.

556. Æsop, the first Greek fabulist.—*Croal.*

548. Thales, the first Greek astronomer and geographer.

Fifth Century before Christ.

497. Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philosophy in Greece.—*Rowe.*

474. Anacreon, the Greek Lyric Poet.—*Fawkes, Addison, Moore.*

456. Æschylus, the first Greek tragic poet.—*Potter, Medwin, Miss Barrett.*

435. Pindar, the Greek Lyric Poet.—*West.*

413. Herodotus, of Greece, the first writer of profane history.—*Littell, Bayly, Beloe.*

407. Aristophanes, the Greek comic poet, fl.—*White.*

Euripides, the Greek tragic poet.—*Woodhall.*

406. Sophocles, ditto.—*Franklin, Potter.*

Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, fl.

400. Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy in Greece.

Fourth Century before Christ.

391. Thucydides, the Greek historian.—*Smith, Hubbes.*

361. Hippocrates, the Greek physician.—*Clifton.*

Democritus, the Greek philosopher.

359. Xenophon, the Greek philosopher and historian.—*Smith, Spelman, Ashley, Fielding.*

348. Plato, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Socrates.—*Sydenham, Taylor.*

335. Isocrates, the Greek orator.—*Dinsdale.*

332. Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Plato.—*Hubbes.*

313. Demosthenes, the Athenian orator, poisoned himself.—*Island, Francis, Lord Brougham.*

Third Century before Christ.

288. Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher, and scholar of Aristotle.—*Budget.*

285. Theocritus, the first Greek pastoral poet, fl.—*Fawkes.*

277. Euclid, of Alexandria in Egypt, the mathematician, fl.—*R. Simpson.*

270. Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philosophy in Greece.—*Digby.*

261. Zeno, founder of the Stoic philosophy in ditto.

244. Callimachus, the Greek Elegiac poet.

208. Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.

Second Century before Christ.

184. Plautus, the Roman comic poet.—*Thornton.*

159. Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet.—*Colman.*

155. Diogenes, of Babylon, the stoic philosopher.

124. Polybius of Greece, the Greek and Roman historian.—*Hampton.*

Last Century before Christ.

84. Lucretius, the Roman poet.—*Creech.*

44. Julius Cæsar, the Roman historian, and commentator, killed.—*D. Maca.*

Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the universal historian, fl.—*Booth.*

Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.

43. Cicero, the Roman orator, and philosopher, put to death.—*Guthrie, Melmoth.*

Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl.—*Rowe.*

34. Cællius, the Roman historian.—*Gordon, Ross.*

30. Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, the Roman historian, fl.—*Spelman.*

19. Virgil, the Roman epic poet.—*Dryden, Pitt, Warton.*

11. Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets.—*Granger, Dart.*

8. Horace, the Roman lyric and satiric poet.—*Francis, Smart.*

IRON-MINES OF CARADOGH.

NEAR TABREEZ IN PERSIA.*

Antiquity of the Caradogh Iron-Mines.—We have no historical record from which to ascertain the period at which the iron-mines in the district of Caradogh were first wrought. But there is every reason to suppose, that they were resorted to from the remotest antiquity. The district itself is very secluded, and is of a wild, forbidding aspect; it has, without almost any interval, formed part of the Median, and, latterly, of the Persian Empire; and, under the rule of native princes, has all along been free from the revolutions which have so frequently convulsed Western Asia. The iron-mines themselves also bear evident marks of antiquity. They form large quarry-like excavations, thickly surrounded by immense tumuli of iron-sand, and small pieces of ore, thrown out in the course of working. Upon a rough calculation, founded on the size of the excavated hollow which it exhibits, one only of the numerous iron mines which abound in the district, was estimated by the writer of this notice, to have now afforded above

* From “An Account of the Iron Mines of Caradogh, near Tabreez in Persia,” &c., by James Robertson, Civil Mining Engineer, Major Persian Service. Read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, March 2, 1846.

4,000,000 cubic feet of iron-ore, which, by a rational estimate, would show, that the total quantity excavated from that mine, would weigh 571,428 tons. At the present day, 2,000 horse loads is a full allowance for the yearly quantity carried away, and as each horse carries about 2 cwt., we have a total of 200 tons per annum as the exported produce at present. It may reasonably be assumed, that this quantity has, upon an average, never been exceeded during the many ages in which the mines have been wrought. Upon that assumption, and without taking into account the neighbouring mines, it would follow, that 2857 years have passed since the soil was first removed from the surface of the mine alluded to. Such, Mr. Robertson thinks, is a legitimate estimate of the very great antiquity of the Persian mines.

Workmen and Trade of the Mines.—The native smiths are dispersed in small hamlets, situated in the woods which clothe the sides of the ravines, through which the mountain-torrents flow into the river Arras (the ancient Araxes). It is much superior to the Russian iron, with which the greater part of Asia is now supplied, and is manufactured chiefly into horse-shoes, and horse-shoe nails, for which there is a great demand in Tabreez and the surrounding districts, and among the Koords or Nomadic tribes who frequent the mountain pastures in summer. The trade in it is shared between the Mahomedans and the native Armenians; and although by no means extensive or deserving the name of the "Persian iron-trade," it gives employment to a considerable part of the population, in quarrying the ore, burning the charcoal, and transporting these articles to the forgo.

There are numerous mines in Caradogh, affording iron-ore of the most valuable description, and of various kinds; but those held in the highest estimation are the Jewant, Koordkandy, and Marzooly ores.

The Jewant Mine is situated in an immense vein of red iron-ore. This ore, on its fracture, often exhibits streaks of prismatic colours, as if at one time it had been subjected to the action of heat; quantities of iron-sand are dispersed in the interstices of the vein.

The Koordkandy Mine, situated on the summit of a very steep mountain, produces rich magnetic iron-ore, from a vein of great dimensions.

The Marzooly Mine also affords excellent magnetic iron-ore in great abundance. The vein in which the last is situated runs across several hills, and is, in most parts, 100 feet in width.

Working of the Mines.—In working these mines, the richest pieces only of the ore are carried away, the remainder is thrown aside. They are worked very irregularly, and without concert, as there is no restriction imposed as to the mode of mining by the government. A few individuals sink a shaft through the

rubbish, and excavate as much as they require; another party soon after arrive, and fill the first hollow up in the course of sinking another shaft; and in this way the rubbish is repeatedly turned over, and gradually subsides, and is consolidated into a mass as the ore is removed from beneath, thus forming a serious obstacle to any one who might attempt to work the vein in a more regular manner. The ore is carried to the villages only during the summer, as the depth of the snow in winter renders the mountain-path impassable. It is there retailed to the smiths, who purchase a horse-load of 2 cwt. for about 1s. sterling, or 10s. per ton.

The ores above described, when smelted singly, produce that kind of iron which by English workmen is called *hot-short*, and by the Persians *salt-iron*. The smiths, however, by means of a mixture, produce iron of an excellent quality, which they term *sweet-iron*. The most common mixture is two parts Jewant ore to one of Koordkandy, and two parts of Koordkandy to one of Marzooly.

Materials for smelting the ore are found in an extensive natural forest which occupies the natural parts of the district of Caradogh. This forest covers the flat bottoms between the mountains, and spreads to a considerable height up their sheltered sides, dwindling into dwarf trees and bushes in the elevated and more exposed situations. It consists chiefly of coppice oak, which springs from the roots of trees cut and recut during a long succession of years. This jungle is partitioned among the villages situated on its confines, the inhabitants of which earn a livelihood by supplying the city of Tabreez and the adjoining towns with fuel.

A BUTTERFLY'S MORAL.

A BOY, on perceiving a beautiful butterfly, was so smitten with its gaudy colours, that he pursued it from flower to flower, with indefatigable zeal: at first he attempted to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then he endeavoured to cover it with his hat as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize on perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets: but the fickle fly still eluded his attempts. At last, observing it half-buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and, snatching the object of his pursuit with violence, it was crushed to pieces. The dying insect, perceiving the boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with the utmost calmness in the following words:—"Behold, now, the end of thy unprofitable solicitude; and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that pleasure, like a painted butterfly, may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit; but, if embraced with too much ardour, will perish in thy grasp."

W. G. C.

Public Journals.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. NO. CXIV.

October, 1840. [Saunders and Otley.]

[THE papers that preponderate this month, are of a humorous vein, and each forms a *bonne bouche* for the lovers of light reading. The impersonation of Lord Killikelly, by his valet Ravel, and his interview with the Phillicody family, are replete with Attic salt. Here is a capital sample :—

Pride of Mrs. Phillicody, the Soap-boiler's Wife.]

Walter Wickham listened with astonishment. "I did not, indeed, expect to find any one who knew Lord Killikelly here!" he could not prevent himself from exclaiming.

"And why not here, as well as any where else, sir?" said Mrs. Phillicody, fiercely.

"O, certainly. I beg your pardon, madam; but did I understand you to say that you know Lord Killikelly?"

Now, Mrs. Phillicody did not like to say that she did not know Lord Killikelly, though, had she only been aware of the pedigree and patronage of her quondam friend, Mr. Charles Kelly, she might have boasted of their intimate acquaintance and long-remembered friendship, with rather more truth than she now surmised. As it was, she only quibbled. All people who have middling sorts of consciences, not good enough to be wholly honest, and not bad enough to be entirely deceitful, resort to quibbling.

"Know him!" said the soap-boiler's lady, with indignant energy—"know him, indeed! Why, sir, Lord Killikelly is one of our nearest relations—our very nearest. Know him, indeed!"

Walter Wickham lifted up his eyes to Mrs. Phillicody's face, and from thence to the top of her cap, and its highest bow, and then suffered that soul of the body to pass over the lace, the blond, the ribbon, the satin, the silk, the red face, the bulky roundabout figure, down to her everlasting fat shoe, and an "indeed!" in rather incredulous tones, issued involuntarily from his lips.

Mrs. Phillicody's red face looked like the sun with a lobster-coloured mask on. Her meanings were too large to be carried by the vehicles of words. In fact, Wickham had offered a family affront. Phoebe bridled up, and looked as if she should like to carve Wickham up with her eyes, and Sophy treated him with a founce and a flourish. Even Veronese looked at him with a sort of indignant surprise.

[In the "Leaves from Memory's Log"—appears "Mowbray's Yarn," a tale, told by the gallant seaman from the topsail halyard rack, finely descriptive of the impalement and terrifying sufferings of

The Assassin of Kleber.

"I have a recollection of having told you how hard we fared in Alexandria, even dur-

ing the time of "Kleber;" but when that excellent general (the very best and most skilful Frenchman in Egypt) fell beneath the assassin's dagger, our treatment was abominably cruel. His successor, Menou, (whom many people suspected,) chose to throw the suspicion on us, the English prisoners of war, and, to give publicity to his suspicion, placed us in a circle, round the stake that the wretched youth was impaled on. Never, no never, shall I forget the bloody and brutal sight.

The French army formed three sides of a square, near the palm trees on the desert side, and close to Alexandria; the open space was to allow the ingress of the Bedouin Arabs, who flocked in countless numbers to see their countryman die by the dreadful death of impalement. The drums beat to arms by daylight, and our ferocious guards urged our immediate march; we were then placed, with scoffs, jeers, insults, and curses, close around where the stake was intended to be planted immediately. The garrison had formed; on came the advanced guard, the prisoner, and the executioner bearing the stake.

The misguided youth, clad in a loose frock, such as carters wear in England, and bare-headed, walked to the scene of his torments with a firm step, head elevated, and eyes expressive of a mind at peace, stored with undaunted courage; his guard now reversed arms, while the bands struck up a solemn dirge, and the youthful prisoner, for I do not think he had reached twenty-five years, was conducted into the centre of the guard; the slight covering was then removed, and a better proportioned, athletic youth, never stripped; he was then forcibly thrown on his face, his hands and feet secured, and the stake, which was hard wood, pointed, driven by the executioner, along his back bone. A horrid yell of anguish announced the commencement of his sufferings. He was an enthusiast, and conceived his Koran advised him to be a murderer. Poor youth! he expiated such misconception by suffering torments that the ingenuity of the Indians could not rival.

The wretched youth was then raised, and the stake placed in the socket of a shaft, sunk deep in the sand, with his face and naked body turned to the sun, that fiercely glared upon him. Although protected, by light clothing, from its rays, I felt melting beneath its intense heat, greatly augmented by reflection from the white sand on which we stood.

O Heaven! it was a pitiable sight to see that manly form, in the image of his Maker, so borne up, the muscles and veins standing out like cords on his body, throat, and legs, while every nerve quivered with excessive anguish; but his face, that expressed manly courage and resignation, now was flushed with agony; while the eyes, protruding from the sockets, looked up in supplication for aid, as he loudly invoked his prophet, intermingled with cries for water, water. To these

dreadful, heart-rending cries, we were compelled to listen, and our sight was shocked by the unutterable agony that convulsed his body till the hour of noon, when we were marched back to our caravansary or prison—the crowd of Arabs driven out of the square—the troops dismissed to their quarters, leaving a strong guard round the victim of cruelty, who writhed upon his stake, with undiminished power of suffering. That night, I could not sleep, for his dreadful cries still rang in my ears.

Again we had to march at daylight, and circle round the stake, where the wretched youth still retained life, with power to utter hollow groans, that nearly congealed my blood; but, when my sight beheld the effect on his manly form, from that night of agonized sufferings, I closed my eyes, nor would I open them again to be blasted by such a sight of horror. The eyes and lips had been torn away by the birds of prey, who, disturbed at their banquet on his body, still wheeled in circles above our heads, uttering loud discordant screams, while clouds of insects were eating him alive.

B E Y R O U T,

THE ANCIENT BERYTUS.

MODERN Beyrout, Beirut, or Bairout, a Syrian town, in the Pashalie of Acre, on the shores of the Mediterranean. It was originally colonized from Sidon, and situated on the south side of an open bay, lying in 33° 49½' N. lat., 35° 27' E. long., and 40 miles S.S.W. of Tripoli.

The bay is large, and the anchorage good, though open to the northward.

Berytus, or Ancient Beyrout.

Beirut, the ancient Berytus, was a Phœnician city of great antiquity, said by Stephanus Byzantinus, to be named from its abundant supply of water: Beer, in the Phœnician, signifying a well.

Diodotus Tryphon entirely destroyed it about 140 B.C., but after the conquest of Syria by the Romans, it was rebuilt near the site of the ancient city.

Augustus, who made it a colony, called it after his daughter, with the epithet happy,—*Colonia Felix Julia*,—and medals were afterwards struck in honour of the Roman Emperors, bearing the legend "*Colonia Felix Berytus*."[†]

Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, decorated the town with a theatre, amphitheatre, baths, &c., and instituted games.

Berytus was famous for the study of the law, for which there was a celebrated school in the city, the foundation of which is ascribed to Alexander Severus. Justinian called it the "*nurse of law*," and the splendour of this school may be computed to have lasted from the third to the middle of the sixth century.‡

* Parley's Mediterranean Pilot.

† *Opus Picti*, lib. v., cap. 20.

‡ Gibbon, *History of the Decline and Fall*, lib. ii., p. 294.

In 551 A.D., Berytus was nearly destroyed by an earthquake. At the present day, but few wrecks of its ancient splendour remain—save a bath, pieces of granite columns, and a few other fragments.§

When Syria was over-run by the Saracens, Berytus fell into their hands. In 1111, it was recovered from them by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, but retaken by Saladin in 1187.

After a frequent change of masters, Beyrout at length became the residence of the Emir Fakir Eddyn, Prince of the Druses, who perished there in defending his dominions against the powerful Amurath IV. Since that period, Beyrout has constantly belonged to the Ottoman Empire.

During the Holy Wars, it often changed masters, and was the scene of the fabled victory of St. George and the Dragon.

History of Modern Beyrout.

Till the year 1791, the French possessed a factory at Beyrout, but they were expelled by Djezzar, Pasha of Acre, who seized the place from the Emir of the Druses, to whom it then belonged, and placed a Turkish garrison there.

Djezzar appears to have been its greatest improver in modern times, otherwise both the town and the adjacent country have suffered great neglect. As the town was greatly inconvenienced by water, Djezzar cut a canal from the river Beyrout, which falls into the bay near the city, and built fountains, in excavating which, many of the ancient foundations were discovered.

Djezzar also built the walls which were erected after the bombardment of the place by the Russians. These walls were strengthened by several towers, and there were five gates to the city.

In September, 1840, this devoted town was entirely destroyed by the allied forces of England, Turkey, and Austria.

Supply of Water to the Town.

The copious supply of water which it received, was from a small river called Nahr Beyrout, which rises in Mount Libanus, and flows into the sea a short distance from the town; the water was conveyed by Djezzar's canal, and received into reservoirs and fountains.

Appearance of the late Town.

The streets were narrow and dirty, like those of all Turkish towns; the houses mostly built of stone. The town was commanded by some low hills to the S.E. Its population was estimated at ten thousand souls, of whom the Turks formed one-third. There was a large and well-built mosque in the city, formerly a Christian church, dedicated to St. John, as also a Capuchin convent. The suburbs of the town were as large as the city itself.

Of its Productions and Commerce.

Raw silk was the staple of Beyrout, and this place formed the entrepôt of the commerce of the Druses and Maronites; whence

§ Pocock's Travels in the East.

also they exported their cottons and silks, and received in return, rice, tobacco, and money, which they exchanged for the corn of the Bekaa and Havarán, for no corn was produced around the town. The raw silk, with cotton, olives, and figs, were accustomed to be exported to Cairo, Damascus, and Aleppo. A small red wine was produced around the town, which was cheap and good. Game was abundant; the beef from Libanus, excellent; and supplies of all sorts were to be procured good and cheap.

Recent Aspect of Beyrout.

In point of locality, Beyrout was as pleasantly situated as any town in Syria; it stood on the verge of a beautiful plain, varied with small hills, and extending to the foot of Mount Libanus.* The surrounding country was covered with kiosks, and enriched with groves of vines, olives, palms, and orange, lemon, and mulberry trees; behind which rose the lofty chain of Libanus.

LEO THE TENTH.

Leo the tenth lived in an age full of study and production—of intellect and art. His mind was free from prejudice, and fully capable of fostering and enjoying its glories. Though he delighted deeply in the works of past times, yet he withheld not his interest from original contemporary works. In his presence, the first tragedy, and also the first comedy, in the Italian language, was acted. Ariosto was one of the acquaintances of his youth. Machiavelli wrote several things expressly for him. For him, Raffaele filled chambers, galleries, and chapels, with human beauty raised to ideal perfection, and with life in its purest expression. Men, in those days, went to the Vatican, less to pray on the steps of the Apostles, than to admire the master-pieces of antique-art, the Belvidere Apollo, and the Laocoon, in the Pope's dwelling. Leo had also a passionate love of music, which just then began to be cultivated throughout Italy, in a more scientific manner. The walls of the palace daily echoed with the sounds of music; the Pope was heard to hum the melodies that delighted him. He did not, indeed, always maintain the decorum befitting a pope; sometimes, to the despair of his master of the ceremonies, he quitted Rome, not only without a surplice, but even, as the distressed functionary observes in his diary, "what is most vexatious, with boots on his feet." He spent the autumn in rural pleasures—he took the diversion of hawking at Viterbo, of stag-hunting at Corneto, and of fishing on the lake of Bolsena, after which, he passed some time at his favourite seat at Malliana, where he was accompanied by men of those light and supple talents, which enliven every passing hour—such as improvisatori. In the winter, he returned to the city, which was in the

* Volney's Travels in Syria.

highest state of prosperity. The number of inhabitants increased a third in a few years—manufactures found their profit—art, honour—every one security. Never was the court more lively, more agreeable, more intellectual. Leo X. was full of kindness and sympathy—he rarely refused a request, or if he did, it was in the gentlest manner, and only when it was impossible to grant it.—*Ranke's History of the Popes.*

COMETS.

COMETS, one author writes, "were made to the end that the etherial regions might not be more void of monsters, than the ocean is of whales and great thieving fishes, and that a gross fatness being gathered together as excrements into an imposthume, the celestial air might thereby be purged, lest the sun should be obscured."

Another says, they "signifie corruption of the ayre. They are signes of earthquake, of warres, changing of kingdomes, great dearth of corne, yea, a common death of man and beast."

But a writer on comets in 1665, crowned all previous conjecture. "God and Nature intended by comets to ring the knells of princes;" not esteeming the bells of churches enough for such illustrious and eminent performances.

Arts and Sciences.

BARITES MANUFACTORY.

In the midst of the sublime and romantic scenery of the Glen of Sannox, Arran, and on the edge of a precipitous rivulet of the same name, has been discovered a rich vein of barites. Last year a manufactory for the article was erected on the spot. The quarry is about 100 yards up the rivulet, whence the ore is brought to the manufactory on a wooden railway. The ore is first washed from any mixture of earth by means of a stream formed by some rude stones placed across a waterfall, and it is then ground into a fine pulp. It is afterwards put into square wooden frames, where it is again well washed, when it is removed to the boilers, where, being mixed with sulphuric acid, it is boiled with steam, and the ferruginous scum which arises in the process is carefully removed. It is then run off into troughs, and dried in a drying-house kept at a high temperature, till it becomes so solid that it can be cut into an oblong brick form. It is then removed into a cooler-house, where it is dried thoroughly, when it is ready for packing into barrels, or removed to the dyeing-house to be dyed to any shade which may be desired. The machinery erected for the manufactory cost upwards of 3,000*l.*, and with its aid ten workmen are enabled to turn out four tons of prepared barites daily. This material is now extensively used instead of white lead to form the body of paints, and for many purposes is preferable.—*Kilmarnock Chron.*, Oct. 1840.

The Gatherer.

Oriental Proverb.—A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus, "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

Content.—You may place a hundred handful of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale; yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose.

Mr. Bucknell, in his paper on the organic malformations and twin birds within the same shell, in the eggs of the common fowl, says, that "from above 20,000 birds, hatched under every variety of circumstance, not more than one per cent. has been found in any way defective;" and that, "the production of monsters, or twin birds, in the same egg, are of extreme rare occurrence, not one in 40,000."

Promotion.—A young ensign of a regiment stationed near Manchester, residing in lodgings, the sitting room of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave, said—"Well, Charles, and how much longer do you mean to stop in this nuthell?" to which he wittily replied—"Until I become a *kernel*."—*Barbadoes Paper.*

The building-materials of Workop Manor House, in Nottinghamshire, were sold on Tuesday last, for 20,000 guineas: it is said the mansion cost upwards of 300,000*l.* in erecting.

Goodness.—We should not despair of the goodness of the world, if we do not happen to see it immediately around us. The atmosphere is still blue, though so much of it as is enclosed in our apartments, is colourless.

Mount Ararat.—Further letters from Teflis state that the consequences have been more serious from this convulsion than at first announced. The town of Nakitchewan has been totally destroyed—all the buildings of Krivan mere or less injured—and the whole of the villages in the two districts of Scharour and Sourmáta have perished, and the cotton and rice plantations all laid waste. The immediate neighbourhood of the mountain itself was the scene of the most awful calamity. A huge mass slid from the mountain, overwhelming every thing and person in its progress, for a distance of seven wersts (about five English miles). Amongst others, above 1,000 inhabitants of the great village of Akhouli have been buried beneath the fallen rocks. The mountain opened, giving passage to a thick fluid, which swelled into a river, and, following the same direction, swept over the ruins. At the date of the 13th August, Ararat was not yet quiet.

Mehemet Ali, in his late manifesto to the four powers, describes himself as that "poor old man, content with what God had given him."

Sale of M. d'Aveschoot's Pictures at Ghent.—The 'Toilet,' by Gabriel Metz, sold for 5,100 francs, and a full-length portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself, for 15,190 francs. A portrait of Mieris, by himself, for 2,300 francs; the 'Fat Cook,' by Jan Steen; for 3,050 francs; an Interior, by Ostade, for 6,700 francs; and the gem of the collection, 'The Miracle of St. Benedict,' a sketch, by Rubens, for 25,700 francs. A 'View in Flanders,' by Teniers, was bought by the Belgian Minister of Public Works for 14,600 *l.*

Aviary at Fontainebleau.—This aviary was capable of containing 5,000 birds, both for song and eating.

Female Fool.—In the "Correspondence Indite" of Henri Quatre, by M. de Rommel, a lady of the name of Mathurine, is mentioned as "the female fool of the king."

Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street.—The ornamental decorations of this new Theatre (opened on Wednesday week last) are very rich. The chandelier is brilliant in the extreme. The Arabesques are of all hues—the boxes bordered with cushions and vallances of crimson velvet, and the curtains of damask. It is one of the handsomest little theatres in Europe.

Alexandria.—The military topography of this country does not guarantee it from foreign invasion, particularly by the isthmus of Suez. With the exception of the Fatimite Moors, the French under Buonaparte, Tirkaka the Ethiopian, the Romans, the English battalions, and the Sepoys, the other invaders—Cambyzes, Alexander, the first Mahomedans, the Ayoubites, and the Turks, have entered by way of Syria. The vitality of independent Egypt, then, can only be assured by means of Syrian limits—its true limits are not at Suez, but in Mount Taurus.

Plucking the Beard.—"To pluck the beard" of another has ever been held the highest possible sign of scorn and contempt. So particularly anxious was Charlemagne to show this despite to an enemy, that, we read in Huc de Bordeaux, he dispatched no less than fifteen successive messengers from France to Babylon to pull the beard of Admiral Gaudisse.

Aerostation.—Mr. Green made an experimental ascent in his Nassau Balloon on Tuesday, the 6th inst., from the grounds of the Commercial Gas Company, Stepney Fields; and descended in Lord Torrington's Park, Yokes Court, Merewith, near Tonbridge.

Not a Fall.—A boy three years of age was asked who made him? With his little hand and foot upon the floor, he artlessly replied—"God made me a little baby, so high, and I grew the rest."

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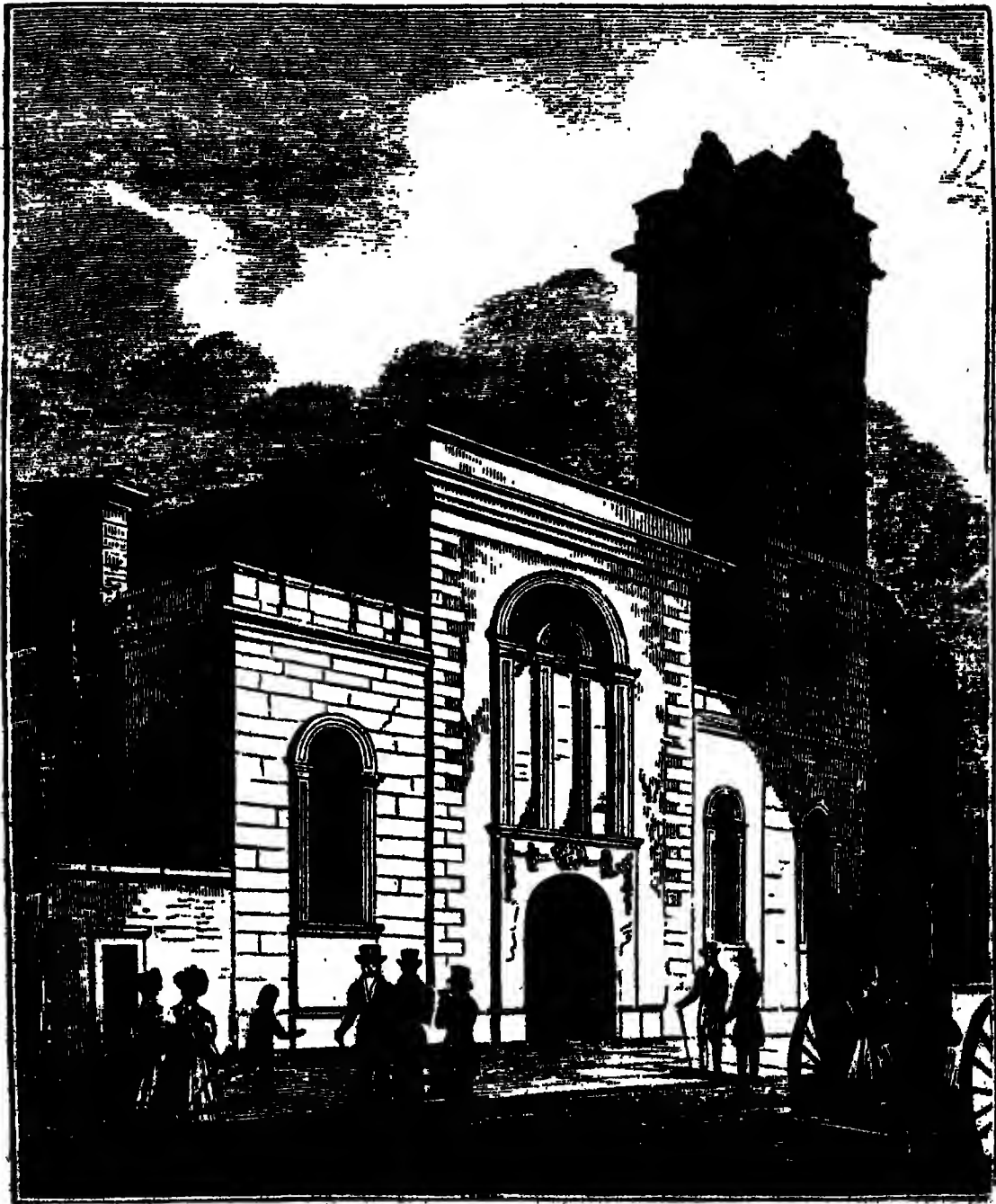
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[PRICE 2d.]



EXTERIOR OF
THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW,
BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON.

EXTERIOR OF THE
CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

IN No. 1005 of the *Mirror*, is a view and description of the Interior of St. Bartholomew's Church; and, as the exterior of this sacred edifice will very shortly be taken down, it is presumed, a representation of such a memorable fabric, will not be unacceptable to our readers.

The last time divine service was performed in this church, was on Tuesday, May 12th last, when a sermon was preached there by the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, for the benefit of the Broad Street Ward Charity Schools. Since that period, the whole of the bodies there inhumed, amounting to more than a thousand, were removed from the church and church-yard. One hundred and twenty coffins were conveyed to various places, and the bodies unclaimed, were interred, with the greatest decorum and care, in a vault, built for that purpose, in the church-yard of St. Margaret, Lothbury. The removal of the whole of the bodies was under the direction of Mr. Toplis, and it is impossible to speak too highly of the great care used by himself and the persons under his directions.

The disinterment of the bodies being completed, it was determined to take up the marble pavement of the chancel. As the last burial there took place nearly a century since, and as this was the spot where the remains of Miles Coverdale were supposed to be deposited, much interest was excited. Many gentlemen attended to witness the removal of the earth, in the hope of discovering the remains of this learned Father of the Reformation. A vault had been formed on one side of the Chancel, called the Rector's Vault; where, about four feet below the level of the church, the leaden coffin of Mrs. Newman was found, it being deposited there in January 1741; scarcely a vestige of the outer coffin was remaining, and, notwithstanding the time elapsed, and the dryness of the ground, a fluid escaped from the leaden coffin on its removal to the vestry-room. The earth was now carefully excavated to the depth of nearly eight feet, when, in the very centre of the chancel, a skeleton was discovered, which, from its peculiar situation, there can be little doubt of its being the venerated remains of Miles Coverdale. The coffin measured six feet four inches in length, the boards being three inches thick. The skeleton was tolerably perfect when first discovered, but crumbled into dust on its exposure to the air. These sacred remains were, with the earth around them, placed in a case, and removed to the vestry-room, where they remained until the evening of the 3rd of the present month, and then transferred to St. Magnus Church, London-bridge, of which he was rector in 1563; and the following morning, being the 305th anniversary of the translation of the whole Bible into English, by Coverdale, they

were, at 9 o'clock, deposited against the east wall of that church,—a part of the old building in which he preached, and not pulled down on the re-building of the church by Sir Christopher Wren, after the fire of London,—in a vault, at the expense of the parish, to whom these precious remains had, at their solicitation, been kindly consigned by the Bishop of London. The re-interment was strictly private, with the exception of the children of the ward-schools, and some of the parishioners, to whom a short and appropriate prayer, on the occasion, was made by the rector, the Rev. Thomas Leigh, A. M.

The whole of the interior of the church of St. Bartholomew was destroyed by the fire of London, as we have previously remarked in No. 1005; it left nothing but the venerable tower, built about 1438, and a portion of the walls at the north and west sides. The length of the church is seventy-eight feet, breadth sixty feet, and altitude forty-one feet, and that of the tower about ninety feet. It is of stone, and the roof of the church is covered with lead. The outer-door, fronting Bartholomew-lane, is adorned with a cherub, and a large festoon of fresco-work. The living was a rectory, in the gift of the Crown, and rated in the king's books at 18*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*

The parish of St. Bartholomew is added to that of St. Margaret, Lothbury, and from the demolition in the neighbourhood of the Bank of England, now comprises the whole of one of the old city parishes, that of St. Christopher-le-Stock, besides a portion of it standing in the two other parishes.

There is a portrait in Dr. Williams's Library, Red Cross Street, of the Rev. George Griffiths, M. A., chaplain at the Charter House, and lecturer of St. Bartholomew, Exchange, whence he was ejected.

TO CHILDREN PLAYING.

I LOVE to hear the joyous sound
Of merry children in that ground—
It brings the thoughts of other days,
When I, too, gladsome laughs could raise.

I love to watch them catch the ball,
Frowl from the school-room's rigid thrall—
I love to watch each childish feat,
From this my quiet garden-seat.

Of late sad tears have dimmed mine eyes,
And now my breast heaves bitter sighs—
But I can still, my noble boy,
Feel pleasure to procure thee joy.

Laugh on, laugh on, ye merry throng,
And raise your happy joyous song,
Free from restraint, or guile, or woe,
Long may ye all such pleasures know.

And when in after years your hearts
May have been pierced by sorrow's darts,
Your thoughts, like mine, may then recall
The merry school-boy game of ball.

LAURA C. R.—2.

CÆSAR'S DAY OF PLEASURE.

1. VENUS PANDEMOS AND HER TEMPLE.

At first there was only one Venus—Venus Urania—otherwise called Venus the Heavenly. And celestial, indeed, she was, and worthily fitted for the reverence and regard of all just and good beings. Among those who held up the high and stately model of Roman virtue, Cato adored her to the earth, and Cornelia, kneeling, kissed the hem of her garment. Although regnant in the Heavens, which were her divine home, she had, nevertheless, cast off her luminous robes that dazzle the Immortals, and in her unvestured beauty and purity, walked serenely among men, and invited the understanding to follow in her steps.

Yet was she only visible to wiser eyes; vulgar optics could not discern her; for her essence being so ethereally fine, and most sublimely sublimed, only a pure faith, and chaste holy mind could hope to comprehend her.

Man, therefore, in the mass, with minds incapable of becoming pure enough to contemplate purity, had, in place of that which they could not know, set up a new divinity, better suited to their gross and carnal conceptions. This was the Venus Pandemos, or Earthly Venus. This is she, who hath found worshippers over the whole world, she whose beauty is richly compounded of all earthly elements that give lustre to our dust, and surcharge the dullness of our original clay with the flush of life and the glories of colouring; but her beauty, however, is only the bait to forbidden pleasures, wrong delights, and sensuality unbounded.

Wide and universal, indeed, had been the worship which accrued, of old time, to this lascivious Love-queen. Every nation had, by turns, bowed at her shrine, and laid itself awhile in the apparently glorious sweet light of her countenance. As Astarte Baal, she reigned at Babelon in beauty unapproachable; she filled the "tents of the young virgins," the Succoth-Benoth of Syria, with the "lumen purpureum" of love; as the veiled Isis, in the land of Mizraim, myriads did her homage. In all voluptuousness she reigned in Greece, and her entralling idolatry had already spread to Rome.

Spread!—why young Cæsar has confessed her for his mother. Returned from his wars, and flushed with his triumphs, he builds not his temple to bellicose Mars, or thunder-bearing Jove—but, laying his head in the lap of loveliness, he is so bewitched with fascinations, so enchanted with loves, that he vows a fane to the goddess who administers such pleasures, and forthwith dedicates a temple to the queen of voluptuous Love.

This temple was planted in the most delicious part of Rome's country. The presence of the goddess herself seemed to make more beautiful the spot of her residence. The heaven over it was blue as the heaven of India; the birds that passed there nourished them-

selves with dew, and had wings of azure. The waters around it were limpid and transparent; its walls were white as silver, and the sand it was built upon, red as purple. Seated on a hill, it viewed the phantasmagoria of the whole city beneath, and the breeze carried to it the perfumes of the roses of the valley. Around it grew palms, with their feathered heads like loose and elegant crowns, and when the sun coloured the summits of the scene, it became painted with lilac, grey pearl, and yellow gold.

Who can, then, be surprised, that to this fair place, endowed by himself, devoted to the goddess he most loved at heart, and far removed from the toil and bustle of the Seven-hilled City and its great camps below, the victor of five hundred fights, and the conqueror of a thousand battles, came hither, whensoever he could, to indulge in all the pleasures of his soul. Here he spent the larger portion of the piping days of peace, and here we find him busied, on the day with which our story has to do.

2. CÆSAR IN THE PORCH OF THE TEMPLE.

The scene around the temple, on the occasion of the visit of its founder, was luxurious beyond expression. All the priestesses, flowing figures with white stoles and with harps, calmly beautiful as ever they appeared in the classical pictures of the old masters—moved among the olives and myrtles, hymning their tutelary queen and goddess. Radiant creatures, from captured provinces, who were very pearls for beauty, glanced about in graceful dances, exposing all the luxury of limb and bosom. Maidens of Iberia, with large flashing eyes, and dark-flowing hair—Parthian damsels, each one fit for a consort to the Arsacids—Egyptian girls, fair as the concubines of King Pharaoh—crowded around Cæsar, to do his pleasure, and gratify his eye. Charmers that bore baskets of summer-fruit, and earthen amphoræ of rosy wine, every now and then tempted the golden-locked voluptuary. The vine-cluster, purple in bloom, and pregnant with sweetness, had moistened his lips to satiety; abundance of other luscious fruits had filled him to repletion, while Massic, Sotin, and renowned Falern had flown his spirits with warmth and fervour.

Under the power of these, Cæsar, reclining on his couch, gave way to bolivorous mirth, and bade them indulge in all the joys of the hour—"Throw out," cried he, "handfuls of lilies and narcissi. Open the cassolets of rose-odours, I will make myself a couch from the petals of flowers, and an atmosphere of their perfumes. You, O beautiful young people, with long robes and flowery garlands, you will dance to the sound of lutes; and thou, young girl, whose eyes are limpid and azure as the Syrian Sea, you shall come near me, and marry thy voice to the songs of instruments, and the feet of dancers;—"

Song of the Young Girl.

I am nothing but a beautiful lute of ivory
To tremble under your fingers;
I am nothing but a bracelet of pearls
To encircle your arms;

Thy fingers of roses,
Thy arms of alabaster,
My beloved!

If I were an amulet,
I would sleep on thy bosom;
If I were a drop of honey
I would melt on thy lips;

Thy lips of roses,
Thy bosom of alabaster,
My beloved!

Scarcely had the song ended, before the attention of all was excited by the sound of the trumpets of heralds, and, gazing on the quarter from which the sound proceeded, Cæsar beheld, along the Appian Road, the senators of the empire approaching, after their debate. This was the signal for the troops of Cnidus and Paphia to disappear within the adytum of the temple; and Cæsar, with his friends, among whom were Cornelius Balbus, and Caius Trebatius, continued seated, awaiting the advance of the conscript fathers.

3. CÆSAR'S INCIVILITY TO THE SENATE.

It appears, that while Cæsar had been resigning himself to amorous dalliance, at the porch of his Temple of Venus, great debates, of which he was the alone subject, had been occupying the attention of the Forum. Having just returned from his victory in Spain, his countrymen were zealously desirous of heaping additional honours on his head. He had exalted himself a victor over the sons of Pompey, and extravagant already had been the flattery of the senate, and profuse the honours lavished on him. One vote had trodden upon the heels of another, and that highest and most grave title "Father of his Country" had been bestowed on him. "Imperator," too—that word of dominion and majesty, had been affixed to his name, and his person had been declared inviolate and sacred. Yet this was but a moiety of the grand catalogue of distinctions awarded him. Pre-eminent for locality, a vast statue, a most excellent counterpart of himself, was placed in the temple of wolf-fed Romulus, and next in contiguity to those of the seven traditional Kings of Rome. He was allowed to assume, on all public occasions, the dress used by victorious generals at their grand triumphs, and at all times to wear, encinctured round his head, an imperial crown of laurel.

The honourers, therefore, of the conqueror, composing this venerable band, had by this time drawn close to where he sat. Cæsar had hurriedly thrown over him, the old paludamentum or long cloak of the generals, which was all of scarlet, bordered with purple. To present several decrees passed in his honour, the whole senate was now in attendance upon him.

Their appearance was august and sacred, such as in aftertimes struck awe into the bar-

baric hordes of Attila, and made them quail before a present majesty. On seeing *them*, such was the reverence they involuntarily inspired, the poorer Romans knelt, but even the proudest rose.

Approaching, they saluted Cæsar—but still Cæsar sat:—presented their decrees—yet Cæsar moved not: he heard what they had to say—yet still he sat; Caius Trebatius whispered him to rise, touched him, urged him—Caius Trebatius got a frown for answer.

The senate discharged their business, they marked the apparent insolence of Cæsar, but made no comment at the time. But there were hot spirits among the senatorial gathering, who felt their pride wounded with the insult, as if a serpent had stung them. Tullius Cimber was a formal man, and brooked no infraction of ceremony. Cassius Longinus, proud and violent in his temper from a boy, was rancorous with indignation.

"What! contempt of the country, the Romans, and the senate!—What! contempt flung in the face of the most august body in the world!"

4. CÆSAR'S STOMACH-ACHE.

According to Suetonius and Dion Cassius, this piece of unceremoniousness or incivility, trifling as it may seem, was one of the chief causes of Cæsar's ruin. "The greatest offence which he gave," says the former, "was in receiving the whole senate, who came to present him with several decrees, very much to his honour, *sitting* before the Temple of Venus." Dion Cassius relates the matter with all its circumstances:—"One day," says he, "as they were deliberating in the senate about great honours which they designed for Julius Cæsar, they, having concurred, rose up, to carry the news of it to the emperor, who was sitting in the porch of the Temple of Venus. He did not arise upon seeing the senators come to him, but heard what they had to say to him, *sitting*. This made not only the senators, but the other Romans, so angry, that it was one of the chief pretences of those who formed the conspiracy against his person."

Cæsar is said to have alleged that his apparent incivility arose from indisposition. Those, however, who were desirous of kindling fury among the people, gave no belief to this excuse, and were the more violent in not admitting it, as it was known that, a little while after, Cæsar walked home on foot; the posture, therefore, which he kept, was vehemently attributed to pride.

Plutarch, however, observes that Cæsar was very much concerned for the incivility he had shown the senate, and which so much displeased the people; and, also, that to excuse the fault, he himself expressly alleged his distemper.

Still the reason that Cæsar walked home a little after, is not sufficient for the disbelief of Cæsar's apparent want of respect. He might have been much disordered at the moment the

sonate came to him, and yet have been able to walk home afterwards. Cæsar hereby hastened his ruin, because he could not put himself in a civil posture, by reason of a little disorder of his bowels; which, on another occasion, would have been of no consequence, but at that time was of great importance. The accident, he feared, if he had risen, would have been attended with bad consequences; he would have been a laughing-stock to all the people of Rome, and the ill-affected would have put a strange construction upon it. It would have been a contempt of religion and the senate, and that, too, in the very temple of Venus. The thing might have rendered him so odious in many respects, that it might have caused even a man who had well considered all the consequences of his sitting still, to resolve not to stir out of his placo.

Here, then, we have great reason to wonder at the occasional strangeness of human events, and to exclaim how the most important and most fatal things often depend upon the lightest trifles, and are put in motion by the meanest springs. As it was, the passions of those who were hot and irritated at the insult, boiled up to a pitch of frenzy and indignation, and finally directed their arms as conspirators, to stab the apparently contumacious Cæsar at the foot of the statue of Pompey.

W. A.

ASTLEY AND THE DRUM WITH TWO HEADS.

[From a Correspondent.]

THE late Philip Astley was originally attached to a regiment of Dragoons, and in consequence of some information which he conveyed to the Duke of York, he prevented him from being made prisoner as well as counteracting the execution of a manœuvre planned by the enemy, which would have proved most disastrous to the British Army. For this piece of service, the Duke afterwards obtained him a license for an Amphitheatre, which he built in Westminster Bridge Road. He engaged an excellent troop of vaulters and equestrians, and being a good horseman himself, he every evening displayed the various methods of the menage; and in a short time had a vast number of persons of rank as supporters and patrons to his Riding School.

He brought up his son, John Astley, as an equestrian, who was esteemed the wonder of the age, and in the course of time added a handsome stage to his Amphitheatre, for the performance of Pantomimes and Burlettas. Among the artists engaged was a very excellent scene-painter, named Marchbanks, (a Scot by birth,) whose abilities were such as to pave the way for the growing pretensions of the northern kingdom in furnishing so many eminent artists.

Although Astley was a man of no education, still he was not devoid of judgment, and he was occasionally obstinately perverse in many opinions where he was decidedly wrong.

His son John, having now become an adept in theatrical affairs, was made Stage-manager, (or, to use his father's expression, Commander-in-chief of the stage department.)

Old Astley was remarkably industrious, and although perfectly satisfied with his son's exertions, he made a practice of visiting every department daily; scene-room, wardrobe, stables, &c., &c. Nay, he has even interfered with the musical department at rehearsals, although he was perfectly innocent of knowing a note of music. It once occurred that a military piece was in preparation, and *Marchbanks*, who had completely painted himself into the good graces of old Astley, was very busily employed in painting a tent-scene; when Astley came into the scene-room, amongst the filling-up of the scene was a piece of mounted cannon, a halbert, and a drum.

Astley admired it much, and in the course of his scrutiny, the following colloquy took place. "Very well done, *Marchbanks*; very good. Your tent is as natural as life. But what is that incomplete sort of thing laying there?" said the old gentleman, pointing his stick towards the drum.

"That, sir!" replied *Marchbanks*, rather surprised. "That is a *drum*, sir."

"A drum?" echoed Astley—"Why, it has got only *one head* to it. Who the devil ever heard of a drum with only one head to it, except a kettle-drum?"

"I grant you that a drum has *two heads*, sir," replied *Marchbanks*, "but it is impossible to see both heads at the same time; and, consequently, it is impossible to paint it so."

"Don't tell me about impossibilities," retorted Astley somewhat angrily. "If the audience see a drum painted on a scene, they expect to see both heads: therefore, either put another head to your drum, or I must get somebody else to do it." So saying, he marched out of the scene-room, leaving *Marchbanks* completely paralyzed. He puzzled his brains how to act,—he knew that he was right, and Astley was wrong, but it was useless to attempt to reason with an obstinate man; and not wishing to lose his situation, (which was by no means an indifferent one,) he determined to put *two heads to the drum*. It requires very little reflection to imagine what sort of an object a drum with two heads must have looked, painted on a scene; but so it was, and so it remained ready for old Astley to view next morning.

It however occurred that young Astley went into the scene-room the same evening, to speak to *Marchbanks* about some particular scene, when he observed the tent in nearly a finished state.

"This is very beautifully-painted," said young Astley to *Marchbanks*, "and does you great credit. But pray what is the matter with that drum?—It looks very odd!—Is it intended to be two drums? or—really I cannot make it out."

"To say the truth, sir," replied *March-*

banks, "I have been obliged to give way to one of your father's whims, who insisted on having the drum painted with two heads."

"Oh, that will never do," said John Astley, laughing. "We must contrive some manoeuvre to get the better of the old gentleman."

"I think I have hit upon a plan," exclaimed Marchbanks, "and half an hour will accomplish it."

Marchbanks immediately obliterated one of the drum-heads, near which he painted the stump of a tree, on which was suspended a trumpet with a drapery attached to it, which hung in such a manner as to cover one end of the drum. Next morning, at the rehearsal, the scene was placed on the stage, quite finished.

Old Astley was pleased. "Ah, all finished," said he, "Good lad, Marchbanks—very quick, and very well done.—But, hey-day, where is the drum with two heads, sir?"

"Here it is, sir," replied Marchbanks, as he pointed to the drum which laid beneath the trumpet, half-covered by its drapery.

"But where's the other head, sir?" asked old Astley.

"*Behind the drapery of the trumpet, sir,*" coolly replied Marchbanks.

"Oh, aye, aye; I see—I understand," rejoined old Astley. "The drum *has got two heads*, but one of them is out of sight. Ah, it will do capitally. Marchbanks, you see I was right. I like you, because you are willing to take advice. Your salary shall be raised next week. Johnny!—Johnny!" continued he, as he called his son,—"that's a d—d clever fellow, he owns his fault;—raise his salary; raise his salary." So saying, Astley bustled off the stage, perfectly satisfied that his idea of a *drum with two heads* had been adopted.

ORATORY OF PERE BOURDALOUE.

It was not the voice, it was not the eye, nor the hand, nor the handkerchief, that raised him above all as the orator of the church. Could his voice have sunk itself into the tablets of the painter, as it did in those of the mind, we should have found a perfect and immortal production, the reader of which needed not to have exclaimed, "Had I but heard him!" It was reason, it was fancy, it was imagination, it was more than all these—his spirit was etherealized; his mind, raised from its sphere, divested of its mortal encumbrances, soared to sail into the heaven of heavens, and rejoice in the purity of its atmosphere, the splendour of its glories, the brightness of its intellectual joys. If ever man, by mind, was raised and separated wholly from matter in this life; it was Bourdaloue; and that not in the accustomed hour of exhibition or public exertion, but habitually, by the

course of his daily reflections, by the inward communings of his soul; by the faculties of his reason, by the power of his aerial flight. The occasion of the pulpit simply gave voice to the visions which were always passing before his mind, when he withdrew himself from the observation of worldly objects. They who saw him in the pulpit for the first time, saw a plain and very simple looking person, who began to enunciate a passage of Scripture, with a feeble voice, and an unimpassioned manner: they then heard him neatly and easily explain the divisions of his text; and might, perhaps, be arrested by some novelty of application, or the clear statement of some simple truth, that seemed to strike them for the first time—and that was all; soon, however, his tone would appear as getting elevated, his views enlarging, and his manner and voice more concentrated; presently he would seem as withdrawing himself from his audience altogether—as if reading something written on the interior of his mind; and a little hesitation would follow, or rather a little deliberation, as if carefully marking out the traces of the finger-writing upon his brain: and then, of a sudden, would burst out the glory of his vision—then would the rays of his internal illumination fill the whole building, magnetize his hearers, and lift the imagination into realms of thought, and hope, and empyreal bliss such as bears no resemblance to the joys of earth. It seemed as if, by his premeditated delay, that the door of splendour appeared shut against him; he knocked, and the gates, which used to spring open at a touch, no longer were double-locked and barred, but broke open to vision, scenes of unutterable gorgeousness.—Then was it to so tremendous a height did his conceptions soar,—the car of his imagination was whirled through space with such infinite velocity, that those who heard and saw, wondered that the fierce driver, reason, did not fall, that the wheels did not frictionize to fire, and the machine was not overthrown and shattered into a thousand pieces.

CUSTOMS OF THE CINGALESE,*

EXPLANATORY OF SCRIPTURE PASSAGES.

GENESIS xxxi. 19.—Most houses inhabited by Budhists, are said to have images in them. Sometimes, an image is placed in a sort of

* The Ceylonese or Cingalese people, occupy the island superintending to India, which lies between the parallel of 5 deg. 55 min., and 9 deg. 46 min. north lat., and between 76 deg. 36 min., and 81 deg. 53 min., east long. Though the Cingalese are a different people from the Hindoos, and settled far from Judea, they appear to have been no distant neighbours of the chosen race, previous to the period when they were expelled from the continent, and took refuge in Ceylon. Their usages being immutable, and greatly resembling the Jewish, frequently attest the truth of Scripture. From the excellent "Oriental Collections" of the Rev. J. H. Gullaway, resident among this people ten years, we extract all the above noticeable passages.

cupboard in a garden, and flowers are daily, or frequently, laid before it.

Gen. xxxi. 27.—In India, *tong-tongs* are beaten, and pipes are blown at some distance before the palanquin of a European of high rank, or of a native chief; while dancing boys, dressed like girls, and prettily decorated, keep time to the music.

Gen. xxix. 26.—The Cingalese, like the Hindoos, never give the younger in marriage before the first-born. Thus, in Cingalese, some terms, denoting kindred, are singularly specific: *sahōdarayā*, is *brother*; but *aye-yā*, is an *elder brother*. *Sahōdaree*, is *sister*; but, *akkā*, is an *elder sister*. *Nagā*, is a *younger sister*; and *malayā*, a *younger brother*.

Num. xviii. 19.—The Arabs, in forming covenants, eat bread and salt together. Eating a man's salt, is a phrase used to denote maintenance in general, as we speak of a man getting his bread. Some time back, when different parts of the maritime provinces of Ceylon were laid under water, hundreds of the natives were supplied with salt from the Government's store-house, at Matura. With salt, they say, they can always subsist, though destitute of everything besides, but roots and fruit with which to mix it.

Deut. xi. 10.—"Thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot," is a passage of Scripture, believed to refer to some such usage as that of the Cingalese and Hindoos, who reduce the muddy surface of a paddy field to one consistency, by working about the little pools of water, left by flooding, simply with the foot, just before scattering the seed.

Judges, xvi. 19.—Mention is made of a favourite Court lady, in whose lap, the Emperor of Morocco constantly laid down his head and slept, when intoxicated; this illustrates *Judges, xvi. 19.* "And she made him sleep upon her knees."

Judges, xvi. 21.—Scooping out the eyes, is a common punishment under Eastern tyrants, as oriental history bears witness.

1 Sam. xiii. 19.—The Arabs, in some cases, suspecting the people of a disposition to emancipate themselves, have allowed the inhabitants of a subjected village, but one knife.

1 Sam. xix. 15.—*Luke v. 19.*—*Mark ii. 4-11.*—A mat and pillow form all the bed of the common people of the East, and their rolling up the one in the other, has often struck me as illustrating the command to "rise, take up thy bed and walk."

2 Sam. v. 21.—Planet influence, is styled by the Cingalese, *bal-la-yah*, which may bear an affinity to Baal. Figures in relief, sometimes as large as the human form, representing the planets, whose influence is to be propitiated or averted, are neatly formed with clay, on a frame of split bamboo; and when painted have an imposing appearance—particularly when lighted up at night. Such frames may be frequently seen, especially in times of sickness, with the worshippers and

dancers before them, accompanied by chaunting and the beat of *tong-tongs*. The largest are about eighteen feet by twelve. After the ceremonies are over, the frame is partly broken up, or left to be destroyed by the rain, or in any way.

2 Sam. xi. 9.—Throughout Hindostan, servants sleep in the piazzas of the house.

1 Kings, xviii. 27.—In Hindoo and Buddhist legends, all manner of exploits are ascribed to the Gods. They are considered also as consuming much of their time in sleep. According to some, the great Brahma exists, consciously, but half his time, and Budha, in most of the temples, is not only represented standing and teaching, as well as sitting, but in a recumbent posture asleep.*

1 Kings, xix. 4.—The *bo-tree* is considered sacred by the Cingalese, who believe Budha often rested himself under its shade. They may be seen to bow in passing it, and not unfrequently, a wall, breast high, is built about its trunk, to prevent injury. In this wall, are niches, constructed for placing lighted lamps in, on extraordinary occasions. The bread-fruit tree, and several others, growing by the road-side, afford the traveller a most refreshing shade from the heat. Logs of wood or seats, or old canoes, are often found under them for sitting or reclining on.

1 Kings, xxi. 3.—The people of Hindostan very reluctantly part with a family estate, from which they generally take their title. A Cingalese woman was once heard to object to selling a spot of ground, assigning as a reason, the pleasure she experienced in eating cocoa-nuts, produced by the trees that had supplied the family in former times.

1 Kings, xxii. 11.—Instruction by signs as well as by similitudes, seems to have been an established usage. The Grand Seignior has a number of dumb men, who, in this way, express difficult matters to admiration.

2 Kings, vii. 1.—*2 Sam. xix. 8.*—*Esther, iii. 2.*—*Job, xxix. 7, &c. &c.*—The gate of an ancient city, was the principal place of business. Here the people, passing in and out, especially those employed in cultivation, easily met. Here was the court of justice; the market; the exchange; and apartments for the transactions of state affairs.

2 Chron. xxiii. 19.—The entrance of the inner chamber of a Buddhist temple, is usually low and narrow; and, on each side, stands a dreadful-looking fellow, formed of clay, and above the size of the human form, with a huge serpent in his hand, seemingly ready to lash with it whoever enters. They are styled *moorakāyo*, i. e. *guards or sentinels*.

* Homer's deities are represented travelling, disputing, fighting, feasting, and sleeping. According to Lucian, there are certain chinks in heaven through which Jupiter, at certain times only, hears prayers. The Christian Jupiter was painted without ears. Of Diana, the priests said, that being present at Alexander's birth, she could not be seen, as it belonged to preserve her temple which was then set on fire, and burnt down.

Psalm xlv. 20.—A worshipper of the Buddha carries a flower to the temple, in his open hand, held as high as his head. Mr. Ward says, "when a Hindoo solicits a favour of his Gods, he stretches out his joined hands, open, towards the image, while he presents his petition, as if expecting to receive what he is asking."

Psalm lix. 7.—Turks have been seen standing in a posture of defiance, with a naked sword between their teeth.

Psalm cxliii. 2.—The Easterns direct their servants, very generally, by signs—even in matters of consequence. To depart, is signified by a side nod; and a frown, by a front one. One Racub, a Cingalese vizier, in conversation with an ambassador, was whispered by his high provost, and denoted his answer by a slight horizontal motion of the hand. The vizier resumed an agreeable smile; and, when the conversation ended, the significance of the token was dreadfully explained, by nine heads cut off and placed in a row on the outside of the fort gate.

Solomon's Song, vii. 1.—The bride's shoes are, with natives of rank in Ceylon, and generally in the east, made of velvet, richly ornamented with gold and silver, not unlike a pair in the tower, worn by Queen Elizabeth.

Isaiah, iii. 18.—Cingalese children often wear a ring about their ankles. Malabar and Moor children wear rings hung about with hollow balls, which tinkle as they run.

Isaiah, iii. 21.—Many Cingalese women wear gold rings on their toes. A small jewel, in form, resembling a rose, ornaments one nostril, of even the poorest Malabar woman.

Isaiah, xiv. 9.—The most magnificent tombs were chambers hewn out of rocks—one or more branching off from a room at the entrance. Hence the phrases, *going down to the sides of the pit—the house appointed for all living—the long home—chamber of death.*

Isaiah, xxx. 22.—Before the images in a Buddhist temple, are curtains hung, which are usually ragged and dirty. A metal image is often kept in a kind of bag—pulled off to gratify a worshipper by a sight of it.

Daniel, v. 27.—The Great Mogul is weighed annually, on his birth-day, and an account being kept, his physicians report upon his health.

Matthew, xiv. 8.—Herod's haste to secure the Baptist's head, is accounted for, by considering, that had Herod been allowed to grow sober, he would have satisfied the girl with some reward. A Persian monarch, when drunk, gave a dancing-girl a palace; but, the next morning, being expostulated with, he ordered her a sum of about two hundred pounds. The Grand Seignior had the heads of some officers exposed in silver dishes, with labels, denoting their crimes.

John, ix. 2.—The Hindoos and Ceylonese very commonly attribute their misfortunes to the transgressions of a former state of existence. I remember being rather struck with

the seriousness of a cripple, who attributed his condition to the unknown fault of his former life. His conjecture was, that he had broken the leg of a fowl.

2 Corinthians, iv. 7.—In a Cingalese pottery, hundreds of earthen vessels are to be seen, for hoarding money in.

Hebrews, i. 12.—The Grand Seignior appears in different coloured robes, for various purposes, the same day.

PEACOCKS.

"To mention the Peacock, (says M. Le Grand,) is to write its panegyric." In romance and chivalry they were super-eminent. Many noble families bore the peacock as their crest; and in the Provençal Courts of Love, the successful poet was crowned with a wreath formed of them. The coronation present given to the Queen of our Henry the Third, by her sister, the Queen of France, was a large silver peacock, whose train was set with sapphires and pearls, and other precious jewels, wrought with silver. This elegant piece of jewellery was used as a reservoir for sweet waters, which were forced out of its beak into a basin of white silver chased.

As the knights associated these birds with all their ideas of fame, and made their most solemn vows over them, the highest honours were conferred on them. Their flesh is celebrated as the "nutriment of lovers," and the "viand of worthies;" and a peacock was always the most distinguished dish at the solemn banquets of princes or nobles. On these occasions it was served up on a golden dish, and carried to table by a lady of rank, attended by a train of high-born dames and damsels, and accompanied by music. If it was on the occasion of a tournament, the successful knight always carved it, so regulating his portions that each individual, were the company ever so numerous, might taste. For the oath, the knight, rising from his seat, and extending his hand over the bird, vowed some daring enterprise of arms or love:—"I vow to God, to the blessed Virgin, to the dames, and to the peacocks," &c., &c.

In later and less imaginative times, the peacock, though still a favourite dish at a banquet, seems to have been regarded more from its affording "good eating" than from any more refined attribute. Massinger speaks of

"the chickens
Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to
Make sauce for a single peacock."

In Shakespeare's time, the bird was usually put in a pie, the head, richly gilt, being placed at one end of the dish, and the tail, spread out in its full circumference, at the other.

From whatever circumstance the reverence for peacock's feathers originated, it is not, even yet, quite exploded. In some countries, we cannot enter a farm-house where the mantle-piece in the parlour is not decorated with a

diadem of peacock's feathers, which are carefully dastad and preserved; and even in houses of more presuming pretensions, the same custom frequently prevails.

Phenomena of Nature.

A BLUE SUN SEEN AT BERMUDA.

LIEUT. COL. REID, on his way to the Bermudas as governor, communicated this remarkable case in a letter to Sir David Brewster. He stated that:—

"The present collector of customs at Bermuda, was at sea on the 11th of August, (1839,) the day a hurricane was passing over St. Vincent, and to him and the other persons on board, objects appeared, they thought, of a light green, or bluish-green colour, and the sun had this same appearance."

This, however, was only a repetition of what his friend Dr. Harvey and himself had seen, August 8, 1831, which occurred, according to his memory, during stormy and threatening weather.

"On the 11th," he says, "I rose early, for the purpose of writing, but soon discovered that the light was so dim I could not proceed. I removed to another room, and finding my situation not improved, I said, in the presence of one of my family, I apprehended a sudden failure of sight. I was then asked if I had not observed a very peculiar appearance of the sun's rays the day before. I had not, but had perceived the floor of the room to look blue, especially where the sun shone on it; indeed, every object in the room appeared of a sickly blue colour. The next day, the 12th, a mail-boat was put under weigh, for the first time, with a party on board. The day was so mild and tranquil, we could only reach a few miles: the sails, which were new and pure white, nevertheless, appeared to be stained of a bluish colour, and the sea was of a dingy yellow. This singular blue colour was observed even on the coast of America."

Sir David Brewster, in explanation of this phenomenon, gave himself of opinion that the blue colour of the sun was produced by vapour or water in a vesicular state—as spherules of water—interposed between the sun and the observer. Owing to this cause, the sun may exhibit any colour, and, in point of fact, he had once seen the sun of a bright salmon colour, in which both red and yellow were mixed with the blue. A similar effect is often produced when the sun is seen in a cold winter morning, through the windows of a carriage covered with hoar frost, or when it is seen through vapour similarly deposited.

NON-PUTREFACTION FROM POISONOUS SAUSAGES.

Professor Liebig, in his "Statement of Poisons, Contagions, and Miasms," mentions the following fact:—

There is a disease frequently produced in Germany by using decayed sausages as an article of food. The symptoms attending the disease are remarkable, and distinctly indicate its cause. The patient afflicted with the disease becomes much emaciated, dries to a com-

* The scientific phenomena are condensed abstracts from the discussions and announcements now taking place at Glasgow, before the "British Association for the Advancement of Science."

plete mummy, and finally dies. The muscular fibre and all parts similarly composed, disappear. The cause of this evidently is, that the state of decomposition in which the component parts of the sausages are, is communicated to the constituents of the blood, and this state not being subdued by the vital principle, the disease proceeds until death ensues. It is remarkable that the carcasses of the individuals, who have died in consequence of it, are not subject to putrefaction.

AN ANOMALOUS FORM OF PLUM, OBSERVED IN THE GARDENS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

After some remarks on the character of the fruit-bearing trees of New Brunswick, which is not favourably situated for the development of rosaceous fruits, Professor Robb stated:—

In the summer of 1839, I had an opportunity of observing the progress of destruction among the plums. Before, or soon after the pieces of the corolla had fallen, the ovary had become greenish yellow, soft, and flabby; as the fruit continued to grow, its colour became darker and of a more muddy yellow, and, at the end of a fortnight or three weeks, the size of the abortive fruit was fully greater than that of a ripe walnut, and resembled, in appearance, apricots. When examined, they were hollow, containing air, and consisting of a distended skin, insipid and tasteless. By and bye, a greenish mucus or mould is developed on the surface of the blighted fruits, which becomes black and shrivelled, and, at the expiration of a month from the time of blowing, the whole are rotten and decomposed. The flower appears about the beginning of June, and, before August, there is hardly a plum to be seen. The author supposed this anomalous form of fruit to be influenced in its production by cold winds and long-continued rains at that season at which the flower is open, and the reproductive organs the most exposed to atmospherical vicissitudes. It was popularly attributed to insects; but, from not having observed any, he did not think this could be the cause.

Dr. Walker Arnott on the other hand gave it as his opinion that these plums were produced by the attacks of insects, as he had frequently seen anomalous forms of fruit produced in that way. An early examination of the flower would probably have detected them. Moist weather produced a contrary effect on vegetation, and was favourable to the development of leaves rather than fruit.

HANGING IN CHAINS.

THE English law was not, formerly, content with the punishment of death—it required to have death with a horror of some sort attached to it; as anatomy had been complained of, the legislators had chains and a gibbet. Death was not enough—no, not even a slow, expected, ceremonious, dungeon-death, during which, a man dies in every nerve and

minute previous to the last fatal friendly blow. It might have been supposed, when the Law had travelled so far—had laid strong hands upon the criminal, and crushed the life out of his marrow—that it had done its worst. It had so, and it was folly to attempt more; by hanging a corpse up in the air—by festooning it with rusty chains, justice and the judge lent themselves to a horrible farce. Nobody was deterred, but many disgusted: of all scarecrows, the worst, and yet ugliest, is a human one. Superstition gets an auxiliary: on windy nights, the bones rattle, and the chains clank, and the cottagers draw their chairs together, and the peasant boy leaves the tainted path—and this is about all.

Hanging in chains was an ancient barbarism, unworthy of the men whose enlightened views have abolished that part of the felon's sentence that tended to make anatomy ignominious.

Death is the *ne plus ultra* of the Law: when it endeavoured to push its authority beyond the grave, it exhibited, unnecessarily, the limits of its power, beyond which, it was mere impotence—a dangerous and a useless exposure.

GLEANINGS,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF STERNE.

IN the exhibition at Somerset house, in 1785, was a drawing by an honorary gentleman (Mr. Nicholas) of the parsonage house and garden at Coxwold, where Mr. Sterne wrote his *Sentimental Journey*, and some of his other early works; his figure was leaning over the garden wall, whilst a London waggon was passing by. An engraving of this, his favourite residence, is given in the *Mirror* of Nov. 20, 1830, accompanied with a tributary memorial to his genius, for it says:—"So long as the fine blendings of humour and pathos have charms for the sensitive reader, the writings of Laurence Sterne will be cherished with fond regard. In the school of morality, Sterne is what Hogarth is in that of painting—and he is aptly termed the 'painting moralist.' The brightness of fancy, the playfulness of wit, the pungency of satire, the chastisement of folly, and the wholesome reproof of knavery and vice, all succeed each other in lights and shadows of great breadth and beauty; and if they whip not 'the offending Adam' out of us, the memory of the writer should be respected for his benevolent views.

The engraving is consecrated by its association with the above and many more traits of genius."

In one of his letters he says: "My *Sentimental Journey* will, I dare say, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of moulds." From a letter of his, quoted in the above *Mirror*, written at the above "peaceful cottage," one may judge that he was beloved in his pa-

rish, for he therein says: "Not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me." That he was not a stingy man, another letter of his shows, for he sportively says: "The coronation of His Majesty (whom God preserve) has cost me the value of an ox, which is to be roasted whole in the middle of the town, and my parishioners will, I suppose, be very merry upon the occasion." Lord Faulconbridge, in the year 1760, as Sterne tells his daughter, "presented me with the curacy of Coxwold, a sweet retirement in comparison with Sutton." The son of this nobleman lived in Hanover-square, and it used to be said that he had numbers of Mr. Sterne's letters, and various prints, drawings, and a picture of him, *a whole length*. Whether the history of Yorkshire by Whitaker, or that by Townson, or any other history of that county describes Coxwold, or Stillington, or Sutton, in the Forest, close by where Sterne resided twenty years, I know not. Allen's splendid history of Yorkshire does not mention a word of Sterne. In the church at Coxwold is a fine monument of Belasyas, Lord Faulconbridge, who died in 1702. It appears from a letter of his, dated from Coxwold, in 1765, that—"by carelessness of my curate, or his wife, or his maid, or some one within his gates, the parsonage house at Sutton was burnt to the ground, with the furniture that belonged to me, and a pretty good collection of books; the loss three hundred and fifty pounds—the poor man and his wife took the wings of the next morning, and fled away—this has given me real vexation, for so much was my pity and esteem for him, that as soon as I heard of this disaster, I sent to desire he would come and take up his abode with me till another habitation was ready to receive him—but he was gone, and, as I am told, through fear of my persecution—Heavens! how little did he know of me to suppose I was among the number of those wretches that heap misfortune upon misfortune."

In a catalogue of pictures, sold by Mr. Christie, May 22, 1821, is No. 25. "A view of a Church in Yorkshire, where Sterne preached his Maiden Sermon; taken on the spot. By P. Reinagle, R. A." And in a catalogue of pictures, sold by Mr. Southgate, May 5, 1825, is No. 117—"Whitby Church, Yorkshire, where Sterne preached his first Sermon. *Fine*. By Reinagle." Mr. Southgate very properly called it *fine*, for it was most sweetly painted. It was sold for 4*l.* to a Mr. Wheatley, of Cranborne-alley.

This journey has been translated into the French language by M. P. Crassous, 1804,—by M. M. Christophe, *Paris*, 1820—and by M. Frenais, printed at *Geneve, Paris*, and *Toulouse*, in 2 vols, 1769, 1779, and 1788. In his preface he observes, that, "on y verra, sous le voile de la gaieté, et même quelquefois de la bouffonnerie, des traits d'une sensibilité tendre et vraie, qui arrachent des larmes au même instant que l'on rit. *Le Voyage Sentimental* est

une production immortelle, d'un homme qui réunissait à beaucoup de sensibilité, une égale et vaste portion de génie; cet homme est M. Sterne. Le fait le plus simple prenoit sous sa plume, une forme intéressante et pathétique; il est le premier chez les Anglais, et peut-être le premier des écrivains, qui a senti combien les plus légers circonstances, une attitude, un geste, un trait de physionomie pour voient animer un sujet. Tout en lui étoit original jusqu'à ses sermons qu'il a fait imprimer sous le nom d'Yorick, et qui renferment la morale la plus pure, présentée, bien naïvement, bien simplement; il prêchoit aux hommes la philanthropie, la charité, la sensibilité. D'un seul mot il pénétre, mais ce mot part de l'âme; c'est presque toujours son cœur qui conduit sa plume; mais si l'esprit consiste à découvrir dans les objets de nouveaux rapports, des faces nouvelles, je ne connois pas l'homme qui ait plus d'esprit que Sterne. Son extérieur étoit mélancolique et sombre, sa santé foible et délicate; cependant son humeur avoit des saillies de gaieté; on retrouve en lui, Cervantès, Montaigne, Rabelais; mais de plus, il possède cette fleur de sentiment, cette souplesse de pensée, qui je ne saurois définir. Qu'on lise dans son *Tristram Shandy*, l'histoire de Lefevre, et ma définition est inutile. Sterne, avoit beaucoup d'érudition; il passa les deux tiers de sa vie à étudier, et il avoit près de quarante ans, lorsqu'il écrivit son premier ouvrage."

M. Suard, who was personally intimate with Sterne when at Paris, thus speaks of him in the *Memoires Historiques sur le xviii Siecle*: "Il amusa singulièrement les esprits gais à Paris, par son originalité piquante, et donna des émotions nouvelles aux âmes tendres, par la sensibilité la plus naïve, la plus prompte et la plus touchante. Dans Sterne, le rire, les larmes profondes, et les douces larmes, ont leurs sources dans la même page, et souvent dans la même phrase. Dans *Tristram Shandy*, c'est l'esprit de Sterne qui domine; dans le voyage, c'est son âme." This fascinating writer, M. Suard, then dwells with great emotion on Sterne's interview at Calais with one of these devoted men whom Guido had often painted: "qui en échangeant leurs tabatières ont tout les deux les yeux brillans de joie et de larmes, comme ses gouttes de pluie de l'arc-en-ciel signe de la réconciliation du ciel et de la terre!" he further says: "Quel écrivain quelque soit, sa philosophie, son éloquence et sa gloire, n'échangerait pas les plus belles pages qu'il a pu écrire avec celles de Sterne, menacé de la Bastille, disposé si promptement son imagination à toutes les horreurs des cachots"—and he then dwells with vivid admiration on his transitions to the starving and the captive, "étendu sur la pierre nue et humide des prisons."

A fervid biographer of Mr. Sterne, in the *Dublin University Magazine*, of Sept. 1830, observes: "Sterne was every where himself—the Cervantic spirit was ever ready to set the

table in a roar: his kindness came at the lightest appeal; his laugh and jest were ever at the call of every folly that provoked them. Full of fervid earnestness, his sympathy was never wanting, and every one who had the perception of humour, or the love of social spirit, were his friends. He was engaged to dinners for three months. In his prodigality of life, the waste became too rapidly felt and seen. The Cervantic flame was too bright for the frail vessel that held it. One attack succeeded another, and, between each, the *lambent flame* of Yorick seemed to shoot up its expiring light." Sir W. Scott says, that Sterne boasted of being engaged fourteen dinners deep; and Dr. Johnson was told, he had engagements for three months.

In a letter to Miss Sterne, in February 1767, he says, "I shall not begin my Sentimental Journey, till I get to Coxwold. I have laid a plan for something new, quite out of the beaten track." He had no sooner published the two first volumes of this work, than his debilitated and worn out frame submitted to fate, on the 18th of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street. He was buried in the then new burying ground of St. George, Hanover-square, on the 22d of the same month, in the most private manner. Sir W. Scott thus describes his death: "there was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by Mrs. Quickly as attending that of Falstaff, the compeer of Yorick for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. While life was ebbing fast, and the patient lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher; and whilst the assistant was in the act of rubbing his ankles and legs, he expired without a groan." The manner of his death is, however, thus related in "The Travels of James Macdonald," 8vo. 1790.

"I went to Mr. Sterne's lodging, to know how he did; the mistress opened the door, and I went into his room, he was then dying. I staid five minutes. He then said, 'Now it is come.' He then put up his hand, as if to stop a blow, and died directly."

I cannot but apply to the present subject, Adrian's address to his departing soul, as translated by Mr. Pope.

Ah, floating spirit! gaud'ring ace,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing cheerful guest?

Whither, ah, whither art thou flying?
To what dark undiscovered shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humour are no more!

Two favourite personages of his are made to plead for him in some of the eulogiums which appeared soon after his death.

What thou' no taper cast its deadly ray,
O! the full choir sing requiems o'er thy tomb,

The humbler grief of friendship is not mute;
 And poor *Maria*, with her faithful kid,
 Her auburn tresses carelessly entwined
 With olive foliage, at the close of day
 Shall chant her plaintive vespers at thy grave.
 Thy shade, too, gentle *Monk*, 'mid awful night,
 Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;
 For erst his sweet benevolence bestow'd
 Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
 The sod which rested on thy aged breast.

And again:

Maria, too, pleads for her favourite distressed,
 As you feel for her sorrows, O grant her request!
 Should these advocates fail, I've another to call,
 One tear of his *Monk* shall obliterate all.
 While the Graces and Loves scatter flow'rs on thy urn,
 And Wit weeps the blossom too hastily torn;
 This need, too, kind spirit, unoffended, receive
 From a youth, next to Shakespeare's, who honours thy
 grave!

S. F.

Public Journals.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY. NO. XLVI.
 October, 1840.

[As the haunt of a mole is known by the hillock it throws up, so, in the phrenological creed, do the "bumps and rotundities" of the caput, sinciput, and occiput, indicate the presence of virtues or vices, that there hold their habitation. To the eye of Lavater, or Spurzheim, the bald sconece of a sexagenarian, was not a mere ivory piece of polish, but ebullient here and there, as the orb of Luna, with the significant protuberances of all volcanic sorts of passions. Sam Slick was non-plussed for employment, till his sagacity lead him to adopt Galt, and turn phrenologist; his experience on the subject, is worth attending to:—]

Niceties of character the Phrenologist's Study.

Instead of goin' about mopin' and complainin', I sot myself about repairin' damage, and gitten up something new; so I took to phrenology. Phrenology, by itself, requires a knowledge of paintin', of light and shade, and drawin' too. You must know character. Some people will take a coat put on by a white-wash brush as thick as porridge; others won't stand it if it ain't laid on thin, like copal, and that takes twenty coats to look complete; and others, again, are more delicater still, so that you must lay it on like gold leaf, and that you have to take up with a camel's hair brush, with a little pomatum on the tip of it; and hold your breath while you are a spreadin' of it out, or the leastest grain of air from your nose will blow it away. But still, whether laid on thick or thin, a 'cute person can tell what you are at, though it tickles him so while you are a-doin' of it, he can't help shewin' how pleased he is.

Craftiness of Mr. Slick's Phrenology.

So now, when I enter a location, arter a little talk about this, that, or the other, I looks at one of the young grow'd up galls, almost like, till she says, Mr. Slick, what on earth are you a-lookin' at? Nothin', says I,

my dear, but a most remarkable development. A what! says she. A remarkable development, says I, the most remarkable, too, I ever seed since I was raised. Why, what in Nature's that! says she. Excuse me, Miss, says I, and I gets up, and puts my finger on her crown. What benevolence! says I, and firmness of character! did you ever?—and, then, says I, a-passin' my finger over the eyebrow, you ought to sing well, *positively*; it's your own fault if you don't, for you have uncommon petikilar powers that way. Your time is large, and tune great; yes, and composition is strong. Well, how strange! says she; you *have* guessed right, I sware, for I do sing, and am allowed to have the best ear for music in all these clearin's. How on airth can you tell? If that don't pass! Tell, says I, why it's what they call phrenology, and a most beautiful study it is. I can read a head as plain as a book; and this I will say, a finer head than yourn, I never *did* see, *positively*. What a splendid forehead you have! it's a sight to behold. If you was to take pains, you could do anything a'most. Would you like to have it read, Miss?

Phrenology helping to sell Clocks.

Well, arter hearin' me pronounce aforehand at that rate, she is sure to want it read, and then I say I won't read it aloud, Miss; I'll whisper it in your ear, and you shall say if I am right. Do, says she, I should like to see what mistakes you'll make, for I can't believe it possible you can tell; it don't convone to reason, does it? Nothin', squire, never stops a woman when her curiosity is once up, especially if she be curious to know somethin' about herself. Only hold a secret out in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat; she'll jump, and frisk, and frolic round you like anything, and never give over purrin' and coaxin' of you till she gets it. They'll do anything for you a'most for it. So I slides out my knee for a seat, and says, its no harm, Miss, you know, for Ma is here, and I must look near to tell you; so I draws her on my knee, without waiting for an answer. Then, gradually, one arm goes round the waist, and t'other hand goes to the head, bumpologizin', and I whispers—wit, paintin', judgment, fancy, order, music, and every good thing a'most. And she keeps a-sayin',—Well, he's a witch! well, how strange! lawful heart! Well, I want to know!—now I never!—do tell!—as pleased all the time as any thing. Lord! squire, you never see anything like it—it's Jerusalem fine fun. Well, then, I wind up by touchin' the back of her head, hard, (you know, squire, what they call the *amative* bumps, are located there) and then whisper a bit of a joke to her about her makin' a very very loving wife, and soon—, and she jumps up a-colourin', and a-sayin' its no such thing. You missed that guess, anyhow. Take that for not guessin' better! and pretendin' to slap me, and all

that; but actilly ready to jump over the moon for delight. Don't my clocks get fust admired, and then boughten, after this readin' of heads, that's all? Yes, that's the beauty of phrenology. You can put a clock into their heads when you are a-puttin' other fine things in, too, as easy as kiss my hand. I have sold a nation lot of them by it.

THE SYRIAN BISHOP.

THE city of York has been visited during the past week by a stranger from the east, of no ordinary interest. We refer to a bishop of the ancient church of Antioch, Mar Athanasius Abolmesih, ordained by the Patriarch of Antioch as the metropolitan of the Christian church of Malabar. His authority was rejected by some schismatic brethren, instigated by the American missionaries, and he is now in England, anxious to obtain the sympathy of his brethren here. He is mentioned by the late Bishop Heber in his Journal, and after receiving attention from some of the clergy of York, he had the honour of dining with his Grace the Archbishop and Lord Wenlock. He is in the direct line of the succession from the earliest bishops of Antioch, and holds the same creeds with the English church.

SUSPENSION BRIDGES.*

Their rude Antiquity.—Suspension Bridges appear to be of very ancient origin; travellers have discovered them in South America, in China, in Thibet, and in the Indian Peninsula. They are mostly met with in mountainous regions, and being suspended across a deep ravine, or an impetuous torrent, permit the passage of the traveller, where the construction of any other kind of bridge, would be impracticable. It is not, therefore, from the celebrated nations of antiquity, that the engineer has derived his first hints for the construction of suspension bridges, as neither Greece, Rome, or Egypt, is ever known to have had one, but from rude and unpolished people, the results of whose ingenuity we proceed to describe:—

Rope Suspension Bridges.—In South America, there are numerous bridges of this kind, formed from ropes made of the fibrous roots of the great American aloe (*Agave Americana*). The road-way is formed by covering the ropes transversely with small cylindrical pieces of bamboo. The bridge of Penipé, erected over the river Chambo, is one hundred and twenty feet long, and eight feet broad; but there are others of much larger dimension. The utility of these bridges, in mountainous countries, is immense. Humboldt mentions, that a permanent communication has been established between Quito and Lima,

* Condensed from a paper "On Suspension Bridges, and their early use," in "The Surveyor's, Engineer's, and Architect's Journal."

by means of a rope bridge of extraordinary length, after 40,000*l.* had been expended in a fruitless attempt to build a stone bridge over a torrent, which rushes from the Cordilleras of the Andes. This is erected near Santa, and travellers, with loaded mules, pass over it in safety.

A rope bridge will generally remain in good condition, twenty or twenty-five years, though some of the ropes require renewing every or eight ten years.

Iron Suspension Bridges of Thibet.—But composed of stronger and more durable materials than the twisted fibres and tendrils of plants, suspension bridges are found to exist in remote and semi-barbarous regions. In Thibet, many iron suspension bridges have been discovered, and it is not improbable, that in countries so little known and visited by Europeans, others may exist of which we have, as yet, received no accounts.

Thibet Suspension-bridge, Chuka-chazum.—This, the most remarkable bridge in Thibet, is stretched over the Tehintchieu, situated about eighteen miles from Murichom.

"Only one horse is admitted to go over it at a time; it swings as you tread upon it, reacting, at the same time, with a force that impels you, every step you take, to quicken your pace. It is constructed of five chains, which support the platform, and on which chains, are placed several layers of strong coarse mats of bamboo, loosely laid down, so as to play with the swing of the bridge, a fence on each side further secures the passenger."^{*}

The date of this bridge's erection is unknown to the inhabitants of the country, and they even ascribe to it a fabulous origin. Its length is about one hundred and fifty feet. There is also another bridge in Thibet, which Turner describes, called *Selo-chazum*, very singular in its construction, but on a much smaller scale than the preceding.

Chinese Suspension-bridges.—In Kircher's *China Illustrata*, there is a very clear description of one of these iron-chain bridges of China.

"In the province of Junnan," says he, "over a valley of great depth, and through which a torrent of water runs with great force and rapidity, a bridge is said to have been built by the emperor Mingus, of the family of Hama, in the year of Christ, 65, not constructed of brickwork, or of blocks of stone cemented together, but of chains of beaten iron and hooks, so secured to rings from both sides of the chasm, that it forms a bridge by planks placed under them. There are twenty chains, each of which is twenty perches, or three hundred palms in length. When many persons pass over together, the bridge vibrates to and fro. . . . It is impossible to admire sufficiently the dexterity of the architect Sinensius, who had the hardihood to attempt a work so ardu-

^{*} Turner's Embassy to the Court of Thibet.

ous, and so conducive to the convenience of travelling."

Another suspension-bridge, in China, is described in the 6th. vol. of the "*Histoire generale des Voyages*." The following is a condensed translation:—

"The famous *Iron-bridge* (such is the name given to it) at Quay-Chou, on the road to Yun-Nan, (Junnan!) is the work of an ancient Chinese general. On the banks of, and stretching over the Pan-ho, a torrent of inconsiderable breadth, but of great depth, a large gateway has been formed, between two massive pillars, six or seven feet broad, and from seventeen to eighteen feet high. From the pillars at each end, four iron chains extend; on this bridge of chains, thick planks laid across, formed a platform. The whole is covered by a roof which rests its ends on the pillars at each side of the bank.*"

The Chinese have also several other bridges in imitation of this. One on the river Kincha-Hyang, in the ancient canton of Lo-Lo, which belongs to the province of Yun-nun, is particularly known.

In the province of Se-chuen, there are one or two others, which are sustained only by ropes; but though of an inconsiderable size, they are so little to be trusted, that they cannot be crossed without sensations of fear.

Early Suspension-bridges of Britain, America, and the Continent.—Scamozzi speaks of suspension-bridges existing in Europe in the beginning of the seventeenth century, but it is very questionable if the term he employs designates the same structure as that to which it is now applied. On the Continent, no suspension-bridges seem to have been erected, save those of recent date; and in England, the oldest bridge of the kind, is believed to have been the Winch Chain Bridge, suspended over the Tees, and forming a communication between the counties of Durham and of York. Mr. Stevenson (*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*) conjectures, on good authority, that the date of its erection was about 1741.

At Carrick-a-rede, near Ballantoy, in Ireland, there is a rope bridge, which, in 1800, was reported to have been in use longer than the present generation could remember.

Scotland.—In 1816 and 1817, some *wire* suspension-bridges were erected in Scotland, and though not of great extent, are the first species of suspension-bridge architecture in Great Britain. Full descriptions of these bridges are to be met with elsewhere.

Menai Suspension-bridge.—In 1819, Mr. Telford, authorized by act of parliament, constructed this suspension-bridge, near Bangor Ferry, which was opened to the public, Jan. 30, 1826.

Union Suspension-bridge.—The Union bridge across the Tweed, was designed and executed by Captain Brown, and was the first bar chain-bridge of considerable size, that was

* See Navair. *Memoire sur les Ponts suspendus.*

completed in this country. It was commenced in August, 1819, and finished July, 1820.

After the completion of the Menai bridge, others on the suspension principle began to be universally adopted throughout Europe; but, it was not till *Iron-wires*, had been proven to be more *firm* than *bars of a greater thickness*, that the bridges received their most extensive applications.

Since 1821, Messrs. Sequin have constructed more than fifty wire bridges in France, with most complete success.

The wire suspension-bridge at Freyburg, in Switzerland, the largest in the world, was erected by Mons. Challey, and extends across the valley of the Sarine. It was commenced in 1831, and thrown open to the public, in 1834.

At Mottrose, a suspension-bridge has also been erected, the size of which, is scarcely inferior to that of the Menai bridge.

At Clifton, there is now in progress of erection, by Mr. Brunel, a very large suspension-bridge; and another, one thousand six hundred feet in length, is about to be erected over the Danube, between Pest and Offen, by Mr. W. Tierney Clark.

Arts and Sciences.

SULPHURIC ACID FROM PYRITES OF COPPER.

IN 1834, M. Dubost, an ingenious inhabitant of Lyons, established a manufactory of sulphuric acid at Perrache from the sulphurs of copper produced in the mines of Chessy. M. Perré, his partner, (but since separated from him,) did not, however, succeed, it is understood, by his process, in obtaining more than 14 per cent. return, although it was quite possible to obtain from 25 to 30 per cent. of sulphur. The results, in either case, were considered profitable; but an exactly similar process which has just begun to be made use of in Britain, though wanting in priority, makes application of a certain method for the extraction of sulphuric acid, by means of natural products infinitely more abundant in the yield than those procured by M. Perré.

NEW ORGAN WITHOUT BELLOWES.

MM. DAUBLAINE and Callinet, at Paris, have invented a very remarkable kind of organ, which abundantly bears witness to the progress which may be made in this branch of musical industry. Instead of those immense bellows, which tire out so many arms, they have supplanted them by means of a very simple system of machinery, which may be made to act by an infant, and it produces as great an effect as an instrument of large dimensions and high cost. This organ, elegant in structure, is destined for the parish of St. Stephen at Lille, and has been examined by the best artists in Paris, who universally speak of it with approbation.—*Courrier de l'Europe*.

LOCOMOTIVE AIR-CARRIAGE.

THE attention of scientific people in Paris has been lately much excited by the exhibition of a locomotive carriage, impelled and regulated by the action of air compressed and expanded alone. The inventors have been occupied one whole year in the construction and improvement of this extraordinary machine, with which various trials have been made, and, latterly, one in the presence of a numerous assembly of people in the ancient foundries of Chaillet. The carriage is stated to be very light, and of great rapidity of motion, carrying seven or eight passengers, besides the apparatus, which is represented as of remarkable simplicity of mechanism, running without smoke, inodorous, and especially free from danger. Before passing to the body of the pump which sets the wheels in action, the air with which the carriage is charged passes through a regulator, which maintains it at a constant pressure, and through a *dilatator*, which instantly trebles its expansive force. It is considered that by this invention the problem relative to the application of common air as a motive power on railroads is completely and favourably determined.

BRIGU'S ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER

THE GREATEST OF THE INDIAN GODS.

[THE following account of Brigu, from the Hindoo mythology, is an ingenious and amusing typification of gentleness and patience; for the Gods of the Hindoos, though they have incomprehensible attributes assigned to them, are, nevertheless, invested with the infirmities and passions of human nature: the instance below related, is another form of turning the other cheek to be smitten:—]

It is related of Brigu, that on being once asked, in an assembly of the Gods, which was the greatest, BRAHMA, VISHNU, or SIVA, he undertook the task of ascertaining the point, by a somewhat hazardous experiment.

He first proceeded to BRAHMA, whom he purposely neglected to treat with his customary respect and decorum, which unusual proceeding, drew upon him the indignation and lavish abuse of that deity.

He then repaired to SIVA, to whom he behaved in a still more offensive manner; which roused, in a much greater degree, the anger of that impatient and vindictive personage.

Brigu, however, on both these occasions, by timely apologies, made his peace, and retired. He finally proceeded to the Heaven of VISHNU, whom he found asleep, with Sakshmi sitting by him. Knowing the mild temper of the God, he judged that the mere appearance of disrespect would not, as in the two former cases, be sufficient to try it. He, therefore, approached the sleeping deity, and gave him

a severe kick on the breast. On this, Vishnu awoke, and instead of being indignant, as Brahma and Siva had been, he not only expressed his apprehension and regret, lest he should have hurt his foot, but benevolently proceeded to chafe it.

Brigu, on witnessing this, exclaimed, "This God must be mightiest, since he over-powers all by goodness and generosity."

BESIDES the sun, (says Garcilasso de la Vega,) which the Peruvians worshipped for the visible God, and to which they offered sacrifice, and kept festivals, the Incas,* and the Amantas,† proceeded by the mere light of nature, to the knowledge of the true Almighty God, whom they called by the name of *Pachacamac*, a word compounded of *Pacha*,‡ and *Camac* ;§ the meaning of which is, that it is the Supreme Being who animates the world.

Being asked who this *Pachacamac* was, they answered that it was he who gave life to the universe, and sustained and nourished all things; but because they did not see him they could not know him; and for which reason, they neither erected temples to him, nor offered sacrifice; but that they worshipped him in their hearts, and esteemed him for the unknown God.

W. G. C.

* Kings. † Philosophers. ‡ The Universe. § The Soul.

SUMS CREATED BY BILLS OF EXCHANGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

TOTAL Amount of Bills in circulation during the following years:—

1815	£649,921,163
1824	316,362,788
1825	354,405,293
Last half of 1826, and first half of 1827 ...	282,222,305

Average Amount out at one time.

1815	£162,480,290
1824	79,090,695
1825	88,601,323
Last half of 1826, and first half of 1827 ...	70,555,576

Total Amount in Circulation during the following Five Years.

1835	£405,403,051
1836	485,943,473
1837	455,084,445
1838	465,504,041
1839	526,493,842

Average Amount out at one time.

1835	£101,380,762
1836	121,485,868
1837	113,771,111
1838	116,376,060
1839	132,123,460†

† From Mr. Leatham's important statement read before the British Association at Glasgow, October, 1840; as given in an admirable notice in No. 1223 of the Literary Gazette.

The Gatherer.

A tradesman is never too high to fall, and never too low to rise.—*De Roe.*

It is asserted that Dr. Chilton, of New York, has succeeded in causing copper to be precipitated on non-metallic bodies even, by covering the paper with nitrate of silver, and thus obtaining a copper-plate engraving from a mere print of paper.

New Eastern Zoological Gallery, British Museum.—This gallery, (300-feet long) containing the passerine, gallinaceous, and wading birds, arranged in a new plan, forms one of the most magnificent rooms ever devoted to a zoological collection. Its appearance is quiet and chaste, fitted up with bronze door-frames, and large panes of plate-glass.

Travelling in England, 1750 and 1840.—In the year 1750, a clergyman, coming to London from Devonshire, took leave of his family, made his will, rode on horseback, and was a fortnight on the road. On Monday last, a gentleman came from Birmingham to sit to Haydon for his portrait in the great anti-slavery picture, sat three hours, and returned to his family to tea.

Her Majesty has directed that Mr. Dibdin should receive one hundred pounds out of the Royal Bounty Fund.

The Physiognomist.—Stiff hair is sometimes a sign of obstinacy, sleek locks denote patience, a curly head is almost always accompanied with wit and the love of pleasure. Baldness is generally the sign of an active mind, unless, be it observed, the bald man brush his back hair forward to cover the front, this is the mark of a mean and vulgar spirit, or, which is still worse, unless he wear a wig, in which case he must unquestionably be classed among the snobs.—*Charivari.*

The Journal des Guillotines!—During the reign of terrorism in France, a speculator was found cynical enough to project and publish a journal, devoted merely to a list of the executed. Of this journal, ten duodecimo numbers, of thirty-two leaves each, were published, and the work is known to modern collectors as the *Journal des Guillotines*.

An Orange-tree Automaton.—There has lately arrived from Paris at Burton-Constable, the residence of Lord Clifford, a mechanical orange-tree. The leaves are of brense, the flowers are of Sèvres porcelain, and the oranges of yellow glass. Seven birds of beautiful plumage sing and fly from branch to branch. There is a nest of young ones, whom the others appear to be feeding. The birds are made to move by mechanism concealed in the trunk of the orange-tree.

Thought and Action.—Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to receive God's blessings, but constant in looking to him.

Imperishability of Silk.—Some years ago, the sexton of the parish of Falkirk, in Stirlingshire, upon opening a grave in the churchyard, found a ribbon wrapped about the bone of an arm, and which, being washed, was found to be entire, and to have suffered no injury, although it had lain for more than eight years in the earth, and had been in contact with a body which had passed through every stage of putrefaction, until it was reduced to its kindred dust.

Perhaps some of our readers may remember, the execution, some years ago, of a poor young man, of the name of Varty, who forged a check in order to enable him to go and study at a foreign university. Eugene Aram was actuated by the same intention; if he did commit the murder, it was to possess himself of money to purchase books. He looked on the deed he was about to commit as a great and solemn sacrifice to Knowledge, whose Priest he was.

The Mourner.

On gentle Lucy's grassy tomb,
A sigh will start, a tear will fall,
Yet why lament your dear one's doom,
Or mourn a lot, the lot of all?

The late King of Prussia.—It is a curious fact that a celebrated fortune-teller, Madame Normand, predicted, when this monarch was at Paris with the allies in 1814, that he would die the twenty-seventh of May, 1840; another had named the twentieth; and yet a third mentioned the thirtieth as the fatal day.

There is an old Spanish proverb, thus translated:—

"If cold wind reach you through a hole,
Go make your will, and mind your soul."
and this is no exaggeration.

The Soda of Egypt.—Soda, combined with carbonic acid, is found plentifully in the natron lakes in Egypt; of which there are six, about thirty-six miles west of Delta. In summer, spontaneous evaporation takes place, and a bed of natron is left, nearly three feet thick, which is broken up and packed in casks for sale in the European market.

The world does not want good hearts, but regulated minds—not uncertain impulses, but virtuous principles. Rightly cultivate the head, and the heart will take care of itself; for knowledge is the parent of good, not good of knowledge. We are told in scripture that it was the wise men of the East who followed the star which led them to their God.

Steam-engines.—The steam-engines in England are computed to perform labour equal to seven millions four hundred and eighty thousand men; and by operating on machinery, equal to one hundred millions of men.

Memory.—Unlike Orpheus, we win our Eurydice by looking backwards, and lose our hopes by looking forwards.

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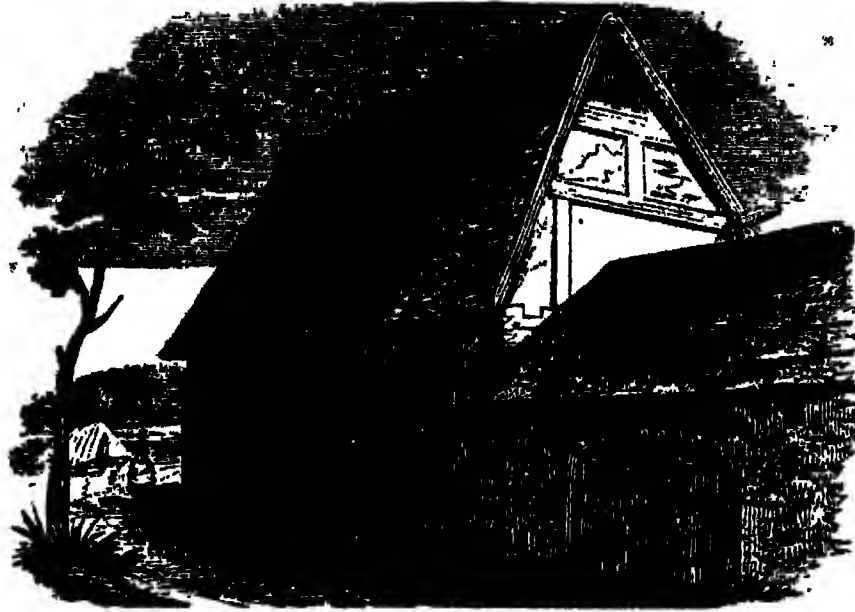
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.]

Antiquities of Oxford and its Vicinity.



REMAINS OF OSENEY ABBEY,
OXFORDSHIRE.

THE above ruin is all that remains of the once celebrated Abbey of Oseney, which, as we learn from the "Memorials of Oxford," "was founded in 1129, by Robert D'Oilly the Second, the nephew of the first of that name, at the instance of his wife Edith, and was handsomely endowed by him, at first as a priory of Augustinian monks, but so many benefactions poured in, that it soon became an Abbey, and ultimately one of the largest and most magnificent in the kingdom." It derived its name from its situation on an island formed by the Ouse, Isis, or Thames. This Abbey formerly contained a peal of bells, said to be the best in the kingdom, which were afterwards removed to Christchurch College; the Abbey came into the possession of that college in the reign of Henry III., who passed the Christmas there after he had raised the siege of Kenilworth, and spent seven days in feasting and revelry. The Abbey and Convent of Oseney at one time possessed several halls in Oxford, and among them those called Maryen and St. Helen's. In 1247, it was rebuilt and enlarged. The building represented above is now employed as a carpenter's shop, and is remarkable for its high pointed roof. It is situated in the parish of St. Thomas, and the antiquary may

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trace the foundations of the refectory and other buildings, now no more, extending over a great deal of ground in the precincts of St. Thomas's church.



GATEWAY IN REWLEY ABBEY.

The "Memorials" state, that "the royal Abbey of Rewley occupied the northern part of the island of Oseney, and therefore called North Oseney, and was founded in 1279, by

Edmund Earl of Cornwall, in pursuance of the will of his father, Richard, king of the Romans, the second son of King John, and brother of Henry III. It was originally intended for three secular priests only, but Edmund established an abbot and fifteen Cistercian monks there. It was endowed with the lands of North Osney in St. Thomas's parish. It is supposed that the monks of Osney, and Godstow, and probably of Rowley also, were accustomed to meet at Medley, a spot half-way between Godstow and Oxford, where there is still preserved a very large oak table, at which the brethren or sisters of Godstow are said to have dined. The above beautiful gateway is almost the only relic of this Abbey, beyond the bare walls, and a broken buttress or two.

E. M.

SONG.

[For the Mirror.]

THE Banner of Old England,
The Banner of the Brave!
On Britain's craggy bulwarks
O may it ever wave!
May it flutter o'er our heroes
Victorious in the strife,
When the field is red with gore,
And the struggle is for life!

There's many a Banner drooping
Submissive on the mast,
But Britain's victor-standard
Still battles with the blast!
There's many a Banner tainted
With foul Dishonour's blot,
But Britain's honour'd Crosses
Have no debasing spot.

No—pure is England's honour,
Unconscious of a stain,
Unveiling as the Lark
That lords o'er Afric's plain,
And ne'er shall other standard
On Britain's turrets wave,
But the Banner of Old England,
The Banner of the Brave!

E. M.

BREAST-PLATES OF LINEN.

Though the Egyptian yarn was all spun by the hand, some of the linen made from it was so exquisitely fine, as to be called "woven air." So delicate also were the threads used for nets, that some of these nets would pass through a man's ring, and one person would carry a sufficient number of them to surround a whole wood.

Amasis, king of Egypt, presented a linen corslet to the Rhodians, of which, the threads were each composed of three hundred and sixty-five fibres; and he presented another to the Lacedemonians, richly wrought with gold; and each thread of this corslet, though itself very fine, was composed of three hundred and sixty other threads; all distinct.

Corslets, or breast-plates, of linen, of a somewhat stronger texture than this one, which was, doubtless, meant for ornamental wear, were not uncommon amongst the ancients.

The Greeks made thoraces, or breast-plates, of hide, hemp, linen, or twisted cord. Of the latter, there are some curious specimens in the interesting Museum of the United Service Club.

Alexander had a double thorax of linen; and Iphicrates ordered his soldiers to lay aside their heavy metal cuirass, and to go to battle in hempen armour.

Among the arms painted in the tomb of Rameses III., at Thebes, is a piece of defensive armour, a sort of coat, or covering for the body, made of rich stuffs, and richly embroidered with the figures of lions, and other animals.

ROTARY ENGINE.

An engine upon this principle was tried last week, in this town, in the presence of several engineers, and astonished every one of them. Its enormous power, in so small a compass, (the whole machinery, with the exception of the fly-wheel, being contained in a box two and a half inches in depth, and ten inches in diameter) surprised all persons present. The speed was tremendous, making from six to seven hundred revolutions per minute; its power was tested by placing breaks upon the fly-wheel, which was done to such an extent, that the shaft was actually twisted in two places. No accident, however, occurred. It was the intention of the inventor to apply the machine to propel carriages on common roads, for which purpose, it appears admirably adapted, likewise for the purpose of marine navigation, where the small quantity of room it requires is a material consideration; in short, it will answer all the purposes wherein steam is required, and the expense will be considerably abridged. The inventor is Joseph Briggs, watchmaker, of this town.—*Leeds Mercury.*

FINE EMBROIDERY.

SOME Canadian women embroider with their own hair, and that of animals; they copy beautifully the ramifications of moss-agates, and of several plants. They insinuate in their works, skins of serpents, and morsels of fur, patiently smoothed. If their embroidery is not so brilliant as the Chinese, it is not less industrious.

The negresses of Senegal embroider the skin of different animals, of flowers, and figures in all colours.

The Turks and Georgians embroider marvellously the lightest gauze or most delicate crape. They use gold thread with inconceivable delicacy; they represent the most minute objects on morocco, without varying the form, or fraying the finest gold, by a proceeding quite unknown to us. They frequently ornament their embroidery with pieces of money of different nations, and travellers who are aware of this circumstance often find in their old garments valuable and interesting coins.

BEAUTIES OF
JEREMY TAYLOR'S "MARRIAGE-RING."

NO. I.

[ATTACHED to Mr. Heber's edition of his works, there appears a portrait of this great and good man. His countenance has much of that winning softness, and placid benignity of look, which forms the similar and chief charm in Baxter's portraiture.* The inward spirit is reflected in the face, and of the thoughts and imaginations of which that spirit was capable, the "Marriage-ring" forms no feeble instance. Never was so much luxuriance of fancy, and so much mellowness of style, made the vehicle of divinity so sound, and holiness so practical.]

Marriage in the Patriarchal Times.

In the patriarchal ages, when a family could drive their herds, and set their children upon camels, and lead them till they saw a fat soil watered with rivers, and there sit down without paying rent, they thought of nothing but to have great families, that their own relations might swell up to a patriarchate, and their children be enough to possess all the regions that they saw, and their grandchildren become princes, and themselves build cities, and call them by the name of a child, and become the fountain of a nation. This was the consequent of the first blessing, "increase and multiply."

Opportunities of Celibacy.

Although single life hath in it privacy and simplicity of affairs, solitariness and sorrow, leisure and inactive circumstances of living, yet there are more spaces for religion if men would use them to these purposes; and because it may have in it much religion and prayers, and must have in it a perfect mortification of our strongest appetites, it is, therefore, a state of great excellency. Yet, concerning the state of marriage, we are taught from Scripture, and the sayings of wise men, things great and honorable.

Preferableness of Marriage to Celibacy.

"Marriage is honorable in all men"—so is not single life; for in some, it is a snare, and a "trouble in the flesh," a prison of unruly desires, which is attempted daily to be broken. Celibate, or single life, is never commanded, but in some cases, marriage is; and he that burns, sins often if he marries not; he that cannot contain, must marry, and he that can contain, is not tied to a single life, but may marry, and not sin.

Sanctity of Marriage.

Marriage was ordained by the Almighty, instituted in Paradise, was the relief of a natural necessity, and the first blessing from the Lord; he gave to man not a friend, but a wife, that is, a friend and a wife too (for a good woman is, in her soul, the same that a man is, and she is a woman only in her body;

* See his portrait of this pious divine affixed to his life of Sir Matthew Hale.

that she may have the excellency of the one, and the usefulness of the other, and become amiable in both); marriage was ministered to by angels, and Raphael waited upon a young man that he might have a blessed marriage, and that the marriage might repair two sad families, and bless all their relatives. The first miracle our Saviour ever did, was to do honour to a wedding.

Eulogium on Marriage.

Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage hath cares, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises of piety; and, therefore, if single life hath more privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more necessities and more variety in it; and is an exercise of more graces. In two virtues, celibate, or single life, may have the advantage of degrees, ordinarily and commonly—that is, in chastity and devotion; but, as in some persons, this may fail, and it does in very many, and a married man may spend as much time in devotion, as any virgins or widows do; yet, as in marriage, even those virtues of chastity and devotion are exercised, so in other instances, this state hath proper exercises and trials for those graces, for which single life can never be crowned.

The Author's beautiful Rhapsody on Marriage.

Here is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents, and the charity of relatives; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centro. Marriage is the nursery of Heaven; the virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts; it hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad; is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and these burdens are delightful.

Marriage in apposition to Celibacy.

Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and all cities, and churches, and heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things, to which Heaven

hath designed the present constitution of the world.

Miseries of ill-assorted Marriages.

Life or death—felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to heaven as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise, she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again, and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man, when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

Of Marriages for Money.

It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness: and the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies; for they fell into the snare by entering an improper way. So do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, (like Eriphyle, the Argive, who preferred gold before a good man) and shew themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted the money, and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty or sweet nature, to their relative! The odd thousand pounds would gladly be allowed in good nature and fair manners.

Of Marriages for mere Beauty.

As a very fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; his eyes are witty, but his soul is sensual; it is an ill band of affections to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white. And they can love no longer but until the next ague comes; and they are fond of each other but at the chance of fancy, or the small-pox, or child-bearing, or care, or time, or anything that can destroy a pretty flower. That which is, at first, beauty in the face, may prove lust in the manner. He that looks too curiously upon the beauty of the body, looks too low. Let our first suit be in the court of heaven, and with designs of piety, or safety, or charity; let no impure spirit defile the virgin purities, and "castifications of the soul;" let all such contracts begin with holy affections.

TRIBES AND POPULATION OF SYRIA.

M. EUSEBE DE SALLE, the author of a work entitled *Pégrinations en Orient*, lately read to the Académie des Sciences an account of the origin and history of the tribes forming the population of Syria. This remarkable document thus speaks:—

LATAKIA, a commercial town of some importance, is only inferior to Beyrout for the numerous specimens which it contains of the several races or religious sects which are scattered throughout Syria. The least interesting of these, but the most curious, on account of the part which it took in the crusades, is that of the *Ismaelites*, *Auzarians*, or *Nozairians*.

To this sect the origin of the Assassins of the Old Man of the Mountain has been ascribed by Asseman, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the Catholic missionaries. The founder of it was one Hassan, son of Sabah, born in Khorassan. The chief dogma on which he erected his doctrine was a belief in the legitimate title of Ali, together with a certain modification introduced by a sect called Ismaelite. Orthodox Mussulmen, in addition to the name of Ismaelite, give the assassins that of Bathenians, or partisans of internal worship. This appellation is owing to the schism introduced into this sect by another Hassan, son of Mohamoud, who abolished the external practices of the Mussulman religion, allowed wine-drinking, and proclaimed himself the son of Nezzar, Caliph Mastanzer's son, and Caliph of God on the earth. From this pretended genealogy comes the title of Nozaïrian or Auzarian.*

The entire object of the education of this sect was to convince its disciples that submission to the commands of their chief was the price at which, after death, they should enjoy every flattering beatitude of heaven; and a soporific drug was often administered to its deluded victims, which had the property of producing dreams confirmative of those delicious anticipations. The French army found the use of this drug still existing in Egypt.

THE DRAUSES, who have of late played so important a part in the history of Syria, seem called to fulfil a still more brilliant destiny; at the same time agriculturists and warriors, they must insure superiority to whatever party is so fortunate as to obtain their alliance. It is to Silvestre de Sacy that we are indebted for the clearest notions on the doctrine of the Druses.

This tribe, together with the Nozaïrians;

* Corannus remarking that, in the ancient time, the chain of Agga, a northern branch of Lebanon, was inhabited by a people called Nasarine, queries whether the modern name be not a traditional corruption of the ancient. Gregory Barhebraeus attributes its origin to the town of Nasaria, near Koufa, as having given birth to the founder of the doctrine. The most probable source of the name, however, is in the support which the Ismaelite sect found in Nezzar, eldest son of Calif Mostanzer.

have been accused by the Easterns with practices of the most revolting immorality, but there is no sect to which ignorance or enmity has not imputed similar crimes. M. de Salle deems it impossible not to be struck with the remarkable resemblance which exists between the Druses and the Nozairians, and, as both tribes originated at about the same period, they are, most probably, sprung from a common source. During the reign of Emir Fakreddin, who was allied by treaty to several European princes, and came to Europe personally to solicit the assistance which had been promised him, the Druses had gained some celebrity in Europe. This prince, allied with the Franks against the Turks, desirous of establishing a direct communication with them, constructed a port, which, in direct opposition to the policy of the Mamolukes, he did not block up to the Christians. The race of this prince subsequently becoming extinct, the sceptre came into the hands of the family of the family of Chahab, Arabs from Mecca, related to Mahomet, and whose existence may be traced as far back as the time of the first caliphs. The Druses, who are separated into many turbulent tribes, would never submit to be ruled by one of their own nation, and therefore the Turks subject them to a foreign rule. Emir Bechir, their present chief, has assumed the policy of Fakreddin, or, rather, identical interests have dictated a similar course; he is allied to the Maronite Christians, of whom he is a secret adherent. The Druses willingly comply with the ancient rites of any creed; at Kasrowan they attend mass, and at Boyrout they go to mosque. Such, also, is the conduct of their prince, who is treated as a Mussulman by the Turks, although he has a chapel and confessor at Ebseddin.

THE MARONITES ascribe the origin of their name to that of an anchorite who lived at the beginning of the fifth century. During the crusades they were already an important nation, and submitted to the authority of the Court of Rome, during the reign of Baldwin IV., King of Jerusalem. In 1536, a Maronite council adopted the decisions of the Council of Trent, with this restriction, however, that the clergy should be free to marry, as formerly; monks alone being condemned to celibacy, from whom the great dignitaries of the church are always elected. The sway of the clergy is not limited to the influence which they exercise over every family in the country, their authority is both secular and temporal; they share the government with the sheiks, and their chief, the prince of the Druses, who is also prince of the Maronites.

THE JEWS.—Of these, a certain number are always to be found in every commercial town of Syria and Palestine; at Aleppo and Damascus no persuasion has so many adherents; and they form the greater part of the population of Jerusalem and of Tiberiade. The Jews may be divided into two classes, the settled

and the wanderers. The first are perfectly similar to the common type, while the latter present material differences from it.

THE SAMARITANS have disappeared even from Jaffa and Zidda, where a certain number were still existing at the beginning of this century; Naplouse is now the only place where they are to be found, and of which they inhabit the more elevated districts. In this town M. de Salle found their chief and patriarch, a hoary old man surrounded with his children and grand-children, and who consented to show him the celebrated Pentateuch, written in the original Hebrew character by Abis-chena, son of Phineas, son of Eleazar, son of Aaron, thirteen years after the death of Moses, or 3,277 years ago. The scroll appeared exceedingly clean, and in good preservation; it was wound round two cylinders; the writing was in successive columns, perpendicular to the cylinders, and not in one large column, parallel to the rollers, as are the majority of rituals in European synagogues. This sect intermarry only among themselves, and are, therefore, all related. By their own statement, their family consists of 200 individuals, but it is affirmed by the inhabitants of the country not to equal one-half of that number. Their habits are in general cleanly; the old form of the turban which formerly distinguished them has been abandoned for the red and white of the Mussulmen.

The Samari is the most ancient schism from the religion of God, dating from the separation of Rehoboam from Jeroboam. They pretend to a pure Hebrew descent, and, consequently, reject every passage in the scripture tending to controvert this belief.

POPULATION OF SYRIA.—Each traveller assigns it a number widely different from that of his predecessors. This question will probably remain at issue as long as the total absence of registers renders any certain result impossible. The impost called "ferdy," which is levied in this country by the Egyptian government on all the male adults capable of earning a livelihood, may, however, furnish a basis. M. de Salle, by combining the results obtained by preceding travellers, arrives at an average of 1,500,000 for the total population of Syria, which he distributes in the following manner:—

Turks	10,000
Mussulmen, Arabs, Syrians	400,000
Eastern tribes of the Anti-Lebanon, and left bank of the Jordan	50,000
Metwallis	100,000
Auzarians	60,000
Kourds and Turkomans	15,000
Druses	300,000
Jews	20,000
Maronites	400,000
Catholics, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians	50,000
Schismatic Catholics	50,000
Floating population of merchants and pilgrims	40,000

1,525,000

The total surface of Syria is about equal to that of Naples, the Papal States, and Tuscany; the population to which amounts to 9,000,000. At the time of the Arabian conquest the population of Syria exceeded 6,000,000; and, judging by the importance of their towns, the influence of their emirs, and the resistance which they opposed to the Christians, the Syrians must still have been a numerous nation during the crusades. So considerable, however, is the decrease in the present day, that the Mussulman part of the population is inferior to that of the Christians.

RETROGRESSION OF NIAGARA.

THE Falls of Niagara (observes a recent writer) afford a magnificent example of the progressive excavation of a deep valley in solid rock. That river flows from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, the former being three hundred and thirty feet above the latter, and the distance between them being thirty-two miles. On flowing out of the upper lake, the river is almost on a level with its banks; so that, if it should rise, perpendicularly, eight or ten feet, it would lay under water, the adjacent flat country of Upper Canada on the west, and the state of New York on the east. The river where it issues is about three quarters of a mile in width. Before reaching the falls, it is propelled with great rapidity, being a mile broad, about twenty-five feet deep, and having a descent of fifty feet in half a mile. After this immense body of water has been precipitated over a precipice of one hundred and sixty feet, the bed of the river below the falls is strewn over with huge fragments which have been hurled down into the abyss. By the continual destruction of the rocks, the falls have, within the last forty years, receded nearly fifty yards. From the falls, the Niagara flows for about seven miles, through a deep chasm, to Queenstown, where the river emerges into a plain, which continues to the shores of Lake Ontario. The falls are supposed to have been originally at Queenstown, and that they have gradually retrograded from that place to their present position, about seven miles distant. If the ratio of recession had never exceeded fifty yards in forty years, it must have required nearly ten thousand years for the excavation of the whole ravine; but no probable conjecture can be offered as to the period of time consumed in such an operation, because the retrograde movement may have been much more rapid when the whole current was confined within a narrow space, not exceeding a fourth or a fifth of that which the falls now occupy. Should the erosive action not be accelerated in future, it will require upwards of thirty thousand years for the falls to reach Lake Erie, to which they seem destined to arrive in the course of time, unless some earthquake change the relative levels of the district. Should Lake Erie remain in its present state until the period

when the ravine recedes to its shores, the sudden escape of that great body of water, would cause a tremendous deluge; for the ravine would be much more than sufficient to drain the whole lake, the average depth of which, was found, during a recent survey, to be only ten or twelve fathoms. But in consequence of its shallowness, Lake Erie is fast filling up with sediment. W. G. C.

THE MORTLAKE TAPESTRY.

THE Tapestry manufacture at Mortlake, was a hobby, both of King James and Prince Charles, and in consequence, was patronised by the Court.

James gave 2000*l.* to assist Sir Francis Crane in the establishment of this manufactory, in Surry, which was commenced in 1619.

The most superb hangings were wrought here after the designs of distinguished painters; and Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Whitehall, St. James's, Nonsuch, Greenwich, were enriched and adorned by its productions.

In the first year of his reign, Charles was indebted 6000*l.* to the establishment, for three suits of gold tapestry; five of the Cartoons were wrought here, and sent to Hampton Court, where they still remain.

A suit of hangings, representing the Five Senses, executed here, was in the palace at Oatlands, and was sold in 1649, for 270*l.*

Rubens sketched eight pieces in Charles the First's reign, for tapestry, to be woven here, of the history of Achilles, intended for one of the royal palaces.

At Lord Iichester's, at Redlinch, in Somersetshire, was a suit of hangings, representing the twelve months, in compartments; and there are several other sets of the same design.

Williams, Archbishop of York, and Lord Keeper, paid Sir Francis Crane, 2500*l.* for the Four Seasons.

At Knowl, in Kent, was a piece of the same tapestry, wrought in silk, containing the portraits of Vandyck, and Sir Francis himself.

At Lord Shrewsbury's, (Heythorp, Oxfordshire) are, or were, four pieces of tapestry, from designs of Vanderborcht, representing the four quarters of the world, expressed by assemblages of the nations, in various habits and employments, excepting Europe, which is in masquerade, wrought in chiaroscuro.

And at Houghton, (Lord Oxford's seat) were beautiful hangings, containing whole-lengths of King James, King Charles, their Queens, and the King of Denmark, with heads of the royal children in the borders.

These are all mentioned incidentally, as the production of the Mortlake establishment.

One of the first acts of the Protectorate, after the death of the king, was to dispose of the tapestry hangings of the royal palaces. Most of these, with the arras hangings, were purchased by Cromwell; they were invento-

ried at a sum not exceeding 30,000*l*. One piece of eight parts, at Hampton Court, was appraised at 8,369*l*.; this related to the history of Abraham. Another of ten parts, representing the history of Julius Caesar, was appraised at 5019*l*.—*Countess of Wilton*.

PATH OF THE TORNADO.

(*Abridged from Mr. Esqy's Paper on Storms, read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science.*)

Mr. Esqy stated that he had examined the data furnished by Col. Reid of several hurricanes in the West Indies, and found conclusive evidence in support of his position, that the wind blew inwards to a central space in all these storms. He also further stated that he had visited the tracks of eighteen tornadoes, and examined several of them with great care, and found that all the phenomena told one tale—the inward motion of the air to the centre of the inverted cone of cloud as it passed along the surface of the earth. From all these facts he demonstrated that there is an inward motion of the air towards the centre of storms from all sides; and that this is the inference which ought to be drawn from the well-known fact, that the barometer stands lower in the midst of a storm than it does all round its borders. Upon this foundation he based his remarks:—

Formation of the Tornado.

On the leeward side of very lofty mountains, there cannot be rain: for as the air on the windward side rises up the sides of the mountain, it will condense all the vapour which can be condensed by the cold of diminished pressure, before it reaches to the top, and even if a cloud passes over the top to the other side, it would soon disappear, because in passing down the slope it will come under greater pressure, and thus be dissolved by the heat produced. These are some of the causes which prevent rains at particular times, and in particular localities. If, however, the air is very hot below, with a high dew-point,*

* *Explanation of the term "Dew-point."*—When the air near the surface of the earth becomes more heated, or more highly charged with aqueous vapour, which is only five-eighths of the specific gravity of atmospheric air, its equilibrium is unstable, and up-moving columns or streams will be formed. As these columns rise, their upper parts will come under less pressure, and the air will therefore expand; as it expands, it will grow colder about one degree and a quarter for every hundred yards of its ascent, as may be proved by the Nepheloscope. The ascending column will carry up with them the aqueous vapour which they contain, and if they rise high enough the cold produced by expansion from diminished pressure will condense some of this vapour into cloud; but it is known that cloud is formed in the receiver of an air-pump when the air is suddenly withdrawn. The distance or height to which the air will have to ascend before it will become cold enough to begin to form cloud, is a variable quantity, depending on the number of degrees which the dew-point is below the temperature of the air; and this height may be known at any time by observing how many degrees a thin metallic tumbler of water must be cooled down below the tem-

and no cross currents of air above to a great height, then, when an up-moving current is once formed, it will go on and increase in violence as it acquires perpendicular elevation, especially after the cloud begins to form. At first, the base of the cloud will be flat; but after the cloud becomes of great perpendicular diameter, and the barometer begins to fall considerably, as it will do, from the specific levity of the air in the cloud, then the air will not have to rise so far as it did at the moment when the cloud began to form, before it reaches high enough to form cloud from the cold of diminished pressure. The cloud will now be convex below, and its upper parts will be seen spreading outward in all directions, especially on that side towards which the upper current is moving, assuming something of the shape of a mushroom. In the meantime, the action of the in-moving current below, and up-moving current in the middle, will become very violent, and if the barometer falls two inches under the centre of the cloud, the air will cool about ten degrees, and the base of the cloud will reach the earth if the dew-point was only eight degrees below the temperature of the air at the time the cloud began to form. The shape of the lower part of the cloud will now be that of an inverted cone with its apex on the ground; and it will be what is called a tornado, if it is on land, and a waterspout if at sea.

Path of the Tornado.

On visiting the path of a tornado, the trees on the extreme borders will all be found prostrated with their tops inwards, either inwards and backwards, or inwards and forwards, or exactly transverse to the path. The trees in the centre of the path will be thrown either backwards or forwards, or parallel to the path; and invariably if one tree lies across another, the one which is thrown backwards is underneath. Those materials on the sides which are moved from their places and rolled along the ground, leaving a trace of their motion, will move in a curve convex behind, those which were on the right hand of the path will make a curve from left hand to right, and those on the left hand of the path will make a curve from right hand to left; and many of

perature of the air before the vapour begins to condense on the outside. The highest temperature at which it will condense, which is variable accordingly as there is more or less vapour in the air, is called the "dew-point," and the difference between the dew-point and the temperature of the air in degrees, is called the complement of the dew-point.

It is manifest, that if the air at the surface of the earth should at any time be cooled down a little below the dew-point, it would form a fog, by condensing a small portion of its transparent vapour into little free particles of water; and if it should be cooled twenty degrees below the dew-point, it would condense about one-half its vapour into water; and at forty degrees below it would condense about three-fourths of its vapour into water, &c. This, however, will not be exactly the case from the cold produced by expansion in the up-moving columns; for the vapour itself grows thinner, and the dew-point falls about one quarter of a degree for every hundred yards of ascent.

these materials will be found on the opposite side of the path from that on which they stood on the approach of the tornado. Also those bodies which are carried up will appear to whirl, unless they arise from the very centre—those that are taken up on the right of the centre, will whirl in a spiral from left to right, and those on the left of the centre will whirl in a spiral upwards from right to left. On examining the trees which stand near the borders of the path, it will be found that many of the limbs are twisted round the trees, and broken in such a manner as to remain twisted, those on the right hand side of the path, from left to right, and those on the left hand side of the path, from right to left. However, it will be found that only those limbs which grew on the side of the tree most distant from the path of the tornado are broken; for these alone were subject to a transverse strain. The houses which stood near the middle of the path will be very liable to have the roof blown up, and many of the walls will be prostrated, all outwards, by the explosive influence of the air within, and those houses covered with zinc or tin, from being air-tight, will suffer most. The floors from the cellars will also frequently be thrown up, and the corks of empty bottles exploded. All round the tornado at a short distance, probably not more than three or four hundred yards, there will be a dead calm, on account of the annulus* formed by the rapid efflux of air above, from the centre of the up-moving and expanding column. In this annulus the air will be depressed, and all round on the outside of it, at the surface of the earth, there will be a gentle wind outwards, and of course all the air which feeds the tornado is supplied from within the annulus. Nor is this difficult to understand, when the depression of the air in the annulus is considered, for any amount may be thus supplied by a great depression.

Light bodies, such as shingles, branches of trees, and drops of rain, or water, formed in the cloud, will be carried up to a great height, before they are permitted to fall to the earth; for though they may frequently be thrown

outwards above, and then descend to a considerable distance at the side, they will meet with an up-blowing current below, which will force them back to the centre of the up-moving current, and so they will be carried aloft again.

The drops of rain, however, will frequently be carried high enough to freeze them, especially if they are thrown out above so far as to fall into clear air, for this air will in some cases be thirty or forty degrees colder than the air in the cloud. In this case, if the up-moving column is perpendicular, the hail will be thrown out on both sides; and on examination it will be found that two veins of hail fell simultaneously, at no great distance apart. It is, indeed, probable, that in all violent thunder-storms in which hail falls, the up-moving current is so violent as to carry drops of rain to a great height, when they freeze and become hail. It is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive any other way in which hail can be formed in the summer, or in the torrid zone. In those countries in which an upper current of air prevails in a particular direction, the tornadoes and waterspouts will generally move in the same direction, because the up-moving column of air in this meteor rises far into this upper current, and of course its upper part will be pressed in this direction, as the great tornado cloud moves on in the direction of the upper current, the air at the surface of the earth will be pressed up into it by the superior weight of the surrounding air. It is for this reason that the tornado in Pennsylvania generally moves towards the eastward.

If a tornado should stop its motion for a few seconds, as it might do, on meeting with a mountain it would be likely to pour down an immense flood of water or ice, in a very small space, for the drops which would be carried up by the ascending current would soon accumulate to such a degree as to force their way back, and this they could not do without collecting into one united stream of immense length and weight, and of course on reaching the side of the mountain, this stream, whether it consisted of water or hail, would cut down into the side of the mountain a deep hole, and make a gully all the way to the bottom of the mountain, from the place where it first struck.

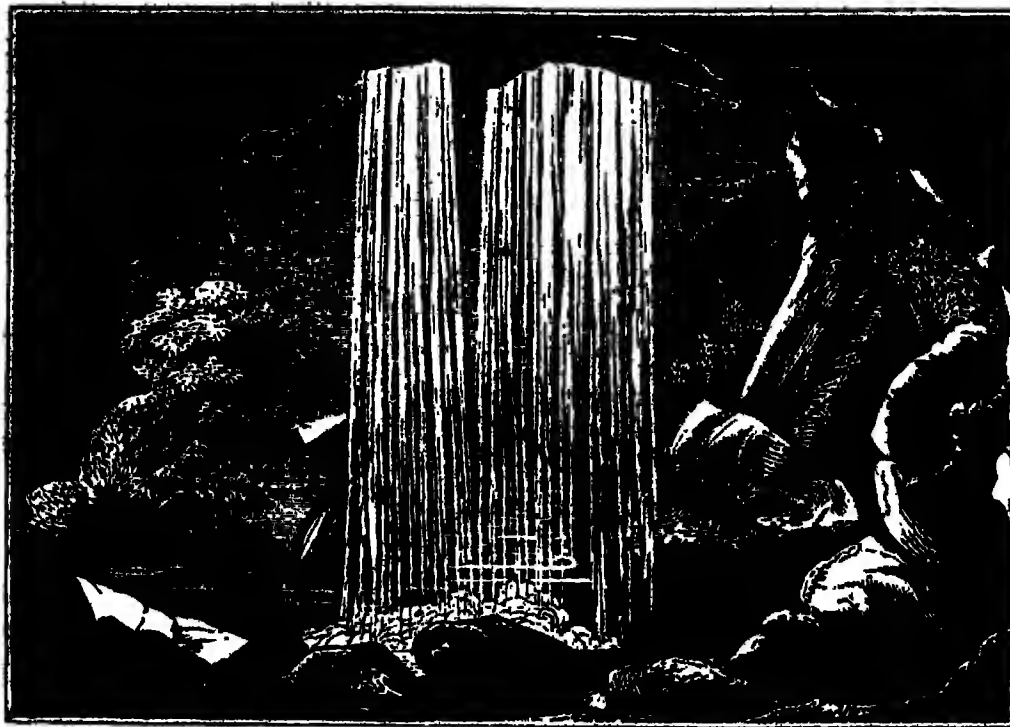
OPHELIA.

[For the Mirror.]

Spirit of Love! that in the bosom's cell,
Like a bright seraph faithfully reposes,
That o'er our nature flings the fondest spell,
And scatters life's rough path with pleasure's roses;

Why did'st thou in Ophelia's bosom rays,
In all the misery of passion's sadness?
The fairest image in our Shakespeare's page,
To Love devoted,—to despair, and madness?

* *Meaning of the term "Annulus."*—When a cloud begins to fall from an ascending column of air, it will be seen to swell out at the top, while its base continues on the same level, for the air has to rise to the same height before it becomes cold enough, by diminished pressure, to begin to condense its vapour into water; this will cause the base to be flat, even after the cloud has acquired great perpendicular height, and assumed the form of a sugar-loaf. Other clouds, also, for many miles around, formed by other ascending columns, will assume similar appearances, and will moreover have their bases all on the same, or nearly the same horizontal level; and the height of these bases from the surface of the earth will be the greatest about three o'clock, when the dew-point and temperature of the air are the greatest distance apart. The outspreading of the air in the upper parts of an ascending column will form an annulus all round the cloud, under which the barometer will stand in the mean; of course the air will descend in the annulus, and increase the velocity of the wind at the surface of the earth, while all round on the outside of the annulus there will be a gentle wind outwards.



ROB ROY'S CAVE.

Our accompanying Engraving presents a view of the dreary yet romantic retreat of that chivalric free-booter—the once celebrated Rob-Roy.—Here, in his mossy cavern, he fearlessly rested his weary limbs, secure from the search of his vigilant pursuers; and, arising refreshed as from his lair, he fearlessly pursued his lawless avocations, in defiance of the laws of his country, for a length of time perhaps unprecedented.

Rob-Roy, with all his vices, did not betray much barbarous cruelty; for, had his pursuits been lawful, he would have been styled a hero: he was unlike his notorious countryman, the celebrated Guilde-Roy—that boisteous “bounie boy”—who, if half be founded on fact that is written of him, was unquestionably as vile a monster as his prototype in sin, the well-known Sawney Beane.—But to the memoir of the hero of the tale:—

The eagle, he was lord above,
But Rob was lord below — *Fordsworth.*

Robert Macgregor, alias Rob-Roy, was the son of Calm Mac-gregor, second son to the Laird of Mac-gregor, the chief of that name. He was a man of prodigious strength, and of such an uncommon stature, that he approached even to a gigantic size. The power which he possessed with his arms was surprising. It was scarcely possible to wrench anything out of his hand, and he was known to seize a deer, by the horns and hold him fast. His arms were long, even to deformity, as when he stood erect he could touch his knee-pans with his fingers. He wore a beard above a foot long, and not only his face, but his whole body was covered over with red hair, whence

he was called Rob-Roy, which in the Highland dialect, signifies Red Robert.*

Brought up as a grazier, and in all transactions, regarding his word as never to be broken, he attained a vast credit and flourishing trade, but, involving himself in a law-suit with the Duke of Montrose, he lost the day, and, subsequently, his creditors became so violently clamorous, that, trusting not to his honesty, they insisted on immediate payment.

Rob-Roy determined, therefore, to end his difficulties, which he did by absconding to Craigroystone in the county of Lenox, and on the borders of Lake Lochlomond.† This place abounds with impenetrable rocks and fastnesses, and the passages are so very intricate and narrow, that two men can, in no case, walk abreast. One person, moreover, well-acquainted with it, and supplied with ammunition, might easily destroy a considerable army of invaders, though scarcely seen by them.

Rob-Roy now became chief of a large and faithful band, continually taking the rich prisoners, and detaining them till ransomed by great sums. None passed within ten miles of Craigroystone, but were not by his spies, soon laid under duress.

Continuing in this course of life, his credi-

* From “The very memorable Life of the celebrated Robert Macgregor commonly called Rob Roy,” published in his lifetime.

† Lochlomond, the chief scene of Rob Roy's exploits, is said to be the finest lake in the world. A Swiss, comparing Lausanne with it exclaimed, “Our lake be de lak beauty; yours be de black.” Lochlomond is a pleasant fresh water expanse; about thirty miles in length, six in breadth, and beautified with twenty-four islands.

men grew almost past hopes of ever recovering their monies. They, however, at length offered a large reward to any one who should bring him to the jail at Stirling. At length a bailiff, who had no small opinion of his own courage and conduct, pledged himself to apprehend the robber.

Having provided a good horse, and equipt himself for the journey, he set out without any attendance, and in a few hours arrived at Craigoystone, where, meeting with some of Rob-Roy's men, he told them he had business of great importance to deliver to their master in private. Rob-Roy, having notice of it, ordered them to give him admittance. He was then politely shown into a large room, where—

"All around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase;
A target there, a hugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
And broad-swords, bows and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar."

As soon as introduced to Rob-Roy, the captain demanded his business; "Sir," said he, "though you have had misfortunes in the world, yet knowing you to be in your nature an honourable gentleman, I made bold to visit you on account of a small debt, which I don't doubt but you will discharge if it lies in your power."

"Honest friend," said Rob-Roy, "I am sorry that at present I cannot answer your demand, but if your affairs will permit you to lodge at my house to night, I hope by to-morrow I shall be better provided."

The bailiff complied, and was overjoyed that he had succeeded so well. He was entertained with abundance of civility, and went to bed at a seasonable time.

Rob-Roy then ordered an old suit of clothes to be stuffed full of straw, not wholly unlike one of the Taffies that the mob dress up and expose on the first of March, in ridicule of the Welchmen, only instead of a leak in it, they bound his head with a napkin.

The ghastly figure being formed, they hung it on the arm of a tree, directly opposite to the window where the officer lay; he, rising in the morning, and finding his chamber-door locked, stepped back to the window, and opened the casement, in expectation of seeing some of the servants; when, to his great astonishment, he cast his eyes upon the dreary object hanging before him; he knew not what to make of it, began to curse his enterprise, and wished himself safe at his own home again.

In the midst of this, his consternation, he spied one of the servants, and, calling to him, desired him to open the door. The fellow seemed surprised to find it locked, begged his pardon, and protested it was done by mistake. As soon as the bailiff got out, he said:—

"Prythee, friend, what is it that hangs on yonder tree?"

"O, sir," said the other, "'tis a bailiff, a turned rogue, that had the impudence to come hither to my master's own house, and dun him

for an old debt, and therefore he ordered him to be killed, and had not yet got time to have him buried."

Fear now wholly overcame the catchpole, but, hoping that the servant did not know him to be one of the same profession, he walked away from him with a seeming carelessness, till he thought himself out of sight, and then, looking all around to see if anybody observed him, and, finding the way clear, he threw off his coat, and ran for his life, not resting, or so much as looking behind him, till he came to a village about three or four miles off; where, when he had recovered breath, he told the story of his danger and escape.

The Macgregors were now a powerful body. Oxen, sheep, horses, and cattle were their daily booty; they levied tribute upon surrounding parts, and none dared confront them. With open violence they ravaged Lenox, approaching sometimes even within three or four miles of Dumbarton.

The repeated complaints of these outrages were at length so numerous that the government sent men and ammunition against them at Craigoystone.

This gave a considerable check to their proceedings, and drove them to extremities, for they were afraid of too frequently leaving their hiding-places, and venturing in the Low-lands; and if they kept too strictly confined among the wild mountains, they were apprehensive of starving.

Rob-Roy's principal shelter during this period of adversity, was in the cave at the side of Loch Lomond, which our engraving represents. While under concealment, he was only attended by two of his men. One day, while travelling in a sequestered lane he was met by a troop of seven horsemen, who demanded his name; and, seeing him of so great stature, conjectured him to be the person of whom they were in pursuit, and immediately summoned him to surrender. There was no time to reply; Rob rapidly mounted the higher ground, where neither the horses or fire of the riders could reach him; his companions were killed, and so exasperated was he at this, that he fired upon the troops in return, killed three of them, and four of their horses, when the remainder galloped away.

Near Lochlomond is Glenfruin, or the Vale of Lamentation, so called, it is said, from a dreadful slaughter of the Colquhouns by the Macgregors, in 1602, and on account of which the Macgregors were, for nearly two centuries, unceasingly persecuted by government.

Indeed, the daring practices of their descendant, Rob Roy, seem to be the reason why, in the subsequent act of indemnity, or free pardons, the Macgregors were excluded from mercy, in these words,—“Excepting all persons of the name and clan of Macgregor, mentioned in an Act of Parliament made in Scotland, in the first of the late King Charles the First, instituted ancient the clan Macgregor,

whatever name he or they may have, or do assume, or commonly pass under ;" and consequently our hero's name appeared attainted as "Robert Campbell, *alias* Macgregor, commonly called Robert Roy."

Rob Roy next joined the forces of the Earl of Mar, at that time in open rebellion against the government, and was presented with a colonelcy, but his only object was the accumulation of spoil and plunder.

Notorious now both for robberies and rebellion, a government proclamation was published, offering a reward of a thousand pounds to any person who should apprehend and bring him to justice.

Rob was betrayed at this time by a certain nobleman under false promises, and for some time kept in durance, but at last got out of thrall and escaped. After this time he lived for a long time peaceably upon the spoils and plunder he had for several years past accumulated.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Kinross had an old violin, which was believed to have belonged to him. A Highland gentleman of Perthshire, well known in his day for his musical talents, and for his collection of instruments, long possessed it before him. On the inside is written, "Robert Roy Macgregor, 1660."

At length, worn out by the labours and vicissitudes of a restless life, he sunk calmly to his end, at the farm of Inverlochragbeg, among the Braes of Balquhiddar,† in 1735. His remains rest in the churchyard of that parish, with no other monument to mark his grave than a simple stone, on which some kindred spirit has carved a sword, the appropriate emblem of the man.‡

BANNERS.

ANCIENTLY, banners, either from being made of some relic, or from the representation on them of holy things, were held sacred, and much superstitious faith placed in them; consequently, the pious and industrious finger was much occupied in working them.

King Arthur, when he fought the eighth battle against the Saxons, carried the image of Christ, and of the blessed Mary, (always a virgin) upon his shoulders.

Over the tomb of Oswald, the great Christian hero, was laid a banner of purple, wrought with gold.

When St. Augustine first came to preach to the Saxons, he had a cross borne before him, with a banner, on which was the image of our Saviour.

The celebrated standard of the Danes, had the sacred raven worked on it; and the ill-fated Harold, bore to the field of Hastings, a banner,

with the figure of an armed man, worked in gold thread: to the same field, William bore a standard, a gift from the Pope, and blessed by his Holiness.

SUPERIORITY IN THE ARTS OF MAN OVER MACHINERY.

(From the Quarterly Review, No. CXXII.)

So long as the habits or opinions of mankind did not run counter to it, *the craft* was of singular efficacy in the training of the workman, giving to the artist, a discipline which is now wholly irretrievable. Taste was called into constant action, without being talked about or thought of. In the daily manipulations of the artificer, his genius was constantly called out upon matters of practical application and need. All the higher modes of intellect, all that cleverness and sensibility of hand, quite as essential as inventive genius, were called into action, elicited, taught, by the calling in which he gained his daily bread.

These are advantages which we have lost, and for ever, by the vast improvements which modern days have effected in MACHINERY.

The means of multiplying elegant forms by punches, squozes, moulds, types, dies, casts, and like contrivances, enable us to produce objects with a sufficient degree of beauty to satisfy the general fancy for art or ornament, but so as to kill all life and freedom. A permanent glut of pseudo-art is created; the multitudes are over-fed with a superabundance of trashy food, and their appetite will never desire any better nutriment.

Without pursuing the remark into the finer branches of art, let any one compare the iron gates, of what men call the police station, at Hyde Park Corner—in the language of the Gods, the Triumphal Arch—with the bronze net-work and foliage of Verrochio, which seems to grow and spring like living vegetation, round the porphyry sarcophagus of Pietro de' Medici, in the basilica of San Lorenzo, or even with the iron gates of the choir of St. Paul's. Even in the latter coarser example, there is that boldness and freedom which truly enable us to consider it a work of art, whilst the elaborate and showy park-gates are capital *Brummagem*, and nothing more.

Truly does the old Scottish proverb say, "the saugh kens the basket-maker's thumb." Grasped by man, the tool becomes a part of himself; the hammer is pervaded by the vitality of the hand. In the metallic work brought out by the tool, there is an approximation to the variety of nature; slight differences in the size of the flower, in the turn of the leaf, in the expansion of the petal. Here, you have the deep shadows produced by undercutting; there, the playful spiral of the dactilo tendril.

But, in the work produced by the machinery of the founder, there can be nothing of

* Caledonian Mercury, October, 1830.

† Chambers' History of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 230.

‡ Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

all this life. What does it give you? Correct, stiff patterns, all on the surface:—an appearance of variety, which, when you analyse it, you find has resulted only from the permutations and combinations of the moulds.

Examine any one section, or compartment, or moulding, or scroll, and you may be certain that you will find a repetition of the same section, or compartment, or moulding, or scroll, somewhere else. The design is made up over and over again of tales already twice-told. The most unpleasant idea you can convey respecting any set of men, is to say that they seem all cast in a mould; and whatever is reproduced in form or colour by mechanical means, is *embodied*; in short, is perpetually branded by mediocrity; sometimes tame, sometimes ambitious, but always mediocrity.

Nor must it be supposed that the effect of Brummagem art does not extend beyond the Brummagem article. In art, in literature, as in morals—in short, in all things—the tone is taken from these you live amongst, and which you copy, whether you will or no; and the same stiffness and want of life which is the result of mechanographic, or mechanoplastic means, in paper, silk, cotton, clay, or metal, is caught, more or less, in every branch of art. All ornamentation, outline, design, form, or figure, produced by machinery, whether the medium be block, mould, type, or die, may be compared to music ground by a barrel-organ:—good tones, time well observed, not a false note, or a blunder, but a total absence of the qualities, without which, harmony falls upon the ear. You never hear the soul of the performer, the expression, and feeling, speaking in the melody.

Even in that branch which is considered by many as art itself, *engraving*, the best judges all declare, that, so far from benefiting art, the harm it has done has been incalculable, substituting a general system of plagiarism in place of invention;* and if such was the opinion of Lanzi and Cicognara, who only knew the processes of wood and copper engraving, what will not be the result of the means of multiplying the metallic basis, and fixing the fleeting sunbeam, which are now opening upon us by means of chemical science.

Steam-engine and furnaces, the steel-plate, the roller, the press, the Daguerreotype, the voltaic battery, and the lens, are the antagonist principles of art; and so long as they are permitted to rule, so long must art be prevented from ever taking root again in the affections of mankind. It may continue to afford enjoyment to those who are severed in spirit from the multitude; but the masses will be quite easy without it.

Misled by the vain and idle confidence which we place in human intellect and human faculties, we strive with child-like ignorance, though not with child-like simplicity, to unite the qualities of different, even discordant, stages of society. We wish to possess the na-

* Cicognara, Storia d'la Scultura, vol. vii. 22-23.]

tive energy of a simple state, and the luxury of the highest grade of civilization; but we strive in vain—the assigned bounds cannot be overpassed. We must be content with the good we have: and, whilst we triumph in the “results of machinery,” we must not repine if one of these results be the paralysis of the imaginative faculties of the human mind.

ARTIFICIAL PREPARATION OF SUGAR.

[Sugars from rags, *pomes-de-terre*, and saw-dust! Surely it behoves the West-India canes tremble, and the beet and maple dread non-usage in Europe. Already *sauve-qui-peut* is heard among the sugar-vats and coolers!]

Tasters of these artificialities speak well as to their flavour, nay, assert them to be syrupy of quality; but confess that, on account of their non-crystallizability, they are destitute of those sparkling granulations which enrich the appearance of the ordinary commodity.

“The Chemist,” No. X., furnishes this morceau.]

Sugar Producihle from Flour or Potatoes.

I. Sugar similar to that of grapes, may be prepared by boiling one part of the starch of potatoes or flour, with from 1-100 to 1-10 of sulphuric acid, and four parts of water, for 36 or 40 hours, care being taken to renew the water as it evaporates. At a higher pressure and temperature, the change may be effected more rapidly with a smaller quantity of acid. The excess of acid is then to be saturated with lime, the sulphate of lime separated, and the liquid concentrated by evaporation.

II The starch of flour soon loses its gelatinous consistence, when moistened with an extract of sprouted barley; it is transformed into a liquid, and if the barley is in sufficient quantity, it is changed in the course of a few hours into sugar of grapes, provided the temperature be maintained at 158° to 167°. Six pints of barley which has germinated, produce 25 parts of sugar of grapes.

Sugar from Wood-sawings, Rags, or Paper.

III. Grape sugar may also be prepared from wood-sawings; it may be also procured by taking 12 parts of linen rags, or paper cut into small pieces mixing them intimately and gradually with 17 parts of concentrated sulphuric acid, and one part of water; the temperature must be kept moderate. After 24 hours, the mass is to be dissolved in a quantity of water, and boiled for ten hours; it is then to be neutralized with chalk, filtered and evaporated to the consistence of syrup and crystallized.

Chemists have not yet been able to obtain sugar prepared by these artificial methods in regular crystals like cane sugar, although there is little doubt that these two species differ from each other merely in the quantity of water with which they are combined.

EXTRAORDINARY VITALITY OF SEEDS.

IN a recent number of the *Times* Mr. M. F. Tupper addressed a letter to the editor on the above truly interesting subject; in which he adduced the following facts:—

"In 1838," says Mr. Tupper, "Mr. Pettigrew, the well-known lecturer on Egyptian antiquities, gave me out of two small glasses in his own private museum six grains of wheat and as many of barley, furnishing me at the same time with the following information as regards their history:—Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, during his recent travels in the Thebaid, opened an ancient tomb (which had probably remained unvisited by man during the greater part of 3,000 years), and from some alabaster sepulchral vases therein, took with his own hands a quantity of wheat and barley that had been there preserved. Portions of this grain Sir G. Wilkinson had given to several of his antiquarian friends, and among them to Mr. Pettigrew, who, as I have already stated, made me a sharer in the venerable harvest. Until the spring of 1840, the twelve corns of which I so became possessed remained among certain contemporary bronzes and images in their separate paper box, but about that time, finding myself in the country and much occupied in horticultural pursuits, I bethought myself of those ancient seeds, and resolved to try my fortune in rearing them. Now, the question being strictly a question of identity, and more or less also involving personal character, I shall, perhaps, be pardoned, if I endeavour to satisfy the unbelieving mind by descending to a few humble details of my care and caution. I ordered four gardenpots of well-sifted loam, and, not content with my gardener's care in sifting, I emptied each pot successively into an open newspaper, and put the earth back again, morsel by morsel, with my own fingers. It is next to impossible that any other seed should have been there. I then (on the 7th of March last) planted my grains, three in each pot, at the angles of an equilateral triangle, so as to be sure of the spots where the sprouts would probably come up, by way of additional security against any chance seed unseen lurking in the soil. Of the twelve, one only germinated, the plant in question, the blade first becoming visible on the 22d of April, the remaining eleven, after long patience, I picked out again; and found in every instance that they were rotting in the earth, being eaten away by a number of minute white worms. It is a curious speculation, by the bye, whether this might not have been a reawakening of dormant animal life; for it is by no means improbable that the little maggots, on which we might build such high argument, were the produce of ova deposited on the grains, at a period involving the very youth of time, by some patriarchal flies of ancient Egypt. This, however, by parenthesis. My interesting plant of wheat remained in the atmosphere of

my usual sitting room, until change of place and air seemed necessary for its health, when I had it carefully transplanted to the open flower-bed, where it has prospered ever since. The first ear began to be developed on the 5th of July; and, although it may disappoint expectation to find that its appearance is, in most respects, similar to that of a rather weakly plant of English wheat—that called by farmers 'bearded' (which, be it noted, I have since learned is sometimes known by the name of Egyptian), still I have no hesitation in expressing my own certainty that it is the product of one of the identical corns given to me, as I have before stated, by Mr. Pettigrew. A second ear has made its appearance since this was written, and both have assumed a character somewhat different from all our known varieties. After all, why should not common wheat claim as ancient ancestry as any other kind! and why should not the banks of the Nile have teemed, though, perhaps, more luxuriantly, with a harvest similar to those we now see waving on the banks of hoary Father Thames! Moreover, what else, let me ask, could have been expected, than that a seed should produce its like for I have, until now, omitted to state what may easily be verified on inspection of the remaining quantities of ancient seed now in the possession of others, that the grains in question only differ from modern wheat in their brown and shrunk appearance—the seeming result of high antiquity, and non-exposure to the air. The slight differences nevertheless, observable are, that the ears are less compact, the grains rather plumper, and the beards more thornlike than happens in common cases. It would, perhaps, be puerile were I to explain the various methods taken by me to protect the plant; as sticks against the wind, lace nets against birds and insects, and a large bottomless gardenpot circling it about as a rampart against slugs; let it suffice to know, that all proper care, excluding that worst of cares, overcare, was given to it. The small size and weakness of the plant may in one light be regarded as collateral evidence of so great an age, for assuredly the energies of life would be but sluggish after having slept so long; however, the season of its sowing, spring instead of autumn, will furnish another sufficient cause; but, after making all due allowances for this drawback, I still think it very improbable that, supposing the plant a modern one, our rich soil of Albury should have produced so lightly. There are two ears on separate stalks; they are respectively 2½ and 3 inches long, the former being much blighted, and the stalk is about three feet in height.

"In conclusion, I take occasion to remark, that homely as the theme may in itself be—the growing of a grain of corn; small as may be accounted the glory of a success in which man's mind can have had almost nothing to effect, and little as I can have to communicate, still the subject will be admitted by all to be one

of no common interest. If, and I see no reason to disbelieve it, if this plant of wheat, now fully developed, be indeed the product of a grain preserved since the time of the Pharaohs, we moderns may, within a little year, eat bread made of corn which Joseph might have reasonably thought to store in his granaries, and almost literally snatch a meal from the kneading-troughs of departing Israel. Time, which has been no element to the mummied seed, is conquered by so weak a weapon as a straw, and its infancy and dotage meet in friendly astonishment at a humble banquet of Pharaonic bread.

Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, having courteously sent me some more of the veritable ancient seed since he heard of my success, I shall hope, next year, to be able to produce two small crops, the harvest from my new gains so resuscitated, and, if I have again so great good fortune, the additional product of those ancient seeds."

Arts and Sciences.

GOLD AND SILVER BROCADES.

Chief Manufactories.

THE highly ornamented and rich brocades in which our great-grandmothers used to find such delight, have now entirely disappeared from use, and, indeed, scarcely exist for us, except in the verses of our poets, or the essays of the satirists of those days.

The hope, however, should not be quite given up, that these sumptuous fabrics may yet once again lay claim to admiration in our drawing-rooms, and that instead of the gaudy finery of the day, the reign of these magnificent fabrics may be re-established in all glory.

In ancient times, those cloths were only called brocades which were woven, both in the warp and shoot, with gold and silver threads, or with a mixture or combination of both these materials.

At the time when the weaving of golden tissues was encouraged by public taste, the manufacture of the threads whence they were produced had arrived at a high degree of excellence.

At Milan, there was a considerable manufactory, in which, by a secret process, flattened wire was made, having only one side covered with gilding.

At Nuremberg, threads of an inferior description were chiefly made, by spinning gilt copper wire upon threads of either flax or hemp.

The Chinese, more economical, used slips of gilt paper, which they twisted upon silk, and sometimes even introduced into their stuffs, without thus giving to the paper any fibrous support.

But these last productions could have boasted, at best, only an evanescent beauty; and, accordingly, we learn from Duhalde, the historian of China, that golden tissues were rarely used in that country, except for tapes-

tries or other ornamental substances, which were but little exposed to view, and could be effectually protected from moisture.

In process of time, silken threads, uncovered with metallic wires, were used to form the plain ground of brocades, upon which gold or silver flowers, or other ornaments were raised; and, at a still later period, fabrics composed entirely of uncovered silk, provided they were adorned and worked with flowers, or other ornamental figures, equally took the name of brocades.

At Lucca, during the thirteenth century, a very flourishing manufacture of brocades was carried on; but in the year 1310, the artisans, thus engaged, were driven from the city by Castruccio Castracani; and 300 of these retired to Venice, where they recommenced their manufacture.

For a considerable time after this, the Venetian manufacture was carried on with the raw material brought from Sicily and the Levant; the cultivation of the mulberry tree, and the breeding of silkworms, not having been adopted to any extent in that quarter earlier than the sixteenth century.

Brocades of silk were, at the commencement of the last century, exceedingly admired and much used among the luxurious votaries of fashion of both sexes in England. We may learn in what degree this finery was then estimated, by consulting the pages of Pope and Addison; the former in the second canto of his elegant and lively satire, "The Rape of the Lock;" and the latter, in the fifteenth number of the *Spectator*, where it is stated that, among the fashionable ladies of that period:—

"A furbelow of precious stones, a hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics of conversation. Laces and ribbands, silver and gold galleons, with the like glittering gew-gaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds; and when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the mortuary coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles."

Fearing, perhaps, lest, in thus censuring his fair countrywomen for a foible which had usually been considered as characteristic of the sex, and not confined to any particular age or country, he might be chargeable with an unfair severity, the moralist goes on to relate how Camilla, the Queen of the Volsci, after exhibiting her absence of all feminine softness, by placing herself at the head of an army, that she might assist King Turnus in his war against Æneas; and, after having, with her own hand, slain numbers of the enemy, still allowed all the woman to reveal itself in this particular:—

"She unfortunately cast her eye upon a Trojan who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. A golden bow hung on his shoulder, his garment was buckled with a golden clasp, and his head covered with a helmet of the same shining metal. The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings he was adorned with:—

*totumque incaula per agmina,
Femineo prædæ stæpollorum ardebat amore.*

Æn. lib. xi. 781.

For some time after the use of brocades for garments had been discontinued, these substantial fabrics continued to be employed for ornamental articles of furniture.

As late as the year 1788, some very elegant pieces were woven in Spitalfields, to be used as chair-bottoms in Carlton House.

These specimens of the art are still in existence, and prove that the discontinuance of the use of brocades must not be ascribed to any deficiency of ability on the part of our artisans, who, on that occasion, exhibited a degree of skilfulness in their labours fully equal to any shewn by earlier and similar productions.

New Books.

Initia Latina. A Guide to Latin for Beginners. By the Rev. J. Edwards, M. A., Second Master of King's College, and William Cross, of Trinity College, Cambridge. [Madden and Co.] Lond. MDCCCXL.

It is a great thing for our English youth, when men of high classical attainments and elevated standing come down, as it were, *ex cathedra*, and devote their valuable time and experience towards removing the difficulties which beset the earlier paths of the novice's knowledge, thereby "condescending," as it were, "to men of low estate," and acting as a "lamp to their feet."

"Initia Latina" is the title of a school-book, intended for the use of young scholastics, and it is admirably adapted to the purpose. According to the almost obsolete Eton system, a boy took up a minor classic—Eutropius to wit—and as the sentence required, selected from the jumbled syntax of his Latin (!) grammar, the rule that met the case; this rule, however, proved often to be one, which was thoroughly inexplicable unless aided by some other ancillary rule (as frequently happens with the relative and antecedent) so that the novice was constantly perplexed and brain-puzzled by an immethodic plan, when he should otherwise have had his tender understanding uninterruptedly illuminated by clear and lucid views. The present work, however, proceeds plainly and perspicuously, in a series of three stages of study, to unfold before the student the complexities of the Latin syntax, in so progressive an order, as to anticipate nothing in construction. Step by step he is made to perceive the proper collocation of words, while he simultaneously acquires them; together with the principles that regulate and justify the growth, and "serrying, and array of sentences."

Notwithstanding the many other "Collocationes," "Sententiae," and "Delectationes," used at schools, we consider this the most serviceable that has yet issued from the press. It demands the constant exercise of declining, conjugating, and frequent recapitulations,

while the helpful observations and references in its pages, will every way facilitate the student, and advance his progress to classic writers with profit, facility, and delight.

ROSARY AND CROSS MAKERS IN THE HOLY LAND.

In Palestine, a great number of people get their living by working crosses, beads, *rosaries*, amulets, and mother-of-pearl shells, which are brought generally from the Red Sea, and engraved with religious subjects, chiselled in relief. These usually represent saints, or some object of devotion associated with the Holy Land. Among them are models of the holy sepulchre, in wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; drinking cups from the deposits of the Jordan, with verses from the Bible engraved on them, being nearly as black as ebony, and taking a fine polish. Of these, and other similar articles, there was formerly a large sale in the market-place of Bethlehem, and in many parts of Jerusalem; but the *Terrasanta monks* have lately taken the trade from the peasantry, whom they are said to have menaced with excommunication, if they sold such relics to travellers. The monopoly of the trade is now in the hands of the monks, and they obtain monopoly prices.—*Report on Syria for Lord Palmerston.*

TAKING THE CENSUS.

SCENE—A House in the Country.

Inquisitor.—Good morning, madam, is the head of the family at home?

Mrs. Touchwood.—Yes, sir; I am at home.

Inq.—Hav'n't you a husband?

Mrs. T.—Yes, sir; but he a'n't at the head of the family, I'd have you know.

Inq.—How many persons have you in your family?

Mrs. T.—Why, bless me, what's that to you? You are mighty inquisitive, I think.

Inq.—I am the man that takes the census.

Mrs. T.—If you was a man in your senses you wouldn't ax such impertinent questions.

Inq.—Don't be offended, old lady, but answer my questions as I ask them.

Mrs. T.—Answer a fool according to his folly,—you know what Scripture says. Old lady, indeed!

Inq.—I beg your pardon, madam; but I don't care about hearing Scripture just at this moment. I am bound to go according to law, and not according to gospel.

Mrs. T.—I should think you went neither according to law nor gospel. What business is it to you to inquire into folk's affairs, Mr. Thingumbob?

Inq.—The law makes it my business, good woman, and if you don't want to expose yourself to its penalties, you must answer my questions.

Mrs. T.—Oh, it's the law, is it! That alters the case. But I should like to know what business the law has with other people's household matters.

Ing.—Congress made the law, and if it don't please you, you must talk to them.

Mrs. T.—Talk to a fiddle-stick!—Why, congress is a fool, and you're another.

The Gatherer.

He who passes his life in making pins' heads, will himself never have a head worth anything more.

If you have pride, let it be that which makes you too proud to be offended.

Mrs. Parkes of Golden-square, has a Bible containing several thousand prints from all masters, on every part and subject of the sacred text. It was begun by Bowyer the publisher, and was insured for upwards of £3,000.

The invention of the drum and bells is claimed by the Chinese.—*Weston's Adallah of Beysa.*

Salt Mine.—A salt mine has been discovered at Rheinfelden, in the Canton of Argau, which it is expected will be sufficiently abundant to supply all Switzerland, and thus save the Confederation the sum of 500,000 f., annually drawn from it for the purchase of foreign salt.—*Galignani.*

Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.—Beethoven studied greatly in the open air. It was on a hot summer's day that he sat upon a style in the environs of Vienna, and caught from nature those imitative sounds in the Pastoral Symphony. How admirably do the violins represent the soft fluttering stir of the insects—the hum in the noontide warmth of a summer's day.

Cesar Borgia.—He was a man of the greatest personal beauty; so strong, that at a bull-fight he cleft the head of the bull with one stroke. His death was caused by his head cook. He swallowed a *bonne bouche*, which he designed for one of the richest of the cardinals, but by whom the instructed cook had been bought over.

African Travellers.

He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn.
The ae best fellow e'er was born.—*Burns.*

Mr. Ayrstone, a talented traveller in Abyssinia has recently died of the *Kwala* fever, when near the kingdom of Sahla Salase. Herr Kielmaier, lately an officer of Engineers at Wurtemberg, drank some water from a deadly well in his travel, which has ended his days. Two other enterprising Europeans have lately died on the confines of Shawa; and M. Abbadie, has, by a dreadful accident, been deprived of one of his eyes, and forced to quit Africa, and his travels.—*Athenæum.*

What is not done by poen, may be done by evening.

Night.—The ancients made Night the mother of the gods; and she is yet the parent of godlike thoughts.

Musical Caravan.—It is reported that forty singers of the Pyrenees, have quitted their country with the intention of running over Europe, and afterwards visiting Rome, to ask the benediction of the Pope. They arrived at Copenhagen, the 1st of September last, under the conduct of *Sieur Roland*, their Director. They have dispersed, say they, two millions of prospectuses through the universe, and all the acts of their chief are marked by the same sort of exaggeration. On passing into Belgium, they will hold a solemn communion on the field of Waterloo, with musical accompaniments of the most heterogeneous kind.

Petrified Tree.—Some days ago, a large petrified tree was discovered in Cowcaddens-quarry. It was unfortunately broken a good deal by the workmen, otherwise it might have remained a very fine specimen, 16 or 17 feet in height. It is now quarried nearly to the root, but betwixt two and three feet are still standing, while the fangs are seen branching out in all directions. The tree is about six feet in circumference, and the bark is perfectly distinct. The surrounding rock is a coarse quartzose sandstone; and the rest of the tree is now composed of precisely the same material with good large white pebbles intermixed.—*Glasgow Chron.*

Mr. W. Paton lately presented a copy of his "Flowers of Penmanship," to the King and Queen of the French, which was graciously received; when His Majesty presented Mr. Paton with a superb massive gold medal, having on the obverse a profile of the King, in high relief, with the legend, "Louis Philippe Roi des Français." On the reverse, the following inscription:—"Doné par le Roi et la Reine, à Mr. W. Paton, 1840."

The following is the number of passengers landed and embarked from the Town and Terrace Piers, at Gravesend, from July 30, 1839, to August 1, 1840:—Town-pier, 468,186; Terrace-pier, 345,443; total, 813,629.—*Kentish Gazette.*

The Ex-Empress of Brazil has presented our Queen with a pair of marmosets, (or Brazilian monkeys;) which are male and female: they are not larger than a middling-sized rat, with long bushy tails, somewhat resembling those of squirrels, though considerably longer. Their colour is dark grey, with long-feathered ears; the ears of the female being white, and those of the male of the same hue as the body. The male is considerably smaller than its feminine companion, and both could be placed "very comfortably" in a quart-jug.

* *While Mirror*, No. 1015, p. 46.

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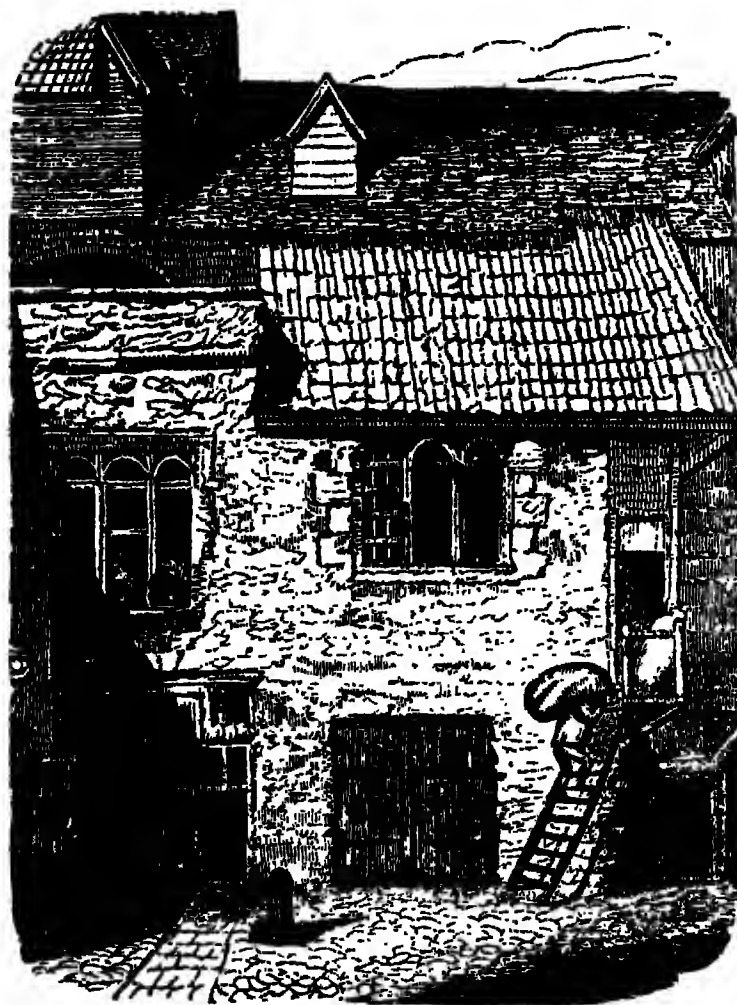
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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1030.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1840.

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SOUTH REMAINS OF WINCHESTER PALACE,
BANKSIDE, SOUTHWARK.

THIS once extensive Palace, of which our accompanying Engraving shews part of its remains, as they stood thirty years ago, being then used as the warehouse of a flour-factor, was one of the most distinguished of the remarkable buildings which anciently stood on the Bankside. It was built by William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, in the year 1107, as a town residence, for the use of himself and his successors, on a piece of ground belonging to the Priors of Bermondsey, to whom the Bishops appear to have paid an annual acknowledgment or quit-rent.

No situation could perhaps be chosen more judiciously for the site of such a mansion (how-

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ever confined and encumbered it may now seem) than this, at the period of its erection; it, in fact, possessed the advantages which no other spot of ground so near the metropolis could have commanded. In its front ran the river Thames, between which and the Palace itself the space admitted, and no doubt was occupied, by a noble terrace walk, from which descended flights of stone steps, to the water. On its eastern side it was sheltered by the fine church and convent of St. Mary Overy, separated only by St. Saviour's Dock. At its back spread an extensive tract of country, bounded by the Surrey and Kentish hills, part of which was converted into Winchester

Park; and on its right lay the manor of Paris Garden, pleasantly diversified with cottages, fields, cultivated grounds, wood, &c., reaching as far as Lambeth.

In history, this palace is distinguished by various occurrences of a public nature, either possessing an interest in themselves, or tending to fix the periods at which different prelates resided here, and their particular acts.

In 1299, John de Pontissara, a bishop, who was put in by the Pope, of his own authority, aliened to the prior and convent of St. Swithen, at Winchester, certain houses, with a garden contiguous to the park here, on which the mansion of the bishops of Rochester was afterwards built, and which stood on the site of part of the present Borough market.

In 1386, the celebrated William of Wykeham, then Bishop of Winton, issued certain statutes, to be observed by the same convent, from his residence here, which is styled his "Manor of Southwark."

In 1426, that magnificent prelate, Beaufort, was made bishop of this See; and it was on his return from Calais, the next year, as Cardinal of St. Eusebius, that he was met on his approach to London, by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and chief citizens, on horseback, and conducted by them in great state to his palace of Southwark.

Several great and gorgeous entertainments were given here at different periods, on occasion of marriages at the neighbouring church of St. Mary Overy, some of which were nobly attended.

In the reign of Henry V., one of these, the marriage of the Princess of Milan to the Earl of Kent, was especially splendid; the king himself, who gave away the lady, being present, with all the chief nobility, and an open table being besides spread for all comers.

In the reign of Mary, Bishop Gardiner disgraced his residence at Winchester House, by the most bitter persecution of the Protestants, numbers of whom were confined here, examined at the Bishop's Court, in St. Mary Overy's Church, and subsequently sentenced to the flames.

In September, 1626, Bishop Lancelot Andrews died here, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's Church, where his monument still remains.

In 1642, the Parliament converted Winchester House into a prison for the confinement of Loyalists. Among other eminent prisoners, of which there appears to have been several confined at Winchester House, was the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby.

The persecutor, Bishop Bonner, met a proper retaliation here for his cruelties, but earlier, having been confined at this place in the reign of Elizabeth.*

After the death of Charles I., this house,

* In the Brit. Mus., is a MS. containing "Bishop Bonner's reply to the taunts of the populace as he went a prisoner from the Bishop of Winchester's house."

with the grounds, and other premises, were sold by the then governing powers, to Thomas Walker, of Camberwell, for 4,380*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*

On the Restoration, it reverted to the See of Winchester; but was no longer made the Episcopal residence, and was let out to various tenants, for which purpose an Act was passed in 1661.

The venerable remains of Winchester House were laid open to the public view by a fire which occurred in August, 1814, and destroyed a long range of warehouses and magazines of corn. After this event, the Great Hall exhibited three conjoined entrances at the east end, and a grand circular window in the gable, terminating the wall at that point, and very curious and uncommon, from its scientific commixture of triangular compartments. The tracery of this rare window was intricate, and the centre of the circle peculiarly beautiful; its diameter twelve feet. It was, probably, as old as Edward the First.

A pier was seen at the north-east angle of the wall, and part of a connecting arch. The range of windows in the south wall were nearly entire; the arches mostly of a flat character, and had but few mouldings, though two doors on the lower story were very elegant. Most of these remains were built in on the restoration of the warehouses, or destroyed: a fine fragment, however, part of the south wall of the Great Hall, is still standing.

THE FIRST MAN.

Two suns had dawned upon the space

Where new-formed Nature lay,

Two moons had run their gentle race,

To cheer the fall of day;

Five days and nights the new-born Earth

Since first Creation gave it birth

Its circling path had run,

Nor yet the mighty Maker's Eye

Which all his works survey'd on high,

Beheld his labours done!

No!—though the Earth be good and fair,

And each created thing,—

A nobler work is wanted there—

Creation's Lord and King!

God hath pronounced his high command,

And, lo! a new Creation stands,

Rais'd from the lifeless clod,

Majestic in his form and mien,

The Maker's noblest work is seen—

The Image of his God!

The Image of his God! and Lord

Of all his eyes survey,

All nature bowing to his word,

Submissive to his sway;

The stars above, and rolling sun,

They seem to shine for him alone,

For him the silver moon,

For him the trees their produce bear,

The beasts of earth, the birds of air,

His is each noble boon.

Such hast thou made us, Lord, and such

The gifts thy hand hath dealt;

O, may the hand that gave so much

Be still in bounty felt;

And may we ne'er forget to prove

Our gratitude for endless love,

Nor cease to praise and pray,

Who much receives, must much restore,

But thou, our God, hast giv'n us more

Than Man can e'er repay.

H. M.

THE POETRY OF
MILTON'S PROSE-WRITINGS.

NO. II.

[THE prose-writings of Milton being chiefly polemical, abound with strong and fortified expressions; yet do his sentences, though frequently cumbrous with the "*anacolutha*" of his leading model *Æschylus*, often give way to passages of plaintive beauty, and Sophoclean softness. This the observant reader must have already perceived from our former paper of extracts.

Below is another cluster of his finest passages:—]

Music to be a Part of Education.

The interim of unsweating themselves (after athletic exercises) and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits, with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learned, either while the skilful organist plies his gravo and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches, adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smoothe and make them gentle from rustic harshness and dis-temper'd passions.—*Letter to Mr. Samuel Hartlib.*

Importance of the Clerical Office.

There is no employment more honourable, more worthy to take up a great spirit, more requiring a generous and free nurture, than to be the messenger and herald of heavenly truth from God to men, and by the faithful work of the holy doctrine to procreate a number of faithful men, making a kind of creation like to God's, by infusing his spirit and likeness into them, to their salvation, as God did into him; arising to what climate soever he turn him, like that Sun of Righteousness that sent him with healing in his wings, and new light to break in upon the chill and gloomy hearts of his hearers, raising out of darksome barrenness a delicious and fragrant spring of saving knowledge and good works.—*Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence.*

Freedom of the Press.

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to regulate manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what, by their allowance, shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins,

and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows, also, and the balconies, must be thought on. The villages also, must have their visitors, to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the balladry and to the gamut of every municipal fiddler, &c., &c.—*Areopagitica.*

Of Good and Evil.

Good and evil we know, in the field of this world, grew up together, almost inseparably; and the knowledge is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour, to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil.—*Areopagitica.*

Tribute to the Memory of Lord Brooke.

I, for honor's sake, and may it be eternal to him, shall name him, the Lord Brooke. He, writing of episcopacy, left ye his vote, or, rather now the last words of his dying charge, which I know will ever be of dear and honored regard with ye, so full of meekness and breathing charity, that, next to His last testament, who bequeathed love and peace to his disciples, I cannot call to mind where I have read or heard, words more mild and peaceful. He there exhorts us to hear with patience and humility those, however they be miscalled, that desire to live purely, in such a use of heaven's ordinances as the best guidance of their conscience gives them, &c., &c., &c.—*Areopagitica.*

A Passage from Lord Brooke's Book.

Light was one of the first creatures, and yet not perfected till the fourth day, and, perhaps not fully then. So was spiritual light, the beginning of the Reformation, that new creation, yet it was not perfect at first dawning, but increaseth still by degrees, till it have quite chased away darkness, and there be no more night. At first, rising out of popery, the churchless church of the Albionians and Waldenses (holy, good men) began an admirable reformation; this was much advanced by Jerome of Prague, and John Hus. Luther had many gross errors, yet must not lose his place among those glorious lights. After these he appeared, shining yet brighter, both in doctrine and discipline. Since then, our God hath raised up a more glorious light, among these northern isles; and yet some went from us lately with a candle burning, brighter perhaps than ours, though it were

lighted here. Thus light, dilating and enlarging itself, seemeth to become more pure, more light, more glorious; and yet it seems not to be noon.—*Discourse on Episcopacy.*

Milton's Morning Occupations.

"And where my morning haunts are, he wises not." I'll tell him.

These morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awaken men to labour or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or, not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught; then, with useful and generous labours, preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies, to stand and cover their stations.—*Apology for Smectymnus.*

His Abstract Studies.

From the laureate fraternity of poets, ripper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading, led me to the shady spaces of philosophy, but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato, and his equal Xenophon, where, if I should tell ye what I learned of chastity and love—I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy (the rest are cheated, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of Love's name, carries about) and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue, with such abstracted sublimities as these, it might be worth your listening, readers, as I may hope to have ye in a still time, when there shall be no chiding; not in these noises, the adversary, as ye know, barking at the door.—*Apology for Smectymnus.*

His High and Correct Principles.

Having had the doctrine of holy scripture, unfolding those chaste and high mysteries, with timeliest care infused that the "body is for the Lord, and the Lord for the body," thus also, I argued to myself, that if unchastity in a woman, whom St. Paul terms the glory of man, be such a scandal and dishonor, then, certainly in a man, who is both the image and glory of God, it must, though commonly not so thought, be much more deflowering and dishonourable, in that he sins both against his own body, which is the perfecter sex, and his own glory which is in the woman, and that which is worst, against the image and glory of God which is in himself.

His Idea of writing some great Poems.

And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise . . . but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who

can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.—*Reasons against Prelaty.*

Discipline.

Discipline is not only the removal of disorder, but, if any visible shape can be given to divine things, the very visible image and shape of virtue; whereby she is not only seen in the regular gestures and motions of her heavenly paces as she walks, but also makes the harmony of her voice audible to mortal ears. Yea, the angels themselves, in whom no disorder is feared, as the apostle that saw them in his rapture describes, are distinguished and quaternioned into their celestial principdoms and satrapies, according as God himself has writ his imperial decrees through the great provinces of heaven. The state, also, of the blessed in Paradise, though never so perfect, is not therefore left without discipline, whose golden surveying-reed marks out and measures every quarter and circuit of New Jerusalem. Yet it is not to be conceived, that those eternal effluences of sanctity and love in the glorified saints, should, by this means, be confined and cloyed with repetition of what is prescribed, but that our happiness may orb itself into a thousand vagrancies of glory and delight, and with a kind of eccentric equation, be, as it were, an invariable planet of joy and felicity.—*Reasons against Prelaty.*

DAMASCUS.

(From Dr. Bowring's Report)

DAMASCUS, probably the oldest city in the world, still occupies the place it occupied in the days of Abraham; and though it has, no doubt, seen many vicissitudes, its population is still very considerable, and its trade extensive.

Damascus is called by the Orientals, "a pearl surrounded by emeralds." Nothing can be more beautiful than its position, whether approached from the side of Mount Lebanon, from the Desert to the east, or by the high road from the north from Aleppo and Hamah. For many miles the city is girdled by fertile fields, or gardens as they are called, which, being watered by rivers and sparkling streams, give to the vegetation, consisting principally of olive trees, a remarkable freshness and beauty.

Though the trade of Damascus is very considerable, it has no English establishment within its walls. More than one has existed, but it has not been found to answer; and the trade that has been carried on for English account is done either by French, Italian, or native houses.

Of all the cities of the east, Damascus is probably the most oriental—the city which has undergone the fewest changes. The European costume is scarcely ever seen; and,

with few exceptions, I believe the Frank settlers have adopted the Syrian dress. The exterior of the houses is mean and unattractive; but within, many of them are ornamented in the most luxurious and costly style, supplied with fountains, and filled with flowering shrubs. The interior decorations of the roofs and walls show a taste for what is gorgeous, and the floors are frequently of marble, very finely tessellated; many of the materials are imported from Europe, especially from Italy.

The bazaars of Damascus, like those of Aleppo, are separated according to the trades which are carried on within them. Some of them are very extensive; such as those of the shoe-makers, the goldsmiths, the druggists, the garment sellers, the hardware dealers, the traders in cotton stuffs, the pipemakers, &c. They are generally kept in good order, and abundantly supplied with goods. Long bargaining seems universal, and an apparent indifference is exhibited both by buyer and seller. There are a good many bazaars kept by dervishes and sheiks having a reputation for sanctity, but it did not appear to me that they were either more or less visited than those of their neighbours, or that anybody was disposed to pay an additional price for the article wanted on account of the religious reputation of the seller. The European goods are mostly bought on credit from the importer, but the ordinary sales in the bazaars to the consumer are for ready money. When the transactions are carried on upon a large scale with the caravan merchants, the payments are usually made on their return the following year. There are a considerable number of merchants from Persia, Mesopotamia, and the regions lying to the east, who find no difficulty in obtaining credit to a large amount, and many of them are extremely regular in their payments. This trade appears on the increase, and is capable of much greater extension. The opinion of the English houses in Syria is, that if facilities were given to communications, a very wide field would be opened to commercial enterprise.

The great khan of Damascus is a superb building, vast in extent, filled with various commodities, and frequently by merchants from remote lands. Two Mussulmen, handsomely dressed, and who were apparently transacting business on a large scale, were introduced to us as the two leading merchants of Bagdad. In the khan we observed large quantities of English cotton twist, for which the sale appeared very current. We learned that though the known buyers from the east easily obtained credit till the arrival of the next caravans, yet the richest among them paid ready money, and as these operations are large, they are of course among the most welcome visitors. On the arrival of the caravans, the bustle and business within the khans are very great, though on ordinary occasions matters proceed gravely and quietly. Adjacent to the great khan is one of smaller size, taking

its name from a large granite column in the centre. Around the khans the sellers of goods have their counting-houses, and they deposit their merchandise in various parts of the khans. Many of the khans are of great antiquity, and even in their present state give, no doubt, a tolerably accurate idea of the manner in which business was carried on in very remote periods.

There is at Damascus a tribunal of commerce for the settlement of business disputes. It consists of twelve persons—namely, nine Mussulmen, two Christians, and one Jew. The proportion is not very fairly arranged with a reference to the numbers of the population of the different religious bodies; but one of the principal Christian merchants assured me, that on the whole they were tolerably satisfied with the decisions of the tribunal, and it was seldom the Mahomedan majority showed any disposition to act unfairly to Christian litigants.

MODESTY.

WHATEVER good qualities or great talents a person may possess, if he be destitute of modesty, they are all obscured, and overlooked; for who would think of admiring one who is full of admiration for himself, thus depriving others of all pleasure in feeling any for him; and how much more ready we all naturally are, to accord praise to those who can see and acknowledge their own defects, and are willing to depreciate their own merits. But if modesty be desirable in man, it is doubly so in woman; it is, indeed, always a principal ingredient in the character of a really amiable female, and adds a lustre to every bright and pleasing quality she may possess.

On the other hand, whatever beauty and graces she may possess, if wanting humility, she loses the greatest charm of her sex, in whom as the Apostle declares, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is above all price;" for bold and forward manners are entirely opposed to that timid weakness which should ever form the characteristic of the gentler sex. A man who unites great attainments to modest and diffident manners, is sure to gain general admiration and esteem; while, in one who is constantly eager to display his own acquirements, they have no other effect, than that of exciting the envy and hatred of all those who feel themselves eclipsed by his superior abilities. We have a very pleasing instance of the power of this charming quality, in the following story of a Greek prince.

"His father, one of the many tributary kings, dependent upon the Romans, having offended that people, was cited to appear before the Senate, there to answer for his misdemeanors. In his place, he sent an embassy, composed of the oldest and wisest of his counsellors, and with them, his only son, who was quite a youth, to extenuate his fault, and plead his cause with his offended superiors.

The venerable seign, having said all they had to urge in his behalf, the young prince was called upon for his defence, and all eyes were turned upon him, in expectation of what he had to say. But he, distrusting his own ability to add any weight to the arguments already advanced, was unable to utter a word, and answered only by his tears. The senators, touched by this silent appeal to their feelings, yielded to the modesty of a boy, what the eloquence of the fathers had failed to effect."

PERUENSIS.

PRAISE OF THE GUITAR.

This is the descendant of the Cithara of the ancients, the lute of our well-favored ancestresses. A murrain on the man who hath no leaning towards gentle antiquity! If instruments were estimated by their effect, divided by their magnitude, the guitar, with its hundred tones, would hold considerable rank. Its intonation is, in some keys, inferior to the pianoforte's; but the pianoforte cannot warble, or articulate, or sigh, or wail, or tremble, like the human voice under emotion, as the guitar; it cannot effect that oblivion of worldly ills, which a certain philosopher said was produced on him by a moonlight night. None but the lute can have the *vox humana* tones; the distinct soprano, mezzo, contr' alto, and tenor voices—which reside about the middle of the thinner strings, and the miniature Dragonetti that lurks within the thickest, interchangeable at will with the cumbrous alacrity of the bassoon. The forte of the lute-kind is imitation—not of beasts, or birds, or things material, but of musical expressions; the conjuring up of all recollections that hang by sounds, from a simple melody to the triumphant "crquesta," of the Spanish cadet, who forsook Ferdinand and a lieutenancy for love—of his guitar. Of all dulcet sounds, none can surpass a duet of Huerta's on the middle of the second and third strings, emerging from a wilderness of notes, deficient, indeed in noise, but giving the liveliest idea in miniature of an overture by a full band. It is Lord Byron's image for sweet things—"the voice of girls." Or the same frail machine can produce a *re-traité* that would draw two souls out of one adjutant. And then come pipes, and reeds, and osten stops, and distant choirs, priests chanting merrily, or mass, or requiem, and poor lost Italy, and fair romantic Spain, and floating forms, and dark mantillas, and castanets that turn the air to rhythm. All these cannot be had from a spinet. But they require some husbandry—a parlour twilight, or a turret lone, when gabbling boys are fast asleep, and there is one peculiar tone, whatever be the cause, that is never brought out but in the small hours of the morning. Above all, these things are hid from simpletons who seek them in a crowded theatre, and then declare they nothing heard. They might as well line the stage with miniatures, and view them from

the upper boxes. But he has missed the strangest effect of music who has not heard the "Carnival of Venice" in the long gallery that leads to the tomb of the Pharaohs. Organs would have been all pompous mockeries; but the small voice of the guitar said, "All flesh is grass," in a way there was no resisting. It was as if the *domus cælis Plutonia*, was piping the joys and cares that four thousand years have swept into eternity. Nothing can give a man such a vehement desire to cry—not even the little duck-tails of Signor Passalacqua's nankin jacket could break the charm. It is hard the author could tell no story of the guitar. Did he never hear of the Portuguese army that died and left eleven thousand guitars upon the field! Or of the surprise of quarters in the succession war in Spain—when the foremost cavalier found the enemy's vidette tuning his guitar as he sat on horseback, and, perceiving he did it ill, took it from his hands, and returned it, saying, *ahora es templada*, "Now it is in tune," and passed on! There must be some inward grace where there are so many outward signs. Men have not so forgotten themselves in peace and war, without there being something that twined about their souls, in a way that "kists full o' whistles," or of hammers have not surpassed.

THE DUC DE L'OMELETTE IN THE SHADES.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said his Grace, on the third day after his decease—for, spirit of Apicius!—he perished of an ortolan.

"He! he! he!" replied Sathanas faintly, drawing himself up with an air of hautour.

"Why, surely you are not serious," retorted De l'Omelette. "I have sinned—*c'est vrai*—but my good sir, consider!—you have no actual intention of putting such—such—barbarous threats into execution."

"No *what*!" said his majesty, "come, sir, got ready!"

"Get ready, indeed! very pretty i'faith! No, sir, I shall *not* get ready. Who are you pray, that I, Duc de l'Omelette, Prince de Foie-Gras, just come of age, author of the 'Mazurkiad,' and Member of the Academy, should divest myself, at your bidding, of the sweetest pantaloons ever made by Bourdon, the daintiest *robe-de-chambre* ever put together by Rombert; to say nothing of the taking my hair out of paper—not to mention the trouble I should have in drawing off my gloves?"

"Who am I! Ah, true; I am Baal-Zebub, Prince of the Fly. I took thee just now from a rosewood coffin, inlaid with ivory. Thou wast curiously scented, and labelled as per invoice. Belial sent thee—my inspector of cemeteries. The pantaloons, which thou sayest were made by Bourdon, are an excellent pair of linen drawers, and thy *robe-de-chambre* is a shroud of no scanty dimensions."

"Sir," replied the Duc, "I am not to be insulted with impunity. Sir, I shall take the earliest opportunity of avenging this insult! Sir, you shall hear from me! In the mean time, *au revoir!*" and the Duc was bowing himself out of the Sathanic presence, when he was interrupted and brought back by a gentleman in waiting. Hereupon, his Grace rubbed his eyes, yawned, shrugged his shoulders, reflected. Having become satisfied of his identity, he took a bird's-eye view of his whereabouts.

The apartment was superb. Even De l'Omelette pronounced it *bien comme il faut*. It was not very long, nor very broad—but its height—ah, that was appalling! There was no ceiling—certainly none—but a dense whirling mass of fiery-coloured clouds. His Grace's brain reeled as he glanced upwards. From above hung a chain of an unknown blood-red metal, its upper end lost, *parmi les nues*. From its nether extremity, hung a large cresset. The Duc knew it to be a ruby; but from it, there poured a light so intense, so still, so terrible, Persia never worshipped such—Ghebre never imagined such—Mussulman never dreamed of such, when, drugged with opium, he has tottered to a bed of poppies, his back to the flowers, and his face to the God Apollo! The Duc muttered a slight oath, decidedly approbatory.

The corners of the room were rounded into niches. Three of these were filled with statues of gigantic proportions. Their beauty was Grecian, their deformity Egyptian, their *tout ensemble* French. In the fourth niche, the statue was veiled—it was no colossal. But then, there was a taper ankle, a sandalled foot. De l'Omelette laid his hand upon his heart, closed his eyes, raised them, and caught his Majesty—in a blush.

But the paintings!—Kupris! Astarte! Asteroth!—a thousand and the same! And Raffaele has beheld them! Yes, Raffaele had been here; for did he not paint the—? and was he not consequently damned! The paintings!—the paintings! O luxury! O love!—who, gazing on those forbidden beauties, shall have eyes for the dainty devices of the golden frames that lie embedded and asleep against those swelling walls of eider-down?

But the Duc's heart is fainting within him. He is not, however, as you suppose, dizzy with magnificence, nor drunk with the ecstatic breath of those innumerable censers. The Duc de l'Omelette is terror-stricken! He could not help imagining that the glorious, the voluptuous, the never-dying melodies which pervaded that hall, as they passed filtered and transmuted through the alchemy of the enchanted window-panes, were the wailings and howlings of the hopeless and condemned; for, through the lurid vista which a single uncurtained window is affording, lo! gleams the most ghastly of all fires.
Dentley's Miscellany, Oct. 1840.

MORAL ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS.

JUVENILE LABOUR.

[Is there be a lovely image for the mind of the philosopher, it is that of the pure white soul of an infant child, growing up under the influence of moral culture; for, fairer promise gives nothing on earth, that such, thereafter, like Aaron's rod, will blossom with the almond-flowers of virtue, and be crowned with fruits of perfectionating grace. Of such vast efficacy is early discipline.

Would that the elders of the community, therefore, emulating the true letter of the philosophic spirit, were to enter into the schools and huts of our workmen and poor, and lighten their opaque minds, with beams of comforting knowledge. The seed, if properly sown, would not fall on stony places, but bring forth sunshiny plants, with fruit a hundred-fold. The fault, it will be seen by the paper below, of non-educational progress, lies not in the poor themselves, but in the reproachful methods, now in vogue, of teaching. This fact, Dr. W. C. Taylor labours to demonstrate:—]

The poor require that children should begin to do something towards assisting to their own support, when they reach the age of eleven or twelve, which is precisely the period when the modern training, that ought to form the chief element of education, might be expected to have the most influence on their minds. In general, they leave school with only some smattering of reading and writing, and, perhaps, a little arithmetical, nothing has been done towards expanding their minds, or forming their principles; indeed, before the great majority of their teachers could inculcate the elements of morality, they would require to be instructed in them themselves.

On this most important point—the selection of teachers—a culpable spirit of negligence, or a still more culpable spirit of jobbing, exists among many who profess themselves the warmest friends of national education. Their notion of a school, is simply a parcel of children packed into a room, seated on forms, with books or slates before them, and some grown person sitting in the middle, with a cast-iron countenance, never ruffled by a smile. The patrons of charity-schools too frequently endeavour to make their benevolence perform double duty; there is to be charity in the appointment of the teacher, as well as in the admission of the scholars; and hence, though with the best intentions, when the office of schoolmaster is vacant, they vote for some broken tradesman, decayed farmer, superannuated servant, or helpless pauper, for the very sensible reason, that "he wants the place, poor fellow!" The more important question, "does the place want him?" is never taken into account.

[In the educational inquiries of the Manchester Statistical Society, some very curious disclosures were made by poorer people:—]

A considerable number of persons stated, that they were once able to read in the Bible, but had now forgotten it. This takes place, according to some, because they have "so much else to think about;" others consider that hard work drives it out of their heads; and one woman attributed her loss of learning to having had "such a big family." A hand-loom weaver, speaking in reference to his ability to read formerly, said, "I could say th' catechis fro' end to end, and ne'er look at book; but I cannot read now, I can only spell out words f' the Testament, but cannot *expensate* them, or summut o' that." A crofter said, he was at least three years at a day-school, and could read his book, but has "quite forgotten how it's done now." A female, referring to her school-days, said they did not learn much, for the "mistress used to set the scholars agate o' peeling potatoes, and fetching water, 'stead of setting them to read." A man, who had attended a free-school in Staffordshire, complained that the master took no trouble with the scholars, and hence, he never learned to read properly:—"one lad teacht another all that was taught."

Girls suffer most, in being taken early from school, partly in consequence of the vulgar error, that women have less need of learning than men, but chiefly because they are so useful about a house, in running on errands, taking care of small children, cleaning, &c.; however, these employments are still of some use in the way of education, as they prepare girls for many of the occupations which they are likely to meet with in the active part of their lives. A poor widow, at Liverpool, mentioned the case of her two daughters; the elder, about seventeen years of age, she said, "was not fit to do a hand's turn, or to be trusted with a pin's worth;"—the younger, under eleven, "was one of the tidiest and handiest little creatures in the parish." The elder, it appeared, had never received any instruction, but the younger attended one of the corporation schools. The poor woman had discovered the connection between the school-training, and the domestic training, but was sorely perplexed to explain it. "I don't know how it is," she said, but they're the better in everything if they have *larning*."

Boys in the country, instead of being sent to school, are employed to weed, pick stones, drive away birds, and tend sheep or poultry.

One of the most comical sights in the world, is a chubby urchin in charge of a drove of turkeys. The birds, when they take a fit of obstinacy, are worse to deal with than a herd of Irish or even Scotch pigs; they scatter in all directions; they raise a mixed sound of cackling, gobbling, fluttering, and screaming; the cock assumes all the set-stateliness of his tribe, and struts before his childish guardian in defiance, while the little fellow runs hither and thither, at one time closing in the flanks, at another, bringing up the rear, until sometimes, finding his efforts unavailing, he sits

down on the ground and cries, in sheepish vexation.

The Scotch shepherds, who are all educated, are decidedly the best in Great Britain; and the Kerry boys, who are similarly circumstanced, are superior to the rest of their class in Ireland. Some of the Kerry boys know a little Latin—at least, as much as will enable them to serve mass; and the species of *memoria technica* frequently employed in their instruction, is well exemplified below:—

A Catholic priest, whose shortest way to his chapel lay through a Kerry sheep-walk, was struck by the intelligent looks of the boy who kept the flock. On questioning him, the priest found that he was so far behind the generality of his class, as not to know the Lord's Prayer in Latin, and resolved to become his instructor. Taking the lad into the midst of the flock, he said, "You are to call that sheep *pater noster*, the next to it, *qui es in cœlis*, the next *sanctificetur*, the next *nomen tuum*, and so on, through the flock and the prayer." In a short time, the boy was in his lesson, what he was before in name, Pat. On several successive occasions, he repeated it without missing a word; but one day, when summoned to display his knowledge, he began, "Pater noster—*qui es in cœlis*—*nomen tuum*—" "You're wrong," shouted the priest. "Oh, your reverence," he replied, "*sanctificetur* was sold to the butcher last week."

[In conclusion, it may be briefly noted, that everything that tends to develop taste in the minds of the young, to awaken their perceptions of beauty, whether in the works of nature or art, has a decided moral tendency, and a much greater influence on the heart than is generally imagined.]

AN IRISH WAGER.

"Nate hand you are then, my darlint," said one bricklayer to another. "You mount the ladder wid yer hod full of stones, and scatter them on the head of us as ye go, sir."

"Be me sowl, I'd carry yer own swate self up from de flags to de roof, an' down, widout yer being spilt."

"You couldn't do it, sir—I'd lay a thrifle ye couldn't."

"For a noggin I would den—d'ye take me bet?"

"Done! the noggin on't ye can't, sir."

"We'll thry that! bundle in!"

Fearful as the experiment may seem, it was successful, and Jerry, once more lauding the adventurous Pat on the pavement, said, triumphantly,

"The price of me stuff, if its aguel t'ye! Haven't I won it?"

"Ye have, sir, admitted Pat, reluctantly, lugging out his half-pence; "as it happens, I'm *sate*. I'd rather lose any thing than my wager, an' jist as we were comen by the second story I was in great hopes."



EXHUMATION OF THE REMAINS OF BISHOP COVERDALE.

It was our misfortune to be disappointed by the artist of the above engraving, in time for it to appear with the account of the Exterior of Bartholomew Church: but, feeling assured that every notice relative to the virtuous and erudite Coverdale, is worthy of preservation, we now insert the sketch, taken by Mr. Whittock, on the spot, expressly for our work. From this gentleman's brochure, we avail ourselves of the following additional particulars:—

"In the centre of the chancel, the workman found the searcher strike against a hard substance, about two feet from the ground he stood on. As this was the precise spot where, from tradition and circumstances, we were led to expect the body we were in search of, was deposited, the excavation proceeded with increased care, and lest the coffin should be injured by the spade striking against it, a great deal of the earth was removed by hand. After digging to the depth indicated by the searcher, the spade struck against the thigh-bone of a skeleton, and so sharp was the sound, that we all considered it had struck a stone coffin. On the removal of the earth by hand, the only perfect skeleton we had discovered, was seen; the form of the coffin could also be traced, it appeared like a dark-red line surrounding the bones, the lid of the coffin and the earth having fallen in upon the body; it was necessary to clear away the earth before the whole of the skeleton could be seen. The skull alone was decomposed, which was accounted

for, by its having fallen upon two large limestones, when the bottom of the coffin could no longer contain it. * * * * *

"Mr. Bartlett, the master-carpenter in the employ of Mr. Toplis, had prepared boards to form a case for the remains; two of the long boards were placed edgewise on each side of the earth containing the skeleton, at equal distances from it; these were joined by transverse pieces at the head and feet, and strongly nailed together. By this means, the skeleton, the remains of the coffin, and the earth around it, were safely enclosed on all sides. The accompanying engraving will shew the appearance of the remains at this time.

"The case now rested on a scaffolding, and the remainder of the earth was cleared away; no bones or other remains were discovered, except a few nails, which belonged to the decayed coffin. The depth of the excavation was now twelve feet six inches from the pavement, and it was useless proceeding deeper, as the workmen had arrived at the base of the foundation of the old church.

"The admeasurement of the excavation was as follows:—The marble pavement of the chancel measured twenty-one feet by thirteen feet—it was raised eighteen inches above the paving of the church. Measuring from the marble pavement, the remains of Coverdale were eight feet six inches from the surface; the depth of the excavation was four-

teen feet. The oak coffin that contained Coverdale's remains was six feet three inches in length; the thickness of the wood was three inches, leaving five feet nine inches for the length of the body.

"The engraving will show the situation of the remains after they were enclosed in the case."

MANKIND ONE SPECIES.

As the human intellect seeks unity in every kind of variety, and the divine mind, its prototype, has stamped the most innumerable multiplicity upon the earth with unity, we may venture, from the vast realm of change, to revert to the simplest position; *all mankind are only one and the same species.*

How many ancient fables of human monsters and prodigies have already disappeared before the light of history! and where tradition still repeats remnants of these, I am fully convinced more accurate inquiry will explain them into more beautiful truths.

We are here acquainted with the orang-outang, and know that he has no claim to speech, or to be considered as man; and when we have a more exact account* of the orang-kubul, and orang-gulni, the tailed savages of the woods of Borneo, Sumatra, and the Nicobar islands, will vanish.

The men with reverted feet in Molucca, the probably rickety nation of dwarfs in Madagascar, the men habited like women in Florida, and some others, deserve such an investigation, as has already been bestowed on the Albinoes, the Dondoes, the Patagonians, and the aprons of the Hottentot females.

Men who succeed in removing wants from the creation, falsehoods from our memory, and disgraces from our nature are, to the realms of truth, what the heroes of mythology are to the primitive world; they lessen the number of monsters on the earth.—*Herder.*

New Books.

Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book, and Poetical Miscellany, for 1841. Sudbury, Fulcher. London, Longman and Co.

THIS deservedly favourite Annual is worthy of the great patronage which its precursors have so universally enjoyed. It is embellished with a View of Rushbrook Hall, Suffolk; Lyston Hall, Essex; Rectory House, Great Walsingham, Suffolk; and the Entrance to Middleton Church, Essex;—spiritedly and correctly engraved. A pleasing variety of charades are given, with an Almanac; Tables for Cash Accounts; and an interesting Treatise on "Domestic Greenhouses, or the Cultivation of Flowers in Glass Cases." It is also

*Mr. Linnaeus Martin's work on Zoology, now published, supplies by experience, what Herder only anticipated by reason.

enriched with some Original and other choice Poetical Effusion; among them is the following pleasing production by Bernard Barton:—

A SPRING DITTY.

The Spring! the Spring! the blithesome Spring!
When wild flowers bloom, and wild birds sing;
Without a wither'd, or waning leaf,
To waken a single thought of grief;
O! well may feeling and fancy cling
To the glad return of the blithesome Spring.

On the sunny bank of the grassy leas,
The tufts of primroses bloom again;
And beneath, as lovely and sweeter yet,
Is hidden the modest violet;
While the wild bee, round them, on restless wing,
Makes music to welcome the merry Spring.
And higher up, in the bright blue sky,
The jark warbles forth his melody;
In the fields like an echo afar is heard,
The shout of the cuckoo, that waud'ring bird,
While, closer conceal'd, like a viewless thing,
The nightingale chaunts to the glad some Spring.

How cold and thankless the eye must be
Which, unmov'd, the beauty of Spring can see;
How dull the ear, to delight unstruck,
By the hum of the bee, or the song of the bird,
And yet more cold and dull the heart,
To which these no feeling of joy impart;
Which no tribute of thanks or praise can bring,
For the blessings pour'd forth with returning spring.

We can fearlessly recommend the above Annual as a most desirable and appropriate Christmas Present to all young people.

EFFICACY OF SOLITUDE.

MINDS early accustomed to solitude usually make the keenest observers of the world, and chiefly for this reason—when few objects are presented to our contemplation we seize them—we ruminate over them—we think, again and again, upon all the features they present to our examination; and we thus master the knowledge of the great book of mankind as Eugene Aram mastered that of learning, by studying five lines at a time, and ceasing not from our labour till those are thoroughly acquired. A youth whose attention has not been distracted by a multiplicity of objects—who, living greatly alone, is obliged therefore to think, not as a task, but as a diversion, emerges at last into the world—a shy man, but a deep observer. Accustomed to reflection, he is not dazzled by novelty; while it strikes his eye, it occupies his mind. Hence, if he sits down to describe what he sees, he describes it justly at once, and at first; and more vividly perhaps than he might in after-life, because it is newer to him.

SOCRATES.—Socrates himself wrote nothing, he was too much occupied with talking, but he had two Boswellian reporters. Xenophon uniformly introduces the worthy philosopher as prattling innocent nothings, more limpid than small beer; while Plato never lets him condescend to any theme below those of Hermes Trismegistus, or Thomas Aquinas. One or other must be a liar.

ON THE CHARACTER OF
MR. SOUTHEY'S WRITINGS.

[WHEN Syrian damsels tuned their dulcimers to Ashtoreth, the Moon-queen, their purpose surely was to conciliate her favour against levying her "commissions of lunacy" upon the brains of poor mortals. For the moon-shafts of Luna appear to be as noxious on men's heads, as the bolt-electric on citadels and pollard-oaks. But ever is the aspect of the former—of sovereign Reason shattered on her throne—a most fearful and humiliating spectacle.]

Mr. Southey—who has charmed the nineteenth age from its beginning—has, according to a letter of Mrs. Southey's, been visited by this saddest of calamities, and expresses that he never again can appear in the literary world. The spirit that made such lofty music has now "its sweet bells jangled—out of tune!"

At such a moment, a notice of the poet's writings cannot prove unpleasing. For a portrait and full particulars of his life, our readers are referred to vol. xxv. of the *Mirror*.]

A poet, a biographer, a writer of literary miscellanies, a translator, an historian of campaigns, and churches, and nations, a celebrated and voluminous reviewer, himself the object of frequent and bitter criticism; in his youth the framer of ideal republics, in his manhood, the advocate of desolating wars and political monopolies, in his age, the chronicler of methodism and martyrs; throughout life, as a member of private society, the most uniformly amiable and pure, and at the same time, the unceasing follower of a public faction. Such are the various characters in which Mr. Southey stands before the public.

To speak of such a person is a task not to be undertaken with levity, for the fame of a good man is a treasure to his race, no less than to himself, and ought, above all things, to be holy from the slightest touch of misrepresentation.

From his earliest years, he appears to have preserved a strong sense of the presence and goodness of Heaven. This feeling has enabled him to imbue with love, humility, and strength of heart, many of the personages whom he introduces in his longer poems, and alone lends to his tales any of that thrilling atmosphere of real existence, with which his utter want of mere dramatic power would otherwise have prevented him from inspiring them. But for this feeling of brotherhood with all mankind, which teaches him to see in God an essential love breathing into all men a capacity for higher than earthly things—his poems would be little more than heaps of passages from old books of travels, diluted into loose and eccentric metre. But his natural piety has taught him to see in the external world much of what it really embodies of lovely and delightful, and in the heart of

man an inexhaustible fountain of magnificent hopes and gentle impulses; and from these he has extracted the sweet substance of some of the most graceful and gorgeous narratives that the present generation of poets have produced.

Not that Southey can be counted a poet of the highest class; his mind is fundamentally so inferior to those of Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton and Wordsworth, that there can scarce be a better illustration of the difference between first-rate and second-rate men. Not with any high and solemn purpose does Mr. Southey appear to have determined on writing his poems, but connected with some particular age or country, which would supply him with a splendid phantasmagoria of scenery; then to have brought together, from books, all the descriptions and incidents that could be introduced; and lastly, to have thought of personages, who, as the offspring of an elegant and amiable mind, partake of its pure and benevolent nature, but so as to appear mere abstractions of virtue, not beings of mingled characters and mysterious destiny, with a thousand aimless yearnings, and a thousand haughty hopes, and vague yet delightful sympathies, mingled with degrading propensities and passionate selfishness. He displays a vast variety of scenic pomp; but, in general, it seems as if his personages were brought there for the sake of showing the prospect to his readers; just as in our pantomimes, the jokes, and life, and character, are omitted, and two or three mutes walk along the stage, while the scene displays to us a moving picture of seas and cities, triumphs and enchantments.

Whatever be his faults, he must, as long as he lives and writes, continue to be a popular author. Even as a mere controversialist, his abilities and information never can be despised: though in this department of literature he shows to the least advantage. He has abundant information, and a ready grace in applying it; but he wants the subtlety of argumentation and bitterness of sarcasm, which are so large ingredients in the finished polemic. He often substitutes for reasoning, mere assertion and authority; and downright abuse as satire. The construction of his sentences, the clearness of his arrangement, and the liveliness of his narrative, are admirably adapted for history. But from the want of all power of philosophizing, he looks at events as naked facts, rather than as developments of principles; or if he ever recurs to general laws, they are of the most commonplace description.

As a writer of biographies, and of essays of amusing information, scarcely any one ever excelled him. His life of Nelson has been much praised, but not more than it deserves, for unaffected simplicity and unexaggerated earnestness. His writings probably cover more paper than those of any one now living, except, indeed, the gentleman in the farce,

who "has written all the newspapers in Europe for many years." They contain a wonderful mass of elegant composition and pleasant research, of lively description and animated narrative.

On the whole, Mr. Southey's chief talent appears to be style. Though sometimes a little affected, and even that but rarely, his composition, on the whole, is wonderfully clear, careful, and animated. But he never could have written half as much as he has, had his books required any great expense of thought; for the research they display, though laborious and astonishingly extensive, yet costs infinitely less of real intellectual toil and weariness, than the deducing subtle conclusions from vast and complicated premises, and the binding together and arranging masses of disjointed facts by the application of great general laws. It is almost to be regretted that his poetry even is not of a more condensed and concentrated character; for there is a delicacy and sweetness of feeling, and a splendour of descriptive diction, which, had it been less diluted and impoverished by verbiage, so as to outlast the fluctuations of the hour, would have given delight to all future ages, as they have already conferred on the instructed and gentle of our own day.

EVE'S NEEDLE.

(From the Countess of Wilton's Art of Needlework.)

"The use of sewing is exceeding old,
As in the sacred text it is enrolled:
Our parents first in Paradise began."

JOHN TAYLOR.

WHEN we assert that Eve was the first sempstress, we may be taken to task by some critical antiquarian, because we may not be able precisely to prove that the frail and beautiful mother of mankind made use of a little weapon of polished steel, finely pointed at one end, and bored at the other, and "warranted not to cut in the eye." Assuredly, we do not mean that she did use such an instrument; most probably—we would *almost* venture to say most *certainly*—she did not. But then again, the cynical critic would attack us:—"You say that Eve was the first professor of needle-work, and yet you disclaim the use of a needle for her." No, good sir, we do not.

It seems most probable that Eve's first needle was a thorn:—

Before man's fall the rose was born,
St. Ambrose says, without the thorn;
But, for man's fault, then was the thorn,
Without the fragrant rose-bud, born.

Why thorns should spring up at the precise moment of the fall, is difficult to account for, in a world where everything has its use, except, we suppose, that they were meant for needles, and general analogy leads us to this conclusion; for, in almost all existing records of people, in what we are pleased to call a

"savage" state, we find that women make use of this primitive instrument, or a fish-bone.

"Avant l'invention des aiguilles d'acier, on a dû se servir à leur défaut, d'épines, ou d'arêtes de poissons, ou d'os d'animaux." And as Eve's first specimen of needlework was certainly completed before the sacrifice of any living thing, we may safely infer that the latter implements were not familiar to her. The Cimbrian inhabitants of Britain passed their time in weaving baskets, or in sewing together, for garments, the skins of animals taken in the chase, while they used as needles, for uniting these simple habiliments, small bones of fish or animals, rudely sharpened at one end; and needles, of just the same sort, were used by the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, when the celebrated Captain Cook first visited them.

The first needle-work, then, according to the earliest historical record, was thus:—

"They sewed themselves fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons."

BESIEGEMENT OF LA ROCHELLE.

WHILE under the power of the English, La Rochelle obtained numerous privileges, which not only tended to increase her commerce, but her freedom. During the wars of religion, Protestantism made great progress, and, in 1568, Pontard de Treuilcharis, who had embraced the reformed faith, was elected mayor. He delivered the town to the Prince of Condé, who rendered it one of the most formidable bulwarks of the power of his party.

After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, it became the principal refuge of the Protestants, and was in consequence invested, in 1572, by the Dukes of Biron and Anjou.

Both the attack and defence were long and terrible. The horrors of famine did not shake the courage of the inhabitants; and after eight months of continued struggles and an immense expenditure, the besiegers, who had fruitlessly lost more than twenty-five thousand men and a great number of brave officers, concluded with the Rochellois, a treaty which left them in possession of their town and country.

The numerous infractions of that treaty, in the reign of Louis XIII., and under the ministry of Richelieu, led to a second siege, which commenced on the 10th of August, 1627, and which was as violent, longer, and more decisive than the former.

The inhabitants determined to exhibit the most strenuous resistance, elected one Guiffon mayor, who, standing on the steps of the Hotel de Ville, with a naked dagger in his hand, cried aloud to his fellow-citizens, "I consent to be mayor only on one condition, namely, that I shall be at liberty to plunge this dagger into the breast of the first who talks of surrender. Should I think of capitulation?"

lating myself, I hope this very instrument may be used against me, and I ask permission solemnly to lay it on the table of an assembly for that purpose."

The King, the Duke of Orleans, Marshal Bassompierre, and all the most renowned Generals of the time, were present at the siege. The circumvallation extended for three leagues around the town. It was thus impossible that provisions could enter on the land side; but, the sea was then, as it ever will be, open to our countrymen, and our vessels poured in provisions and ammunition.

After six months of heroic resistance, during which no thought of surrendering entered the minds of the inhabitants, the famous architect and engineer Metzeau, was directed to bar the entrance of the harbour, by an immense dyke, of which, the remains are seen to this day, at low water. This gigantic undertaking, extending one thousand five hundred metres into the sea, was accomplished, and the result was soon fatally apparent. Provisions and munitions of war no longer arrived, and the inhabitants, reduced to the last extremity, fed on herbs and shell-fish. Famine quickly decimated the ranks of the besieged, and, in an incredibly short time, twelve thousand died from absolute famine.

After a siege of fourteen months and eighteen days, La Rochelle at length capitulated. —*Times*.

THE YOUNG BEAUTY OF NANTUCKET.

A YOUNG beauty of Nantucket, in the full dress of her country; that is to say, her neck and shoulders bare, according to the American fashion, and cinctured at the waist with a robe that flowed down to her ankles, was proceeding along one of the streets, bearing in her hand, some of those brilliant specimens of the winged tribe, which the warriors of her race had shot with the arrow, to dispose of them at the neighbouring mart.

At the moment the beauty passed, a gentle cavalier was seized with such temptation at the sight of her alabaster shoulders, (according to the expression of the Nantucket paper) that the said cavalier kissed her, levying lightly the first kiss on the neck, and the second on the lips, of the temptatress.

The damsel, vehemently indignant by right, went immediately to the judge, and demanded punishment on the culpable cavalier.

Having judged him according to his wisdom, the administrator of the law told him that he had incurred for himself a triple damage:—

1st., due to modesty,
2nd., to moral propriety,
3rd., to the insulted lips and alabaster neck of the complainant.

The judge, therefore, estimated the value of the offence, physically and morally, at twenty-five dollars.

The condemned cavalier paid it, and with the most pleasing effrontery in the world, offered the fair persecutor, to re-commence at the same rate.—*Courier de l'Europe*.

JOSEPHINE'S SHAWLS.

THOUGH the produce of the Cashmerian looms had long been known in Europe, they did not come into vogue until after Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, and they even then took but slowly.

The shawl was still a novelty in France, when Josephine, as yet but the wife of the First Consul, knew not how to drape its elegant folds, and stood indebted to the brusque Rapp, for the grace with which she afterwards wore it.

"Permettez que je vous fasse l'observation," said Rapp, as they were setting off for the Opera; "que votre schall n'est pas mis avec cette grace qui vous est habituelle."

Josephine laughingly let him arrange it in the manner of the Egyptian women. This impromptu toilette caused a little delay, and the infernal machine exploded in vain!

What destinies waited upon the arrangement of this cashemir! A moment sooner or later, and the shawl might have given another course to events, which would have changed the face of Europe.

The Empress Josephine had quite a passion for shawls, and it is questionable whether any collection of them was ever so valuable as hers. At Navarre, she had one hundred and fifty, all extremely beautiful and high-priced. She sent designs to Constantinople, and the shawls made after these patterns, were as beautiful as they were valuable. Every week M. Lenormant came to Navarre, and sold her whatever he could obtain that was curious in this way. Among others, she had many white shawls, covered with roses, blue-bells, parrots, peacocks, &c., which were not to be met with anywhere else in Europe; they were valued at 15,000 and 20,000 francs each. The shawls were at length sold by auction, at Malmaison, at a rate much below their value. All Paris went to the sale.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF ABSTINENCE.

A STATE prisoner at Smyrna, who was sentenced to die of hunger in prison, was found alive twenty-eight days after his incarceration. This unfortunate man, whose sentence had been commuted, stated that he had prolonged his existence by a box of wafers, which also contained a small piece of gum elastic, and a morsel of sealing wax. After having lived for some time by economizing this substitute for food, he began to eat the paste-board box which contained those objects. Part of the lid of the box was left unconsumed when he was visited. W. G. C.

BUDHISM.*

THE GOD SEKRAIA.

BUDHISM abounds in all the conceptions capable of being raised by the imaginative mind of an Indian philosopher, half-maddened by seclusion and self-infliction. It has a crowd of deities of every rank, from the supreme to the demon, or spirit of the dead; it has the metempsychosis: the purgatory, the successive heavens, and the successive hells. In the description of the heavens, we recognize the glowing fancy of the Oriental.

The sun-palace of the God Sekraia is within of gold, and without of crystal. The moon-palace is within of silver, and without of carbuncle. Here reside the four gods, of the same rank, and having the same power.

The first god presides over the East. His attendants, his clothes, his chariots, and his horses, are all white, and his arms are crystal. He presides over music. His residence is in a city of splendour on the summit of the mountain Jugandere. Its pillars, walls, and beams are of silver, suiting the bowers of light. In the whole of this heaven grows the padze-zebayu tree, on which, in place of fruit, hang brilliant garments, exquisite viands, and ornaments of inestimable value. Everywhere are running streams, lakes, and delicious gardens.

The second god is blue. He presides over the West, and over hosts of angels. His body shines like a lamp, and he wears a diamond crown of prodigious height. His form is ever bathed with precious perfumes, and is clothed with divine garments, and decorated with ornaments emitting the brightest rays. He is the god of light.

The God Sekraia is still more splendidly lodged, if possible. His dwelling is in the great city, Maha-Soudassana, which is of a square form. Its gates are of gold and silver, adorned with precious stones. Seven moats surround the city, and beyond the last is a range of marble pillars, studded with jewels, beyond which are seven rows of palm-trees, bearing rubies, pearls, and gold. But Sekraia has, like all his earthly types of sovereignty, a favourite hall of the most immense size; from its roof hang golden bells. Whenever Sekraia repairs to this hall, the winds shake off all the flowers (fresh ones instantly blooming on the trees), with which the presiding gods of the winds adorn the road, in honour of his approach, and the flowers are so abundant that they reach up to the knees. In the centre stands the great throne, surmounted by the white chettra, or umbrella, which is surrounded by the thirty-two shrines of the counsellors, and behind these, ranks of inferior divinities, which touch instruments of music.

A grand inquiry is here held into the con-

duct of mankind. The angels pass through the earth, write down in a golden book the actions of its inhabitants, and return it to the four presiding spirits, who send it on through ranks of deities, until it reaches the hand of Sekraia. He, opening his book, reads aloud; and his voice sounds over the whole Emptirean. If the inferior deities hear that men observe the Buddhist laws, they exclaim, "Oh, now the infernal regions will be empty, and our dwelling full." If they hear that the Buddhist laws are forgotten, "Oh, wretches," they say, *smiling*, "men and fools, who, feasting for a short life,—for a body four cubits in length, and a belly not larger than a span, have heaped upon yourselves sin, which will make you miserable in the time to come."

The Indian imagination that has here revolved in beauty and pomp, grows terrific when it comes to picture the places of punishment. Among the crimes for which sentence is given, are wine-drinking, the corrupting of wells, the destroying of highways, the propagation of scandal, the chaining of our fellow-creatures, and the neglect of the sick. The third large hell is for "rulers who oppress the people," a hazardous declaration of eastern theology. The eight principal hells, and the hundred and twenty-six minor ones, are well secured, having walls of iron, thirty-six miles thick, with a flooring and roof of the same material and the same density.

WOODEN RUINS.

A MODERN wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength; and, though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale.

But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no inspiration in it; and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, and repulsive. Even the faded colour of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use, and temporary habitation.

* Buddhism is that particular religion which once overspread India, till driven from thence by the Brahmans; but now has away in Japan, Thibet, China, and Ceylon.

ISLANDS NEAR THE COAST OF CHINA.

As great attention has lately been attracted towards the islands with which the Yellow Sea and other parts are sprinkled, and as we know next to nothing of the same, a few words upon the subject will not be useless.

The whole mass may be divided into the following groups—1. The Canton, 2. The Formosan, 3. The Haetan, 4. The Choosan, 5. The Korean, 6. The Japanese.

1. **THE CANTON GROUP.**—The largest of the Canton group are Haenan and Namo, the former at the south-western, the latter at the eastern extremity of this province, whilst the Canton archipelago is thickest studded with them. The coasts of the first islands are well known, and have been partly surveyed by Ross; the interior is a *terra incognita*. The numerous islands in our neighbourhood have been again and again visited by our mariners, and the harbours, as well as passages, are all in the Directory. No anchorage, however, is so convenient, and for all purposes of trade so well situated, as Hongkong. Namo has been traversed in every direction, and the places of shelter about that island have carefully been noted down.

2. **THE FORMOSAN GROUP** has been less visited. The great island itself has, since its repossession by the Chinese, scarcely ever fixed the attention of the mercantile adventurer. Of its riches we have frequently heard; its importance to the opposite continent is very great, but there is only one harbour on the west coast—viz, that of Tan-shwuy, and another on the northernmost point, the bay of Kelung. The eastern coast is an unknown territory, and we are even less acquainted with it than with Spitzbergen. To the east is the Hat-chi-ko-matchi group (eight islets) inhabited by as gentle and civilized a race as the Loochoo islands, but we are not able to tell whether there are any harbours amongst them. The Pang-keo (Pescadores), between China and Formosa, are remarkable for their sterility and good harbours, and their possession is indispensably necessary to the land of Formosa.

3. **THE HAETAN GROUP** is less numerous and important than the preceding. The principal island known under that name is well inhabited; those that are situated at a considerable distance out at sea, like Oksu-nan-yih (Lam-ji), are exceedingly sterile, nevertheless inhabited, not by pirates, as some would lead us to believe, but by industrious farmers and fishermen. Me-cheo is a very delightful spot. These, as well as the islands around the entrance of the Min river, are tolerably well known; but the whole chain that stretches thence to Fat-ting-foo and the frontiers of Ché-keang has scarcely ever been visited. Some very good anchorages have been found by occasional visitors, and the natives bear a high character for orderly behaviour.

4. **THE CRUSAN GROUP** is small, but highly cultivated, whilst their situation in a commercial point of view is eminently advantageous. Close to central China, in the neighbourhood of the most flourishing cities of the empire, as Ning-po, Hang-choo, Shang-hae, and Soe-choo, and many more, and being the general thoroughfare between the northern and southern trade of China, they are the most important of the whole.

5. **THE KOREAN GROUP** is countless in number, little known, however, and only the outer ones have been twice visited. They are richly wooded, but scantily inhabited; the timber that grows there is of the best quality. Some of this chain stretch out to the Gulf of Chihle, and near the coast of Chantung. The largest is situated to the south, called Quelport, which was made known to us by some shipwrecked Dutch sailors, who lived there at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

6. **THE JAPANESE ISLANDS** are the most considerable; the principal of the Loochoo group has often come under the observation of our navigators; the chain that runs in a northerly direction to Japan is well laid down in the charts; both this and another stretching down from the Bay of Jeddo to the Bonin islands are of volcanic construction, and several have craters. The whole is an archipelago in itself, inhabited by semi-civilized races, with strong prejudices against foreign intercourse.

THE BONIN ISLANDS.—Of all the propositions made for the establishment of an European settlement, none is less feasible than at the Bonin islands. No Chinese junk would ever venture so far in a boisterous sea, and if one in one hundred reached them, it would be more good luck. The policy itself of having an insular establishment beyond the control of the adjacent despotic governments is a very sound one; and, as there is such an extensive field for making a proper choice, it is not to be doubted but that a suitable spot will be fixed upon. Another Singapore is wanted, which shall attract the neighbouring nations to its market, with a good harbour, and sufficient arable soil, to feed its own inhabitants. These are two indispensable things, besides the necessity of such an island being situated on the high road of the trading craft. Time will show how far this important object can be realized.—*Bombay Courier*.

A CLIPPED COAT.

THE Duke de Coigny one night appeared in a new, and most expensive coat; suddenly a lady in the company remarked that its gold bindings would be excellent for unravelling. In an instant he was surrounded, and the scissors in the room were at work; in short, in a few moments, the coat was stripped of its lace, its galloons, its tassels, its fringes; and the poor duke, notwithstanding his vexation, was forced by *politeness* to laugh, and praise the dexterity of the fair hands that robbed him.

The Gaiety.

The Cathedral of Mayence.—A venerable pile. It contains the ancient tomb of Fastrada, the wife of Charlemagne.

The Third Wall of Jerusalem.—This triple wall was defended by ninety towers. The Tower of Psephina, of an octagonal form, was seventy cubits in height, and looked like an immense mountain. Equally remarkable were the towers of Hippicus, Phasaël, and Mariamne, memorials of the gratitude and affection of King Herod; they were built of large stones, and, in the words of a rabbin, when the sun's rays shone upon them, they looked like burning coals.

Bailly the Astronomer.—Few can forget his fine reply to the soldier, who said to him, "Thou tremblest, Bailly!"—"Yes, my friend, but it's with cold!"

A Fair Scene.—At first the waves were crimson, as if freighted with rubies, the last love-gifts of the dying sun—for they were sailing on direct to the west, which was one flush, like a sea of blushing wine. Gradually the tints became paler; shades of soft pink just tinged the far-off clouds, and a delicate lilac fell on the waters. A star or two shone pure and bright in the sky, and the only shadows were flung by a few wild rose-trees that sprang from the clefts of the rocks.

M. Raoul-Rochette has received from Signor Visconti, an account of some interesting particulars of discoveries recently made in various parts of the Roman States. Near Ancona, a tomb has been found, in which the body had been laid between painted vases, with a golden crown, similar to those which have been taken from Etruscan tombs. A curious mosaic has also been found, by the Duchess Caetani, amongst the ruins of an ancient Roman town on the Aurelian Way. The excavations which have been resumed at Camposcala, have brought to light a small funeral ediculum with columns and a sculptured figure, of the stone of the country, and an Etruscan inscription. The work of clearing the ground of the Forum of Nerva, is now about to be undertaken, and results of great importance are anticipated.

Helfer, the German Botanical Traveller, according to report, has been murdered by the natives of the Andaman Isles. He was attacked and shot in the head by an arrow while collecting specimens.

Had Alexander not been Alexander, he would have been Parmenio.

Africane was a man who produced a tremendous effect by adopting and fathering the productions of others; he seems to have turned all his friends to account, and kept all their heads at work, that he might reap and apply the fruits of their labour; and this was done, not in the sneaking manner of a plagiarist, but with the careless openness of a man absorbed

in a great purpose, and who was indifferent to the imputation of a want of originality, provided the argument or the eloquence was of a kind to aid the great work in hand. In this light he may be considered as a great manufacturer, who, though he does not fabricate himself, procures and applies the labour of production, and then distributes the thing produced over the four quarters of the globe.

"What man has done, man can do," is one of those fallacious truisms with which grown-up folks bore poor schoolboys, and think themselves very wise. Man can only do "what man has done," when he has a mind to do it.

Peru.—Herder calls Peru, "the Throne of Nature, and of the most barbarous tyranny; Peru, rich in mines and misery."

Merits and Abuses.—It is said of some gardeners, that, from their attention being too strongly fixed on the task of keeping the beds free from weeds, they lose all sense of the beauty of the flowers, and never see anything but weeds in a garden. So, often, in order to examine abuses beneficially, the merits must be kept clearly and strongly in view.

Form of Baptism in the time of Bede.—"I renounce the devil, and all devil's money, and all devil's works and words, Thunder and Woden and Saxonism and all devilries."

Houses of Paris.—To build a house in Paris is a very serious thing; the ground rent is enormously high. You go to the stone quarry for your material, and not to the brickfield. You must employ oak instead of Canada pine. You must employ stone-cutters and masons instead of bricklayers. In short, for houses in the first class of streets, you must proceed in Paris as you would in London, if you are about to design a public edifice.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted.—"We p'nt," by G. G. jun.—"Love's Eden," a Poem.—Poems, by John F.

We beg to decline.—"Lines addressed to the Portrait of a Deceased Father," by F. B.—J. D. & J.—Theta.—Stanzas by S. D.—Sunshine after Storm, by G. H. Geoghegan.—On Hope.—Candidus.—The Only Son.

The favour of E. T. C. has arrived safe; and the drawing is in the hands of the Engraver.

If "Antiquarius" will be good enough to refer to the wrapper of the last part of the Mirror, he will find his communication noticed in the following words:—"It is a happy to avail ourselves of 'Antiquarius's' offer."

R. S., Stoke-Newington, will find all the information he requires in most of the Histories of London.

Mr. Lincoln's packet has been received.

The MS. of the "Trip to Windsor" is left at the office for the compiler.

The suggestion of "A Nine Years' Subscriber," shall be attended to.

We again request our Correspondents to date their Letters.

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The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1031.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1840.

[Price 2d.]



NEW FRONTAGE OF THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

NEW FRONTAGE OF THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

THOSE of our readers who have had the pleasure of witnessing the above structure, must have been struck with its beauty, its chasteness of execution, and originality of design; forming, unquestionably, one of the most attractive *façades* in the metropolis; and, considering its contracted locality, and want of 'capabilities,' as Brown would say, it reflects the highest credit (having such difficulties to compete with) on the imaginative genius of its talented architect, Mr. Samuel Beazley, the gentleman to whom we are indebted also for those other public buildings—the English Opera House, and the Prince's (formerly the St. James's) Theatre.

This work is composed of projecting pilasters, surmounted by a Corinthian entablature: of the pilasters pannelled and ornamented by a pendant foliage. Over the pilasters is an attic, with an enriched parapet, and with figures of Momus and Erato—the latter being the muse or goddess of Lyric poetry. The *façade* is supported by an enriched elliptical arch, which, with a recessed portico, forms the entrance to the theatre. The entrance consists of a corridor and interior hall, a waiting-room, decorated with enriched arches and pilasters, with panels of Sienna marble, leading to the staircase, that conducts to the pit and boxes. The *tout ensemble* gives the spectator a correct idea of the entrance to a theatre: how different from that vile mass of brick and plaister—the ugly colonnade to that Great Fiddling Shop in Brydges-street, well known in brighter and more prosperous days, by the name of Drury Lane Theatre; but the *British* drama seems set for ever!

It would be an act of great injustice not to mention, in terms of high commendation, the bold conception which Mr. Edward Davis, of Russell-place, has embodied in his two figures of Momus and Erato.

The unremitting exertions of Mr. Jay, the builder, of London Wall, night and day, in completing the works, by which means the proprietors were enabled to open the theatre by the day fixed, (October 5th last,) cannot be too highly commended, and which proves the truth of the good old English adage with practical men, that "despatch is the life and soul of business."

The ADELPHI THEATRE is situated on the north side of the Strand, opposite the Adelphi. It was erected at the cost of Mr. John Scott, the eminent colourman, of 417, Strand, and opened as the *Sans Pareil Theatre*, in 1807, for the display of his daughter's talents in recitation and singing, after the manner of the elder Dibdin; and occasionally, for phantasmagoria, and other miscellaneous performances; but, finding it an unsuccessful speculation, he, after a trial of a season or two, engaged a theatrical company, and re-opened it

for burlettas, pantomimes, dances, &c., in the manner of the minor theatres—Pine, Broadhurst, and several other eminent performers appearing here at that period.

In 1820, Mr. Scott sold the theatre to Messrs. Rodwell and Co., who opened it as *The Adelphi Theatre*, and to whom it proved a very profitable speculation, particularly by the representation of the burletta of *Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London*, written by Moncrieff, and which ran three hundred nights, producing a clear profit of 10,000*l*.

Those celebrated French Hercules', Messrs. Decour and Esbrayat, appeared here, June, 1821, in order to display the amazing powers of their strength.

In 1822, that eminent ventriloquist, Monsieur Alexandre, opened the theatre, in order to exhibit his extraordinary abilities in a dramatic sketch, called the *Adventures of a Ventriloquist; or, the Rogueries of Nicholas*.

Rodwell's executors sold the theatre to Terry and Yates in 1825. In 1828, Terry, owing to adverse circumstances, withdrew from the firm, and was succeeded by Mathews and Yates; who commenced prosperously, and, in the following year, [December 3, 1829] they produced before an English audience, the celebrated elephant, Madame D'Jeck, in a spectacle called *The Elephant of Siam; or the Fire Fiend*; which proved a great favorite, and a "*palpable hit*."

Mr. Henry, in April, 1826, exhibited here his *Astonishing Illusions*.

It continued under the guidance of Mathews and Yates, until the death of the former gentleman; each occasionally giving displays of their varied powers.

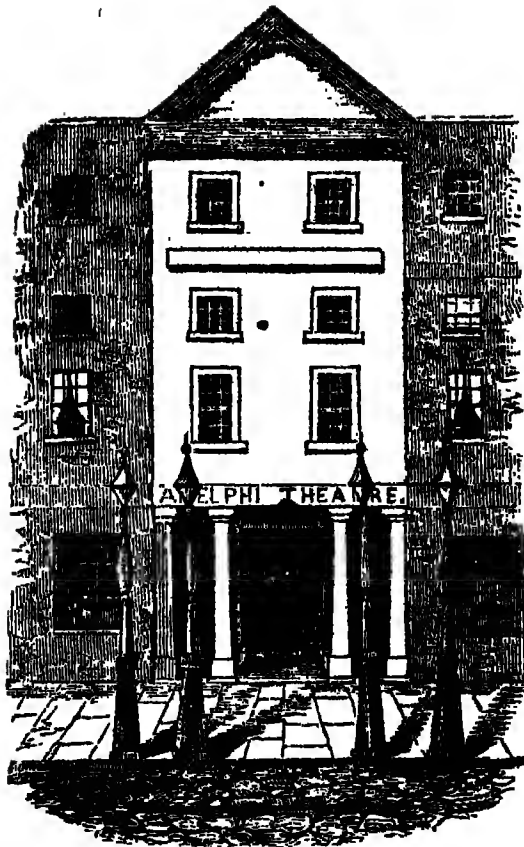
In 1834, the theatre opened under the auspices of Mr. C. Mathews and Mr. Yates; but, in the following year, we believe it came under the sole control of Mr. Yates, who gave here *His Views of Himself and Others*.

In November, 1835, the Messrs. Bond engaged the theatre for one year, and opened it under the sole management of Mrs. Nisbett.

On Monday, March 24, 1836, Mr. and Mrs. Yates were "*At Home*!" here, in a display of recitations, with Mrs. Yates's *Delineations of the Passions*; but the Lord Chamberlain would not allow them to be "*At Home*" long, for he ordered the theatre to be closed after the first night; and Mr. Yates took his company to the Surrey Theatre.

In 1837, we find Mr. Yates again at "*The Adelphi*," where he produced, among other novelties, those equestrian performers, the *Bedouin Arabs*; and, in the following year, the celebrated Dancing Girls of India, well known as the *Bayaderes*.* Indeed, the exertions of Mr. Yates to cater for the public gratification are incessant, as fully appears by the excellent bill of fare he has prepared for the present season.

* For a View and Description of the *Bayaderes*, vide *Mirror*, Vol. xxxii, No. 916.



OLD FRONT OF THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS unpretending exterior consisted of a neat stuccoed front, the width of a single house, finished with a pediment.

THE WARNING OF KING JAMES.

A DAY OF THE OLDER TIME.

[For the Mirror.]

"O LISTEN thee, monarch, hark awhile,"

An aged harper cry'd,

"And I'll erode thee of the fate,
Which shal to thee betyde!"

"This morning thou wast crown'd Kyng James,
All in the minstere hall,
And omens three, I toll to thee,
Dyd then and there befall."

"The canopy above thyne head
Was soil'd, ayr kyng, and torne,
Thy realme shal thus be torne from thee,
Ere monie moneths, I warne!"

"Thy banner on the castel tower,
Wax'd tatter'd in the blaste;
It shal be trumped in y^e duste,
Ere monie moneths be paste."

"The crowne dyd totter on thy head—
O mark y^e bodyng signe!
Kyng James, ere monie moneths bee o'er,
That crowne shal not be thine."

The kyng rode blythelie from hys haties,
In shynesse hied hys home,
For well he wist the omens three,
Were warnynges of his doome."

E. N.

WEEP NOT!

The manse was lonely, and no sound was heard
From out those walls which once were joy's domain,
All was neglected,—even the much-prized bird
Pined unregarded, uttered no sweet strain:
Death,—Death,—had late been there!

Within, a childless widow held commune
With her drear thoughts,—no hope, no fear was left;
The whole was blank, except the one short morn,
In which, of all she loved she was bereft:
Life,—Life,—thou'rt hard to bear!

Nay, weep not, widowed heart, nor yet repine;
Thy lost one is in Heaven, throned in love;
And lo! that peace may once again be thine,
Thy former foe, thy dearest friend shall prove:
Death,—Death,—will take thee there.
G. G. Jux.

NEW RELIGIOUS SECT.

ONE of the most recent developments of fanaticism, is the appearance of a new sect in different parts of England, entitled, "Latter Day Saints."

It is believed to have made its first appearance in Hertfordshire and Leicestershire, from which counties great numbers of its members have lately emigrated to the United States. The sect has extended to Lancashire and Yorkshire, and by the labours of its preachers, is now travelling northward into Durham and Northumberland.

The "Latter Day Saints" assume to do many extraordinary things. Among other accomplishments peculiar to those who believe in the new doctrines, they are declared to possess the power of casting out devils, or curing the sick by laying hands on them; of resisting the operations of the deadliest poisons, of speaking with new tongues, and of working miracles of various kinds. They state that no ministers, now upon the earth, preach the gospel but themselves, and that only to them, have the supernatural gifts of the church been vouchsafed. The kingdom of God, they say, is only open to those who have been baptized by immersion.

In addition to the Bible, they state that they are in possession of another work of equal authority, entitled *The Book of Mormon*, the original of which was found engraved in brass plates (!!!) in the central land of America.

Finally, they consider this is the last generation of mankind, and that they have been sent into the world expressly on purpose to prepare the way for the Son of Man!—*Leeds Times*.

BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

THIS magnificent piece of work is 227 feet in length by 20 feet in width, and, treasured up as the most precious relic, is usually kept at the Town-Hall in Rouen. Representative of the onslaught of the Battle of Hastings, the appropriate device of the border is a *layer of dead men*. Alluding to which, Montaigne observes, "le carnage est grand."

THE LOVES OF MR. TING CHANG AND MISS KEAOU LWAN.

(From the Foreign Quarterly Rev. No. XLi. Oct. 1840.)

[APPROXIMATING most to the "crooked joinery" of a rustic garden-chair, the "head and front" of this article in our Quarterly, bristles with original Chinese character, which euphoniously reads thus:—"Wang Keaou Lwan Pih Neen Chang Han, or the lasting revenge of Miss Keaou Lwan Wang." The tale is very entertaining, and Mr. Robert Thom has done valuable service by giving the world this translated specimen of Chinese life and literature.

Miss Lwan seems from her infancy to have been touched by romantic notions, she would often "sigh when standing in the pure breeze of the bright moon," and complain of her state of single blessedness. Lovely Miss Lwan, says the Cantonese story, was now about eighteen, when the following incidents, suavevolent with smiles, blushes, heart-sighs, erotic poetry and a "fragrant chamber," made her soul quite a palace for pleasure:—]

One fine morning, being the Tsing-Ming term, or during the time when the Chinese worship at the tomb of their ancestors, Miss Keaou Lwan went into the back-garden, accompanied by her good aunt, and her little waiting-maid (who, like all waiting-maids, was quite *au fait* in the art of delivering a billet-doux, as well as dress-making, and dressing hair) to unbend her mind by a game in the roundabout.

During their amusement, they were watched by a young gentleman who was a Sewtsae, or Bachelor of Arts, named Ting Chang of the family of Chew, in the Foo district of Soochow, and this young gentleman, dressed in mulberry coloured clothes, was bending forward his head, and looking on, calling out without ceasing, "Well done! Well done!"

Poor Miss Keaou Lwan's countenance was suffused with blushes, and, like all timid young ladies, she rushed for protection to the first person near her, which was her aunt, and then made a precipitate retreat to her boudoir or fragrant chamber, as it is called in China.

Young Mr. Ting Chang, delighted with the adventure, jumps over the wall to hover round the spot, where the atmosphere had been perfumed by her presence, and in so doing was fortunate enough to find "a handkerchief of scented gauze, three cubits long, and finely embroidered;" overjoyed at his prize, and hearing some footsteps he makes his exit, and takes his stand at the same gap in the wall. The little waiting-maid (Ming-hea) makes her appearance, who was sent by her mistress to look for the lost scarf.

"The student, seeing her go round and round, again and again, and hunt here and there and everywhere, until perfectly fagged, at length smiled, and said to her, 'My pretty ones, the handkerchief having already got into another person's possession, pray what use is

there looking for it any longer?' The waiting-maid raised her head, and, seeing that it was a Sewtsae who had addressed her, came forward with a "ten thousand blessings on you, young gentleman, I presume that it is my young master who has picked it up; if so, please to return it me, and my gratitude will be unbounded!" The student asked, "pray whom does the gauze handkerchief belong to?" The waiting-maid replied, "It belongs to my young lady." The student rejoined, "since it belongs to your young lady, I must have your young lady come and ask for it herself, and then I will return it her."

A pretty little flirtation then takes place between the student and the waiting-maid, who declares she is the bosom attendant of her mistress. Ting Chang still refuses her the handkerchief, but begs her to take a little piece of poetry to her mistress, written upon a sheet of peach-flowered paper, doubled up so as to form a *fangshing*, or parallelogram, and, after a little persuasion, aided by the gift of an irresistible gold pin, she consents. This is the commencement of a poetical correspondence between the new lovers, "very voluminous." One of these letters from Mr. Ting Chang, according to the author, leads aunt Tsaou to the discovery that her niece has a lover.

Keaou Lwan, having read the love-letter, placed it on the top of her bookstand. She then, in course, went to comb her hair, not yet having made a reply, when, unexpectedly, aunt Tsaou entered the fragrant apartment, and, seeing a scribbled sheet of poetry, gave a great start, and exclaimed, "Ah, Miss Keaou, these are your clandestine goings on. How could you ever think of concealing this piece of business from me?" Keaou Lwan blushed, and replied, although we have been stringing a few rhymes together, the thing has not gone any further; were it so, I should not dare to conceal it from my dear aunt." Aunt Tsaou remarked, "This young student, Chow, is a Sewtsae, of Keang-nan province; your respective families are much upon a par, why not desire him to send a go-between* to arrange matters? You would then complete a matrimonial connexion for life, and would not this be a good plan?"

Miss Lwan very rationally concedes to her aunt's wishes, and, accordingly, writes a few rhymes to her lover, telling him that he would "do well to employ a go-between, to communicate a word in season." Ting-Chang, upon receiving the poetry, sends his friend, Chaou-heo-kow (literally, the man of ice) to Captain

* These agents, selected by the parents, bring marriages about by inquiring into the relative positions in life of the bride and bridegroom, as it is essential in China that there should be an equality of rank on both sides. The most appropriate time is considered to be in Spring, and in the first month of the Chinese year, (February,) when the peach-tree blossoms in China. Our readers will see the delicate allusion Mr. Chow wished to convey to his fair one, in writing upon peach-coloured paper.

Wang, soliciting the honour of his daughter's hand. Now Miss Lwan was everything to her father, as she arranged all his papers and wrote his letters, and as he could not possibly do without her, he would give no promise. Upon the decision of this hard-hearted parent, heaps of verses pass between the disconsolate lovers. This was not a very favourable state of affairs for the lovers, and poor Miss Lwan falls sick and refuses to eat. Ting Chang all of a sudden remembers that he is deeply read in the science of medicine, and declares to Captain Wang that he can do her more good than any of the soothsayers and physicians already consulted. The plan succeeds, and he obtains two or three interviews with his fair one; but the tiresome old lady and gentleman are always present. To remedy this, he proposes, as an essential thing, that the invalid shall have more exercise. From this time the course of their love runs smoothly, and we give our readers the following interesting scene of the first vows which passed between them, while they were in the garden:—

"Ting Chang at length seized an opportunity when no one was present to urge his suit, and earnestly implored a glance at the fragrant chamber. Keaou Lwan stole a look towards the spot where aunt Tsaou stood, and answered in a low whisper, 'the key is in her possession, my brother must himself beg it of her.' Ting Chang in an instant comprehended her meaning, and next day, having purchased two pieces of the finest silks, and a pair of gold bracelets, he employs Ming-hea to lay them before aunt Tsaou. This good lady forthwith hied away to her niece, and said to her, 'Young Master Chow has been sending me a very handsome present, I'm sure I don't know what his meaning can be by so doing!'—'Why,' said Keaou Lwan, 'he is a young and thoughtless student, and not without his faults; I presume he means by his present to solicit my kind aunt's indulgence!' Aunt Tsaou replied, 'what is most at heart with you two young folks I know perfectly; but whatever intercourse you may have, I will never disclose it!' Saying these words, she took the key and handed it over to Ming-hea. Lwan's heart was delighted, and she instantly wrote the following stanzas to Ting Chang:—

"In secret I take these words and send them to my
lord,
But do not inconsiderately open your lips to other
people!
This night the door of the fragrant apartment will not
be locked,
And when the moon changes the shadows of the flowers
let my lover come!

"On receiving these lines, Ting Chang's joy was without bounds. That night, when it was already dusk, and the watchman's first drum had sounded, he with slow and stealthy steps bent his way to the inner section of the house, and the back-door being ajar, he sideways slipped himself through it. From the day when he felt her pulse in her bed-room,

and returned by the back-garden, he had but slender recollection of the passage, so he moved along slowly; but at length seeing the rays of a lamp, and Ming-hea waiting for him at the door, he quickened his pace, and walked straight into the young lady's chamber.

"Ting Chang made her a low bow, and wished to clasp her in his arms, but Lwan pushed him off, and desired Ming-hea to call aunt Tsaou to come and sit with her. At this the student's hopes were greatly baulked, and all the bitterness of disappointed love rising up before his eyes, he upbraided her with change of mind, and his tears were about to flow. Lwan, seeing him in this state, observed, 'I am a virtuous maiden, and you, sir, are, I believe, no rake; alas! it is only because the youth possesses talent, and the fair one beauty, that we thus love, thus compassionate each other! I having clandestinely admitted you to my apartment, now hold myself yours for ever! and you, sir, were you now to cast me off, would not this be a poor return for the implicit confidence I repose in you! No! you must here, in the presence of the all-seeing Gods, swear to live with me as man and wife, till both our heads are white with age; if you aim at any irregularity beyond this, though you slay me, yet will I not consent.'

"Miss Lwan spoke these words with great earnestness, and had scarce finished when aunt Tsaou arrived. This lady, in the first instance, thanked Ting Chang for the handsome present he had sent her during the day, and the young gentleman in return implored her to play the part of a go-between, and marry them. He swore to be a most faithful and loving husband; and his imprecation, if false, flowed from his mouth like a torrent. Under these circumstances aunt Tsaou thus addressed them both:—'My beloved nephew and niece, since you wish that I play the go-between, you must begin by writing out conjointly four copies of a marriage-contract.

"The first copy we will take and burn before heaven and earth, so as to call the good and evil spirits to witness what we are about.

"Another copy you will leave with me, the go-between, as proof, if at some future day, your love towards each other should wax cold.

"The third copy each of you should preserve as pledge, that one day or another you will join the bridal cups, and go through the other forms of a regular marriage.

"If the woman deceive the man, may the swift lightning strike her dead! If the man deceive the woman, may unnumbered arrows slay his body! and further, may he or she again receive the punishment of their crime, in the city of the dead, by sinking into the hell of darkness for ever and ever!"

"Aunt Tsaou pronounced the curse in the most solemn and touching manner, that struck awe for a moment into the hearts of both the student and Lwan; with mutual tenderness,

however, they set about writing out the several copies of the marriage-contract, which being solemnly sworn to, they knelt in humble worship before heaven, and afterwards returned their hearty thanks to aunt Tsou. She then, producing rich fruits and mellow wine, pledged each of them in a cup, and wished them joy as man and wife."

Our readers must understand that these clandestine marriages very seldom take place in China, and, therefore, our lovers were very cautious in their movements, for fear that old Mr. Wang should discover them. Matters, however, went on very prosperously, and the little waiting maid Ming-hea was despatched every third or fifth day with an invitation from her mistress to Master Ting Chang to come to her. And thus half a year rolled on, and Professor Chow's term of office being expired, he departed, and would have taken his son with him, but that he refused, on the plea that he wished to complete his course of studies, but really from his excessive love for Miss Lwan. But our readers will find that Love is but a name, as well as friendship; for Ting Chang, looking over the *Pekin Gazette*, perceived that his father, on account of ill health, had retired from office, and was gone to his native place. A violent desire of seeing his parents suddenly seizes him. His grief is observed by Miss Lwan and her aunt, who both very generously urge him to follow the dictates of his filial affection. By their united entreaties he at last consents to go.

[By our reader's leave, we too must depart with Mr. Ting Chang, for the present.]

"AURORAS" AT THE POLE.

DO THEY EMIT SOUND?

It is remarkable enough, that concerning an atmospheric phenomenon so very striking, and so common in northern latitudes, it should still appear to be left a matter of doubt whether it is ever attended with a noise of any kind.

The majority of writers are in favour of its being accompanied with sounds of one kind or another, in which they are supported by the resident natives of the several northern countries.

Dr. Henderson says that, when the Aurora in Iceland is particularly quick and vivid, a crackling noise is heard, resembling that of sparks from an electrical machine.

Sir Charles Gieseke states, that in Greenland, when very low, the Auroras were much agitated, and "a rushing and crackling noise was heard, like that of an electric spark, or of falling hail."

Hearne, on the northern shore of America, heard them making a rushing and crackling noise, "like the waving of a large flag in a gale of wind."

Amelin, on the coast of the Polar sea, says, "the streams of brilliant light, crackle, sparkle, hiss, make a whistling sound, and a noise equal to that of artificial fireworks."

Parry, on the other hand, says, "that in the Polar sea, it was never attended with the least crackling or rustling noise."

Franklin and his officers, on the shore of that sea, say the same thing, even when the changes were most vivid, and the coruscations most rapid.

Mr. Dalton, and others, had supposed the Aurora to be beyond the region of the atmosphere, where, we presume, no modification of electricity could exist, or sound be produced; but, Franklin and his officers, by taking angles at two distant places, and at the same moment, satisfied themselves that an Aurora was not higher than six or seven miles; and they frequently observed it beneath the clouds.

Finally, the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, all agree in its making a rustling noise, and being frequently very near the earth's surface.

How are we to reconcile these discrepancies? In the same way, perhaps, as the umpire decided in the dispute about the colour of the chameleon—

"They all are right—they all are wrong."

The several parties have, we conclude, viewed the Aurora, under different circumstances—some when vivid, rapid, and strong—others when sluggish, slow, and languid; in the former case, when not far from the earth; in the latter, when moving slowly at a great distance, through a highly attenuated atmosphere.

In short, we cannot take the negative evidence against the positive affirmations of so many shrewd and sensible persons.—*Quarterly Review*.

LOVE AND DREAD.

Of all blessings that the clemency of heaven has bestowed upon the inhabitants of this world of care, I know none that can better contribute to human happiness than the delight of being loved. But, next to that, I value the privilege of being dreaded as the greatest advantage, and I am not even quite sure that it is not, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to fear, rather than to affection, that we owe our influences over our fellow-beings. Thus, though I have but little reason to praise nature for the advantage of personal comeliness, I have, in many occurrences, felt quite thankful to Providence that I was born rather with a formidable than a lovely face; and that, in presence of trying difficulties, my countenance was capable of assuming such an air of desperate determination and passion, as to overawe minds of a less steady temperament, in spite even of a physical superiority of strength, or of odds in their favour.—*Memoirs of an Italian Exile*.

BEAUTIES OF
JEREMY TAYLOR'S "MARRIAGE-RING."

[The exquisite passages of oratory and pathos with which this production farther abounds, entice us to devote to it yet another space. Conceptions and expressions such as found therein, belong to the sublimest and most sacred school of poetry.]

Of First Love after Marriage.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy, but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun, and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken; so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. Plutarch compares a new marriage to "a vessel before the hoops are on, everything dissolves their tender compagnations; but when the joints are stiffened, and are tied by a firm compliance, and proportioned bending, scarcely can they be dissolved without fire or the violence of iron."

Marriages not to be litigious.

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things, that as fast as they spring they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound.

Contrarieties to be abjured.

Let them be sure to abstain from all those things, which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other. They that govern elephants never appear before them in white; and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood, and scarlet, as knowing that they will be impatient, when their natures are provoked by their proper antipathies.

The "Mine," and "Thine," of Marriage.

Let the husband and wife infinitely avoid a curious distinction of mine and thine; for this hath caused all the laws, suits, and wars in the world; let them who have but one person, have also but one interest. Marcarius, in his thirty-second Homily, speaks fully in this particular, "a woman betrothed to a man bears all her portion, and with a mighty love pours it into the hands of her husband, and says, 'I have nothing of my

own;—my goods, my portion, my body, and my mind, are yours."

Of the Authority of Husbands.

A husband's power over his wife is paternal and friendly, not magisterial and despotic. When Adam made that fond excuse for his folly in eating the forbidden tree, he said,— "The woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me." He says not, "The woman which thou gavest to me," no such thing; she is none of his goods, none of his possessions, not to be reckoned amongst his servants, God did not give her to him so; but, "The woman thou gavest to be with me, that is to be the partner of my joys and my sorrows, thou gavest her for use, not for dominion." "Si tu Caius, ego Caius," was publicly proclaimed upon the threshold, when the bride entered the Roman bridegroom's hands and power.

Domesticity of Woman.

Man and wife in a family, are as the sun and moon in the firmament of heaven; he rules by day, and she by night; that is, in the lesser and more proper circles of her affairs, in the conduct of domestic provisions and necessary offices, and shines only by his light, and rules by his authority; and as the moon in opposition to the sun shines brightest, that is, then, when she is in her own circles, and separate regions, so is the authority of the wife then most conspicuous, when she is separate, and in her proper sphere; in *gynæceo*, in the nursery, and offices of domestic employment.

Kindness to Wives.

"Let him love his wife even as himself,"—and "Be not bitter against her."—No man hateth his own flesh, but nourisheth it, and cherisheth it; and he certainly is strangely sacrilegious, and a violator of all that is sacred and humane, who uses her rudely, who is fled for protection, not only to his house, but also to his heart and bosom. Marcus Aurelius said, that "a wise man ought often to admonish his wife, to reprove her seldom, but *never* to lay his hands on her." The marital love is infinitely removed from all possibility of such rudenesses; it is a thing pure as light, sacred as a temple, lasting as the world.

Deliciousness of true Love.

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the Apostles, and of the innocency of an even and private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise, "for nothing can sweeten felicity itself, but love;" but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven, she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down in her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary

and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.

Of personal Chastity.

Above all the instances of love, let the husband preserve towards the wife an inviolable faith, and an unspotted chastity; for this is the marriage-ring, it ties two hearts by an eternal band; it is like the cherubim's flaming sword, set for the guard of Paradise. No man must touch the forbidden tree, that in the midst of the garden, which is the tree of knowledge and life. Chastity is the security of love, and preserves all the mysteriousness like the secrets of a temple. Under this lock is deposited security of families, the union of affections, the repairer of accidental breaches. This is a grace that is secured and shut up by all arts of heaven, and the defence of laws, the locks and bars of modesty, by honour and reputation, by fear and shame, by interest and high regards; it is only to be ended by death.

Further Eulogy on this Grace.

In this grace it is fit that the wisdom and severity of the man should hold forth a pure taper, that his wife may, by seeing the beauties and transparencies of that crystal, dress her mind and her body by the light of so pure reflections; it is certain he will expect it from the modesty and retirement, from the passive nature and colder temper, from the humility and fear, from the honour and love of his wife, that she be pure as the eye of heaven: and therefore it is but reason, that the wisdom and nobleness, the love and confidence, the strength and severity, of the man, should be as holy and certain in this grace, as he is a severe exacter of it at her hands, who can be more easily tempted by another, and less by herself.

A Woman's Virtues, her true Ornaments.

A wife should partake secretly, and in her heart, of all his joys and sorrows, "to believe him comely and fair, though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him;" for as marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eye, but with reason and the hearts, and diamonds cannot make the woman virtuous, nor him to value her, who sees her put them off, then when charity and modesty are her brightest adornments. . . . Indeed, the outward ornament is fit to take fools, but they are not worth the taking; but she that hath a wise husband, must entice him to an eternal dearth by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; she must have no focus but blushings, her bright-

ness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetnesses and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.

THE TWO WHITE ROSES;

OR, AN AFFECTIONATE GIRL.

[THE following singular case was brought, last spring, before the justice of peace of the fourth district in Paris. The object of the dispute was two white roses, whose withered leaves had long since been dispersed to the winds.]

Madame Gallien, (mantua-maker)—I demand thirty francs (six dollars) damages, from Miss Flora Minville, for having caused me to lose an order worth one hundred and fifty francs.

Judge.—Explain the facts.

Madame.—Yes, sir. About two months ago, Miss Leontine de Crillon was to be married to the Prince of Clermont-Tonnerre; the marriage gifts were to be magnificent. I received an order to make a dress for the bride; it was to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. Splendid lace, pearls, gimp—all the marvels of the art of dress-making were to be united. But something more rare at that time was wanting; it was a natural white rose—a rose at the end of February!

Judge.—And Miss Flora engaged to procure one for you?

Madame.—Yes, sir; she cultivates flowers, and often sells them to the great milliners of the capital. I went to her, and she promised to let me have one of the two roses she then possessed, for twenty five francs, which sum was to be paid on delivery. I depended on her promise, but she did not keep it faithfully; for I did not receive the rose, and for that reason, they refused to take the wedding dress.

Judge.—(To Miss Flora.)—Why did you not deliver the rose?

Miss Flora.—(with timidity.)—It was not my fault. The evening before the day on which I had promised the white rose to Madame Gallien, a shower, which took place during my absence, made the flower expand, and some hours afterwards nothing remained of it but the stem. What I tell you is the truth!

Judge.—I believe you, young girl. But the second rose, could you not have delivered that?

Miss Flora.—(with tears in her eyes.)—Oh! as to that one, it was not promised. Madame Gallien would certainly have accepted it, for it was the more beautiful of the two. But I could not give it. It was destined to my mother.

Judge.—Was it her birth-day?

Miss Flora.—(Sorrowfully.)—No, sir, it was the anniversary of her death. (Profound sensation in the auditory.) Every year I

lay on her tomb one of these white roses which she so much loved. This year I did the same. I said to myself, the bride will be as handsome with a flower less, and my poor mother shall again to-day have her favourite rose.

Here Miss Flora shed abundant tears, and Madame Gallien, endeavouring to console her, said to the judge—"Stop the cause, sir, it is wrong for me to molest this poor girl for a good action; let us say no more about it, it is a misfortune that cannot be helped. All that I wish for compensation, is to have a daughter like Miss Flora."

The justice of peace, much affected, sent away the parties without any further trial.

WILLIAM HANBURY'S ECCENTRIC CHARITY.

OF all strange charities instituted by eccentric individuals, there are none more curious or extraordinary than those of William Hanbury, rector of Church Langton, Leicestershire, who seems to have had strong faith in the truth of the maxim "*Nugæ seriæ ducunt.*" The charities of this gentleman, who died in 1778, were founded "for ever," and it is to be regretted that he was not himself endued with immortality, for no trustees can possibly carry out by means of the funds left to them, the vast projects conceived by the visionary, though benevolent, mind of the founder—projects which were calculated to effect objects which would shed a lustre over the neighbourhood which was to be so greatly benefited, and would make it the seat of learning, happiness, and benevolence.

But to descend to particulars. The fund with which the charity commenced, was fifteen hundred pounds, which was the amount of some book debts collected in by the founder, 26th of September, 1767, and given by him to the charity, and which was to be put out at interest, or invested in land, and suffered to accumulate, as was also the produce of some plantations assigned over in aid of the same object. In this, there was nothing at all extraordinary, but mark what it was to effect. It was, by accumulation, to become a fund for the following objects:—Founding and maintaining a school, and an organ, with a salary for an organist in Church Langton; founding charity schools, for ever, for boys and girls, in some parish every year; beautifying the church, and erecting an organ, with a salary for an organist, in some parish, also every year; providing beef for the poor of the Langtons, for ever, on St. Thomas's Day; annually laying the foundation of a beef feast for the poor of some parish; augmenting a library and picture gallery, set apart to the charity by the founder; establishing and maintaining a printing-office for the publication of pious books of instruction, &c.; supporting an hospital for sixty poor women; building a grammar-school, together with lodgings for a professor, whose business should

be to teach grammar, rhetoric, Latin, and Greek; and maintaining professorships of music, botany, mathematics, antiquity, and poetry, for such boys of the foundation as had a taste for such things.

Deeds were drawn up for all these purposes during the life-time of Mr. Hanbury, as was also a final or explanatory deed, which calls for particular notice. By this deed, it was ordered that the trustees of the charity should defer their operations until the whole fund should amount to 250,000*l.*, (111) which, at 4 per cent, would produce an annual income of 10,000*l.* When the era of this commencement arrives, (before which the sole expenditure is to be 5*l.* 5*s.* a year, for beef to the Langton poor) the income is to be first used in building a grand and stately church, at Church Langton, in the raising of which, no less than 100,000*l.* is to be laid out. There are to be provided—the grandest organ that can be made—stalls for the trustees, professors, &c.—chandeliers and ornaments—and a grand service of plate. The table and altar-piece are to be of the finest marble, over which is to be a Resurrection-piece by the best master that shall be flourishing at the time. The church is to be truly Gothic, and to have three handsome steeples, the tallest of which must be three hundred feet high, at least. When this work has been completed, the trustees are to proceed to the building of the picture-room and library, which is to be called the Temple of Religion and Virtue, and another noble erection for a museum, large enough to contain the greatest collection. These being effected, lodgings for the different professors, public schools, hospital, and grand printing-office are to be finished.

The salaries of the professors are directed to be agreeably with the founder's rules, which make the total of such expenses 5909*l.* per annum. A share of the income of the foundation not exceeding 1000*l.* a year, is to be annually used in building and endowing an hospital at Church Langton, for the Counties of Leicester and Rutland; and this annual payment is to continue until the hospital is established in such a manner as to be able to support itself from the property bought with the annual grants which will then cease. A similar mode is to be adopted with all the other counties, until the whole are provided with the like endowed institutions! Besides the defraying of the necessary expenses attending the numerous institutions already named, it was ordered that, not only should the decayed tradesman, the poor but honest prisoner, and the widow, and orphan, be relieved and comforted, but that the good and industrious also, should ever find encouragement and assistance; and money should not be wanting to assist in carrying on prosecutions against rogues of all sorts. In short, that there was no calamity befalling any by fire or water, storm or tempest, but should be alleviated.

But even this was not all. Among the various duties laid down for the professor of antiquity, is that of writing a History of Leicestershire; and, as soon as that is done, of another county, and so proceeding until a history of every county has been written by him, or his successors in office. And these were not to be mere sketches, but works displaying erudition and research; and in which the professor was to be assisted by the mathematical professor in drawing maps, and by the professor of botany in the descriptions of curious plants.

Whatever may be thought of the mode in which the founder instituted his charity, and however visionary these views may be considered, of his character and intentions, there can be no difference of opinion. There can be no doubt that he formed his project with the benevolent intention of benefiting his neighbourhood, though the blessings were to be conferred at an extraordinarily distant period.* And the rules to be laid down, and the objects whose interest he so carefully sought, equally show that it was his desire to promote the spread of religion, as well as to inculcate other instruction, and to throw the shield of comfort over the distressed, the miserable, and the naked.

L. W. S.

CAEN:

ITS QUARRIES AND BUILDINGS.

THE Caen quarries, have been long *renommés* in England, but they, in truth, furnish stone of very different qualities. In some localities, the consolidation is imperfect, and the masses of stone taken hence, become, when exposed to the action of the weather, gradually disintegrated, so as to fall to pieces. Some of the modern walls in Caen, present a series of perfect honey-combs (the softer parts of the stone having been destroyed and washed out), and appear as if tooled in imitation of the masonry largely used by some of the Italian architects at the period of the revival. Indeed, a great part of the town is in a miserably dilapidated state from the same cause, having become a mere "stone-quarry above ground."

In the city of Caen, especially, many of the churches, and these not the oldest, are so rent by the failure of their foundations, or are so fast decaying, through the use of improper stone, that they will become ruins in a few years, if speedy measures be not taken to restore them. The church of St. Jean may be mentioned as an example; the west front of it has sunk on one side more than twelve inches, and is, consequently, rent from the top to the bottom.—*Architectural Remains in Lower Normandy, by George Godwin, jun.*

* The total funds of the charity at the time of the Inquiry of the Charity Commissioners (who devote more than twenty-five pages to the subject,) in 1837, were about £6,400, and the only payment at present made is the five guineas already alluded to. When will the funds reach the desired amount of a quarter of a million of money?

THE DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE,

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE morning I left Halifax was one of the most brilliant ones that, in this climate, distinguish this season of the year. At the distance of seven miles from the town, is a ruined lodge, built by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces in this colony, (Nova Scotia) once his favourite summer residence, and the scene of his munificent hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fences, the ruined grottoes, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass, and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervade everything around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory nature of all earthly things.

It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space, how great has been the devastation of the elements. A few years more, and all trace of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very sight will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting, in detached patches, a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house, I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards, to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels; and that long, luxuriant clover, grew in the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it. I had no desire to enter the apartments, and, indeed, the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether, the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skilful hand, been led over several precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; whilst the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a

lounder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages, and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamental buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes, and floors, had disappeared; and the walls only, which were in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and the dead decays so soon, as in Nova Scotia.

An arbour, which had been constructed of lattice-work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen, and was covered with vegetation; while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees, that growing up near it, had become entangled in its network. A Chinese temple, once a favourite retreat of its owner, as if in conscious pride of its preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation; while one small surviving bell, of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling, as it waved to the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever!

The contemplation of this deserted house is not without its beneficial effect on the mind; for it inculcates humility to the rich, and resignation to the poor. However elevated man may be, there is much in his condition that reminds him of the infirmities of his nature, and reconciles him to the decrees of Providence. "May it please your Majesty," said Euclid, to his royal pupil, "there is no regal road to science. You must travel in the same path with others, if you would attain the same end." Those forsaken grounds, teach us in similar terms, this consolatory truth, that there is no exclusive way to happiness reserved even for those of the most exalted rank. The smiles of fortune are capricious, and sunshine and shade are unequally distributed; for though the surface of life is thus diversified, the end is uniform to all, and invariably terminates in the grave.

Ruins, like death, of which, at once, they are the emblem and the evidence, are apt to lose their effect from their frequency. The mind becomes accustomed to them, and the moral is lost. The picturesque alone remains predominant, and criticism supplies the place of reflection. But this is the only ruin of any extent in Nova Scotia, and the only spot either associated with royalty, or set apart and consecrated to solitude and decay. The stranger pauses at a sight so unusual, and inquires the cause; he learns, with surprise, that this place was devoted exclusively to pleasure—that care and sorrow never entered here—and that the voice of mirth and music was alone heard within its gates. It was the temporary abode of a prince—of one, too, had

he lived, that would have inherited the first and fairest empire in the world. All that man can give, or rank enjoy, awaited him; but an over-ruling and inscrutable Providence decreed, at the very time when his succession seemed most certain, that the sceptre should pass into the hands of another. This intelligence interests and excites his feelings. He enters, and hears at every step, the voice of nature proclaiming the doom that awaits alike the prince and the peasant. The desolation he sees appals him. The swallow nestles in the empty chamber, and the sheep find a noon-day shelter in the banqueting-room, while the ill-omened bat rejoices in the dampness of the mouldering ruins. Everything recalls a recollection of the dead; every spot has its record of the past; every path its footstep; every tree its legend; and even the universal silence that reigns here, has an awful eloquence that overpowers the heart. Death is written everywhere. Sad and dejected, he turns and seeks some little relic, some small memorial of his deceased prince, and a solitary neglected garden-flower, struggling for existence among the rank grasses, presents a fitting type of the brief existence and transitory nature of all around him. As he gathers it, he pays the silent but touching tribute of a votive tear to the memory of him who has departed, and leaves the place with a mind softened and subdued, but improved and purified by what he has seen.—*Author of "Sam Slick."*

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

THE second model of the tomb of Napoleon, by Marochetti, which is to be erected in the Invalides, is finished. It represents a mass of granite, having an entrance on each of the four sides with folding doors, in the style of the Renaissance. Each of these entrances is surmounted by an eagle. Above is a pedestal, the base of which has an allegorical figure at each angle, holding the emblems of power. On the top of the pedestal is an equestrian statue of the emperor. M. Marochetti is said to be preparing a third model. Amongst the preparations for the funeral the following is spoken of. It is said that on the summit of the Arc de Triomphe there will be a triumphal car with four horses, representing the apotheosis of the Emperor. The wooden buildings now erecting on the esplanade of the Invalides, and which are to extend at regulated distances from each other to the Barrier de l'Etoile, are intended to shelter the workmen who are charged with the erection in each, of an enormous statue in plaster, representing a King of France. These wooden houses are thirty feet high and four wide. They are to be removed for the purpose of exposing the statues the day before the ceremony. Messrs. Visconti, Comberousse, and Hittorff are charged with the superintendence of all the arrangements.—*Galignani.*

Fine Arts.

COLOURS USED BY THE ARTISTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES FOR PAINTING ON GLASS.

M. VIGNÉ has published the following results of his experiments and inquiries on the composition of the colours of ancient stained glass:—

General Fuse.—Litharge or minium, 5; fine sand, 1; borax, from .5 to 1.5.

Ochre Tint, or Yellow.—Subsulphate of iron, 1; fuse, 5; oxide of zinc, 1.

Dark Ochre Tint.—Subsulphate of iron, slightly calcined, 4; oxide of zinc, 1; fuse, 4.5.

Flesh Colour.—Peroxide of red iron, obtained by calcination of the sulphate, 1; fuse, 2.

Sanguine Red.—Peroxide of iron, ditto, 1; fuse, 3.

Violet Red.—Oxide of iron, flesh colour, calcined, 1; fuse, 3.

Light Brown.—Subsulphate of iron, calcined, 1; black oxide of cobalt, 1.5; fuse, 5.

Dark Brown.—Oxide of iron by ammoniac, 1; oxide of zinc, 4; fuse, 4. By substituting for the zinc 1.5 of oxide of cobalt, the brown is converted into a black.

Light Grey.—Subsulphate of iron, 1.5; fuse, 4; oxide of zinc, 1; black oxide of cobalt, 1.2. This has to be fried and pulverised.

Blue Grey.—Fuse, 5; oxide of zinc, 2; oxide of cobalt, 1. This mixture has to be melted and run.

Brown Black.—Oxide of iron, 4.5; oxide of copper, 1; black oxide of cobalt, 1; fuse, 8; oxide of manganese, 2. This has to be well pounded and slightly roasted.

Blue Black.—Ditto, ditto, with .5 of oxide of cobalt, and .5 of oxide of copper added.—*Paris Letter.*

Public Journals.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY. NO. XLVII.
November, 1840.

[THE crowning chapter of this month's Bentley—topt with a sable head of black-letter type—is "Merrie England in the olden time," from the pen of Mr. George Daniel, whose spirited burlesques have already sparkled with grotesque lustre among the original contributions of the "Mirror."

Mr. Daniel's introductory preamble sallies out like a flourish of trumpets, but amid its enlivening *fanfare*, there are some pleasing undertones which evince his habitual jocularity and *bonhomie*. "We have all our life," says he, "been a hunter after oddities, and while we have studied attentively the past, we have been moderately solicitous for the future. We have lost our friend, rather than our joke, *when the joke has been the better of the two*; and have been free of discourse where it has been courteously received, preferring (in the cant of pompous ignorance, which is dear at any price!) to make ourselves "cheap," rather than be set down as exclusive and un-

kind." And again, "We are of the hopeful order of beings, and think this a very beautiful world, if man would not mar it with his pride, selfishness, and gloom."

Cramped space precludes our giving many of the recondite and valuable notes with which the textual matter is bordered; but we, with pleasure, extract the following accurate picture of "Faire Islington," before her rural charms had merged into obsolescence, or the flaunty plumes of her Cockneyism become abased in the dust.]

CLERKENWELL, AND OLD ISLINGTON.

A century ago, the advantages of early rising to the citizen were far more numerous than at present. A brisk walk of ten minutes brought him into the fields from almost any part of the town; and after luxuriating three or four miles amidst clover, sorrel, buttercups, aye, and corn to boot! the fresh breeze of morn, the fragrance of the flowers, and the pleasant prospect, would inspire happy thoughts: and, as nothing better sharpens the appetite than these delightful companions, what was wanting but a substantial breakfast to prepare him for the business of the day! For this, certain frugal houses of entertainment were established in the rural outskirts of the Metropolis,* where every morning, "except Sundays, fine tea, sugar, bread, butter, and milk," might be had at fourpence per head, and coffee "at three half-pence a dish." And as a walk in summer was an excellent recruit to the spirits after reasonable toil, the friendly hand that lifted the latch in the morning, repeated the kind office at evening tide, and spread before him those refreshing elements that "cheer, but not inebriate;" with the harmless addition of music and dancing. Ale, wine, and punch, were subsequently included in the bill of fare, and dramatic representations. But of latter years, the town has walked into the country, and the citizen can just espy, at a considerable distance, a patch of flowery turf, and a green hill, when his leisure and strength are exhausted, and it is time to turn homeward.

The north side of London was famous for suburban houses of entertainment. Midway down Gray's Inn Lane stand Town's End Lane (so called in the old maps), or Elm Street, which takes its name from some elms that once grew there. To the right is Mount Pleasant, and on its summit is planted a little hostelry, which commanded a delightful prospect of fields, that are now annihilated; their site, and our sight, being profaned by the House of Correction and the Treadmill! Farther on, to the right, is Warner Street, which

* "This is to give notice to all Ladies and Gentlemen, at Spenser's original Breakfasting-Hut, between Sir Hugh Middleton's Head and St. John Street Road, by the New River side, fronting Saddler's Wells, may be had every morning, except Sundays, fine tea, sugar, bread, butter, and milk, at fourpence per head; coffee at three halfpence a dish. And in the afternoon, tea, sugar, and milk, at three pence per head, with good attendance.

the lover of old English ballad poetry and music, will never pass without a sigh; for there, while the town were applauding his dramatic drolleries, and his beautiful songs charmed alike the humble and the refined, their author, Henry Carey, in a fit of melancholy, destroyed himself. Close by, stood the old Bath House, which was built over a *Cold Spring* by one Walter Baynes, in 1697.* The house is razed to the ground, but the spring remains. A few paces forward, is the Lord Cobham's Head, transmogrified into a modern temple for tippling; its shady gravel walks, handsome grove of trees, and green bowling alleys, are long since destroyed. Its opposite neighbour *was* (for not a vestige of the ancient building remains) the Sir John Oldcastle, where the weary wayfarer was invited to regale himself upon moderate terms. Show-booths were erected in this immediate neighbourhood for Merry-Andrews and Morrice-dancers. Onward was the Ducking-Pond; and, proceeding in almost a straight line towards "Old Iseldon," were the London Spa, originally built in 1206; Phillip's New Wells; the New Red Lion Cockpit; the Mulberry Gardens; the Shakspeare's Head Tavern and Jubilee Gardens; the New Tunbridge Wells, a fashionable morning lounge of the nobility and gentry during the early part of the eighteenth century; the Sir Hugh Myddleton's Head; the Farthing Pie House;† and Sadler's Music House, and "Sweet Wells." A little to the left were Merlin's Cave, Bagnigge Wells, the English Grotto (which stood near the New River Water-works in the fields), and farther in advance, White Conduit House. Passing by the Old Red Lion, bearing the date of 1415, and since brightened up with some regard to the taste of ancient times; and the Angel,—now a fallen one!—a huge structure, the architecture of which is anything but angelic, having risen on its ruins,—we enter Islington, described by Goldsmith, as "a pretty and neat town."

In "The Walks of Islington and Hogsdon, with the Humours of Wood Street Compter," a comedy, by Thomas Jordan, 1641, the scene is laid at the Saracen's Head, Islington, and the prologue celebrates its "bottle-beer, cream, and (gooseberry) fools;" and the "Merry Milkmaid of Islington, or the Rambling Gallant defeated," a comedy, 1680, is another proof of its popularity. Poor Robin, in his almanac, 1676, says,

"At Islington
A Fair they hold,
Where cakes and ale
Are to be sold.

* See a full Account and Engraving of the Old Bath House, in *Mirror*, No. 1019.

† Farthing Pie Houses were common in the outskirts of London a century ago. Their fragrance caught the sharp nosed citizen by the nose, and led him in by that prominent member to feast on their savoury fare. One solitary Farthing Pie House (the Green Man) still stands near Portland Road, on the way to Paddington.

At Highbury and
At Holloway,
The like is kept
Here every day.
At Tottenham Court
And Kentish Town,
And all those places
Up and down."

Drunken Barnaby notices some of its inns. Sir William d'Avenant, describing the amusements of the citizens during the long vacation, makes a "husband gray" ask,

"Where's Dame? (quoth he) Quoth son of shop,
She's gone her cake in milk to sop.—
Ho! ho!—to Islington—enough!"

Bonnel Thornton, in "The Connoisseur," speaks of the citizens smoking their pipes and drinking their ale at Islington; and Sir William Wealthy exclaims to his money-getting brother, "What, old boy, times are changed since the date of thy indentures, when the sleek crop-eared 'prentice used to dangle after his mistress, with the great Bible under his arm, to St. Bride's on a Sunday, bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale upon a gaudy day with buns and beer at *Islington* or Mile-end."

Among its many by-gone houses of entertainment, the Three Hats has a double claim upon our notice. It was the arena where those celebrated masters, Johnson, Price, Sampson, and Coningham, exhibited their feats of horsemanship, and the scene of Mr. Mawworm's early backslidings. "I used to go," (says that regenerated ranter to old Lady Lambert,) "every Sunday evening to the Three Hats at Islington; it's a public house; mayhap your Ladyship may know it. I was a great lover of skittles, too, but now I can't bear them." At Dobney's Jubilee Gardens (now entirely covered with mean hovels), Daniel Wildman performed equestrian exercises; and, that no lack of entertainment might be found in this once merry village, "a new booth, near Islington Turnpike," for tricks and mummery, was erected in September, 1767; "an insignificant erection, calculated totally for the lowest artisans, superb apprentices, and journeymen." It may not be out of place to mention, that "the Pantheon, in Spa Fields,* near Islington," was opened in 1770, for the sale of tea, coffee, wine, punch, &c., a "tester" being the price of admission to the promenade and galleries. It was eventually turned to a very different use, and converted into a lay chapel by the late Countess of Huntingdon.

But, by far the most interesting ancient hostelry that has submitted to the demolishing mania for improvement, is the Old Queen's

* Spa-Fields (like "Jack Plackett's Common," the site of Dalby Terrace, Islington,) was famous for duck-hunting, bull-baiting, and other low sports. "On Wednesday last, two women fought for a new shirt valued at half-a-guinea, in the Spa-Fields, near Islington. The battle was won by a woman called *Draining Peg*, who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner."—22nd June, 1768.

Head, formerly situate in the Lower Street, Islington. This stately edifice was one of the most perfect specimens of ancient domestic architecture in England. Under its venerable roof, Sir Walter Raleigh, it is said, "puffed his pipe;" and might not Jack Falstaff have taken his ease there, when he journeyed to string a bow with the Finsbury archers? For many years, it was a pleasant retreat for retired citizens, who quaffed their nut-brown ale beneath its primitive porch, and indulged in reminiscences of the olden time. Thither would little Quick, King George the Third's favourite actor, resort, to drink cold punch, and "babble" of his theatrical contemporaries. Plays were formerly acted there. On Monday, October 19, 1829, it was razed to the ground, to make room for a mis-shapen mass of modern masonry. The oak parlour has been preserved from the wreck, and is well worth a visit from the antiquary. Canonbury Tavern and Highbury Barn still maintain their festive honours. Farther a-field, are the sluice, or Eel-pie House; Copenhagen House; Hornsey-wood House, formerly the hunting seat of Queen Elizabeth; Chalk Farm; Jack Straw's Castle; the Spaniards, &c., as yet undefiled by pitiful prettinesses of bricks and mortar, and affording a delightful opportunity of enjoying pure air and pastimes. The canonized Bishop of Lichfield and Mademoiselle St. Agnes, have each their wells. What perambulator of the suburbs but knows St. Chad, in Gray's Inn Lane, and St. Agnes le Clair, at Hoxton? L'ancras and Hampstead Wells, renowned for their salubrious waters, are dried up. Though the two latter were professed marts for *aqua pura*, liquids more exhilarating were provided for those who relished stronger stimulants. We may, therefore, fairly assume that John Bull anciently travelled northward ho! when he rambled abroad for recreation.

As population increased, houses of entertainment multiplied to meet the demand. South, east, and west, they rose at convenient distances, within the reach of a short stage, and a long pair of legs. Apollo Gardens, St. George's Fields; Bohemia's Head, Turnham Green; Cuper's Gardens, Lambeth; China Hall, Rotherhithe; Dog and Duck, St. George's Fields; Cherry Gardens Bowling-green, Rotherhithe; Cumberland Gardens, Vauxhall; Spa Gardens, Bermondsey; Finch's Grotto Gardens, St. George's Fields; Smith's Tea Gardens, Vauxhall; Kendal House, Isleworth; New Wells, Goodman's Field's; Marble Hall, Vauxhall; Staton's Tea-House, opposite Mary-le-bone Gardens; the Queen's Head and Artichoke, Mary-le-bone Fields; Ruckholt House, in Essex, of which the facetious Jemmy Worsdale was the Apollo; Chelsea Old Bun-house; Queen Elizabeth's Cheese-cake House, in Hyde Park; the Star and Garter Tavern, and Don Saltero's Coffee-

house,* Chelsea; Mary-le-bone and Ranelagh Gardens; and the illuminated saloons and groves of Vauxhall. These, and many others, bear testimony to the growing spirit of national jollity during a considerable part of the eighteenth century. How few now remain, "the sad historians of the pensive tale," of their bygone merriments!

FRASER'S MAGAZINE. NO. CXXXI.

November, 1840.

[THAT "Lyra," "Aldébaran," or any other portion of the celestial sphere should shine with "greater and lesser stars," and that Cynosura, the Bear's Tail, hath them of α and β magnitude, we wonder not; but when Fraser pretendeth to our eyesight a chapter on the "Greater and Lesser Stars of old Pall Mall," we wot not well whereof were those stars.]

A cursory glance soon satisfies us. "Star-bright or brighter," many of them were—"Orbs of Song" as Wordsworth calls them, and of whom Pope, at least, shall shine in the Firmament of Thought for ever.

Strange anomaly, however, that he who wielded with all potency the pen, should have aimed at grasping the pencil of the painter, and vainly striven at a foreign handicraft. But there the poet was out of his element,—and "imperishable rosy colours" appeared but daubs under his hand. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*]

Pope the Poet a Painter.

Pope, about this time (1720,) became so enamoured of painting, as to make it a matter of doubt in his own mind whether he gave the preference to his pencil or his pen,—showing thereby, that the pursuits of even the wisest men will sometimes lead them to prefer their taste to their judgment; which induced his estimable friend, old Jonathan Richardson, to observe, shaking his venerable head, "What

* The great attraction of Don Saltero's Coffee-house was its collection of rarities, a catalogue of which was published as a guide to the visitors. It comprehends almost every description of curiosity, natural and artificial. "Tiger's tusks; the Pope's candle; the skeleton of a Guinea-pig; a fly-cup monkey; a piece of the true Cross; the Four Evangelists' heads cut on a cherry-stone; the King of Morocco's tobacco-pipe; Mary Queen of Scots' pin cushion; Queen Elizabeth's prayer book; a pair of Nun's stockings; Job's ears, which grew on a tree; a frog in a tobacco-stopper," and five hundred more odd relics! The Don had a rival, as appears by "A Catalogue of the Rarities to be seen at Adams's, at the Royal Swan, in Kingsland Road, leading from Shoreditch Church, 1756." Mr. Adams exhibited for the entertainment of the curious, "Miss Jenny Cameron's shoes; Adam's eldest daughter's hat; the heart of the famous Bess Adams, that was hanged at Tyburn with Lawyer Carr, January 18, 1736-7; Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco-pipe; Viçar of Bray's clogs; engine to shell green pease with; teeth that grew in a fish's belly; Black Jack's ribs; the very comb that Abraham combed his son Isaac and Jacob's head with; Wat Tyler's spurs; rope that cured Captain Lowry of the head-ach, tooth-ach, ear-ach, and belly-ach; Adam's key of the fore and back door of the Garden of Eden, &c., &c." These are only a few out of five hundred others, equally marvellous. Is this strange catalogue a quiz on Don Saltero.

a strange anomaly!—what a mental aberration! This illustrious poet has laboured hard to prove himself the very *worst painter* of the age; he has sunk himself to the *bathos*, and is madly revelling in the very mud of the "art!" Richardson "*spoke by the card*," being a consummate judge of the matter. He, however, was not incorrigible in this frenzy, being aware that he made no mighty figure as a painter; he avowed that his works proved that he was not Apelles, and his letter upon the subject to Dean Swift, is as complete a satire upon "his own efforts in paints," as Candour itself could pen. "I have bedevilled five or six holy virgins, and made some angels of ugliness—such as certain Indians have fancied the devil to be (a monster scaramouch,) as an object to fall down and worship. Moreover, I have not violated the commandment, having avoided that error of personifying the likeness of anything in heaven or on earth!"

It is a well-known fact, that Swift sat to him three times for his portrait, one of which was painted for, and presented to Mrs. Van Homrig. He three times attempted the likeness of his *admired* Miss Martha Blount; but laughingly observed,—"*she will never forgive me for this insult upon her fair fame.*"

His master, Jervas, however, made some restitution for this ungallant offence by introducing the lady, a whole-length, in a large picture, in which Pope is seen seated in his library, and the fair one, who appears very tall, and well shaped, is represented on tip-toe, reaching a book from a library shelf. In this picture is, perhaps, the most pleasingly known portrait of the poet himself. It was in the possession of Mr. Watson Taylor, and was sold by the auctioneer, George Robins, about seven years ago, with the other effects of that unfortunate and munificent gentleman, at his seat at Earl-Stoke Park, in Wiltshire.

Roubilliac's Sculpture of Pope.

The finest likeness of the poet, however, is that of the marble bust, sculptured by Roubilliac, and sold by public auction by Christie, in Pall Mall, for the small sum of one hundred and fifty guineas, about eighteen years ago, and was considered one of the very finest busts of modern times. Lord Byron, then abroad, on being informed of this circumstance, bewailed his ill fortune in not knowing that it was consigned for sale; observing, "I should have committed the sin of idolatry had I possessed such a treasure." The last time that Jervas visited Ireland, for some months during his absence from London, Pope occupied the painter's apartments in Schomberg House.

Jervas the Painter's Vanity.

Jervas is said to have possessed elegant manners, and an engaging address. He was a great favourite with the ladies, many of whom were persons who figured in high life; and he was honoured with the esteem of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; though she pri-

vately admitted to her friend Pope, that he was a good-tempered coxcomb, and the greatest egotist of the age. It was to this enlightened but very satirical lady, that he played off that memorable instance of his vanity, the exhibiting his own ear, by way of illustration of the beauty of that member of the head. He had maintained that few persons possessed a well-formed ear; and in a conversation upon this subject, in which he was, as usual, rather *dogmatic*, her ladyship, humouring his vanity, demanded, "Then, as you are known to be a high authority on the proportions of the human figure, you will, perhaps, teach me how to discover the perfection of its form?" He was then seated at his easel, when, turning aside his velvet skull-cap, he presented his own; and, smiling with self-complacency, he continued, "That, madam, is an ear pronounced to be singularly perfect."

ARACHNE, OR THE

WOMAN DEVoured BY SPIDERS.

[BONNELL THORNTON, in one of his clever essays, gives us a list of many of these "Imaginary Maladies," and the manœuvres by which he, under guise Æsculapian, cured their diseasedly-minded entertainers. But none of them compete with the following, which is an uncommon instance of mental madness, contravened by a witty cure:—]

A woman of Tours, struck by a peculiar kind of mental hallucination, recently pretended that she was devoured internally by spiders, and related that a brood had multiplied from three of these insects, which she had drank in the water of a fountain. She described the manner in which these guests had become domiciled in her stomach, and who had found it so agreeable as to build therein their nest; that, further, being father and mother, and living very much at their ease, they had only to augment their family, which the imagination of the woman believed to have increased and multiplied frightfully.

At length the sufferings of our hypochondriac were horrible; she fancied herself vexed by torments of all sorts, of stings in the feet and hands, of nippings in the shoulders, of bites in the stomach, gripings in the entrails, &c., till her agitation was extreme. Whoever dared to contradict this unfortunate sufferer, and charitably undertook to show her the foolishness of her error, received from her in return, the most malignant epithets and violent menaces. She abandoned herself to the most cruel despair; many times she was surprised in making attempts at strangulation; and one evening, overcoming the severest vigilance, she threw herself out of a window. It now became utterly useless to oppose reason any longer, to this self-imposed delirium.

The doctor then advised a stratagem: he feigned himself to partake of the conviction of

this curious monomaniac, and proposed to her an operation, which she accepted with joyfulness. "It is an unique and infallible means," said he, "to disembarrass you altogether of these wretched spiders, who so pitilessly torment you, and you will sigh no longer, after the moment that I have opened, and disembogued your stomach of its contents."

At the appointed day, an incision was practised in the lower part of her stomach, from which they feigned a dozen spiders to issue. The patient, partly comforted, underwent, on the following day, the like operation, to which she yielded herself up with the greatest goodwill.

After a last operation, from which they shewed her fifty spiders as the result, they happily put an end to her imaginary sufferings. Since then she has entirely recovered the use of her reason.—*Journal d'Indre-et-Loire.*"

The Gatherer.

The Rat that ate up Kingdoms.—Shenstone said of the rat that nibbled away his "Geography,"

"A son
Was to him a dish of tea,
And a kingdom bread and butter."

Bulkiness of Make.—Almost all the men that have shone in the House of Commons have been men of commanding appearance. Pitt was six feet; Fox was a ton of a man; Whitbread had the shoulders of a ticket porter; Canning was a man of the most impressive countenance and finest symmetry; Brougham is lathy, but he has the sinews of a Cumberland prize wrestler.

The Full Beard is the appurtenance of artists' sitters, of incomprehensible poets, of village trampers, and of Parisian lions, to the latter of which it becomes a substitute for a mane.—*Charivari.*

Bow Bridge long enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest stone bridge in England, and from its curved form, acquired the name which was afterwards extended to the village beside it. London Bridge was not built of stone till about one hundred years afterwards.

Donatello.—This sculptor always worked "con furia;" and when he cried out to his "Zuccone," or Bald-head, representing his friend Cherichini in the character of St. Peter,—"Parla!" speak!—the exclamation was a burst by which the work and its maker were equally characterized.

Mary, Queen of Scots.—Her dancing was always admired; we are assured that, "in the Spanish minuet, she was equalled only by her aunt, the beautiful Anne of Este, and no lady of the court could collapse her in the galliards." Her beauty and the charming expression of her countenance were such, that, as her contemporary Brantome asserts, "no one could look upon her without loving her."

Deaf and Dumb Printers.—A curious account is given, from Tübingen, in Wurtemberg, of a new printing establishment, lately opened by M. Theodore Helgerad. All the compositors and pressmen, 196 in number, eleven of the former being women, are deaf and dumb; and have been educated at his cost for the employment in which they are now engaged. The King has conferred on M. Helgerad the large gold medal, of the order of civil merit, for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste.

Constable's Pictures.—Constable chiefly delighted to paint Nature in her moist aspects; and he always represented her truly, and looking beautiful through her tears. "John, bring me my umbrella—I'm going to see Mr. Cawnstable's pictur," said old Fawell to his servant; and the sarcasm was complimentary.

How expressively does a *simmering* of the violins denote infirmity of purpose or prevailing terror.

Proud lips often swallow bitter potions.

Beware of "vaulting ambition," "that o'erleaps its horse, and falls on t'other side," covered with glory and contusions.

Lord Holland, the nephew of Charles Fox; and author of the "Life and Writings of Lope de Vega;" editor of the "Fragments of the History of James II.," by his uncle, and the translator of two or three Spanish comedies; died, after a few hours' illness, at Holland House, on Thursday, Oct. 22d inst. Byron dedicated his "Bride of Abydos" to his lordship; and so did Campbell his "Gertrude of Wyoming."

Chalk has just been found immediately underlying the sands of the Landes—a fact contrary to what was usually supposed.

It is intended to let for detached buildings, the ground now occupied as a kitchen garden near Kensington Palace.

Beccaria.—The Literary Society of Mondoir, in Lombardy, is about to erect a statue, by public subscription, to the memory of the eminent criminal lawyer, Beccaria.

Firmer Union of two Survivors.—Rebecca was an only and an orphan child, and her father had idolized her with a twofold fondness. He loved in her both her mother and herself; and the love was deeper, because that on it rested the tenderness of the grave. Each felt that they had the place of another to supply.

Moustachios, worn by men whose profession is not military, hide either an ugly mouth or bad teeth, excepting when they are the ornament of an officer of the civic militia, in which instance they are no longer the toy of a lout playing at soldiers.

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[Price 2d.]



THE LATE CHINESE EMPRESS, NEWKOOLOH,
FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN OIL, BY A NATIVE ARTIST.

THE LATE CHINESE EMPRESS, NEWKOOLUH.

NEITHER in the ancient or modern history of China, do the Empresses of the Celestial Empire, meet with any mention. Mere appendages to the royal person of the Emperor, there appear to have been no circumstances which have called for their appearance without the walls of the imperial palace. Therefore, we have little to relate of the private or public life of the late Empress, whose portrait embellishes our present number; but by the following memoir, she evidently appears to have been a person of great worth.

"At her death, a new edict was issued, in which the excellent virtues of the late Empress, Newkooluh, were held forth in the strongest language of conjugal affection. Overflowing with kindness towards all, lovely and winning, she held the controul over the hearts of all around her, not by dint of authority, but by gentleness and forbearance. The Emperor confesses that he was strongly attached to her, and on account of the above sterling qualities was prevailed upon to make her his spouse, and the head of his harem. Three happy years thus passed; her intercourse lightened the burden of government, and the charm she transfused around the court conciliated all their hearts. Soon, however, were these scenes of bliss changed to sadness, and her unfortunate partner felt himself left alone and forsaken. There was one good quality for which she was especially eminent—filial piety. And since she became a pattern to the court in this particular, her posthumous name will henceforth be Heaou tseuen Hwanghow, Empress Perfectibility of Filial Obedience.

"The burial was celebrated with very great splendour. The Mongol Princes were directed to go in mourning, and even the Korean tribute bearer was ordered to wear for a time, with all his suite, the white dress. The good woman's decease was sincerely lamented by all who knew her, for she was one of the brightest jewels in the highest circles. But when we read that after so much display of sincere grief, the musicians, according to Chinese etiquette, were ordered to strike up the most favourite airs, and to make the vaults resound with the merry peal of the gong, then we almost doubt whether, in this land of ceremony, either all feeling is absorbed in form, or the mournful strains of deep-felt suffering are to be exchanged for the notes of revel and mirth, to expel dull care for ever."

However unimportant the lives of the Empresses appear, we have one contrary instance, and that being a signal occurrence, may give some notion of what even a Chinese Empress can do under trying circumstances.

It was after the death of Yu, the founder of the dynasty of that name, that turbulences and divisions took place for the succes-

sion. Subordinate officers of the empire seized on the imperial sceptre, and made so general a massacre in the palace, that they believed the name and race of Yu to be forever extinguished.

They were deceived, however: the Empress Min, in this calamity of her house, fled to a remote city, where, in a place of concealment, she brought forth a son, named Chao-Kang.

The better to conceal his origin, she employed him as a shepherd boy, to tend flocks on the neighbouring mountains. Reports of the existence of such a youth, and of his occupation, at length reached the ears of Hantsou, the officer who had then usurped the imperial sceptre, and who sent orders to bring him, dead or alive.

The royal widow then withdrew her child from the pastoral life, and placed him as under-cook in the household of a neighbouring governor (Ti-Chou.) Here he had soon distinguished himself by a spirit and temper so superior to this humble station, that the master's suspicions were roused, and he at length obliged or induced him to disclose his name and birth.

This officer, however, as the Empress well knew, was devotedly attached to the house of Yu or Hia; he therefore not only kept the secret, but eagerly watched for an opportunity to restore the youth to the throne of his ancestors. He gave him a small government in a remote station, which he administered with a prudence that gained him great reputation. Yet he was more than thirty years old before the governor, by engaging other chiefs in his interest, could assemble such a force as might justify the attempt to make head against the usurper. The latter, on hearing that their army was on its march, hastily assembled his troops, and led them to the attack, before the reverence which they still felt for the memory of the great Yu could operate in shaking their fidelity.

At the first onset, Ti-chou, at the head of a chosen band of three hundred, dashed into the heart of the enemy, seized Han-tson himself, and carried him off prisoner; upon which his followers, dismayed and deprived of their leader, took to precipitate flight. The scattered divisions spread in different directions, and, after several other combats, were completely dispersed.

Chao-Kang, with his revered mother, the Empress Min, who had preserved him by her fortitude and prudence through all vicissitudes, then entered the capital, and was crowned amid the acclamations of the people.

A precisely parallel instance occurs in English history. With the same fortitude of mind, and magnanimity of conduct, our Queen Margaret, through all perils, carried and preserved the infant king. Nature is everywhere the same, from the Land's End to the Antarctic, as is marked in this identity of conduct between a British Queen and an Empress of the Celestials.

THE ANGEL OF LOVE'S EDEN.

A POEM.

[For the Mirror.]

It was the hour of midnight! Many a star
Glitter'd in loveliness—surpassing far
The lustre of the diamond; and the moon
March'd in the firmament as to a tune
Of solemn sweetness:—while 't' the starlight pale,
Sat, breathing melody, the nightingale.

It was this solemn, still, and midnight hour,
Which for long years had held unfailing power
To draw a spirit from his sphere—to leave
A realm of glory, and awhile to grieve
For mortal sorrows! 'Twas a gentle sprite,
And pure, and holy. She eschew'd the light
Of the hot sun, and lov'd the mellow shewn,
Shed upon earth by Heaven's maiden queen.

Oft would she pass into the shady grove,
And listen to the vows of ardent love
Breatht by the youths in voice of melody;
And the low sweet response, the blissful sigh,
The modest blush, would watch;—and downcast eye,
The bosom beating so tumultuously,
The lover's eyes with ardour on her's bent,
And looks with bliss and passion eloquent.

Within the shadow of that time serene,
Two glowing lovers by her eye were seen:
One's eyes are fixed upon the earth, for she
Trembles with mingled love and modesty;
And on her lip remains the rosy hue,
And on her vermell lips sweet sparkling dew,
Such as might tempt a fairy elf to sip,
And drinking, die enraptured on her lip.

'Twas then from out the star-soft radiance glancing—
Radiance that loves to be on violets dancing—
In an aerial car of lucent rays,
Mild with all lustrous of the milky ways,
That shone a tiny king on car and throne!—
Who hath not heard of mighty Oberon?
Who hath not o'er the land enchanted gone
With Shakspeare, and believed the truth of all,
Which magic only into life could call!

The king of fairies saw the mortal pair,
And thought the maiden most surpassing fair;
He gazed upon her brow and bosom while,
And wish'd her hidden charms reveal'd to sight;
But the pure angel, who of all things pure,
None but the purest could in thought endure,
When she beheld how wily Oberon
With glowing eyes the maiden gazed upon,
Cast forth a veil between them which defied
The Fay-king's vision, until on he hid.

Unconscious of the danger, turn'd away
The happy lovers, winding slow their way;
The morning broke in beauty and in splendour,
When the sweet angel, with a look full tender,
Bless'd them, and mount'd through the ether high,
Until she left behind the pure blue sky:
The lover's finger'd till the sun was bright,
And heaven, like their love, all rosy laugh'd with light.

THE SONG OF YORE.

BY JAMES WYLBON.

Come sing again the Song of Yore,
Whose simple melody
So charm'd me when my heart was young.
And spirit light and free!
For when I hear its artless tale,
And sweet and plaintive strain,
The peace and joy of early days
Uplift my soul again.

When years that seem'd with glitt'ring hopes,
Like flow'rs and leaves have fled;
And all our day-dreams—once so bright—
Are fraught with care instead;
No music soothes the weary heart,—
No song can reach its core,
Like that we heard in youthful years,—
The simple Song of Yore.

THE LOVES OF MR. TING CHANG
AND MISS KEAOU LWAN.

(From the Foreign Quarterly Review.)

Concluded from No. 1031, page 234.

[HOWEVER widely the customs of the Chinese may differ from those of Europeans, still is LOVE, in both halves of the hemisphere, identical and homogeneous. Laugh as we will, at the odd people of the Sinican peninsula, yet this is certain, that in their just regard of intersocial rights, and the levying of punishments on such as infringe them, they, on that score, thoroughly cast into the shade our own judicial code. This will be exemplified by the termination of our tale, in the bamboozing to death of the faithless Ting Chang.]

The following is the affecting scene of the last few hours the lovers were together:—

"That night Lwan set out wine in the fragrant apartment, and sent an invitation to Ting Chang. Then, she again went over all the circumstances of their previous oath, and again they fixed upon it as it were their wedding day. Aunt Tsaou also sat by their side; they conversed the live-long night, nor did balmy sleep once seal their eyes.

"When they were about to depart, Lwan asked the student to leave with her the place of his abode. Ting Chang inquired for what reason. 'Nothing,' said Lwan, 'merely in case of your not coming speedily, I may, perhaps, send a few lines to you.' The student caught up a pencil, and wrote the following sentence:—

"When I think of my relations a thousand miles off, I must return to Soochow—
My family dwell in Woo keang town, the seventeenth division—
You must ask for the mouth of the Shwang yang rivulet, in the South Ma—
And at the bottom of the Yenling bridge, stands the house of Ting Chang.

"Ting Chang further said, 'although to satisfy you, my love, I have written out these lines, yet there is little occasion for them, seeing the vehemence of my desire to return to you. While separated from you, days will seem years. The longest that I can possibly be away, is a year—the shortest, about half that time, when I will most certainly bring my father's card in my hand, and come myself to claim you as my bride. As I live, I will never permit my beauty of the harem to be a prey to anxiety and suspense. Having thus spoken, they embraced each other, and wept.

"There is on record, a stanza, in couplets, to the following effect:—

TING CHANG.

"Bound together by mutual sympathy, as fish to the water, so have we been evidently created for each other!
But, alas! when I think of my parents far away, I am compelled to tear myself from you."

KEAOU LWAN.

"In the flower-garden, henceforward, who will look with me at the bright moon?
In the fragrant apartment from this, I care not about playing at chess!"

The horse that was to bear the student from his bride, stood at the door, ready saddled and bridled; Mr. Wang got wine ready in the inner hall, and his wife, and the other ladies, assembled for the stirrup cup, or parting glass. Ting Chang again made his obeisance, and took his leave. Lwan found grief get the better of her, and burst into deluges of tears.

* * * * *

And now our readers must prepare themselves for the treacherous conduct of Mr. Ting Chang. He arrives at his father's house, and finds that he has made a matrimonial alliance for him, with a certain Miss Wei, of incomparable beauty, and with enormous wealth. Ting Chang is not proof against her golden charms, and forgetting Miss Wang, "after half-a-year, Miss Wei had crossed his threshold, man and wife took to each other kindly."

Poor Miss Lwan, not hearing from her false lover, pines in secret—"during the day she was wretched and lonely—before the pale lamp, her own shadow was her only companion." Upwards of a year passes away, when, one day, Ming-hea rushes in and tells her that a man is just come from the military station at Langan, and that as he is about to return, she can send her husband a letter. Keaou Lwan writes a very long one without loss of time, and begging him to return to Nan Yang immediately, and to bring with him a marriage contract to complete their "matrimonial arrangement for life."

Miss Lwan languishes on seven months longer, without a syllable from her lover, and at the end of that period, sends a similar letter, committing it to the charge of a certain Mr. Chang, who was going that way. Mr. Chang is as good as his word. Ting Chang is very much confused at this unexpected letter, and invites Mr. Chang into a neighbouring tavern, "while he writes a hurried reply that his father is ill, and requires his presence, but he hopes, ere long, to see her." Mr. Chang returns to Nan Yang, and the young lady eagerly reads the contents, "and though it did not specify any time for her lover's return, yet it held out a *hope*, and served as painted cake does to appease one's hunger, or looking at plums to allay one's thirst."

Ting Chang is too far occupied with his own concerns to remember his former vows, and for the third time does the disconsolate Miss Lwan send him a letter and all without effect.

Our readers must now prepare themselves for the most tragical part of this history. Miss Lwan's feelings again place her on a bed of sickness. Her parents, together with aunt Tsaou, conceive that the best thing for her is to form another alliance. Gradually the truth unfolds itself to her heart, and she despairs of his return. As a last resource, by her aunt's advice, she writes him a series of stanzas, recalling to his memory their former loves. Many of the expressions are beautiful, but among them, some are ludicrous:—

"Since you went away, sir, I do nothing but knit my eyebrows;
I am grown careless about arranging my rouge and cosmetics, and my head is like a broom;
Bride and bridegroom in two different lands—Oh! painful is the thought."

* * * * *

And I now again send this letter by express, to show the carnation colour of my heart!
Alas! for a blushing flower of thine seven summers—
Silent and lonely is her fragrant apartment, and her painful thoughts insupportable.

To this, aunt Tsaou added also a few lines of expostulation. A messenger conveys the letter to Ting Chang, who is very much frightened, and, hastily entering his house, sends the following *verbal* message by his tiger.

"My master," says the boy, "has been married to the young lady of Mr. Wei, the Ting-che-foo magistrate, now about three years; the road to Nan yang is very far, and he can hardly be expected to go back there; and, as a letter is a difficult thing to write, he sends this verbal message. This scented gauze handkerchief in former days belonged to Miss Lwan, as well as this sheet of paper, which is a marriage contract, and he begs that you will return them to her, in order that she may think no more about him."

Miss Lwan, upon receiving the fatal message, passes three days and three nights in her chamber, bewailing the past. Our readers must sympathise with us in the melancholy fate of Miss Lwan from the original translation:—

"That very night Keaou Lwan washed her person with the utmost care, and, having changed her clothes, she desired Ming-hea to go and boil her some tea, using this deceit to get Ming-hea out of the room. No sooner was her maid gone than, having first fastened the door, she made use of a stool to support her feet, then, taking a white sash, she threw it over a beam, and tied it; next, having made fast the scented gauze napkin, the first cause of all her woes, round her throat, she joined it to the white sash in a dead knot, and, finally, kicking away the stool, her feet swung in mid air, and, in a moment, her spirit dissolved in ether, while her soul sought the habitations of the dead, at the early age of twenty-one years.

"Ming-hea, then, having boiled the tea, was bringing it to her mistress, when she found the door fast shut; she knocked for some time, but no one opening, she ran in a

* This means a *sincere* heart: they say that the heart of a bad man is black.—*Morrison*.

great fright to communicate the intelligence to aunt Tsaou. This lady, along with Mrs. Chow, speedily arrived, and the room door being forced open, words cannot describe the horror and dismay that seized them, when the sad spectacle within presented itself to their view! Old Mr. Wang was not long in hearing the dismal tale, and in an instant repaired to the spot. It were needless to relate the scene of sorrow that ensued; neither the old gentleman nor his lady knew for what reason their beloved daughter had committed so rash an act. But it was necessary to take some steps for the interment of the body; and a coffin being procured, what was once the lovely and accomplished Lwan was, amid the tears and lamentations of the whole household, consigned to the silent grave!"

Such is the melancholy end of poor Miss Lwan. Her faithless lover suffered the punishment of death by the executioner, and our concluding extract will give our readers some idea of the cruel punishment inflicted by the Chinese upon their criminals.

Miss Lwan's letter, it appears, was handed over to the imperial censor, Fan-che, who ordered Ting Chang to appear before him, and, his guilt being proven, the censor in a voice of wrath, thus addressed him:—

"To treat with levity, or insult the daughter of a mandarin is one crime. Being already betrothed to one wife, marrying another is a second crime. Having had adulterous intercourse leading to the death of a party concerned, is a third crime. In your marriage contract it is written, if a man deceive the woman, may unnumbered arrows slay his body! I have now no arrows here to slay thee, but—" added he, raising his voice, 'thou shalt be beat to death with staves like a dog, so that thou mayest serve as a warning to all cold blooded villains in future.'

"With that he shouted with a loud voice, as a signal to the bailiffs and lictors who were in waiting: these, grasping their clubs of bamboo, rushed forward in a body, and simultaneously struck the wretched culprit, pieces of whose body flew about the hall in all directions, and in a moment a bloody and hideous mass marked the corpse of the betrayer of Lwan."

SAM SLICK AND THE QUAKER.

[From the Clock Maker: Third Series.]

WHEN I fust went out in the clock line, up Huron way, I used to be subject to the cramp, violent fits of the cramp, and nethin' a'most gave me relief but holdin' up a roll of stick brimstone in my hand, and I used to place it every night under the pillar of my bed to have it handy. Well, one night, (and most sincerely cold it was too) I was a-bed along with Plato Frisk, a jumpin' quaker, a terrible, cross-grained, cantankersome crittur as ever I seed. He had a beard like a goat, it hung

down to his waist a'most, and he had the power of raisin' it up with his chin, and whiskin' it as an ondocted crittar does its tail. A switch of it across your face was as bad as a blow from a bunch of stingin' nettles; it made it smart again like all wrath. It was a caution to look at. His nose was long, thin, and rounded, like the shape of a reapin'-hook, and his eyes as black and small as a weasel's; they looked like two burnt holes in a blanket, they was so deep. He attilly was an awful-lookin' crittur, as shaggy as a two-year old, and jist about as ontamed too. Well, I woked up in the night, half dead with the cramp, and screamin' like mad, and I jist out fin and felt for the brimstone, and I no sooner seized it than Frisk he roared like a bull too, and folks came runnin' and troopin' in from the other room, to see what on airth all the hubbub was about; and I hope I may die this blessed minit if I hadn't got him by the nose in mistake for the brimstone (a'most an endless one it was too) and was a-squeezin' away and a-hangin' on it like grim Death to a dead nigger. It made me lart so, when the lights come in, and I seed the ugly faces the goney made, that it cured the cramp, hang me if it didn't.

PROMETHEUS CRUCIFIED ON MOUNT ELBORUS.

BY W. ARCHER.

CANOPIED by the broad vault of the blue heavens and the open sky—not roofed or covered in like our play-houses of to day—the great Theatron of the Greeks was, in comparison with the small scale of ours, colossal in magnitude. This immenseness of size served for a double purpose, partly that of containing the whole poople, with the vast concourse of strangers who flocked to these grand religious festivals, and partly to correspond with the majesty of the drama represented in it, to which a respectful distance gave additional awe or beauty.

That the drama of the old Greeks was thus acted in open day, and beneath the bare heaven, is a state of things that to us may appear highly inconvenient; but the Greeks had nothing of effeminacy about them, and the fineness and unalterable serenity of their climate are not to be forgotten. Grant that a storm or shower might descend, the play was, of course, interrupted; but your devout ancient would much rather subject himself to a wetting, than, by shutting himself up in a close and crowded house, entirely destroy the serenity of a religious solemnity, which their plays undoubtedly were. To have covered in the scene itself, and imprisoned gods and heroes in dark and gloomy apartments, imperfectly lighted up, would to them have appeared still more foolish. No lustres of wax lights, cressets of gas, or branching chandeliers, illus-

trated the scenery of their drama—but the Sun himself held forth his Lamp of Gorgeousness, lighting up their sceneries with blaze and splendour—or the dark pomp of the storm-clouds in heaven poured deeper horror on mysterious scenes below. Thus it was that an action which so nobly served to establish the heathen's belief of his relation with heaven, could only be exhibited under an unobstructed sky, and under the very eyes of the gods, as it were, for whom, according to Seneca, the sight of a brave man struggling with adversity is an attractive spectacle.

Of all the dramas of the ancient masters, none was more capable, coupled with these circumstances, of being enacted with grander effect than the drama of Prometheus—undeniably the sublimest of the old tragedies. Rather, perhaps, a mighty ode than a tragedy; it does not describe a series of actions, but a series of visions. Prometheus, chained to a rock on the verge of the world, holds parley with the original powers and oldest forms of Nature. Among these dark powers—Tartarus and the Titans—the author revels with huge delight. He endeavours to swell out his language to a gigantic sublimity, corresponding with the standard of his sufferer's character. Here the Cothurnus of Æschylus has, as it were, an iron weight, and the gigantic figure of his great victim stands torrisso before our eyes. We are thrown back with him into the first chaos of nature, where the universe itself seems to rock like the sea, and the empire of heaven was not yet fixed.

Grandly the drama opens. On the broad wastes of the uninhabited wilderness, Strength and almighty Compulsion are discovered, and beside them the Cyclopean form of Vulcan, cumbered with his hammer and rattling chains, forged amid the thunders of Etna, while Prometheus, "the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,"—the voluntary sacrifice for mankind, stands by the rock of Elborus in the centre. The tremendous solitude of the principal person—the supernatural beings with whom he alone holds communion—the guilt—the firmness—the misery—to all these the grandeur of the poetic imagery gives a striking effect. They are thus grouped when the ponderous silence is broken by Compulsion and Might,—the sternest myrmidons of Jupiter, the Tyrant-King. Abjuring blank verse, we translate after our own fashion:—

χθονος μὲν εἰς τηλοῦρον ἤκομεν πέδον, &c.

v. 1—11.

We are come to the uttermost bounds of Earth,
To the Scythian wilderness, never yet trod,
And now it behoves thee, O Vulcan, to do
The Father's high will on this recumbent God:—
Him to bind to these ruggedly-towering rocks,
With unbreakable, interlinked, adamant locks.

For he stole, and then unto mortality gave
Thy crowning perfection—the infinite splendour
Of FIRE, that glorifies Art—for which Wrong
Fit atonement he must to the angry Gods render;
That the Thunderer better may by him be known,
And he leave his man-loving humours alone.

Vulcan, a kindred god to Prometheus, yet commanded by Jupiter, spite of his propriety, to be the fetterer of his relative, cries out complainingly on his doom, and curses his handicraft. This is his answer to the challenge of Compulsion and Might.

Ah! ye, sternest Powers, have strictly and well
Fulfilled your commands upon Jove's hard account;
But I fail me the courage to fasten perforce
A Fellow-God down to this storm-riven mount:—
Yet that which I dare not, stern Fate makes me dare,
For to disobey Jupiter, awful it were.

Turning from these iron-hearted ministers, he now addresses himself in a "roll of periods," to Prometheus, "victim of immortal hate." Welcker has hazarded an opinion, which Hermann thinks is extremely probable, that, instead of requiring a living actor to remain pinned to the rock, in so uneasy a position during the whole representation of the play, Æschylus had recourse to an image of Prometheus, which Vulcan fettered hand and foot, and fastened down by a wedge through its breast. But this is very doubtful, for Æschylus was himself not only the inventor of scenic pomp, and an instructor of the choruses in singing and dancing, but appeared himself in the character of a player—nay, might even have himself personified this mighty being of his imagination. But to "the wise, the good, the mild" Prometheus, list we what right-hearted Vulcan speaks:—

*Τῆς ὀρθοβούλου Θέμιδος αἰκνυμῆτα καὶ
ἄκουρά σ' ἔκων, &c. &c.*

v. 18—35.

O high-minded son of just Themis the Wise!
Nor by mine, or by thy will—must I with these
chains
Bolt thee ruthlessly down to this desolate crag
Where no human shape comes, and no human sound
gains,
But where the clear flame of the sun-blaze* shall pour,
"Burning for beauty"† thy countenance o'er.
O the star-spangled night shall to thee only bring
Keener longings for day—and when day shall begin
Thou wilt wish it were done, as it melts from thy limbs
Fierce dews of the morn—all this springs from thy
sin
Of loving poor manhood. Nor warring, nor brief,
But shall be ever-present and dreadful, thy grief,
For he is not born who shall give thee relief.

Thou God who didst brave the broad wrath of the
Gods,

Broked'at all laws divine, feeble man to befriend,
For the which thou shalt guard this unamiable rock,
Thine eye never closes, and thy knee never bend,
But crucified there, utter bootless thy moans—
For Jove is not bent by the prayerfullest groans,
And harsh are all Kings upon newly-made Thrones!

The incomparable beauty of some of the ideas in this ode, as they stand in the vernacular, entirely lose their power by translation. But the most noticeable, at the commencement of our second verse, has not only found

* In the last number of the Quarterly Review, where notice is taken of Miss Barrett's translation of this play, the reviewer daily calls her reading for "σπαρτερος," a mistake. It is no such thing. Miss Barrett has followed the reading of Aldus—"σπαρτερος." The former, however, is decidedly the most preferable.
† An expression of Isaiah's.

imitation by some of our best poets, but is sublimely expressed in Holy Writ. The terrible threat which this passage contains, brings to mind that most thrilling of all the curses denounced against the disobedience of the Israelites:—"In the morning thou shalt say, 'Would God it were even!' and at even thou shalt say, 'Would God it were morning.'"² Not that the poetry of the two passages will bear comparison. The additional images which Æschylus has introduced greatly impair the thought, which the sacred writer has expressed in the severest simplicity. And Lord Byron in *Manfred* is inferior to either:—

And to thee shall night deny,
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun
Which shall make thee wish it done.

To the concluding remarks of Vulcan, Compulsion gives in his "Ea," "Amen," and, after a short prevarication, peremptorily bids Vulcan take up the adamantine manacles, and buckle to his work. Now begins the fearful crucifixion.

"Taking them," (the iron chains,) says Compulsion, "clench them by might and main around his wrists—bolt him to the rock."

Lucian, who has paraphrased this scene, T. 1, p. 186, makes the position which Prometheus's hands are made to assume, like those of our Saviour on the cross; whereon Bishop Blomfield remarks, "Prometheus, ut videtur, in rupis fissura crucifixus est, distentis manibus pedibusque ex hac in illam partem." So both the arms are fastened.

The next command is superhumanly terrific, and makes our nature shudder as we read:—

ἀδαμαντίνου νῦν σφηνὸς ἀνθάδῃ γνάθον
στέρνων διαμπαξ πασσάλειν ἑρρωμένως
v. 65—66.

"Now resolutely drive the tenacious prong of the iron staple right through his breast."

And again, the dreadful piercing of the feet in the same manner, is thus cogently expressed:—

ἑρρωμένως νῦν θεῶν διατόρους πέδας
v. 76.

"Now firmly drive the gyve-bolts through his feet."

No one can think that the poet meant, in these passages, that the fetters of Prometheus were so *pierced* as to encircle his leg like any common shackles of ordinary workmanship, as some childishly suppose; no, they did themselves *pierce* the limbs which they confined; both the wedge and the nails pierced his feet and perforated his breast.

The tongueless caverns of the craggy hills
Cried "Miser!" then; the hollow heaven replied,
"Miser!" and the ocean's purple waves,
Climbing the land, howled to the lashing winds,
And the pale nations heard it, "Miser!"

Who sees not here a dim adumbration of Him whose hands and feet were pierced for

our sakes, and whose side was wounded with the spear? Say what they will of this great fable (1) of early times, yet are all truths and all fables but multiplied reflections, visible in different distances, and under different positions of one archetypal truth. If we owe gratitude to Him, who created and unveiled Truth's form, should we refuse to gaze upon these reflections. Because they rest upon heathen scrolls, should we turn away from those scrolls? No, the testimony of heathenism forms only a stronger corroboration of what is divine.

Rightly spoke Schlegel, who perceived in this drama, with no filmy eye, the shadowing forth of the great sacrifice in our Testament. "The Chained Prometheus," says he, "is the representation of constancy under suffering, and that, the never ending suffering of a god. Though he is exiled to a naked rock, on the shore of the encircling ocean, this drama still embraces the world—the Olympus of the gods, and the Earth of mortals—all scarcely yet reposing in a secure state above the dread abyss of the dark Titanian powers. This idea of a self-devoting divinity has been mysteriously inculcated in many religions, as a confused foreboding of the true; here, however, it appears in a most alarming contrast with the consolations of revelation. For Prometheus does not suffer in an understanding with the powers by whom the world is governed, but he atones for his disobedience, and that obedience consists in nothing but the attempt to give perfection to the human race."

How dreadful must have been the sight of the Crucified Prometheus, Vulcan attests by his terse exclamation.

— θάμα δυσθέατον ομμασιν.

v. 69.

"O sight

Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!"—*Milton*.

But the true forcibleness of this picture, as wrought up by the powerful mind of Shelley, appears before us according to his description, in all its gathering of awfulness and terror:—

Ione. Hark, sister! what a low, yet dreadful groan.
Quite unsuppressed is tearing up the heart
Of the good Titan, as storms tear the deep!
Darest thou observe how the fiends torture him?

Panthea. Alas! I look'd forth twice, but will no more.

Ione. What didst thou see?

Pan. A woful sight! a youth

With patient looks, nailed to a crucifix.

Fury. Behold an emblem; those who do endure
Deep wrongs for man, and scorn and chains, but leap
Thousandfold torment on themselves and him.

Prom. Remit the anguish of that lighted stare;
Close those wan lips; let that thorn-wounded brow
Stream not with blood; it mingles with thy tears!
Fix, fix those tortured orbs in peace and death
So thy sick throes shun not that crucifix;
So those pale fingers play not with thy gore.
O horrible!

As a proper drama or unfinished poem, the "Prometheus Vincetus" might be thought by some to be far too indistinct and unsatisfactory. But this was the design of the author; he contemplated but a dim and magnificent

sketch of a subject which did not admit of more accurate drawing, or more brilliant coloring. Its obscurity is a part of its grandeur, and the darkness that rests upon it, and the smoky distance in which it is lost, are all devices to increase its majesty, to stimulate our curiosity, and to impress us with deeper awe.

The obstinate determination of Prometheus has thus far submitted in silence to all his torments! from the moment of the first dawning of his character upon our minds, the effect of his silence is electrifying. He is silent, he disdains as much to answer the impotent and selfish compassion of Vulcan, as to murmur beneath the brutal cruelty of Strength; his proud spirit could not deign to ask for mercy, and he would not gratify the malice of his torturers by the utterance of a single sound which might give evidence of his agony. It was not thus that *he* pitied in the days of his joy; it was not thus that *he* acted in the days of his power; and his spirit is above them, and recks not of them. But they are now gone; and now, when their pity and their scoffs pollute his ears no more, his feelings first find vent, and he bursts out into a passionate appeal to all the elements of nature, in the hope of gaining some consolation for his wrongs from the mere act of telling them; he pours out his impassioned sorrows to the air, and winds, and waters, and earth, and sun, whom he had never visited with benefits, and "taxed not with unkindness." And when at the very last we see him, daring and unflinching beneath the torturing and dishonouring hand, yet keenly alive to the torture and dishonor—for himself fearless and rash, yet for others considerate and wary; himself unpitied, yet to others pitiful—he calls no longer upon the sun, and earth, and waters, from which the avenger is secluding him; but demands of *Æther*, who is rolling light to all eyes excepting his, whether he beholds how he suffers by injustice:—our hearts rise up within us, and bear witness that his suffering is, indeed, unjust.

MR. CHIMPANZEE ;

OR,

THE SAPIENT TRAVELLER.

[THERE are more Chimpanzees in the world than people wot of, albeit they are cried up as such rarities. Solemn, blinking fools, these, are the "monkies" who, like him of the fable, profess to "have seen the world," but on whose dull unconscious eyes, the "visible and fair form of things" has made as much impression, as would it on the staring optics of a stone idol.

Mr. Chimpanzee is a sample of many of those travellers or tourists, who crawl about the lovely earth, but to whose gross and unintelligent minds, Art's, or Nature's beauties are a dead letter. To their matter-of-fact

comprehensions, a ruin is a ruin, and nothing more. Palmyra, with its unimaginable graces and splendours—Babelon, with its ponderous pomp and glory—Greece, with her sweet and heavenly-dreamed sculptures—are nothing beyond blocks of stone, or mounds of rubbish.

Happy that man who, with no dense or osseous brain, is endowed with the capability of rising to a perception of the comely and beautiful forms of earth when he meets them. Keep us, kind heaven, from that "gross flesh," or "stony heart," which shuts out the perfections of this blessed world, from the understanding of the eye and the heart.

This *jeu d'esprit* is from Bentley's :—]

Like all those who possess no brains, Chimpanzee required the stimulus of action to supply the want of thought. He knew nothing of geography—the only *globes* he had ever studied being those pretty prismatic ones blown through a tobacco-pipe, or billiard-tables, and bowls. With his "upper story" stored with nothing, he went forth to see the world.

But how many go to *sea*, and see nothing. Chimpanzee was the very man to travel from Dan to Boersheba, and say, "'Tis all barren." There appeared to be neither speculation nor speculation in his dull optics, and to his matter-of-fact mind, a ruin *was* a ruin, and nothing more.

The Bey of Tripoli, or the Bay of Naples, were both alike in sound and significance to him, until having seen both, he declared they were both "deep uns," and that it was as dangerous to try your *craft* upon one as the other.

When told that he would find *rein-deer* in Lapland, where snow and ice abound, he replied with the utmost importance, as if pronouncing a logical deduction, "Of course, where water freezes it is always scarce, and that accounts for the rain being dear. Any fool could see that, with half an eye!"

Having somewhere read or heard that there were "tongues in the running brooks," he was grievously disappointed when he saw the *mouth* of the Nile, and found—no *tongue* in it!

Visiting Naples, of course he climbed *Vesuvius*, and looking into the crater declared he saw nothing in it. As he descended, the "dew was on the spray," and he observed that he had often heard talk of "mountain-dew," and that his Irish servant had informed him, that it was a "drop of the *crater*," of the truth of which he appeared now quite convinced.

In Canton he found the tea very strong, while in Scotland he discovered that *their* "Tay" was all water.

One observation he did make, which really had some degree of sense in it,—he said that he thought it would be a vast improvement, in an agricultural point of view, if they could pull the Boot of Italy on the Calf of Man! And uttered a truism, which was incontro-

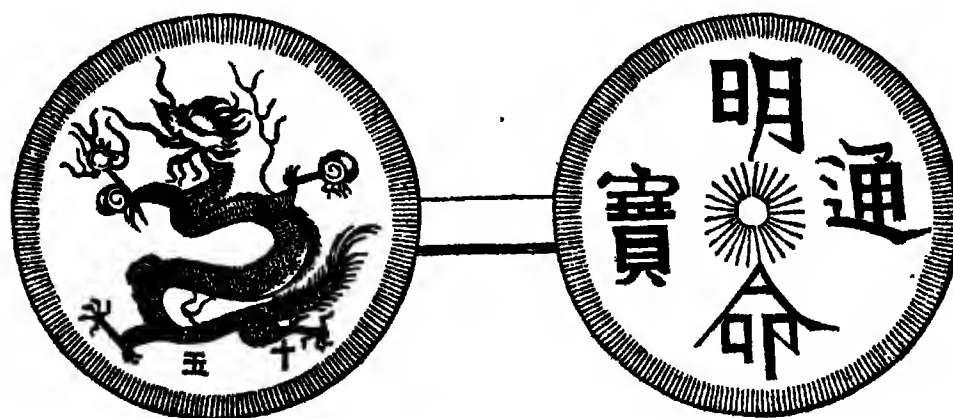
vertible, namely, that when speaking of the beauties of the East, he asserted that Arabia "bore the palm."

He laughed at the idea of the world being round as a gross absurdity, and assured everybody that he had been in all parts, and found it flat—very flat! He had sailed on the White, the Red, and the Black Sea, only to discover the accuracy of his school-grammar in stating, "the sea is green," and the errors of the Hydrographers, who had really no *colourable* pretext for calling them names which they do not deserve.

PROFANENESS OF THE ARTS AT ROME.

WHATEVER may have been the faults and errors of the earlier Italian artists, they, in their productions, never sinned against propriety—never displayed a figure which offended against decency—never wanted in a

group which could excite a loose idea—never pandered to the grosser passions of mankind. With the Greeks, how otherwise! The grave archæologist may allegorize, the virtuoso may burst out into ecstatic rapture; but there is no flinching from the fact, that the antique collections, the treasures which fill the Gallery, or the Museum, the Vatican, or the Louvre, which the aged are directed to venerate, the young to study for instruction, are pervaded by the most debasing sensuality, breathing in the marble and the bronze, and the more subtle and dangerous from the elegance and refinement which it assumes. It may not be agreeable to know the truth, but all that Winkelman and Visconti teach us to admire at Rome, was denounced by the Apostle as the corruption of the divine glory. It may be said that no one believes in Leda's swan, or in Danaë's shower; but the swelling outline, and the forms rising from the glowing canvas, become a part of the mind into which they have been received.



CHINESE SILVER MONEY.

WE are indebted to the Cabinet of Mr. John Wright, 24, Oxford Street, for the loan of this rare and interesting piece. The obverse has the five-clawed dragon, the Imperial insignia of China; and the two characters across the centre on the reverse, Nager, in his *Essai de Numismatique Chinoise*, Paris, 1805, p. 31, notices as *pao toun*, serving to express, that it is public money. The edge, in imitation of the European milling, appears to have been achieved by patient labour and a file.

The money of China does not consist, in any degree, of gold, which is used only for purposes of ornament. Silver is the standard medium of exchange; the generality, however, of it is not coined, but issued in pieces, which are weighed very dexterously in small scales kept for the purpose. If a piece be too large for the payment intended, a portion is cut off. Accounts are kept in ounces of silver, called by the Chinese, *taeng*, but by Europeans, after the example of the Portuguese, *talers*, or *taels*. These may average about 6s. 8d. of our money. The general coin is one of very small value, formed of a composition, having six parts of copper and four of lead. It is of a round shape, and the pieces are strung upon a cord, with a knot distinguishing every hundred. Du Halde reckons six hundred to a *tael*; but according to Mr. McCulloch, there are, at least, seven hundred and fifty, which would make each about the tenth part of a penny sterling. The impression, which is only on one side, consists in pompous titles of the reigning emperor. There is a tradition, that coins of gold, silver, and even earth, were formerly used; but all these are now superseded. The Emperor Hong-yon attempted to issue a paper currency, each note of which passed for a *tael*. It was stamped with the imperial seal, and bore an inscription, that he who should counterfeit it, would be beheaded. Being revived by the descendants of Zinghis, it was found current by Marco Polo at the time of his visit, but is now entirely disused; specimens of it being only sought for as curiosities, or to be used superstitiously as amulets.

New Books.

The Poetical Works of Richard Hatt.
[Effingham Wilson.]

[THE Parnassian Muse who, in the time of Shakspeare and of Milton, walked abroad the earth in a flaming robe of verse, hath since that age, hid herself like a close recluse, unseen, even at intervals, by any. She, sweet Syrinx of Song,—thrilling our hearts no longer with immortal sweetnesses of melody—then left the silence of plain and country to resound to whatsoever tuneful clerks chose to dedicate themselves to her; and these, being many, and no inattentive disciples, though they attain not to nobleness or virility of song, yet profiting in some measure by the lessons of so divine a mistress, they have, in many cases, given birth to strains of poetry, genuinely sweet, graceful, and Arcadian. Of these disciples, Bloomfield and Burns have worn her vesture with all becoming dignity, and the sweetness of their pipings, in those later days, give us the best idea of the heavenly tuneableness of their mistress's voice, and the tender sensibility of her soul.]

For this last-mentioned virtue, are the "Poetical Works" of our author chiefly noticeable. They evince an originally good and very feeling mind, but one, however, which the severities of the world have been somewhat in danger of warping. His poems, indeed, furnish an exact transcript of himself, and a complete history of his temper, being wholly the simple and unsophisticated utterances of his mind and feelings.

Our author's gayer poems appear to have been written when his heart was warm, and revelled in pleasurable prospects. In these happier moments, he wrote his "Ode to the Rose,"—"To Strains of Music," and carolled about "May-Queens." But a change came o'er the spirit of his dream, and the domesticities of wedded life seem to have shed a soberer tone over his views. At such a time he doubtless wrote his sonnet on "Rubeus' beautiful Picture of his Wife,"—an ode which speaks in language high of the incarnation of woman, who—after the grand outline of Creation had shone out of Chaos, appeared, the last and the divinest work. Then was his happiness such, that "Sing on thou warbling bird," forms an ode charmingly in unison with his tranquil continuity of mind.

But happiness does not laugh on for ever, and this our poet seems to have found. Many are the odes over the sunniness of whose aspect, the shadow of a dark hand hovers. Affliction and trouble appear to have got hold on him, and though he still sings, yet is it with mourning and lament;—"Hang your harps o'er the waters to weep." As his friends die off, he pays them the tribute of elegiac strains, while his eye begins frequently to teem with tears, and his voice to cry out on the harsh world.

Religion now seems to afford him much comfort—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," is an ode that bespeaks comfortable resignation; he bids others, like himself, p. 28,—]

bright Creation's works adore,
And with sincere devotion due,
In secret and where silence reigns,
There offer prayer (whiles Heaven's in view.)
To the GREAT SHEPHERD of these plains.

[He addresses "Sweet Pity with her looks of light," and all tender influences are as anodynes to his soul:—]

O breathe again that tender strain,
Its soothing influence throw;
To ease a heart o'erpressed with pain,
A heart o'erfraught with woe.
For there is such a gentle charm,
So much of feeling given,
That whispering angels taste the balm—
A balm that breathes of Heaven!

[One of his mottoes, however, shows the liability to which the best of men are subject, who, when trouble falls upon them, become misanthropical—haters of their race.]

Man and the world I so much hate,
I care not how or when I quit the scene.

[Far be such feelings from the gentle poet; let his heart, through all trouble and all teen, be still the treasury of kind affections: let the golden "good-will to all men," still be a preserver to him of "peace upon earth;" for the other state will render him no better than the tiger of the jungle, or savage beast of blood. Far be this from the gentle poet.]

The general tone of our writer's poems predicate anything but such a conclusion; for constantly is the sombreness of his melancholy shot athwart by scintillating wit. Who would perceive hypochondriacism in this,—]

EPIGRAM.

'To a needle, says a pin,
You're bless'd with an eye
Chloe's charms to decry,
And press'd by her fingers you fly.
To the pin, says the needle,
'Tis true that I'm bless'd with an eye,
Chloe's charms to decry,
And press'd by her fingers I fly.
But happier you
With a head on her bosom to lie.

[Glad are we, therefore, that the melancholy of our author is so capable of relief: he who has so much merry wit in his composition, is no subject for despair. May he find that which he longs for—rest and tranquility in some bosom of peace, and comfort in the religion of his soul. Hope, if he seek her not on earth, yet, as he himself sings, he shall realize it—]

In heaven, for there
On the wings of the ark-dove she mounteth the air.

In conclusion, however, acknowledged it must be, that though much good and true-toned writing is put forth in this age, yet is it meant rather to administer to the fashion of the passing day, than to gain the immortal palm-branch. May some poetic Joshua arise, the superhuman tones of whose silver trumpet shall break down the walls of this heathenish practice, soaring into grander song.

Public Journals.

POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL. Nov. 1840.

[HOGARTH'S "Memoir of Gluck" is an interesting biographical chapter.

Until awakened by the master's hand, how long may "the soul of music slumber in the shell." Till within this last season or two, Gluck's music lay amid the lumber of the old world. A "German Company," however, having introduced his "Iphigenia in Tauris" to English audiences last year, our *dilettanti* were surprised at hearing strains which they recognized not—harmonies sweet as the deep songs of heaven—choruses classic and exalted as the Greek. They learned it, on inquiry, to be the music of Gluck, and now no concert or harmonic meeting but re-echoes with his splendid compositions.]

CHRISTOPHER GLUCK

Was a native of Bohemia, born either in 1714 or 1715. Belonging to the most musical country in the world, he picked up that practical knowledge of music, possessed by almost everybody in Bohemia. While yet very young, he left his home and reached Vienna, subsisting by his skill in music. Whatever money he continued to gain, beyond what was necessary for his support, was expended on his education and the purchase of books, and, self-taught as he was, he acquired that general knowledge, and those habits of philosophical thought, which disposed his spirit to classic subjects in the school of dramatic music.

Soon after his arrival at Vienna, Gluck attracted the notice of an Austrian nobleman, who, struck by his musical talents, employed him. He afterwards travelled to Italy, where he obtained the instructions of the great Martini.

His Visit to England.—After four years study under this celebrated master, Gluck composed his first opera, "Artaserse," performed at Milan in 1741. His name now became famous in Italy; he composed for the theatres of Venice, Berlin, &c., and was invited to compose for the London Opera-house, then under the direction of Lord Middlesex. He came to England in 1745, but, owing to political affairs, the Opera-house was then closed by order of the Lord Chamberlain, and Gluck had only the opportunity of producing "Lo Caduta dei Giganti," an ephemeral composition.

Metastasio's Opinion of him.—Returning to Germany, we find no account of any works written by him, till 1754. From this period, he was engaged in writing several operas, all of which, though successful, are not now extant. The language used respecting him by Metastasio, is very remarkable: "Gluck," says he, in one of his letters, "has surprising fire, but he is mad. He composed an opera for Venice, which was very unfortunate. I am not a man to pretend to judge him."

Orfeo, his first Opera.—Gluck's immortal "Orfeo" was first performed at Vienna in

1764, and, though the audience, accustomed to the florid and ornate style of the Italian opera, were at first startled by a style so entirely new, yet on every successive representation, it was found to be more interesting and beautiful, till every dissentient voice was drowned amid general applause. It was shortly performed with the most brilliant success at all the principal theatres of Italy. Bologna, in particular, it is said, was enriched, during a single season, by the receipt of above fifty thousand pounds sterling, in consequence of the influx of strangers during the performance of "Orfeo."

Alceste, his second Opera.—"Alceste" was first produced in 1768, and for two years no other opera was performed at the court theatre of Vienna. Its publication, with an admirable dedication to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, took place in 1769.

Paride ed Elena, his third Opera.—The third opera, "Paride ed Elena," was less successful than the two previous pieces. It was published with a dedication to the Duke of Parma.

Dr. Burney's Visit to Gluck.—In 1772, Dr. Burney visited Vienna, at which capital Gluck was then residing, and with whom he had a good deal of personal intercourse, of which he gives a minute and pleasing account. He thus describes his first visit. The composer, then about sixty, was by no means easy of access, but Burney obtained an introduction through the Countess Thun, a lady as much distinguished for her accomplishments as her rank.

"The countess," says Burney, "had been so kind as to write a note to Gluck on my account, and he had returned, for him, a very civil answer; for he is as formidable a character as Handel used to be—a very dragon, of whom all are in fear."

"However, he had agreed to be visited in the afternoon; and Lord Stormont and the Countess Thun had extended their condescension so far as to promise to carry me to him."

"He is very well housed here, has a pretty garden, and a great number of neat and elegantly furnished rooms. He has no children. Madame Gluck and his niece, who lives with him, came to receive us at the door, as well as the veteran composer himself. He is much pitted with the small pox, and very coarse in figure and look, but was soon got into good humour, and he talked, sang, and played, Madame Thun observed, more than she ever knew him do at any one time."

"He began, upon a very bad harpsichord, by accompanying his niece, who is but thirteen years old, in two of the capital scenes of his own famous opera of "Alceste." When she had done, he was prevailed upon to sing himself; and, with as little voice as possible, he continued to entertain and even delight the company in a very high degree; for, with the richness of accompaniment, the energy and vehemence of his manner in the allegros, and

his judicious expression in the slow movements, he so well compensated for the want of voice, that it was a defect which was soon entirely forgotten.

"He was also so good as to perform himself almost all his opera of *"Alceste,"* many admirable things in a still later opera of his, called *"Paride ed Elena,"* and in a French opera, from Racine's *"Iphigenie,"* which he had just composed. This last, though he had not as yet committed a note of it to paper, was so well digested in his head, and his retention is so wonderful, that he sang it nearly from the beginning to the end with as much readiness as if he had had a fair score before him."

Iphigenia in Aulis.—This opera mentioned by Burney, was the first of his pieces written for the French stage, and the production of which, at Paris, was the commencement, at the age of sixty, of a new career, more active, more brilliant, and more glorious, than any part of his previous life. It had been composed at Vienna in 1772, and was performed for the first time on the 19th of April, 1774, at Paris, when its success was complete.

His Music in France.—In 1776, the French version of *"Alceste"* was first performed at Paris, with the same success which had attended the original production of the Italian piece at Vienna. It was, however, severely criticised, especially by the partisans of the Italian school. It was objected that the strain was too sombre and monotonous, and that there was a want of glowing and graceful melody.

At one of the representations, the celebrated Abbé Arnaud exclaimed that the musician had revived the true expression of the grief of antiquity. "It may be so," drily answered the Neapolitan ambassador, who sat in the same box, "but, for my part, I cannot help preferring modern pleasure to ancient grief."

It is said that a critic complained to Gluck of the monotony of the air *"Caren t'appelle,"* the motive of which consists of only a single note. Gluck's answer is characteristic of his constant attention to his dramatic principles: "My friend," he said, "the reason of my doing this is, that in hell the passions are extinguished, and the voice loses its inflections."

Iphigenia in Tauris.—Of the depth and refinement of his ideas on the subject of dramatic truth, several striking instances have been related. In the *"Iphigenia in Tauris,"* there is a remarkable scene, the effect of which our readers, who have witnessed the representation of that opera, cannot have forgotten.

When Orestes, exhausted by the force of contending passions, sinks into a seemingly tranquil slumber, murmuring, "Calm returns to my heart," his soft accents are intermingled with broken and agitated sounds from the orchestra. Some one pointed out to Gluck this apparent incongruity; but the composer's answer was, "Do you not perceive that Ores-

tes lies! His calm is but the exhaustion of despair. How can he sleep in peace, when he has killed his mother?"

His Armide and Narcisse.—Gluck produced also his *"Armide,"* and *"Narcisse,"* the first was brilliantly successful, and is ranked among the greatest of his works, but *"Narcisse"* failed, and is forgotten. It was the last work of Gluck, who soon afterwards left France. The notion that Gluck's music is deficient in melody is now universally exploded—it breathes the very soul of melody.

Gluck returned to Vienna in 1779. On his departure from France, a fine statue was erected to his memory by public subscription, and placed in the saloon of the opera. Two years afterwards he had a paralytic stroke, under which he lingered till his death, on the 15th November, 1787, at the age of seventy-five. He left an ample fortune, the well-earned fruits of his genius and industry.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE. No. CXXXI.
November, 1840.

[THE Cosways appear to have been a beautiful family; but the eccentricities of the father, who, at threescore, assumed the sable vesture of a wizard, and converted his house into an Ender-cave, pretending his ability to raise up "the dead of the earth," was a power too terrible to be trifled with by an impostor.

Blake the painter did the same; but there was a sublimity in the conceptions of this monomaniac which Cosway never knew. Blake had, from his boyhood, conversed with the great and shadowy forms of our Bible and the older poets: the sentiments and figures of the "Book of Job" were woven in the whole tissue of his thoughts, and the great spirit that arose before the Temanite, and that made "the hair of his flesh stand up," Blake had often beheld in his waking dreams, when his mind, big with the subject, was on the point of portraying his dream.

But attention to Cosway's history:—]

RICHARD COSWAY

Was, during his youth, a student in the statue gallery gratuitously built, and supplied with a collection of very fine casts, or *jesses*, from Italy, procured at a considerable expense, on the return to England of the late Duke of Richmond, and deposited in his Grace's mansion at Whitehall, which was burnt nearly fifty years ago, and the premises entirely destroyed.

Cosway evinced high talent whilst studying in this academy, as he obtained several prizes for his works, and came early before the world as an artist of the first promise in his walk; his miniatures being universally admired for their singular beauty and masterly execution.

He married a lady who, in the zenith of her charms, was very generally admired, and was peculiarly noticed by the prince, then consi-

dered to be the most elegant in person and manners of any man of fashion—so much so, indeed, as to excite the animadversions of the town; and every one appeared to be surprised at the tales that were whispered at the expense of the lady, excepting him whom the tales most concerned.

Mrs. Cosway was an artist, too, and in style the very counterpart of her husband. They painted each other's portraits, and embellished them with such strange attributes and fopperies, that the other artists delighted to ridicule them. But the shafts of satire, and the sarcasms which they begot, appeared to be received as a species of compliment by the vain objects attacked.

A person in high life, about forty-five years ago, wrote a novel, in which Dicky Cosway was made the mock hero. This, perhaps, was the only attack that was ever felt; for the laughter and contempt at the principal personage was so flagrant, so undisguised, that Cosway paid largely, as was said, to suppress the work, and it was only known to a small circle.*

They had a daughter, this Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, a beautiful girl, and she was considered to be, whilst under eight years of age, a prodigy of talent; and the most intimate friends of the miniature-painter always fancied that Miss favoured the likeness of the *hoir-apparent*.

The child was a great linguist, and at six years of age, knew the Hebrew tongue as well as any Jewish Rabbi—at least so said the father. Like the fate of most extraordinarily precocious infants, being judged too clever for this world, she was called to the world of spirits; and her father, assisted by the friendly offices of a select few visionary friends, canonized the beautiful wonder!

The eccentric father, after the death of miss, fancied, or pretended to believe, himself a saint; and, as the Corsican said, "it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," the painter studied the legends of ages long past and gone, took up the obsolete trade of a prophet, and endeavoured to make even grave men believe that he could bring up spirits from the vasty deep!

His old friend and crony academician, the cynic Northcote, being advised of this, one morning paid him a visit, and entreated him to bring before him his honoured preceptor Sir Joshua Reynolds. Cosway backed out of the dilemma, and said, "I would gratify your wishes, but the act would be too sinful."

He was a great collector of paintings by the celebrated old masters; and every apartment of the parlour, drawing-room, and second floor, was crowded with Raffaelles, Titians, Rembrandts, and Tenierses; and these, as the Duke of ——— asserted, were convenient furniture for a first-rate house of assignation.

One of the highest in the prince-regent's

* The only copy the writer of the above article ever saw, was one belonging to the late Lord Torrington.

household was the bearer of a message from his royal highness to Cosway, inviting him to a social dinner; and was commanded to say that he desired his company for the pleasure of a "friendly chat on old times." The painter had then (for he was far advanced in age,) suffered his beard, which was entirely white, to grow to a patriarchal length. He was attired in a black brocade robe; wore a clerical cap, of the age of James I.; and had, upon a spacious desk before him, a ponderous black letter folio; and, as the visitor said, "looked *toute crache* the figure of old Sydrophel, in Butler's *Hudibras*."

For some time Cosway continued seriously engaged in reading, when he was asked, "what answer he should return to the royal invitation?"

To which was replied, "Present my duty to his royal highness, and tell him, I have long done with those vanities; and charity compels me to admonish him it were well to think the time for such follies were past. Tell his royal highness, I have no leisure for such visits, and that I am better employed."

As Northcote afterwards observed, "It were difficult to determine whether Cosway was the greater knave or fool." He died, what he had been all along, a charlatan and an impostor; and his comely wife became a lady-abbess!

EAGLES.

THE prince of birds is now rarely seen in the Highlands, for the march of improvement is driving them, like the Red Indians of America, to the very remotest mountain solitudes.

A pair have long built (above fifty years, it is said,) near the entrance of the Pass of Inverfarigaig, on the banks of Loch Ness; and eagles are still seen in the western parts of Inverness-shire.

In Sutherland, we heard of one (a majestic looking bird) that had been caught in a large trap, which it had strength to carry to a considerable distance, till both fell into a lake.

Mr. James Richmond, gamekeeper to Mr. Gladstone, of Liverpool, has, a correspondent informs us, from September, 1839, to June of this year, trapped six eagles on a high hill, on the farm of Auchnasheen, in Ross-shire. One of the eagles measured, from tip to tip of the wing, eight feet two inches, and the span of his claws were six and a half inches.

This noble bird displayed "the terrors of his beak, and lightning of his eye," from the top of a cairn or monument erected by the gentlemen pursuing the trigonometrical survey.

The same gamekeeper has also taken a number of wild cats: one measuring in length three feet ten inches, and another three feet eight inches.—*Inverness Courier*.

Topographical Cleanings.

Arts and Sciences.

New Church at Knightsbridge.—The foundation of a new church, to be called St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, situated in Wilton-place, Belgrave-square, was laid by George Drummond, Esq., on Wednesday, the 4th inst.

Camberwell Fair.—This once celebrated place of recreation is to be discontinued.

Antiquities of Somerset.—As Mr. Ruggs, of Lapwing-farm, in the parish of Shepton Mallett, between Oakhill and the former place, was recently digging over a tumulus, in order to cart away the earth, he came to some stones, in removing which, he discovered several sepulchral urns of very rude workmanship, containing bones and ashes. In digging further he discovered more, in all, twelve or fourteen. The farm is situated on what is called the Beacon, and in the vicinity of some very extensive ancient Roman entrenchments, called Masbury Camp. There are several other tumuli near the one above-mentioned, which in all probability, contain similar relics.

New Royal Exchange.—The workmen began excavating the ground for the foundation of the intended New Royal Exchange, on Thursday, the 5th inst.

The Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square.—The Duke of Buccleuch has presented the committee, of which he is the chairman, for superintending the erection of the above memorial, with the stone for the statue of the immortal hero, to be selected from his Grace's extensive quarries at Graston, in Scotland.

The Old "Suttling-house," St. James's.—Most of our readers remember that unsightly old brick building, generally known as the "Suttling-house," near the entrance of the court-yard of St. James's Palace; it is now being razed to the ground, in order to render a more capacious entrance to the park, through Palace-yard.

The Tessellated Pavement lately discovered by the Dean of Hereford and other gentlemen in making researches at Kenchester, in this county, was, when found, about thirteen feet long and two feet wide, but a very considerable portion of it was destroyed on Sunday night. It is supposed to have formed the border of an apartment. The tesserae are from three-eighths to half an inch square, and are of a white, red, blue, and dark colour. The white appear to consist of lava, and they are all susceptible of a very fine polish. They were placed in the usual description of concrete, the composition of which has not to this day been fully ascertained. Mr. Jennings, sculptor, has, by direction of the dean, securely arranged in plaster of Paris about six feet square of the border of the pavement, and we understand that it will be placed among other interesting relics of antiquity in the Philosophical Institution. — *Hereford Journal*.

IMPROVED METHOD OF PRINTING CALICOES, PAPER, &c.

DURING the past week there has been exhibited in Manchester a new machine, constructed to facilitate the printing of calicoes, *mousselines de laine*, paper hangings, &c., which has excited considerable interest and attention among the trade. The inventor is a Mr. Chassuis, and the patentee, who is introducing it to the public, is Mr. Richard Beard of London. The first that has been manufactured from the model is by Messrs. Heuston, the machine-makers of Manchester. It will be fresh in the recollection of those interested in calico-printing, &c., that, some few years ago, a new machine, designed to carry into effect certain improvements in the printing of calicoes, &c., was invented by Mons. Perrott of Rouen, and exhibited at the Exposition in Paris, and subsequently the model was removed to Manchester, from which a number of machines were constructed by the Messrs. Lockett, of that town, and which are now in full work at a print-works near Bury. The machine of Mr. Beard's, it appears, is a decided improvement upon the Perrottive, the latter being only capable of working two or three colours, while the *chassuis* of Mr. Beard is capable of working, in handsome patterns, in eight different colours; indeed, it might be so adapted, as to print at one time, an almost indefinite number. Those calico printers who have inspected it and seen it in full work, all acknowledge its great utility, both as regards the economy of its process, and the saving effected in the prices of printing; and no doubt is entertained that it is a machine of the highest importance to the country, calculated to advance the prosperity of the art of printing, and one of the most happy and ingenious inventions with which our industry in mechanical art has been blessed. The eight colours alluded to are worked by means of one copper cylinder and one surface roller—a kind of work which, according to the mode of printing now in use, would have required four or five copper cylinders, and three or four separate blockings by hand. The principle of the invention is most simple, works with admirable ease, and (what is more important to the calico printer on the old system) it can, at a comparatively small cost, be adapted to the ordinary machines now in use.

NEW AND IMPORTANT SURGICAL OPERATION.

ON Thursday, the 22d ult. an operation on the subcutaneous section of the muscles of the back, for the cure of lateral curvature of the spine, was, for the first time in this country, performed by Dr. Hunter, professor of anatomy, Andersonian University, Glasgow, in the presence of a number of the *élite* of the medical profession. The operation consists in

cutting across the muscles of the back that produce the curvature, and, although it has the appearance, at first sight, of being a formidable operation, yet it is so cunningly and simply performed under the skin, that the patient, although in this instance a young delicate lady, complained of no pain, lost not more than three drops of blood, and was only thirty seconds under the hands of the operator. The operation, which has been so eminently successful in France, will, when now introduced into our own country, from its astonishing efficacy and uniform safety, we have no doubt, be soon performed by every medical man in the country.—*Glasgow Argus*.

ELECTRICAL CLOCK.

A GERMAN artist has recently invented a clock, of which the motive principle is electrical. This piece of mechanism is remarkable for its extreme simplicity, the pendulum meeting at either side with a Voltaic pile, by which it is repelled alternately in contrary directions, so that, when the pendulum is once set in motion, it is continually kept going. This invention is spoken of as being extremely ingenious, notwithstanding its simplicity, and perfectly successful.

DOMES.

UNQUESTIONABLY none surpass, perhaps none equal, St. Paul's, in elegance of form, and in effect of altitude. Wren's eye for harmony of proportion is unrivalled; but it must be recollected that the dome of St. Paul's is *not* a dome, but a roof of timber, shielded with lead, and built round a brick cone, exactly like a glass furnace. Skill for skill, our countryman is not inferior to Brunelleschi, but in the Duomo at Florence we behold pure and scientific vaulting, and though the absolute height be less than St. Peter's, yet, as a dome, it is the largest in the world.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXXII.

DISCOVERY OF THE QUICKSILVER MINES OF IDRIA.

THE quicksilver mines of Idria were not discovered till the year 1497, and then by accident.

A cooper happened overnight to place a new tub under a dripping spring near his workshop, for the purpose of tightening the joints.

Next morning, he was surprised on seeing at the bottom a shining fluid, with the nature of which he was totally unacquainted.

Struck with the phenomenon, he repeated the experiment till he had collected a sample in a vial, with which, full of hope, he trudged off to the nearest town, and submitted it to the inspection of a chemist.

It proved to be quicksilver; when the Spanish crown claimed the mine from which it issued, and for several years afterwards, in Europe at least, monopolized the supply.

A TALE OF HORROR.

(From the *Literary Gazette*.)

IN September, 1831, an execution took place at Dijon, which was attended with the most horrible and appalling circumstances.

Jean de Launeville, the unfortunate wretch who had forfeited his life by the murder of a fellow-creature in the Revolution of 1830, was quietly playing at *écarté* with a fellow-prisoner, when the door of their cell was opened, and presented to their view a couple of gendarmes, one of whom informed de Launeville that he was to die in two hours. The announcement made him shudder from head to foot, because for the previous eight months he had been forgotten. This had made the unhappy man cease to think of the possibility of dying—but he was now shaved—his hair cut close—he was handcuffed, and was consigned to the confessor. He was then committed to the care of four gendarmes, who conducted him to the fatal scaffold. When the procession had reached the place of execution, the executioner received the prisoner from the hands of the priest—he was bound to a plank—turned down to the horizontal position, and the axe fell! The ponderous triangle of iron moved with some opposition—fell sluggishly in its grooves upon the neck of the culprit, and only wounded without killing him. The wretched creature shrieked so hideously, that it pierced the heart of every bystander. The executioner raised the axe again, and let it fall a second time, when it again refused to complete his deadly purpose. The convict's shrieks were more frightful, and the crowd became clamorous. The executioner drew up the hatchet again, but there was not any better result. The third incision caused a stream of blood to rush from the nape of the wretch's neck, but did not sever the head. The knife was drawn up, and suffered to fall five times; five wounds did the sufferer receive; five times did the condemned utter the most agonising cries, at the same time exclaiming, "Mercy! mercy!" The multitude, exasperated at the sight of this hideous drama, began hurling stones at the executioner. The executioner leaped from the scaffold of the guillotine, and concealed himself beneath it, protected by the horses of the gendarmes. But here the frightful tragedy did not finish. The convict, discovering that he was left alone upon the scaffold, had risen from the plank; and there—a horrible sight!—with his head, half severed, hanging over one shoulder dripping with gore, he implored the affrighted crowd to hasten to release him. The crowd, full of compassion, were upon the point of forcing their way through the ranks of the gendarmes to render assistance to the half-butchered convict; when, at that moment, one of the executioner's *employés*, a young man about twenty, mounted the scaffold, and told the sufferer to turn himself round while he untied him, and taking advantage of the posture of the dying man, who yielded without dis-

sent, jumped upon his back, and began to cut through, with a butcher's knife, all that remained of the convict's neck, which the guillotine had left unaccomplished. E. W.

The Gatherer.

Falls of Niagara.—I opened the window of our hostelry, to catch the last sound of the Falls. On the fitful gusts, and swayed to full or gentle modulations by the creeping tides of air that swept through the twilight, came "the voice of many waters." Harp sublime! Organ of the Almighty! Anthem unending!

Norman Terror.—"From the fury of the Normans, good Lord deliver us!" was, we are told, in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, a petition in the Litanies of all nations.—*Henry iii.*, 554.

Lucrotius tells us, in some famous lines, that it is a pleasant thing to watch the sea in a tempest from the shore; it is a far more gratifying employment to be throwing out Manby's apparatus, and saving the sinking mariners from the wreck.

In June, 1800, a naval officer undertook, for a wager, to ride a blind horse round Sheerness race-course, without guiding the reins with his hands; this he performed, to the no small amusement of the spectators, by cutting the reins asunder, and fastening the several parts to his feet in his stirrups.

Lake Van.—The beauty of the lake Van has been celebrated by every Armenian writer, both in prose and verse. Historians interrupt their narrative, and divines stop in the midst of their most serious dissertations, to praise the "Queen of lovely waters."

Providence has wonderfully separated nations by woods and mountains, rivers and climates, languages and inclinations, so that no Nimrod has yet been able to drive all the inhabitants of the world into one park for himself and his successors.

Spofforth's "L'Ape e la Serpe."—The sweet stream of melody which flows through this glee is so admirably enriched with graceful and intertwining harmonies—the expression is at once so correct and so vivid, that it must in its way be always regarded as a masterpiece.

New Comet.—The following are the elements of the new comet, discovered in the constellation Draco:—

	Mean time at Berlin.		
Perihelion passage, November	19,023		
	Day.	Min.	Sec.
Place of Perihelion	34	16	54
Place of the Node	247	0	30
Inclination	53	58	58
Log. of Per. distance	0.11230		
	Direct.		

The daily motion in right ascension is about $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; but in declination it is only a few seconds.

Syrians' Respect for the English.—Franks are generally treated with civility, and the English are everywhere popular and highly respected. The Syrians have a high opinion of our wisdom and upright dealing. "The word of an Englishman" is proverbial; and they believe that he can do many more wonderful things than making watches and pen-knives. It is curious that a very general belief prevails both in Egypt and Syria that the English will one day take possession of those countries; and I have been asked, more than once by Christians, if I knew when the English were coming.—*Kinnear's Cairo, Petra, and Damascus.*

A Bowl of Punch.—It was a steaming reservoir of spirits, where "mingled, mingled," the contents of six good jugs, which now flowed in golden waves, on whose surface floated fragrant limes and cloves "multi in gurgite nantes."

Features hereditary.—The thick lip, first introduced into the house of Hapsburgh by intermarriage with the Jagellons, has been hereditary in the reigning family of Austria for centuries.

There are some sights in this world of so stirring a nature, that they even induce a quaker to put off the meekness of his sect, and bustle stoutly with the muscles of the flesh.

Currency and Sterling.—The children of the settlers in New South Wales are tall, thin, and weaker than the European average; they are, therefore regarded by Europeans as a depreciated race, and nick-named *Currency*, while the Europeans proudly call themselves *Sterling*. The currency lads and lasses are distinguishable at a glance.

The eminent surgeon, Sir Anthony Carlisle, Knt., died at his residence in Langham-place, on Monday, the 2d instant.

Names of Cities.—The names of countries and cities are generally female, and with reason, for it is mothers that found and uphold states.

Lord Chancellor Northington.—He suffered much from the gout; and once, after some painful waddling between the woolpack and the bar in the House of Lords, he was heard to mutter:—"If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

Pope Adrian VI.—His efforts were paralysed by his time. Over his tomb was placed his own exclamation, "Let a man be never so good, how much depends on the times in which he is born."

Insects.—Insects are the glittering sand, thrown on the book of nature.

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The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1033.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.



BUNYAN'S PULPIT,

PALACE YARD CHAPEL, LAMBETH.

FEELING assured no memento could be more gratifying to the devout Christian, than a representation of the pulpit from which that most extraordinary minister, JOHN BUNYAN, expounded, from his Bible,* the pure tenets of Gospel truth, we procured, through the kindness of a friend, leave to take a drawing from the treasured relic, in the Methodist Chapel, Palace Yard, Lambeth, where Mr. John Mountford, one of the eldest and most zealous followers of the late venerated Rev.

Rowland Hill, officiates to the advantage of its numerous auditory.

It appears that the pulpit, of which our accompanying engraving is a correct representation, came from the Meeting House† in Zoar Street, where Bunyan was allowed to deliver his discourses, by favour of his friend, Dr. Thomas Barlow, bishop of Lincoln, to whom it belonged.‡ Here Bunyan preached whenever he visited London; and if only one day's notice were given, the place would not

* When Bunyan's pulpit Bible was to be sold among the library of the Rev. Samuel Palmer of Hackney, Mr. Whitbread, the member, gave a commission to bid as much for it as the bidder thought his father, had he been living, would have given for a relic which he would have valued so highly. It was bought, accordingly, for twenty guineas.

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† Used as a wheelwright's shop, preparatory to its being pulled down.

‡ Dr. Barlow was born in 1607; died 1691. It was by the compassionate interposition of this divine, that Bunyan was discharged after an imprisonment of twelve years and a half, for holding unlawful assemblies.

contain half of the people who assembled. Three thousand have been sometimes gathered together in that remote part of the town; and even on a dark winter's morning, at seven o'clock, not less than twelve hundred.* He used to preach also in the surrounding counties.

A tradition has been preserved by the Baptist congregation at Reading, Berkshire, that he sometimes went through that town, dressed like a carter, with a long whip in his hand, to avoid detection. The house in which the Baptists met for worship, stood in a lane; and from a back door, they had a bridge over a branch of the River Kennett, whereby, in case of alarm, they might escape.†

The Baptist congregation at Hitchin is supposed to have been founded by him. Their meetings were held, at first, about three miles from that town, in a wood, near the village of Preston, Bunyan standing in a pit or hollow, and the people round about on the sloping sides. "A chimney-corner, at a house in the same wood, is still looked upon with veneration, as having been the place of his refreshment." About five miles from Hitchin, was a famous Puritan preaching-place, called Bendish. It had been a malt-house, was very low, and thatched, and ran in two directions, a large square pulpit standing in the angles; and adjoining the pulpit, was a high pew, in which ministers sat out of sight of informers, and from which, in case of alarm, they could escape into an adjacent lane. The building being much decayed, this meeting was removed, in 1787, to a place called Coleman Green; and the pulpit, which was there held to be the only remaining one in which Bunyan had preached, was, with a commendable feeling, carefully removed thither. Another pulpit is shewn in London, in the Jewin Street Meeting.

As every incident relative to so extraordinary a man as Bunyan, must be acceptable, and, as a proof how highly his *Pilgrim's Progress* has ever been valued, even in regions far abroad, we select from the Catalogue of the British Museum, the chief foreign editions of that work:—

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Arab. 8°. Malta. 1830.

Idem Gall. 8°. Rotterdam. 1722.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in the Malagassie, or Madagascarian language. 16°. Lond. 1838.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Rom. ic, μεταφρασθεῖσα, παρὰ Σ. Σ. βιλσωνος. 8°. Mehta. 1824.

In Vol. xxxiii, p. 105, of the *Mirror*, the reader will find an Engraving and Description of *Bunyan's Birth-place*; in vol. xv. p. 121, a View and Description of his *Festive Chair*; and in vol. xiii. p. 296, an Engraving and Account of *Bunyan's Syllabus Cup*.

* J. A. St. John's Memoir of Bunyan: Rickerby's edition.

† *Conder's Life of John Bunyan*, attached to the "*Pilgrim's Progress*."

THE MOURNER.

(For the Mirror.)

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

WRET not!—the spirit pass'd from earth,
Hath entrance in a happier sphere,
While o'er her love, and o'er her worth,
Still falls the unavailing tear.

Say gentle shade,—does memory never
Return to this familiar scene,—
Or does the spirit lose for ever,
All trace of what on earth has been?

Secure in heaven's unvarying light,
Infinite,—boundless—in its view,
No cloud to dim the raptur'd sight,
In regions ever fair and new!

"Without a wing,"—away—away,—
Where fancy vainly tries to soar,
For ne'er may finite thought essay
That clime celestial to explore.

From regions there of bliss supernal,
She bids to earth a long farewell.
In "mansions" there that are eternal,
Do pure and happy spirits dwell.

Beyond all things of time and change,
The soul exults glad and free,
Thro' worlds on worlds at will to range,
O'er heaven's unknown immensity!

No sin to cloud,—no pain to mar,—
The weary night, and darkened morn,
Outwatching e'en that dewy star,
That ushers in the silent dawn.

Perhaps her spirit hovers near,
Sent forth to minister below,
And marks the fond regretful tear,
While lingering round thy footsteps now.

And whispers,—tho' beside my grave,
Affection's tears may fall for me,
My ransomed life a Saviour gave,
Then—"Grave, where is thy Victory?"

Kirton-Lindery.

ANNE R-

THE DAISY.

(For the Mirror.)

HAIL! gentle daisy, how I love
To see thy little head,
Meekly adorning field or grove,
Or garden flower-bed!—
Or by the mansion, or the cot,
Or by the purling stream,
I love to see thee, gentle flow'r,
With white and golden gleam.

Whether upon the mountain brow,
Or in the valley deep,
Whether upon the wall you grow,
Or on the craggy steep,
There dost thou blossom all the same,
Free as the morning air.
Oh, how I love to look on thee,
All smiling, meek as fair!

And thou art on the dewy green,
The sweet Spring time to cheer;
Thou bloom'st upon each changing scene
Throughout the changing year;
Smiling alike on morn and eve—
In simple robes dress'd,
I fondly love thee, gentle flow'r,
With white and golden crest.

INNES.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE HEAVENS.

TIME IN THE CREATION OF WORLDS.

THERE is a creature named the ephemeron, whose life is confined to the veriest point of time—in one short hour, it dances out its existence in the sunbeam. That creature is in presence of all the phenomena of vegetable growth; it may see trees—it may see flowers, but how could it, or its generations, actually observe their progressive development? In relation to the nebulae, Man is only an ephemeron. Fifty lives succeeding each other, and of a length to which individuals often attain, would reach backwards beyond the recorded commencements of his race; and in the mutability of things, fifty more may constitute a line longer than his allotted epoch. And, no more than one hundred of those creatures, which are born, breathe, and die, could learn of the progress upwards of the majestic pine—will man ever learn of the changes of the nebulae? The ideas I have now presented to you—august and strange though they are—should not appear in contradistinction to what every moment is passing around us. Supposing these phenomena did unfold the long growth of worlds, where is the intrinsic difference between that growth and the progress of the humblest leaf, from its seed to its intricate and most beautiful organization? The thought that one grand and single law of attraction operating upon diffused matter may have produced all those stars which gild the heavens; and, in fact, the spangling material universe is, as we see it, nothing other than one phase of a mighty progress—is, indeed, surprising; but I appeal to you again in what essential would it be different from the growth of the obolescent plant? There, too, rude matter puts on new forms, in outward shape most beautiful, and in mechanism most admirable: and there cannot be a more astonishing process, or a more mighty power, even in the growth of a world! The thing which bewilders us is not any intrinsic difficulty or disparity, but a consideration springing from our own fleeting condition. We are not rendered incredulous by the nature, but overwhelmed by the magnitude of the works; our minds will not stretch out to embrace the periods of this stupendous change. But time, as we conceive it, has nothing to do with the question—we are speaking of the energies of that almighty mind, with regard to whose infinite capacity, a day is as a thousand years, and the life-time of the entire human race, but as the moment which dies with the tick of the clock that marks it—which is heard and passes.

MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

It is, indeed, attractive to revert to the period when the forty-foot telescope first interrogated these profound heavens! The enthusiastic observer, in the act of discovery, rises before the imagination, amid the peace

of midnight, and the beautiful twinkling of stars; as also that other feature which characterised and further elevated the scene. The astronomer, during these engrossing nights, was constantly assisted in his labours by a devoted maiden sister, who braved with him the inclemency of the weather—who heroically shared his privations that she might participate in his delights—whose pen, we are told, committed to paper his notes of observations as they issued from his lips; “she it was,” says the best of authorities, “who having passed the nights near the telescope, took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day, and produced a fair copy of the night’s work on the ensuing morning; she it was who planned the labour of each succeeding night, who reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept everything in systematic order;” she it was, Miss Caroline Herschel—who helped our astronomer to gather an imperishable name. This venerable lady has, in one respect, been more fortunate than her brother, she has lived to reap the full harvest of their joint glory. And besides her great assistance to her brother, not only in his observations, but in the construction of his great telescope—she having polished the great speculum, it is said, with her own hands—discovered, herself, several comets. Some years ago, the gold medal of our Astronomical Society was transmitted to her, at her native Hanover; and the same learned society has recently inscribed her name upon its roll.

CHANGES OF THE EARTH.

The first specimens of organized life, are to be observed soon after the consolidation of the earth’s surface, and subsequently to a revolution of its elements, preparatory to its becoming an inhabitable world. This, as also suggested, was during an early condition of our planet, and far down in the order of stratification, as it now exists; and the forms and habitudes of the primitive tenants of the earth were, as should be supposed, wisely adapted to that condition. Simple in structure, and correspondingly so in endowment, they came into being, lived out their allotted time, and disappeared for ever. New forms of existences, more perfect in organization and more highly endowed, succeeded, and, in turn, shared the same destiny. Revolution followed revolution on the earth’s surface, and each dying, with each reviving order of beings, became entombed amid the conflicting elements. On the remains of one, flourished another and superior class; and thus progressive throughout an indefinite period of time, nature moved onward in her works, from primitive formations and early occupants of our then virgin, but now, perhaps, waning planet, and upward through all the varied changes to which it has been subjected, to the present superstrata, and the present exalted occupant of the earth and of time—Man.

FABLES FROM LESSING.

THE SPARROWS.—An old church, in which many sparrows built their nests, was altered and repaired. And when it stood in its new glory, the sparrows came back to look for their old abodes, but lo! they were all built up. "What a useless building this is!" cried one. "It is not fit to live in," said another—and they all flew away.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.—"Pray tell me," said the fox to the stork, "some of the wonderful adventures you met with in the strange lands you visited." Thereupon the stork began, and gave him the name of every pond and rich meadow, where he had found the most delicate worms and finest frogs.

My friend L— wrote a book about his travels in France, somewhat after the same pattern.

THE BOWMAN.—An archer had an excellent bow of ebony, with which he shot true and far, and which he valued highly. One day, however, eyeing it closely, he said, "You are a little too plain, too simple, after all, but that may be remedied."

So he went to a famous carver, and told him to carve upon the bow the whole history of Atalanta and Meleager. This was certainly a very proper device to put upon a bow.

When the work was finished, the archer was greatly pleased. "Thou art worthy of such ornaments, my trusty bow!" and, as he tried it again, drawing the string, the bow—broke.

THE WASPS.—Corruption preyed upon the carcase of a gallant steed, who was shot down in battle. The wreck of one animal is employed by ever-active Nature to furnish a cradle for another, and a swarm of young wasps came out from the carcase. "Oh, how glorious is our descent!" said the wasps, "the noble steed, the favourite of nature, is our parent!"

The writer happened to overhear them, and it reminded him of our modern Italians, who fancy that they are descendants of the immortal old Romans, because they were born upon their graves.

JUPITER AND THE HORSE.—"Father of beasts and men," said the horse, and drew near Jupiter's throne, "they tell me that I am one of the most beautiful of the animals thou hast created. But yet might I not be still further improved?"

"And pray what do you find fault with? Speak, and I will grant your wish," said the god, smiling.

"Perhaps," continued the horse, "I would be still fleetier if my legs were longer and thinner; a long, swan-like neck would not diminish my beauty; a broader chest would increase my strength; and, since thou hast destined me to carry thy favourite creature, man, the saddle might be made to grow on my back, naturally."

"Very well, have patience a moment," said Jove, and spoke the word of creation. And there stood before the throne—the hideous camel. The horse looked upon it, and trembled with terror and disgust.

"Here are longer and thinner legs," said Jove, "here is a swan-like neck and a broader chest; here is a saddle growing on the back; what do you say, will you assume this form?"

The horse trembled, but could not answer.

"Go," added Jupiter, "and take warning for the future. To punish thy discontent, the camel shall continue to exist, and none of thy race shall ever behold him but with fear and trembling."

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE HAWK.—A hawk pounced upon a nightingale singing in the hedges, crying, "Since you have such a sweet voice, how delicious you must be to eat!"

Was this ignorance or irony in the hawk? I don't know, but I heard some one say yesterday, "That young lady, who sings so delightfully, would make an excellent wife."

OLD POPULAR BALLADS AND SONGS OF SWEDEN.

(From the *For. Quar. Review*, No. XLII., Oct., 1840.)

[TRUE that the reign of the Polar Summer is exceeding lovely—but true also that it is vastly short. For only out that fair æstival time-space out of the Swedish year's circle, and how huge a portion remains of unbenign gloom and wintery darkness. In a clime so perpetually dismal, what on earth then can enliven the inhabitants!]

Why Songs—traditionary Songs! These prove all-sufficient to fill the dreariest of their minds with the fulness of "bosom-sunshine." In your seal-skin tent—in your rude fir-roofed hut, whether Swedish, Laplandic, or Finnish—under the light of a lamp fed by the fat sperm-oil of arctic whales, sits the Traveller-Scald or poet, who, in return for his dish of salmagundi and draught of corn-brandy, recites to the family assembled, the ballads and legends of the country. Of these he has infinite variety, and he makes the long evenings of these poor benighted people as full of gratification and delight as ever in the blue-skied South do the talented Improvisatori.

What ho! for a measure, grey Scald :—]

1. *A King's son, disguised as a seaman-youth, playeth dice with a noble maiden, and winneth her so to his Bride.* The songs on this subject are extremely popular throughout Scandinavia: several Danish copies of which are to be found in *Nyerup*, iv., 122; and *Syv.*, Pt. iv., No. 36.

(DEN LILLA BÅTSMAN.)
THE LITTLE SEAMAN.

In her lofty bower a virgin sat
On skins, embroidering gold,
When there came a little seaman by,
And would the maid behold.

And hear, now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee:
And hast thou any mind this hour,
To play gold dice with me?—
But how and can I play now,
The golden dice with thee?
For no red-shining gold I have
That I can stake 'gainst thee.—
And surely thou can'st stake thy jacket,
Can'st stake thy jacket grey;
While there against myself will stake,
My own fair gold rings twae.—
So then the first gold die, I wot,
On table-board did run;
And the little seaman lost his stake,
And the pretty maiden won,
And hear now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee:
An' hast thou any mind this hour,
To play gold dice with me?—
But how and can I play now,
The golden dice with thee?
For no red-shining gold I have
That I can stake 'gainst thee.—
Thou surely this old hat can'st stake,
Can'st stake thy hat so grey;
And I will stake my bright gold crown,
Come take it if ye may.—
And so the second die of gold
On table-board did run;
And the little seaman lost his stake,
While the pretty maiden won.
And hear now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee;
An' hast thou any mind this hour
To play gold dice with me?—
But how and can I play now
The golden dice with thee?
For no red-shining gold I have,
That I can stake 'gainst thee.—
Then stake each of thy stockings,
And each silver-buckled shoe;
And I will stake mine honour,
And eke my troth thereto.—
And so the third gold die, I wot,
On table-board did run;
And the pretty maiden lost her stake,
While the little seaman won.
Come here, now, little seaman,
Haste far away with me;
And a ship that stems the briny flood
I that will give to thee.—
A ship that stems the briny flood
I'll get if't can be done;
But that young virgin have I will,
Whom with gold dice I won.—
Come here, now, little seaman,
Haste far away from me;
And a shirt so fine, with seams of silk,
I that will give to thee.—
A shirt so fine, with seams of silk,
I'll get if't can be done;
But that young virgin have I will,
Whom with gold dice I won.—
Nay, hear now little seaman,
Haste far away from me;
And the half of this, my kingdom,
I that will give to thee.—
The half of this thy kingdom,
I'll get if't can be done,
But that young virgin have I will,
That with gold dice I won.—
And the virgin in her chamber goes,
And parts her flowing hair;
Ah, me! poor maid, I soon, alas!
The marriage-crown must bear.—

The seaman treads the floor along,
And with his sword he play'd,—
As good a match as e'er thou'rt worth,
Thou gettest, little maid.—

For I, God wot! no seaman am,
Although ye thinken so;
The best king's son I am, instead,
That in Engelonde can go.

[2. *The Virgin that died cruelly rather than live with Shame.* This is so admirably sweet and simple an old song, and so extremely popular among all classes to this day, that we must find room for a version. The air to which it is sung is also very charming:—]

(LITEN KARIN.)

LITTLE KARIN.*

And still serv'd little Karin,
I' th' young king's palace ha',
Like any star bright shone she
'Mong all the maidens sma'.
Like any star bright shone she
'Mong all the maidens sma'.—
When thus, the damsel tempting,
The young king's words soft fa' :—
And say, now, Karin dearest!
Say wilt thou but be mine;
Grey palfrey and gold-deck'd saddle,
Shall both, yes both, be thine.—
Grey palfrey and gold-deck'd saddle
Would ne'er suit one so low;
To th' queen, thy young spouse, give them—
Let me with honour go!—
But say, now, Karin dearest!
Say wilt thou but be mine;
My gold-crown reddest gleaming,
E'en that, too, shall be thine!—
Thy gold-crown reddest gleaming,
Would ne'er suit one so low;
To th' queen, thy young spouse, give them—
Let me with honour go!—
But listen, Karin dearest!
Say wilt thou but be mine;
To the half of this my kingdom—
Whate'er thou wilt is thine!—
The half of this thy kingdom
Would ne'er suit one so low;
To th' queen, thy young spouse, give it—
Let me with honour go!—
Then hear now, little Karin!
An' mine thou wilt not be,—
Thrust down in a spike-set barrel
Thy fair young limbs I'll see!—
And thrust in a spike-set barrel
E'en should my young limbs be,—
From heav'n above, my innocence,
God's little angels see!—
Then down i' the spike-set barrel
They little Karin bound;
And all the young king's pages,
They roll her round and round.
And so from heaven down flying,
Two milk-white doves descend;
They took the little Karin—
And three straight backward wend!
And so from hell two ravens
On coal-black wings ascend;
Right quick the young king seiz'd they,
And three straight backward wend!

[The Scald's minstrelsy ceases; but the incident his tale is rife with, will serve for the

* "Karin" is the old and popular Swedish form of Catherine, in the same manner as "Pehr," for Peter.

talk of the children and the maidens for many a day. When their white hands are milking the mild rein-deer—refining the spermy oil-flood—shaping the whale-bone, or preserving their delicate fish, "Little Karin" will form the constant theme of conversation and delight.]

BETHLEHEMITE WOMEN.

As the reservoirs and canals which supply Bethlehem, as well as Jerusalem, with water, are in ruins, and dry eleven months in the year, the women are obliged to go a league for what they fetch for household use, and to bring it back themselves in skins. Add to this, the toil of climbing steep hills under their burden, and then say, my dear friend, if it be possible to suppress a painful feeling, especially when you consider that this task has to be performed three or four times a week.

A few days since, I was taking a walk out of the town with the *curé*. About three-quarters of a mile from it, we met with a young girl returning with her provision. She had set down her skin upon a fragment of rock, and was standing beside it, out of breath, and wiping the perspiration from her face.

Curious to know the weight of the skin, I begged her to put it on my shoulders; my request astonished her not a little; she, nevertheless, complied very cheerfully. It was as much as I could do to take a few steps under the burden.

"Poor thing," said I, as I threw it down, looking at the *curé*, "how old is she? not more than sixteen, I dare say."

"Sixteen!" answered he, "she is not thirteen;" and, addressing her in Arabic, he asked, "How old are you, my girl?"

"Twelve, sir!"

I took from my pocket some pieces of money, which I handed to her, and which she accepted with a lively demonstration of joy.

But to go so far for water is not the only task of the poor Bethlehemites. The town is destitute of wood, nor is any to be found nearer than some leagues. It is the women who have to provide this also.

But what wrings one's heart, and I confess makes my blood boil, is to see those wretched, worn-down, emaciated creatures, having misery stamped on their faces, sinking beneath their loads, passing in sight of their husbands, listlessly seated in the public square, smoking and chatting by way of pastime; while not a thought enters the head of these heartless, base, and unkind husbands, to relieve this partner of her burthen, and to carry for her, at least, from that spot to his home what she had to bring whole leagues. Is this all?—No, my friend!

At night, with this wood, which has cost such toil, she is obliged to heat the water brought from such a distance; she has to wash the feet of that man, then to cook his supper,

then to wait upon him, standing—upon him and his eldest son—without taking the least share in the meal, and to wait till they have done, before she can step aside to eat by herself what they have left. * * *

The pen drops from my fingers. Is it possible that *she* can be thus treated, who carries him in her bosom, who brings him forth with pain, who suckles him with her milk, who warms him on her heart, who rocks him on her knees, who guides his first steps, who strives by education to infuse into him all that is gentle and kind, who delights to throw a charm over his life, who shares his sorrows, who best knows how to soothe his woes, to comfort him, to nurse him in idleness and infirmity, to lighten and sometimes to embellish his old age, and to perform for him, until his last moment, services of which any other courage, any other devotedness, any other love, would be incapable! And that at Bethlehem!

ALBERT DURER.

In Nuremberg, his native town, everything bears some trace of him; it contains a bridge, a street, a fountain, a society of artists, and an exhibition, all of which bear his name. The house in which he was born is still existing, (see *Mirror*, vol xxxiii., No. 934,) and is shown to strangers, although he died in 1528; lastly, his fellow-citizens have erected a funeral monument to his memory.

Let us not forget the Album Durer, a charming collection, which the most celebrated artists living have embellished with their productions. Durer is to Nuremberg, what Gutenberg is to Mayence, or Schiller to Weimar; we find a souvenir at every step. The house in which he lived has been bought by the town, in order to present it to the society of artists in Nuremberg, who hold in it a permanent exhibition.

This is as it should be, the house of a great man should always become a national monument.* That of Durer is a picture-gallery; the house where Molière was born is now a woollen-draper's shop!—*Time's Journal*.

THE BLIND CHURCH, LIVERPOOL.

If ever you come to Liverpool, do not fail to pay a visit to the Blind Church, as it is called. The interior is splendidly finished, containing two fine paintings: one of CHRIST receiving and blessing little children; and the other, of CHRIST restoring the blind man to sight. The service is chaunted, and the psalms and hymns sung by a choir of blind girls and boys, accompanied by a fine rich-toned organ. Last sabbath afternoon, I took a pew in their church, and never before did I hear such music as that produced by the blind singers before me.

* How different is this praiseworthy feeling, from the sordid and disgraceful conduct of the English people, with regard to the birth-places of their immortal Shakespeare!

One beautiful girl, with fair and rosy cheeks, and with waving and rich curls of auburn hair falling down either cheek, so peculiar to Anglo-Saxon beauties, sang most divinely sweet. Gently leaning forward, with her face upturned, and her blind eyes raised towards Heaven, unconscious of her own charms, that were exposed to the gaze of the audience, she poured forth a stream of overpowering melody. Her whole soul seemed filled with the rich harmony of music. You could imagine it was the voice of an angel that had descended from the spheres, to join in the praises of God. How placid, how composed appeared that countenance, that had never seen the light of heaven, or the things of earth, and is never destined to see the light in this life, until she shall awake in the bright and glorious light of another world! What an object of sympathy, of pity, and of admiration! The whole choir, of twenty or thirty singers, were excellent songsters; but this superior and melodious girl, of about eighteen years old, was, in many hymns, suffered to sing while all the rest were silent, and the effect was truly impressive and striking. When you visit this church, you are expected to contribute something for the support of these unfortunate blind people. I threw in my mite, and left the church highly gratified.—*Correspondence of the New York Herald.*

Biography.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

DISCOVERY OF HIS REMAINS, AND NOTICE OF HIS WRITINGS.

His Coffin and Inscription.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S remains were lately discovered, by accident, in the Church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich. Some workmen were employed in digging a grave within the area before the altar, when their pickaxe struck on a hard substance, which turned out to be a coffin-plate, which was unluckily split by the force of the blow. It was a small, antique, brass shield, bearing the following inscription:—

Amplissimus Vir Dns. Thomas Browne Miles. Medicus Dr., Annos natus 77. Denatus 12 Die Mensis Octobris Anno Dni 1682, hoc loculo laterneus, corporis Spagyrici pulvere plumbum in aurum convertit.

On a closer inspection, the coffin, quaintly described above as having been "transmuted into gold" by the potent "dust" of the mighty "alchemist," was found to have been literally converted into a carbonate of lead, which crumbled at the touch, disclosing the bones of its illustrious tenant. There is no truth whatever in the report, pretty widely circulated, that the "features remained entire." The flesh had returned "to earth as it was," but the hair of the beard was in good preservation. A portion of this was compared with its representation in an oil painting of

the knight, suspended in the vestry, and the colour of the original corresponded exactly with that of the copy. Now we have the testimony of Sir Thomas Browne himself, that "teeth, bones, and hair, give the most lasting defiance to corruption." The skull was sound, and still contained a mass of brain. Unhappily for the phrenologists, the forehead was narrow, low, and receding; whereas, that part appropriated to the animal propensities, was unusually large. It may be right, perhaps, to add, that the venerable bones, thus fortuitously exposed, were seen by few, and were reverently handled. After having slept undisturbed for more than a century and a half, it was reasonable to presume that they had become incorporated with the soil; no sort of blame, therefore, could reasonably attach to the selection of their resting-place for another occupant.

Esteemed as a "curious" writer.

The oblivion which descended for more than a century upon the noblest authors in our language, was partially averted from Sir Thomas Browne; but he outlived his contemporaries and predecessors, because he was considered not as an *original*, but as a *curious thinker*. Nothing is so injurious to the true fame and just influence of such an author, as the reputation of being a *literary curiosity*. The reader, the serious and meditative, equally with the frivolous and careless, from a morbid appetite for the new and uncommon, neglects the grave truths, solemn precepts, and weighty judgments, which are the heart and marrow of the writer; and selects for approval, and as reasons of the faith that is in him, single periods and separate apothegms, the by-gone consequences of some fore-gone conclusion, the after-growth of complete propositions. He dwells not upon the solidity of the base, or the symmetry of beauty and strength in the shaft, wherein consist the dignity and duration of the column; but he is curious in frieze and cornice-work—fair, indeed, in kind and and effective in places, but deprived by the very act of selection, of much of its grace, and all of its propriety. And thus he, who by working in earnestness, faith, and wisdom, has merited a portion in the ministry of truth, is degraded to the rank of an antic, or a sophist, to show tricks, or propound riddles, to a crowd of wonderers, because it suits the indolence or caprice of critics to set him down as a *curious thinker*.

His Speculation and penetrative Spirit.

None can deny him the praises he justly merits for profound thought, subtle curiousness, pure and holy pathos, and a mind of almost circular cultivation. His defect was a want of comprehension in his infinite thirst of speculation. Every object in nature and in art, in prophecy and history, in outward form, in inward essence, the generations of the heavens and the periods of earth, the mysteries of stars and flowers, the human cir-

circumstances of death and the grave, the certainty and prospects of either eternity, were the constant objects of his speculation, his pastime, and familiar company. He exhausted his own spirit in the depth and difficulty of his research, and he became obscure, fantastical, and inconclusive, from the subtle perversity of his inquiry. But he comprehends not the entire sphere of the subjects he contemplates; for the common and the outlying he perpetually overlooks, in his anxiety to probe the inward and hidden. His mind is suggestive, not comprehensive. He is ever striking out new paths, and opening strange perspectives, but he follows none of them to their proper end and angle. He constructs curious glasses upon optical principles of his own invention; and he will look through them instead of placing his objects in their proper light, and using his natural eyes. He looks through stained or smoked glasses, as if the whole world of being and mind were under one vast eclipse. His is the sublime of egotism. He does not think or speak of himself as existing among the common relations and every-day accidents of life; but he transports these and himself into a region of his own creating, wherein he is, at once, the sovereign and the subject, the artificer and the material. He abstracts all things into himself, and then makes himself, too, an abstraction. He is indifferent or careless of natural and necessary distinction; and is emancipated from all known laws of combination. He is an imaginative phantast. He never penetrates the essence of things, or the modes of being, to recombine and recreate them, as the poet or the analyst; but he pairs opposites, and unites conflicting matter with the perversity of a parodist, and prevents our surprise from culminating into ridicule or laughter, by the melancholy enthusiasms in which he enshrouds his strange elements.

Habitual Seriousness of his Mind.

His imagination is distinguished by its *aloofness* from the objects that it contemplates. They remain unmodified by any action or process of his mind; they are endued with no new properties, nor divested of any former ones; but lie still and unchanged beneath the twilight shadows which he casts over them. He cares not whether he deal with elements or compounds; he pauses not to uncreate, but his will, like a potent alchemy, consubstantiates all matter into one unknown precipitate. Indeed, this power of consubstantiating, all things outward, all learning, all that is derivative or inductive, into oneness, into a continuous abstraction and impersonation of *self*, is the central point of Browne's mind, the permeating principle of his being and thought; for it extends from the loftiest and boldest flights of his imagination, and through the most strange and tortuous combinations of his fancy, to his ordinary actions and daily habits. Milton at-

tained the highest point of human perfectibility hitherto developed in man, for he comprehended, above all men, the most of the universal in the individual. Browne, on the contrary, with as much of the individual, reached not the universal; since, though his spirit was catholic, his will was unequal to the effort; and he embraced only a high form of the eclectic. But the processes and results of selection are hidden from the most curious and anxious observation, by the solemn earnestness in which he considers all things indifferently. Hence, not unfrequently, he appears negligent of the serious, and studious only of the strange, and seems to balance the grave and the trifling in the same scale, and by adding or withdrawing the just weight to make neither preponderate. Thus, he is equally interested in discussing questions "on the proper time for paring one's nails," and "on being drunk once a month," as in solving "mystical enigmas and serious riddles on the Trinity." These inconsistencies of thought and feeling make him reputed a serious thinker, and are the proper out-growth of the earnest humourousness in which he contemplates all above, beneath, and around him. He sees nothing trifling—nothing ludicrous.

Melancholiness of his Disposition.

The melancholy of his nature leads him to discourse with the past—the present and future destinies of time and space are dwarfed by the remembrance of the lost, the irrecoverable, the ancient. He wears perpetual mourning for the mouldered empires and by-gone dynasties of earth—the fall of Troy is yet recent in his contemplation, and the burden of Babylon a present sorrow. He is placed in the latter days—in the decline and dotage of the world. "The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs." The heavens and the earth affect him not in their attributes of sublimity and seasonable loveliness; he sees only that they are changed, "while we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth. Durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof besides comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales." He has come after the autumn-equinox of time, and beholds only present and prospective decay. Earth and man, motion and life, are to him, as an Egyptian banquet with its skeleton, symbol of perishable humanity. The assurance of immortality, and the earnest hope of eternal happiness, are to him, shorn of half their essential brightness, by the reflection that they may be indefinitely removed, and the sleep of the grave prolonged "almost to eternity."

Diogenes, when he trod with his dirty cobbled shoes on the beautiful carpets of Plato, exclaimed triumphantly, "I tread upon the pride of Plato!" "Yes," replied Plato, "but with a greater pride."



EDIBLE NEST OF THE JAVA SWALLOW.

THE nests of these birds are highly prized by Chinese epicures, being composed of animal matter. The best account of them which we have met with is given by Mr. Crawford. "The best nests," he says, "are those obtained in deep, damp caves, and such as are taken before the birds have laid their eggs. The coarsest are those obtained after the young have been fledged. The finest nests are the whitest; that is, those taken before the nest has been rendered impure by the food and faeces of the young birds. The best are white, and the inferior dark-coloured, streaked with blood, or intermixed with feathers. It may be remarked, however, that some of the natives describe the purer nests as the dwelling of the cock-bird, and always so designate them in commerce. Birds' nests are collected twice a year; and, if regularly collected, and no unusual injury be offered to the caverns, will produce very equally, the quantity being very little, if at all, improved by the caves being left altogether unmolested for a year or two. Some of the caverns are extremely difficult of access, and the nests can only be collected by persons accustomed from their youth to the office. The most remarkable and productive caves in Java, of which I superintended a moiety of the collection for several years, are those of Karang-bolang, in the province of Bagien, on the south coast of the island. There the caves are only to be approached by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet,

by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cavern is attained, the perilous office of taking the nests must often be performed with torch-light, by penetrating into recesses of the rock, where the slightest trip would be instantly fatal to the adventurers, who see nothing below them but the turbulent surf making its way into the chasms of the rock. The only preparation which the birds' nests undergo, is that of simple drying, without direct exposure to the sun, after which they are packed in small boxes, usually of a picul.* They are assorted for the Chinese market into three kinds, according to their qualities, distinguished into first or best, second, and third qualities.† From Java there are exported about 200 piculs, or 27,000 lbs., the greater part of which is of the first quality. The greater quantity is from the Suluk Archipelago, and consists of 530 piculs. From Macassar, there are sent about 30 piculs of the fine kind. These data will enable us to offer some conjectures respecting the whole quantity; for the edible swallows' nests being universally and almost equally diffused from Junk, Ceylon, to New Guinea, and the whole produce going to one market, and only by one conveyance, the junks, it is probable that the average quantity taken by each vessel is not less than the sum taken from the ports just mentioned. Taking the quantity sent from Batavia as the estimate, we know that this is conveyed by 5,300 tons of shipping, and, therefore, the whole quantity will be 1,318 piculs, or 242,400 lbs., as the whole quantity of Chinese shipping is 30,000 tons. In the Archipelago, this property is worth 1,262,519 Spanish dollars, or 284,290*l*. The value of this immense property to the country which produces it, rests upon the capricious wants of a single people. From its nature, it necessarily follows that it is claimed as the exclusive property of the sovereign, and everywhere forms a valuable branch of his income, or of the revenue of the state. In situations where the caverns are difficult of access to strangers, and where there reigns enough of order and tranquillity to secure them from internal depredation, and to admit of the nests being obtained without other expense than the simple labour of collecting them, the value of the property is very great. The caverns of Karang-borang, in Java, are of this description. These annually afford 6,810 lbs. of nests, which are worth, at the Batavia prices of 3,200, 2,500, and 1,200 Spanish dollars the picul, for the respective kinds, nearly 139,000 Spanish dollars; and the whole expense of collecting, curing, and packing, amounts to no more than 11 per cent, on this amount.

* The picul is about 135 pounds.

† The common prices for bird's nests at Canton are, for the first sort, 3,500 Spanish dollars the picul, or 5*l*. 18*s*. 14*d*. per pound; for the second, 2,800 Spanish dollars per picul; and, for the third, no more than 1,600 Spanish dollars.

Phenomena of Nature.*

GLACIERS AND BOULDERS IN SWITZERLAND.

It appears to result from *facts* adduced by Prof. Agassiz, that enormous masses of ice have, at a former period, covered the great valley of Switzerland, together with the whole chain of the Jura, the sides of which, facing the Alps, are polished, and interspersed with angular erratic rocks. Prof. Agassiz conceives that, at a certain epoch, all the north of Europe, and also the north of Asia and America, were covered with a mass of ice, in which the elephants and other mammalia found in the frozen mud and gravel of the arctic regions, were imbedded at the time of their destruction. He also thinks, that when this immense mass of ice began quickly to melt, the currents of water that resulted, transported and deposited the masses of irregularly rounded boulders and gravel which fill the bottoms of the valleys; innumerable boulders having, at the same time, been transported, together with mud and gravel, upon the masses of glaciers then set afloat. Prof. Agassiz is also inclined to suppose that glaciers have been spread over Scotland, and have everywhere produced similar results. He means to follow up his valuable researches in the Highlands of Scotland during his stay in the country, and confidently expects to find evidence of such glaciers having existed, particularly around Ben Nevis.

ACTION OF EARTHQUAKES.

PROFESSOR BUCKLAND remarked, that, as lectures were now going on in the land of earthquakes, he would tell them what to do when an earthquake occurred. He had been at Palermo, and learned that, if an earthquake were to occur at present, those sitting in the centre of the room would be in the greatest danger, he who was sitting at a window would be in the least. In such circumstances, let them betake themselves to a door or a window, for the roof and flat beams give way first, and the upright walls longest withstand the shock.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.

AMONG others, a letter from India was communicated, which described a most remarkable shower of grain that took place last March, near Rajket, in the Presidency of Bombay. It occurred during one of those thunder storms to which that month is liable; the grain not only falling upon the town, but upon a considerable extent of the adjoining country, and being of a kind quite unknown to the natives. A corresponding, yet more curious circumstance, the truth of which was long doubted, happened about sixty or seventy years since, in the district of Madras, when Major Har-

riott, author of "*Struggles through Life*," observed a fall of fish, numbers dropping on the hats of some European soldiers who were in full march across the spot, and which were afterwards made into a curry for the commanding officer.

THE MEDULLA OBLONGATA.

DR. J. R. CORMACK made some observations on the effects of air, when injected into the veins, in which he objected to the theory published by Sir Charles Bell, who ascribes death, when it takes place, to the effect which the air produces on the medulla oblongata. This Dr. Cormack denies, and stated that it requires a large quantity of air to be injected in order to produce death, when, in every instance, the heart was found distended in its right cavities, and its functions arrested from this cause.

The Naturalist.

BRITISH CHANNEL FISHERIES.

[In this article, we shall make our readers acquainted, first, with the general mode of fishing in the Channel; and secondly, with the manner in which London is supplied with fish:—]

The chief sorts of fish caught in the British Channel, appear to be *mackerel*, *herrings*, *sprats*, flat-fish, (i. e. *turbot*, *soles*, *brill*, and *plaice*) *pilchards*, and a few *whittings*, *cod*, and *conger-eels*.

The mackerel and herrings come to the Channel in large shoals from the north, and afford the chief harvest of the English and French fishermen. The mackerel makes its appearance in May and June; the herring, later in the year, in October and November. Both of these species of fish are taken in what are technically called "drift" nets. These are large nets spread across the sea, to entangle the fish as it endeavours to swim through. The French and English fishermen pursue different methods of fishing; the French use a large class of boat, (from thirty to sixty tons) and, in general, take a cooper with them, and a requisite supply of salt and casks, in order to pickle the herring as soon as caught; the English, on the other hand, use a smaller description of boat, not more than half the size, and usually land their fish as soon as caught, when it is immediately conveyed in a fresh state to the London market by land. There are also carrier boats, who purchase either of the French or English fishers, and sail for London the instant they have bought a cargo. It appears, that about three-fourths of such cargoes are bought from English fishers, and one-fourth from the French.

Sprats form but a small portion of the trade. They are taken from November to February, in the neighbourhood of Folkestone. The boats used in this fishing are small, and are called

* Abstracts from the meetings of the British Association at Glasgow.

slow-boats. A small quantity of the finest fish are sent to London for eating, but the greater number are used as manure, for which purpose they are in great request; the price is usually 12. per ton.

Flat fish are taken during the greater part of the year, either by what are called *trawl-nets*, or by the hook and line. The English universally use the trawl-net, but the French use both methods, and it appears that the finest fish are caught by the hook. The French turbot is much used in England, for it appears that they are usually larger and finer.

The trawl-net scrapes along the ground, and as the flat-fish breed in the Channel, it appears that much injury and destruction has been done to the young fry, when the trawl has been used near the shore. It certainly appears, that the trawl ought not to be used near the shore, within, at least, one league, unless the meshes of the net be made large enough for the young fish to pass through during the winter months.

Pilchards are taken in August, September, and October on the Cornish coast—the greater portion are caught in what are called *seines*.

A *seine* consists of three boats and two nets, and is worth about 800*l.* About thirty thousand hogsheds of pilchards are caught in seines, and annually exported to Italy and the Mediterranean, in a dry state, and about twenty thousand hogsheds are taken by drift-nets. The following is the difference between drift and seine fishing:—"The seine is, where a shoal is seen approaching; the seine throws out, as it were, to encircle them; it touches the ground by leads at the bottom, and floats on the surface, and the fish become encircled. The drift fishing is carried on by boats which fish in deep water, many miles from the land, and throw out nets, which are, in many instances, a mile long, to float on the surface, or at the bottom, as they think it most likely to answer; they lie in the way of the fish, who strike against them, and are meshed."

A trifling quantity of *cod*, *whittings*, and *conger eels*, are taken in the Channel by hook and line; the lamprey is the bait used for the cod.

It appears that London is abundantly supplied with fish, and that the market is fair and open. The manner in which the fish trade is conducted in the Metropolis, is as follows:—At Billingsgate, (the chief market) there is a class of persons called fish-salomon; to these persons, cargoes are sent up from the country for sale; the fish arrives very early in the morning, chiefly by water, only a small portion by land. There are a number of boats at Gravesend, Margate, and Dover, called carrier, or hatch-boats; these vessels resort to the fishing ground, and buy of the different fishermen, a cargo, with which they immediately sail for London. This, of course, is an excellent arrangement for the fisher-

man, as he is thus saved the trouble of sailing up the Thames, and is able to employ the whole of his time in fishing. It is supposed about one third of the fish brought to Billingsgate is caught by foreigners. The market at Billingsgate opens every morning at five o'clock, and the retail dealers in London go there at that early hour to buy such fish of the salesmen as they think will suit their customers.

The herrings and mackerel are supplied either from the Suffolk or the Sussex coast; cod from the North Sea; eels from Holland; turbot and other flat-fish, in small quantities from the Channel, but principally from the coast of Holland; lobsters from Norway; salmon from Scotland and Ireland; oysters from Essex. It is calculated that so abundantly is Billingsgate supplied with fish, that the average wholesale price, per lb., of the whole amount of fish sold there, would not exceed one penny.

New Books.

The Fiddle-Fiddle Fashion Book. [Chapman and Hall.]

[To use the words of the lively and gossiping Pepys, the sight of this *jeu d'esprit* delighted us mightily; it being a very clever satire on those contemptible fashionable boobies; who, with their frightful display of hairy protuberances, crawl like ursine sloths along the public streets of London and Paris, to the disgust of all rational and well-organized minds. It is to hold them up to the public contempt that the coloured plates of the work are devoted, and however uncouthly these exquisites may appear to a stranger, they must not be viewed as caricatures, for it is

"From real life these characters are drawn,"

and which may be evidenced wheresoever they are hourly met, many of them inhaling the blasting influence of the poisonous cigar, rendering their faces more like a mattery pustule than the frontispiece of a human being; but it is very doubtful whether creatures so constituted as to fall into such glaring inconsistencies are capable of feeling the bitter shaft of satire. However, the artist, author, and publisher, have done their part well, in thus bringing the subject before the public eye. The work is edited by the author of the "Comic Latin Grammar," and contains many witty burlesques on the announcements of some of our most prominent quacks and advertisers, with a pleasing variety of other reading, as the following extract will evince:—]

DUTIES OF A WIFE.

It is our decided opinion that a wife ought by no means to flirt in society in so open a manner as to attract the attention of beholders.

Nevertheless, we esteem it expedient that every married lady of *ton* should be provided with a crowd of admirers sufficiently numerous to prove to her husband what a treasure he has got; and also to keep him on his best behaviour.

She should never pry into her husband's affairs; resting always in the confident belief that he is the best judge of them himself; and therewith should spend as much money as she can persuade him to let her.

Ever anxious to augment the honour and renown of her lord and master, she should be careful never to show herself in public except dressed in the first style of fashion; totally regardless of expense.

Her domestic affairs must be left entirely to the superintendence of her housekeeper; whom, however, (to conduct herself as a good manager,) she should occasionally accuse of peculation.

From breakfast to the proper hour for the drive, or promenade, her time should be occupied in sitting in the drawing-room, and receiving visitors; to whom, for the credit of her husband, she is to display herself to the greatest possible advantage.

Should she be possessed with the eccentricity of desiring to nurse her own children, she must drink, under pretence of being delicate, much more bottled porter than, strictly speaking, is fit for her; and must obviate the ill effects thereof by taking medicine.

Duly impressed with an awful sense of her responsibility for the education of her family, she should confide it implicitly to the care of a governess. She should, however, take good heed that her little girls are imbued, from their earliest years, with a laudable and beneficial love of finery.

To set a good example to those beneath her, she should be unremitting in her attendance at church; and the more strikingly to show her respect for religion, should always go there, if possible, in her carriage. The footmen and coachman are to be strictly charged to remain, meanwhile, absorbed in devout meditation, and on no account whatever to go to a public-house.*

As she is precluded from practising that sort of economy which consists in denying herself anything, (to conduct which would be derogatory to her husband's dignity, and painful to his feelings,) she must diligently avoid all unnecessary expenditure on others. For example, she must give her servants the very smallest wages which they will take; and be as cautious in the indulgence of her charitable feelings, as the opinion of the world will allow her to be. In particular, let her shun the unprincipled extravagance of throwing away money on poor people and beggars, most of whom are very improper characters, while all of them, as everybody well knows, are amply provided for by a compassionate and Christian legislatura.

Our concluding piece of advice may seem impertinent, but our sincerity must be the excuse of our rudeness. She must assidu-

ously cultivate the most rigid morality, that is to say, the study of preserving the purity of her reputation with the world, and the elegance of her personal appearance.

[The announcement of Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs is good, and tells delightfully. We must not omit to bear testimony to the rising genius of Mr. Leech. We have watched the progress of this gentleman, and we feel assured if he do but study from *life*,—persevere,—and work hard, he will very soon become one of our most talented artists. We wish him every success.]

The Protestant Almanack, for 1841. [Crisp, Liverpool: Baisley, London.]

Our attention has just been called to the above Almanack: it contains much endearing information for the sincere Protestant; embracing an Historical Detail of Remarkable Religious Events, from the year 60 to the present time; Notices of eminent Protestant Divines; History of the Churches, &c.; with the usual information generally given in Almanacks. It is illustrated with various engravings; and is adapted either for the pocket, or for the counting house.

THE MYSTERIOUS SHIP.

[DATED the 27th August, and received at New Orleans, by way of Havannah, a letter from Nassau-(Bahama) thus mysteriously speaks of this unaccountable vessel:—]

"A singular fact has transpired within these few days. A great French vessel, making sail from Hamburg to Havannah, has been met by one of our small coasting-boats; it was altogether abandoned. All the sails were spread, with the exception of one; it was undamaged in the least; the cargo, composed of wines, fruits, and silk manufactures, was of considerable value, and in a perfect state.

"The papers on board were in order, at their general place. Sounding gave three feet water in the hold, but it had been verified that there was no leak to occasion it. The only living beings found on board, were a cat, some fowls, and several canaries, almost dead with hunger. I questioned one of the men who had entered the ship, and he told me that the cabins of the officers and passengers were very elegant, and everything indicated that they had been but recently abandoned.

"In one of them was found numerous remains of a woman's toilet, combs and brushes; upon a stool there was a woman's hat, a dress, a work-box, needles, a die, &c.; it seemed that all had been left but some hours before. The ship contained a great number of chests addressed to different merchants at Havannah, to which the vessel has been conveyed. It is hoped that some disclosures will take place on this mysterious discovery. The vessel thus abandoned, and very large of bulk, has been constructed within the present year, and is named 'Rosalie.'"

* This late Act of Parliament has, in a great measure prevented them, for some time past, from doing. The abuse of their leisure was very probably one of the chief causes of the enactment in question.

ON THE RETURN OF THE ASHES
OF NAPOLEON.

[PUTTING ourselves under the wing of the "leading Journal of Europe," we advance our humble efforts towards an interpretation of a very choice and elegant Latin poem, which appeared in last Friday week's paper. Literalness of translation has been aimed at, but where paraphrastic passages appear, shortness of time must plead on our part, not permitting us to make use of the corrective pruning-hook.]

(Translated from the *Times' Journal* of Friday, November 13, 1840.)

As! luckless to the Nations! luckless day!
When from Helena's rock they bore away,
And gave again to France the mouldering bones
Of him, beneath whose Monarchy the Thrones
Of Earth's huge empires shook—that mighty one,
The Archon of the World—NAPOLEON!

Lo! dire Erinny's rushes all abroad
From that far Atlantean island driven:—
New brands of Helen, other flames of Troy,
Old Ocean vomits from her caverns riven:
For thou, Unconquered, hitherto hast held
The chains and watch,—avenger of your own!
Till now your high gifts grieve you, and you seek
To give them back to France, unmindful grown.
O England, valvly happy!—dearest then
To Heaven, when acting but in Heav'n's high ways:—
Dear to thy God of old, when o'er thy waves,
Light shone at first, and swell'd with ampler rays!
When in your listening ears great Alfred spake,
And Faith walk'd armed with liberty of soul:—
Dear to thy God, when Mission sent your calls
Stemm'd the broad seas that round the Indies roll,
To stretch the Olive forth with conquering hand,
To earth's lorn nations, sitting in the dark,
And bless the distant peoples, as the Dove,
After the Raven, issued from the Ark.—
Unhappy country! these funeral gifts
Shall change the diadem that decks your brow,
And with the martial helm, and glittering casque,
Supplant the triple crown that girds you now.

Lo! how the Fury roughens as she comes
The Ocean-waters, that in thunders boom;
Lo! how she spreads her fires among the ships,
And routs eternal hatred from that Tomb!
And not in vain she hurls abroad her threats—
Her Thrones not vainly fixes in the deep—
For a new Nemesis, and mightier-armed,
Prepares such wars,* as long with blood shall weep:—
Yea, and all poison hatch'd in vulgar hearts—
Yea, and all crimes that wolfish hunger plots—
All Virtue, such as trais itself as God—
And Life, unmindful of the death that rots—
Bad Doctrine, fruitful mother of all guile—
And Rage, that thirsts to drink the Stygian pool—
She calls to aid her!—and harangues the crowds
To heap up trophies, while no faces rule.

Where rolls Eridanus, or Rhine is flowing,
Or Poland mourns,—and parent without sons—
Or gold Oroutes lavas the Antioch towers—
Or round fair Aden snowy Taurus runs—
There, there, she shakes her torches—hurls her fire,
While the great winds disseminate her ire.

Come, then, ye children, nursed in bloody signs,†

* The French "Propagande," sounded at the time as the war-cry of the Bonapartist "*Capitole*," and the Republican "*National*," and "*Siècle*," not to mention the so-called organ of *Parti Prêtre* (!) the "*Univers*."

† The present race, the flower of "*La Jeune France*," from 25 to 30 years of age, were born between 1810 and 1815, in busy times.—*Times' Journal*.

Come and disjoin the plow from the plough,—
Curve into swords the reaping-hooks and shares
Strown in your fields since golden Autumn's glow!

But thou,—O whither dost thou rush, who seekest
The buried ashes of the solemn dead,
Like unto Jason dost thou clothe thy form
In a dire gift—Medea's vesture dread!
Such gift the Ocean gives thee—England such—
O with what Furies doth that gift abound!—
France! France! what Fates remain? What strife of
arms,
O joyful victim, calls thy chariots round.

*The Day is coming—yea, is now at hand,
When wars shall struggle on the Syrian plains,—
Wars—such as ne'er before have been on earth,
Nor the Sun seen in all his ancient reigns:—
The Day is coming—yea, is now at hand,
When—urged by Heaven—to her old hallowed ground,
Shall beauteous Solyra lead back her Tribes,
Whose with sweet horns her Hebrew camps resound.—
Then shall stand still Euphrates—then shall stop
In fierce affright, Nile's many-founted river,
Then, too, with whirl gigantic, shall the way
Of the Red Sea cleave wide apart and sever.
Day of Revival! then shall festal Zion
To her Eternal God, build shrine on shrine—
High Lebanon and Hermon shout with singing,
While flowering olives crown their cliffs divine!*

Yet after lapses of time, what fearful plague,
That race returned, assuredly awaits!
How oft shall Salem see the banded hosts,
In armies camping at her very gates.
He shall command the battle—he, than whom
No bolder or more impious ever dared—
He, who from God his title shall usurp,
He, who no spurs with heaven ever shared:
Lo! where the Altars gleam with sanguine stain,
There shall he plant his foot, and fix his reign.

Then, also,—loving slaughter,—thou, O France,
Shalt raise aloft the signals of affright.
For whatsoever Erinny's thou dost cause
To light her torch at that funeral rite
Beware, beware, lest that one, set a-blaze,
Do not with Discord so inflame the World,
That—taking fire—Earth's kingdoms be not all
Into one havoc of destruction hurled.

Ah! luckless to the Nations! luckless day!
When from Helena's rock they bore away,
And gave again to France the mouldering bones
Of him, beneath whose Monarchy the Thrones
Of Earth's huge empires shook—that mighty one,
The Archon of the World—NAPOLEON!

W. ARCHER.

† Antichrist.—For the distinct prophecies of these and other events, which are to accompany the return of the Jews, the siege of the Holy City by Antichrist and his followers, and their final overthrow, see, among many other passages, Zach. xii., xiii., xiv., 10, 11; Joel iii.; Isaiah xl., lx., lxvi.; Daniel xi.; 2 Thessal. ii.; Revel. xi., 2, xiii., xv., xix.—*Times' Journal*.

NAPOLEON DEPANTHEONISED.*

ALL France was plunged in weeping,—
And her heart in wail was torn—
While her Warrior-King lay sleeping
In Helena's island lorn.

But now her face is shining,
As with glory and with wine—
For "the Dead" again hath risen,
Mid her Hero-gods to shine.

* *Fr. depanttheonisé*; placed among the Gods.

Arts and Sciences.

INTRODUCTION OF THE STEAM-PRESS INTO ENGLAND.

PRINTING presses, at the commencement, were extremely rude and clumsy in form, and resembled a common screw press. Some improvements were introduced by an ingenious Dutch mechanic, William Jansen Blaen, who resided at Amsterdam, but, strange to say, the printing presses of the early period remained very stationary as to construction, until the beginning of the present century, though the workmen, of course, improved in skill by increasing practice.

The Apollo, the Albion, and the Stanhope presses, are names long familiar to our ears, more particularly the latter, which possesses many advantages over the rest. We have not space to enter into their respective merits, but the superiority of the Stanhope press consists in such an adjustment of two levers acting one on the other, which levers turn the descending screw, so that sufficient power is gained to print the whole of one side of a sheet at a single pull, as it is technically termed, whereas, in the more ancient presses, two separate efforts of the machine were necessary to produce the impression of one sheet.

But even after these improvements, a single press could only work off about 250 impressions or 125 sheets per hour, and to produce a greater number of copies, it was necessary to have duplicate presses.

Mr. König, a German, was the first to whom the idea occurred of applying the power of steam to the printing press.

He came to England in 1804, but did not meet with much encouragement from the leading printers to whom he communicated his plan, as they doubted its practicability.

After repeated disappointments, he at length got Mr. Bensley, senior, to listen to his proposals, and he commenced his operations with the common press. The result, however, was not satisfactory, and, to use his own words, he found that he was only employing a horse, to do what had before been done by man, and soon after that, he conceived the idea of printing by cylinders.

The first person to whom he exhibited his new plan was Mr. Walter, of the Times, and an agreement was entered into between them, for the erection of two machines for printing the Times newspaper.

On the 28th of November, 1814, the first copy printed by steam appeared before the public. This worked uncommonly well, 1,400 copies being produced per hour; but it was superseded by the improvements of Messrs. Applegath and Cowper, who took out a patent in 1818.

The improvement upon Mr. König's machine was the application of two drums, placed between the cylinders, to ensure perfect accuracy in the registering, or the exact

correspondence of the impression on both sides of the sheet, and also a superior manner of distributing the ink. The lower part of the machine consists of a table, at each end of which lie one of the two forms of types, from which the impressions on the two sides of the sheet are about to be taken. By the movement of the engine, these forms advance and return, and are met half-way by rollers of a very soft substance, made of a mixture of troacle and glue, and covered with ink. These pass diagonally over the forms and give sufficient ink for one impression. They immediately roll back again, and are met by another large roller, made of cast iron, termed the Doctor, which replenishes them with ink, having itself received a sufficient quantity to perform its office. Above the tables are two large cylinders covered with flannel. The action of these cylinders is very beautiful. A boy stationed above them, having on a table by him a pile of paper, places on the upper cylinder a sheet, which is confined for the moment in its place, by being slipped under two strings of tape. The engine being put in motion, the cylinder revolves, the sheet is caught round and thrown on to the form of types, and immediately impressed. It is then caught up by the other cylinder, and, coming down in an inverted position upon the second form of types, is again impressed, and, by the same power, hurried into the hands of another boy, who stands below the machinery, ready to add it to his increasing pile.

A moment of reflection will show the extreme accuracy requisite in the performance of this process, in order that the sheet of paper, after receiving its first impression, may travel round the sides of the cylinder, so as to meet the second set of types at that exact point, which shall cause the second side to coincide exactly with the back of the first.

The equal distribution of the ink, which is indispensable to rapid and uniform printing, is another point worthy of admiration. Thus, by this beautiful process, in two revolutions of the engine, a sheet of paper is impressed with forty-eight columns of news, or with eight pages of letter-press, and the addition of any wood-cuts which may be introduced.

A further advantage belonging to this machine is the perfect control under which it is, as it can be put into full work four minutes after the form of types is brought into the machine room; and thus, from 4,000 to 4,200 copies per hour, amounting to about 12,600 impressions are sent forth to the anxious world.

Our readers will remember the interest which was excited by the appearance of the supplement to the Times, on July 6th of the present year.

On that occasion there were two double sheets, or sixteen folio pages, containing ninety-six columns. The advertisements occupied seven pages alone, and the whole matter was sufficient to form about six volumes of an ordinary size, all for the price of five-pence.

Messrs. Applegath and Cowper's machines, as well as Napier's, whom we must not forget to mention, are now in general use, and the average number of copies thrown off per hour by the smaller steam presses is from 750 to 1,000 sheets.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

CORONATION OF CHRISTINA.

THE coronation of Christina, as Queen of Sweden, was celebrated at Stockholm, with the utmost pomp and solemnity, on the 20th October, 1650.

On this occasion Christina's love of classical antiquity, induced her to give her people the novel spectacle of a Roman triumph.

Crowned with laurels, and sparkling with jewels, she paraded the streets of her capital seated in a car, drawn by four white horses; her treasurer marched before, scattering medals among the populace, and the heralds proclaiming her, according to the custom of the country, KING of Sweden.

The festivities continued for several days, during which, shows were exhibited to the people, and masks, ballets, and banquets daily took place at court; there were also reviews, mock-fights, riding at the ring, and other military sports, at which the queen distributed the prizes.

OFFER OF THE CROWN TO WASHINGTON BY HIS ARMY.

THE surrender of the lieutenant-general of the British forces in America, was regarded as ominous of a speedy termination of the war. It was so felt, and the spirit that led the Prætorian guards to become arbiters of empire, and, in one instance, *salesmen*, induced many of Washington's officers to offer him the sovereign power. To the organ of the communication, a colonel of the army, Washington replied as follows:—

"SIR,—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensation than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence, and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

"I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which, to me, seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. * * * * *

"Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself, or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature. I am, &c.,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

In this view of his character, contrasting also the future President, with our ambitious Protector, his character is resplendently lustrous. The uncrowned brow of Washington, though we are no advocates of American views, we freely own a glorious spectacle.

TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH.

FROM the most violent conflicts of opinion, truth has nothing to fear. Though long to us, to her "a thousand years are but as one day;" a point—a nothing in the eternity of her duration. Oppressed though she is beneath the chaos of human follies and errors, she must, she *will* emerge at last—unchangeable as her author! By the mere force of durability, she must, ultimately, stand alone; solitary amid the wreck of those perishable materials, by which, for a time, she is overwhelmed! "And the ark went upon the face of the waters." To her, the living spirit of philosophy—immutable, immortal, infinite, eternal Truth—parent of all knowledge, fountain of all light—to her may be addressed, without perversion or hyperbole, the sublime apostrophe of the poet:—

"The stars shall fade away; the sun himself
Grow dim with age; and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!"*

* Extracted from "The Principles and Practice of Obstetric Medicine." By James Blundell, M.D.; Revised and Corrected with Numerous Additions and Notes, By Alexander Cooper Esq. of the London University; and Nathaniel Rogers, M.D.

Public Exhibitions.

To those of our readers who may wish to pass an instructive and intellectual evening, we recommend Mr. Catlin's Museum of North American Indians—it forms a pictorial history of their manners, customs, industry and skill, which, together with Mr. Catlin's lecture on the aboriginal natives, and the display of Indian costumes, weapons, &c., on living figures promenading the rooms, give the astonished and delighted beholder a most picturesque and thrilling exemplification of Indian life and manners. In the Indian Gala, or Pow-Wow, may be seen a genuine dandy, and other curious objects of the highest interest. On the whole, it is, unquestionably, the most amusing Exhibition at this time in London; and will amply repay repeated visits.

The Gatherer.

Care of Daughters.—According to the old German custom, the sons were to walk to church after their father, but the daughters before their mother, to show that her eye should never be off them.

Tight Shoes.—I am not yet forty, but I am old enough to have left off wearing tight boots. Besides, I have a theory of my own on this subject. I don't think small, straight, sharp-toed, squeezed-up feet are handsome. They are not what nature intended. The fore part of the foot should be *wide*. The pedestal constructed to bear the magnificent, upright, form of man should have breadth sufficient for the purpose. The foot of a Roman or a Greek had more room to perform its constant and laborious avocation. There is in the modern boot or shoe a savour of Chinese stupidity.

Death of Miss Emma Roberts.—A hasty paragraph in the papers received from India, announces the death of Miss Emma Roberts, at Poonah, on the 16th of last September.

Assumed Boldness.—It is sometimes best to assume a bold tone, as the Romans threw loaves of bread, when starving, into the camp of the Gauls, for proof how sumptuously they fared.

Inundations.—More than a century has elapsed since the south of France was visited by such floods as at present prevail. The Saone and Isere have overflowed their banks to a very destructive extent, and contributed to a like overflow of the Rhone; and the Marne and other rivers have also laid the adjacent country under water. Lyons, Besançon, and other cities, are much injured, and many human lives have been lost.

Mr. Haseldine, the well-known practical engineer, who built the Menai and Conway Suspension Bridges, died on the 30th ult.

The Dead devoured by the "Fowls of the Air."—"Theirs is a nobler tomb than any sculptured by human hands, and where they slumber as sound as beneath the mighty dome of St. Peter's. Yes; theirs is a nobler—a loftier resting-place."

"Where?"

"Within the glossy bosom of the raven, or the soft feathers of the vulture, as he soars between heaven and earth."

Description of the Royal Cradle.—It is manufactured by Messrs. Seddons, from the design of a French artist; the body of the cot is in the shape of the nautilus, being a happy conception of the designer, that the child of the "Ocean Queen" should enjoy its first slumbers and be cradled in a cot whose very form is emblematic of the main strength and glory of its "island home." The framework is of the choicest Spanish mahogany, and the bottom and sides padded and quilted in flutes; the whole of which, inside and out,

is covered with rich green silk, embroidered most splendidly with the white rose of England. Between each flute is a circular rib of mahogany, the edges of which are richly gilt. The cot swings between pillars of mahogany standing on plinths, supported by four lion's feet, beautifully carved and gilt. The canopy is finely scalloped, and hung with silk drapery of the same design as the lining. The whole is gilt, and surmounted with the royal crown, and presents a *tout ensemble* at once classic and unique.

French Grandiloquence.—A Gascon was vaunting in very bombastic style of himself, and levelling the pretensions of every other person with the utmost contempt, when a listener said, "Pray, sir, what may your business be?" "O," replied the Gascon, "I am but a cork cutter, but then it is in a *very large way*." "Indeed!" replied the other, "then I presume you are a cutter of bungs?"

Summer at Nishne Kolymisk, lat. 68° N.—The vegetation even of summer is scarcely more than a struggle for existence. In the latter end of May, the stunted willow-bushes put out little wrinkled leaves, and those banks which slope towards the south become clothed with a semi-verdant hue; in June, the temperature at noon attains 72° at the highest.

Cool.—"John, has the doctor arrived?" "Yes, sir." "Then go immediately for the undertaker."

Stump Oratory.—A western orator recently declared from the "stump," that "he was born at a very early period of life!"

Features and Diseases Inherited.—Tendencies to gout, consumption, insanity, affections of the stomach or liver, unquestionably descend by inheritance. There is family disease as well as family likeness; "a nose," as Washington Irving pleasantly observes, "repeats itself through a whole long gallery of family pictures;" and "ditto repeated," says Sir Astley Cooper, "is no uncommon entry in the ledger of the family apothecary."

It is rather curious that the Royal family are exempt from legacy duty, but not will or administration duty.

Below are the lowest points at which the barometer has been in the last five years. 1836, Feb. 29, 28.660; 1837, Nov. 1, 28.790; 1838, Feb. 9, 28.627; 1839, Nov. 10, 29.036; 1840, Nov. 13, 28.519. On Thursday, the 12th inst., the barometer stood, at 3 o'clock, p. m., at 29.458; and on Friday, at 3 o'clock, p. m., at 28.535, and at 5 o'clock p. m., 28.519, making a fall in 26 hours of .939.

Swearing by the Wasat.—An Arab often swears by seizing hold of the *Wasat*, or centre pole amongst those which support the roof of an Arab tent.

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The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1634.]

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[PRICE 2d.]



ANCIENT BUILDINGS,

PALACE YARD, LAMBETH.

HAVING, in our last number, given a representation of Bunyan's Pulpit, as it now stands in the Methodist Chapel, we here present to our readers a view of the exterior of that chapel, abutting on the ancient gateway. The history of this now almost neglected pile of building is unfortunately clouded in obscurity, but there are enough data left to warrant us in stating, that they are the remains of what was once a famous hostelry—the busy haunt of travellers, and for persons called by religious duties to the adjoining palace and church: and, as its immediate locality was also the scene of the turbulent rioting of the idle London apprentices who attacked Lambeth in 1541, and tried to capture Archbishop Land, it is more than probable that here they rested to slake their thirst, or hide away from the officers of justice. And the mind cannot refrain from contemplating, that here also the rebellious Wat Tyler and his followers rested to concert their plans, ere, in 1381, they at-

tacked the palace at Lambeth, burnt the furniture and books, with the registers and public papers, and finally murdered the venerable Archbishop Sudbury.

A retrospective glance at such frightful scenes of former days, ought to make us grateful that we live in milder and happier times.

Much praise is due to the exertions and public spirit of Mr. William Herbert, and the late Mr. Robert Wilkinson, who, in the *Londina Illustrata*, have rescued from oblivion so many vestiges of buildings, which have, since their demolition, become objects of great interest. Fully persuaded of the public utility of such pursuits, we intend occasionally to enrich our pages with faithful representations of such buildings doomed to destruction, as may be deemed of interest or celebrity.

MY LOVE FOR ARTHUR.

EXPRESSED IN FASHIONABLE SONG-WORDS.

Ah! can I e'er forget the day,
 When Arthur first before me bow'd?
 Arthur! dost thou remember, say,
 When first "We met?" 'twas in a crowd!"
 Nay, frown not, love! that you forget,
 Think not your Bessy e'er supposes;
 I know you e'en remember yet,
 That then "She wore a Wreath of Roses."
 Ah, no! each trifling incident
 Fond memory constantly recalls,
 When to St. Alban's shrine we went,
 And "Sat within the Abbey walls."
 How sweet, when dressing for the ball,
 With heart elate, and free from care,
 To watch night's shadows swiftly fall,
 And feel with joy, "He will be there!"
 My Arthur! when thou'rt far away,
 Braving wild waves, the wind, and weather,
 Wilt thou remember, dearest, say,
 How "We have lived and loved together?"
 For you I've given up each beau,
 Your dreaded rival's love I've cross'd,
 He seems a prey to bitter woe,
 And sings for ever "All is lost."
 Arthur! from me you soon must part;
 Oh, how I dread the drear December!
 What can give solace to my heart,
 But, "I remember, I remember."
 Yes! memory will bring back the day,
 When as we sat 'neath yonder tree,
 I, blushing, heard my Arthur say,
 My Bessy, dear, "Come dwell with me!"
 And when from Britain's shores you go,
 Think not when you are far away,
 Tho' memory may soothe my woe,
 Your Bessy can be "Toujours gai!"
 Oh, no! my Arthur! I shall be
 Too sad reverse of all that's gay!
 I'll sit beneath some shady tree,
 And sadly sigh, "Ah! dove sei!"
 Thy praise, thou dearest, best of men,
 With rapture fills my throbbing breast!
 Nor can I wonder, Arthur, when
 "They tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest."
 'Twould be my pleasure and my pride,
 While thus you smile, and sweetly sing;
 To roam the wide world by your side,
 If you were e'en "The Gipsy King."
 Arthur, am I not happy? yes!
 We'll plight our vows to love for ever,
 Ah, will you e'er love Bessy less?
 Or can she e'er "Forget thee? never!"
 She mark'd the love that eye express'd,
 Brighter than e'en the stars above her,
 When Arthur strain'd her to his breast,
 And cried, "I love her! how I love her!"
 My Arthur! let no jealous fear
 Your confidence in me e'er smother;
 Nor think when you return you'll hear,
 That "They have given" me "to another."
 Oft when you're gone, your voice will ring
 Still in my ears so clear and mellow;
 And I shall think I hear you sing
 Beneath my window, "Or che in cielo."
 And often when the sun has set,
 Far from the busy world I'll flee;
 Thinking of each sweet time we met,
 "Under the tree, the greenwood tree."
 Then let each anxious feeling rest,
 I tell thee, dearest, most sincerely,
 Truth still shall dwell within my breast,
 Arthur, "I'll love thee ever dearly!"
 And when (no more abroad to roam,)
 Again on Britain's shores you stand,
 I'll be the first to welcome home
 My Arthur to this "Happy Land!"

And, oh! how happy we shall be!
 My love will make me dutiful,
 That love that once I pledged to thee,
 "Twas in that garden beautiful!"

And then our transports who can tell
 When once more through the woods we roam,
 We'll view each glade, each hill and dell,
 And visit "The Old House at Home."

The blush that mantles on my cheek
 The rapture eloquently tells
 That I shall feel, yet cannot speak,
 While listening to our "Bridal Bells!"

L. A. M.

WATERLOO.

[For the Mirror.]

SOLDIERS, wake! the cannon's roar
 Tells the Gallic foe's advance;
 See, th' approaching host before,
 Waves the lily-flag of France.
 Hark! 'tis near—'tis here—and now
 Britons to your cause be true,
 Laurels for the Hero's brow
 Grow for you at Waterloo!

When the sun has set to-night,
 Where will be your bold array!
 This will be a bloody fight!
 Death will have a feast to-day!
 Woe shall be in many a heart,
 Many a corpse the plain shall strew,
 Many a spirit shall depart,
 On the field of Waterloo!

Forward, Britons—Fortune favours!
 Forward, and the field is won;
 See the foe already wavers;
 Vict'ry! see—they run, they run.—
 Foremost of the routed host,
 Wung'd with fear, Napoleon flew—
 Such is Gallia's empty boast!
 Such her chief at Waterloo!

Now the bullet flies no more,
 Joyful, comrades, let us meet,
 Gladly, now the fight is o'er
 Chief and comrade let us greet.
 Ev'ry chief who nobly led
 Let us hail with praises due,
 Where is Pictou?—With the dead,
 On the field of Waterloo!

Many a comrade must we mourn,
 This has been a day of Death!
 Many a chief will ne'er return
 To the land that gave him breath!
 Where is Wellington the brave?
 Wellington the bold and true?
 Heav'n forbid he found a grave
 On the field of Waterloo!

No—I see his eagle eye
 Watch the wounded soldier's bed,
 Dropping, where the corpses lie,
 Tears for friend or comrade dead:
 In the thickest fight he rode,
 Yet with never-failing hue,
 Heav'n protected, safe he stood
 On the field of Waterloo!

Glory to the Lord of Hosts!
 To the bands of Britain's Fame!
 Shame on Gallia's idle boasts,—
 On her recreant chieftain's shame!
 Ne'er was field more nobly won,
 Never fame more justly due;
 Never chief like Wellington—
 Never field like Waterloo!

E. M.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

THERE are few in the ever-varying tide of French population, that ebbs and flows so unceasingly through the narrow and splashy streets of Paris, who do not, at some period in the day, find themselves in the Palais Royal. Business, pleasure, *ennui* or distraction, alike lead them there. Nor is the difference in the grade or species of its visitors less remarkable than the particular periods of the day that call together these distinct classes in their various migrations. *

Reader, do you know Paris? It is perhaps an insult to ask you, since we have few friends at present who have not rolled and tumbled and creaked their twelve hours in the Emerald or City of Boulogne; and subsequently yawned, and stretched their legs, and tried to fancy themselves asleep in the *coupé* of the Aigle, Phenix, or Hirondello, during the journey from nine in the morning, until half-past eight on the *lendemain*, (which period, at the office, they are pleased to term twenty hours.) We repeat, there are few who have not experienced these pleasures; but still, for the benefit of the two or three who have tarried at home, and who, in spite of the glowing descriptions of their travelled acquaintance, intend to do so, we will endeavour to present them with a slight sketch—a literary *Daguerriotype*—of the Palais Royal; and in tracing its peculiarities, we shall describe the principal features of the entire city, in whose most crowded part it forms so agreeable an oasis.

We will presume you have arrived at Paris—at Maurice's, if you have plenty of money, and wish to be thought *comme-il-faut*: at Lawson's, at the Bedford, if you would be equally comfortable at a less rate; and at one of the countless hotels in the neighbourhood of the Rue Castiglione, or Place Vendôme, if you are willing still to decrease your expenditure. Well, you need a *laquais de place*, and we offer our services willingly and gratuitously. Take our arm along the Rue St. Honoré, (that is, where the *trottoir* is wide enough for us to walk side by side—you must follow where it is not,) and after proceeding for a short distance in an easterly direction, we arrive at the Palais Royal. We pass through the external court, and traversing a colonnade of tobacconists, print-sellers, and chocolate shops, we leave the Galerie d'Orléans on our right, and enter the Garden, properly so called. It comprises a handsome parallelogram, much longer, but not so wide as the court of Somerset House, enclosed by houses built in the best and most regular style of Regent Street architecture, having glittering shops under arcades on their ground floor, and separated from the square by light iron railings, passable at certain intervals. The area is laid out in elegant *parterres*, adorned with choice statues, and in the centre is a superb fountain. A quantity

of chairs are dispersed about the ground, for the use of those who choose to hire them, or read the newspapers, which are let out at those four small pavilions at each corner of the square. A group of small marble tables and seats under the trees against the west side, bespeak the situation of the favoured Café de Foy, where report says, you can taste the best coffee in Paris. People the houses with restaurateurs, dentists, and estaminets; sprinkle an animated and moving crowd in the garden; and you have an outline of the Palais Royal before you.

It is nine o'clock in the morning. There are few people as yet stirring in the square, except the mere *gens de passage*—those whom real business obliges to take this thoroughfare in their way from one part of the city to another. A few old men are listlessly reposing in the sun on the stone benches that are placed against the pilasters of the arcades, and several fresh looking *bonnes* are watching their charges from the same stations, as they are perpetually throwing their worsted balls, or *la grace* hoops, over the light iron fence that surrounds the flower beds. The caf's are as yet unoccupied, but the *garçons* are preparing for their guests; and although the *dame du comptoir* has not yet taken her seat, yet the little pewter trays are placed ready for the distribution of the pieces of sugar, and a crowd of small clear glasses are in readiness for those who choose their *petit verre*.

Presently the newspapers arrive at the Pavilions; and soon after the politicians enter the garden, one by one, and taking their favourite journal, gravely seat themselves upon one of the chairs beneath the trees, and are immediately lost in the speculations of the *Sicéle*, the *Presse*, or the *National*. The *Charivari* and the *Corsaire* find few readers at these steady Cabinets de Lecture—they are in greater request some hour or two later in caf's, when the visitors begin to assemble for their breakfast, which with them is an operation of an hour and a half. A few actors may now be seen, assembling in small groups on the left of the Café de la Rotonde, at the Rue Vivienne extremity of the area, and they are canvassing the merits of the last new melodrama at the Ambigu Comique, or the last vaudeville at the Variétés. You may recognize them by their shabby genteel appearance, which balances between the costume of the Chaussée d'Antin, and the cheap restaurant of Quartier Latin. Neither do they wear whiskers, but keep their cheeks carefully shaved, the better to accommodate their occasional false beard and mustaches à *la moyen age*, so much in vogue now in the Paris theatricals.

Bang! what a sudden explosion! Is it an *émeute*, or an infernal machine? Do not be alarmed; it is exactly noon, and the sun has fired that small mortar on the pedestal in the southern parterre, by means of a lens. See

with what eagerness those old men with the slip of red ribbon in their button-hole, proceed to set their watches. They have held them in their hands for the last ten minutes, and now they are comparing notes with one another as to what quantity of time each has lost or gained since yesterday, provided of course that yesterday was a fine day, and that the sun shone brightly at noon; an occurrence that does not always happen, even in Paris.

From this time the arcades begin to fill with loungers, and perhaps more especially with foreign visitors like ourselves. Look at that couple who are intently regarding the glittering display in the jeweller's shop, where the inscription, "English spoken here," has arrested their attention. There is no mistake likely to be made in an opinion of what nation they belong to. The gentleman has a very high collar to his broad-tailed coat; his trousers are loppety, and devoid of straps; his boots are heavy, and square toed; and his hat has a brim thick enough to form a dozen Parisian ones. Ten to one that he will enter the shop without the usual courtesy of touching his hat to the *marchande*, and doubtless he will be made to pay in proportion to his want of politeness. The lady, his companion, is elegantly and expensively dressed, but she wants *tournure*, and her shawl is hung on, rather than put on, "*Qu'elle est drôlement mise, cette Anglaise là!*" observes the little trimly-clad grisette, who passes at the moment, with a smile and a stare. The purchase is completed, after much haggling in delicious English-French, and our countrywoman, taking the arm of her cavalier, sails out of the shop, little conscious that she has been the cause of a remark from a grisette—a pretty *repasseuse*—who, earning two francs a day, nevertheless contrives to dance every *jour de fête*, in a *mousselin de laine*, at the Chaumière or Prado; and would be sorry to exchange her own plain but exquisitely fitting dress, for the badly arranged, and withal costly, *toilette* of the Englishwoman.

As afternoon advances, the living tide of populace thickens, and from four to six, the noble Gallerie d'Orleans is thronged with promenaders, for that is the chief rendezvous of the Parisians, when they form an appointment. Some *flâneurs*, to be sure, are merely walking up and down for want of something to do, or to admire their trousers in the looking-glasses that face the pilasters which divide the shops; but the majority are bent upon one point, and that is—dinner, to which they incline with the appetite of Gargantua. Where shall we go? Name your price, dear reader, and we will market for you to the best advantage, for we have dined at the Rocher de Cancale, in the Rue Montorgueil, for sixteen francs a head, and at Viot's, in the Rue de la Harpe, for sixteen sous. Verrey's is opposite to us, and so is Vefour's, but they are expensive. The Trois

Freres Provinciaux, on the other side of the Rotonde, is the same, and they are ever fond of garlic in their dishes; but the wine there is delicious. On each side, we find a crowd of restaurateurs, all at the same price. We have Hurbain, and Follet, and Richard; and Richefen, and Courty, and—but here is certainly choice enough. Let us enter the last named, *Aux deux Freres*, in the Gallerie de Valois, and I am sure we shall fare well. For our two francs a-piece, we shall have a *potage*, four plates at our choice, from the *carte* of nearly two hundred dishes, *pain à discretion*, dessert, and a half-bottle of *vinux Macon en Chablis*;—you surely cannot grumble at this. Julian gives us a nod of civil recognition as we enter the room, and immediately after brings us our bread, wine, and napkins, and waits for our commands. We will, if you please, commence with *Potage aux oroutons*, and we will ask for white wine as it has a less chance of adulteration than the others. Next we will order *Tête de veau en Tortue*, which they dress very well here. Then we will have in succession, *Canard aux Navets*, *Soll au gratin*, and *Beignets de Pêches*, and for dessert, some delicious *Raisins de Fontainebleau*. Let them rail as they like at home about "French living," and ask you on your return, with an air of doubt, "whether you liked it, or if it agreed with you?" Where, we would know, could you dine like this in London, for a like sum, or in a similar style of splendour! You may, to be sure, satisfy the more cravings of your appetite, at even a less cost, with large sixponny plates from coarse joints at the London eating-houses; but for a cheap, and we may add, elegant dinner, Paris stands alone.

We will now leave the restaurant, and cross over to take our *déjeuner* at the Café de Foy, à la belle étoile. How crowded now is the Garden! The fountain, too, which has reposed in conscious dignity all the morning, has begun to throw out finely spreading jets of waters, and excites much mirth, as the wind carries the spray amongst the little children who are playing about the basin, whilst their mothers are seated on the perpetual rush-bottomed chairs, watching the pastimes, and, in common with our own countrywomen, perpetrating Berlin worsted work in all sorts of forms and patterns. The *garçons*, at the Cafés, are now on their metal. Their hair is sprucely dressed, their aprons of undeniable whiteness, and the air with which they pour out the Cognac, until it runs over and forms a *lamin-pied*, is inimitable.

As evening draws on, the vast Salons of the Estamets d'Hollandais and de l'Univers, are elegantly illuminated. The stroke of billiard balls, the shouts of markers, the "*bien joué!*" of lookers on, the rattling of dominoes on the marble tables, and the confused buzz of revelling voices, resound on every side. All is noise, glare, and excitement. The Cafés glitter with innumerable lights, reflected from

the mirrors in all quarters, and the strains of perambulating harp and guitar players, are heard from their open doors—the shops display their most elegant wares—the arcades are crowded with loiterers, and the *ensemble* presents a scene of combined luxury, amusement, industry, and dissipation, that can only be found in the Palais Royal. ALBERT.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE conception of the "Night Thoughts" for a didactic poem, is unutterably grand. An aged and bereaved mourner stands alone with the dead—the grave his scene—the night his canopy—and time, death, eternity—the darkest, the loftiest objects of human hope and human intellect, supply his only themes. Here, in this spot, and at this hour, commencing his strain with a majesty worthy of its aims and end, he calls upon

"Silence and Darkness, solemn sisters, twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on Reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man!
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave—
The Grave, your kingdom—"

Following the course of the sombre inspiration that he adjures, he then passes in a vast review before him, in the presence of the Stars, and above the slumbers of the dead, the pomps and glories of the world—the veiled and shadowy forms of Hope—the dim host of Memory—

"The Spirit walks of each departed Hour,
And smiles an angel, or a fury hounds—"

Standing upon the grave—the creations of two worlds are round him, and the grey hairs of the mourner become touched with the halo of the prophet. It is the time and spot he has chosen wherein to teach us, that dignify and consecrate the lesson: it is not the more human and earthly moral that gathers on his tongue. The conception hallows the work, and sustains its own majesty in every change and wandering of the verse. And there is this greatness in his theme—dark, terrible, severe—Hope never deserts it! It is a deep and gloomy wave, but the stars are glassed upon its bosom. The more sternly he questions the World, the more solemnly he refers its answer to Heaven. Our bane and antidote are both before him; and he only arraigns the things of Time before the tribunal of Eternity. It is this, which, to men whom grief or approaching death can divest of the love and hankerings of the world, leaves the great monitor his majesty, but deprives him of his gloom. Convinced with him of the vanities of life, it is not an ungracious or unsoothing melancholy which confirms us in our conviction, and points with a steady hand to the divine something that awaits us beyond:—

"The darkness adding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace."

I know not whether I should say too much of this great poem, if I should call it a fit

appendix to the "PARADISE LOST." It is the Consolation to that Complaint. Imagine the ages to have rolled by since our first parents gave earth to their offspring, who sealed the gift with blood, and bequeathed it to us with toil:—imagine, after all that experience can teach—after the hoarded wisdom and the increasing pomp of countless generations—an old man, one of that exiled and fallen race, standing among the tombs of his ancestors, telling us their whole history, in his appeals to the living heart, and holding out to us, with trembling hands, the only comfort which earth has yet discovered for its cares and sores—the anticipation of Heaven! To me, that picture completes all that Milton began. It sums up the Human History, whose first chapter he had chronicled; it preacheth the great issues of the Fall; it shows that the burning light then breathed into the soul, lives there still; it consummates the mysterious record of our mortal sadness and our everlasting hope. But if the conception of the "Night Thoughts" be great, it is also uniform and sustained. The vast wings of the Inspiration never slacken or grow fatigued. Even the humours and conceits are of a piece with the solemnity of the poem—like the grotesque masks carved on the walls of a Cathedral, which defy the strict laws of taste, and almost inexplicably harmonize with the whole. The sorrow, too, of the poet, is not egotistical, or weak in its repining. It is the Great One Sorrow common to all human nature—the deep and wise regret that springs from an intimate knowledge of our being, and the scene in which it has been cast. That same knowledge, operating on various minds, produces various results. In Voltaire it sparkled into wit; in Goëthe, it deepened into a humour that belongs to the sublime; in Young, it generated the same high and profound melancholy as that which excited the inspirations of the Son of Sirach, and the soundest portion of the philosophy of Plato. It is, then, the conception of the poem, and its sustained flight, which entitle it to so high a rank in our literature. Turn from it to any other didactic poem, and you are struck at once by the contrast—you are amazed at once by its greatness. "The Seasons" shrink into a mere pastoral; "The Essay on Man" becomes French and artificial; even the "Excursion" of Wordsworth, has, I know not what, of childish and garrulous, the moment it is forced into comparison with the solemn and stern majesty of the "Night Thoughts."—*The New Phædo*.

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF HIMSELF.

MAN upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour and a bubble, were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling, this, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, this it is which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

ROYAL CHRISTENINGS.

(Abridged from Miss Strickland's Account.)

Edward I., the conqueror of Wales and Scotland, was the first prince who was baptized in Westminster Abbey, after it was rebuilt by his father, Henry III., who, in honour of the industrious founder of that noble pile, bestowed the national and popular name of Edward on his heir, a name above all others endeared to the people by the remembrance of the mild virtues and paternal laws of Edward the Confessor.

Edward II. had his christening solemnized after a ruder fashion, amidst the rocky fastnesses of the conquered but unsubmitting mountains of Wales, surrounded by the steel-clad followers of his royal sire, and the wild chieftains of the land, who had unwittingly consented to receive for their prince a native of their own country, who should not be able to speak a word of English or French. They reluctantly imprinted the kiss of homage on the soft cheek of the infant Plantagenet, to whom the faithful Eleanora, the consort of the victorious Edward, had just given birth in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle.

Edward III. had his baptismal rites celebrated in a highly auspicious hour; for he came like a dove of peace to heal the deadly quarrel between the insurgent barons of England and their angry sovereign, and to prove, for a blessed interval, the sweet bond of union between his estranged parents. This prince was born at Windsor, on the 13th of November, and four days afterwards was baptized with great splendour in the old chapel of St. Edward. The uncle of Queen Isabella and the rest of the French nobles who were at the court of his royal parents, were urgent with the king to allow his heir to be called Louis, but the English nobles, always averse to a foreign name, insisted that the princely boy should be baptized by none other than that of Edward. The ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Arnold, and the infant prince had no less than seven godfathers, but there is not the name of one godmother recorded.

Edward the Black Prince, the fourth royal heir of England of the same popular name, and who afterwards even transcended his mighty father's fame, was born and christened in the sylvan bowers of Woodstock, where Edward III. and his youthful consort, Philippa, then resided in almost domestic retirement. No extraordinary splendour marked the baptismal rites of this illustrious prince, but it is recorded that his infant beauty and strength astonished every one who saw him, and that he was entrusted to no meaner nurse than his royal mother, the Queen of England, who nourished him at her own bosom.

Richard II., the son of Edward the Black Prince, was born and christened in a foreign land.

Henry VI. was christened at Windsor with peculiar splendour. His godfathers were his renowned uncle John, Duke of Bedford, and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. He was presented at the baptismal font by Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault, who was familiarly designated by Henry V. as Dame Jake.*

Edward V.'s christening was solemnized under circumstances romantic and afflicting. This fair boy first saw the light in the Jerusalem chamber in Westminster Abbey, which Thomas Milling, the friendly Abbot of Westminster, had compassionately resigned for the accommodation of the afflicted queen of Edward IV., when, in her terror and sore distress, she, with her three little daughters, her mother, and the Lady Scrope, fled from the Tower by water, on the approach of the victorious Lancastrians, and, landing at Westminster, entered her name as a sanctuary woman, and there awaited the expected hour when she was destined to bring into the world the first-born son of her fugitive king and husband. No cloth of gold arrayed the ancient gothic font of hewn stone, round which the little band of fond and faithful friends was gathered, by whom the infant prince was brought to his christening; for the rite was performed with no greater pomp than if he had been the son of a private individual. His godmothers were the old Duchess of Bedford, his grandmother, and the Lady Scrope, his mother's faithful attendant. The kind abbot charitably performed the office of godfather to the new-born heir of England, no other man being at hand who would venture to render the desolate child of sanctuary that service.

Queen Elizabeth's christening was the most splendid and elaborate in its details that was ever accorded to a princess of England; and also of every ceremonial of the kind on record, the most striking scene, perhaps, was acted at the midnight christening of Edward VI., in the chapel of Hampton Court.

Charles II. was the first royal heir of England who was christened in this realm in the

* The birth and christening of the only son of Henry VI. took place at a period when his royal sire was suffering under a severe malady of the brain, attended with total aberration of reason. The infant prince was born on St. Edward's day, and baptized by that name with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was performed by the pious Wymond, Bishop of Winchester, his father's most beloved friend and counsellor. The Duke of Somerset, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duchess of Buckingham, were the sponsors. The font was arrayed in rasset cloth of gold and surrounded by a blaze of tapers. The chrysom, or christening mantle, in which the royal babe was received after his immersion, cost 554*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*, and we learn from the issue rolls that it was very rich with embroidery of pearls and precious stones. Within this stately mantle was a fine white linen wrapper, to prevent the brocade and gems from coming in contact with the delicate skin of the new-born prince. Ten duchesses, eight countesses, one viscountess, and sixteen baronesses, received writs of summons to be present at the churching festival of the queen his mother.

Protestant faith, according to the forms prescribed in the beautiful baptismal service of the liturgy of our church. He was baptized in the chapel-royal of St. James's palace.

The last royal christening of great importance in the annals of this country, was that of her present gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, at Kensington Palace; and it is supposed that the christening of her daughter the Princess Royal will vie in regal splendour with that of its royal mother.

RIGHT.

WHAT is Right?—Everybody knows, but nobody can tell. It is a grand secret—the most wonderful secret in the world; for it is a secret that everybody keeps, and nobody divulges. The best definition we have ever heard of it, is, that what's right is right. Attempting to go no farther than this, we get into the Indian philosopher's notion of the elephant and tortoise. The truth is, that in looking after an abstract, eternal principle of right, we are like the man who hunted about with a candle and lantern for a mathematical line—a thing all length, and without breadth or thickness; "for," quoth he, "if the whole science of mathematics depends upon lines, will you tell me that there is no such thing to be found as a mathematical line?" The thing is too close for us to see it distinctly, and it plagues us as the painted fly on the parson's spectacles. So that what we cannot get at by the light of day, we go hunting about for with the candle of metaphysics. And what is metaphysical research, after all, but poking about with a farthing rushlight in a dark room, to find that there is nothing to be found.

We have heard of the *right* of private judgment—ay, to be sure, everybody has the right of publicly expressing or acting upon his private judgment. A man may go to Constantinople, and shut himself up in a quiet apartment, and think that Mahomet was an arch impostor, and that his disciples are a set of noodles. He may exercise the right of private judgment, but if he make his judgment public, they of Constantinople will soon make him cry *peccavi*. But have the Constantinopolitans any right to punish him? Is it not right that everybody should have the right to say what he will concerning any abstract question? Ay, there's the rub.

What's right is right—of that there can be no doubt; but the grand question is, "Is the right a right right?"

We wish we could lay our hands on Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*; but we cannot, and we must try what recollection will do. Tooke derives *right* from *rectus*, ruled. Now, that ought to end the dispute at once; but it did not in Tooke's quarto, and it will not by our quotation. If a rule be made, conformity to that rule is right. Abstract right is ab-

stract moonshine. Right implies, and cannot exist without, a standard. A general standard for all particulars cannot be found, because all those who might search after the general standard, are hampered by the prejudices of particulars. Antecedent to law, there could be no rights, and only as long as the laws exist, do those rights exist which are founded on them. Laws could not, or more accurately speaking, would not, be made, if there were no power of enforcing obedience; law, therefore, is founded on power; right is founded on law; and all that we can say to the contrary, notwithstanding, *might makes right*. We have a right to shoot birds, for birds will not hang us for so doing; we have no right to shoot men, for men will hang us for so doing. Had Alexander Selkirk any rights on the Island of Juan Fernandez? He had a right to everything; to all the birds that he could catch, but no more. He was

"Monarch of all he surveyed,
His right there was none to dispute."

But suppose five hundred able-bodied men, with their women and children, had landed on the same island—what would have become of his rights then? He might have talked metaphysics to them, but if they were hungry they would not have heeded his metaphysics, and would soon have made a code of laws for themselves; and what then would Alexander have done?—he would have been monarch no longer.

SIDON.

THE following extract is from a letter written by an officer belonging to the *Thunderer*, to his brother in London:—"Sidon is a most extraordinary town. The streets will hardly admit of three persons walking a-breast, and they are nearly all arched over, which renders the town in many places bomb-proof; they are also very short, and go off at right angles, so that if the Egyptians had not been paralyzed, (which they certainly were,) they might have killed every one of the besiegers from the houses which command the whole of the streets. The marines met with a good deal of resistance in taking the castle in the town, but when they came to the charge, the Egyptians fled in dismay. In many places, the marines were obliged to burst open the doors of the houses and force the people out. Such a miserable body of troops I never saw; they appeared more like slaves than soldiers, and they were all weak and sickly-looking beings. I went through the town on the following morning, and witnessed a most deplorable spectacle: dead bodies lying in the streets covered with blood, and flies in myriads around them; wounded men groaning in their agony; houses and shops deserted; doors and windows battered in, immense holes in the walls from the shot and shells of the ships, rubbish and stones lying in the streets, articles of merchandize (chiefly tobacco,) strowed

about, and swords and muskets in every quarter. The smell was sickening. Now, however, everything is quiet; the inhabitants have returned to their shattered abodes, shops are open, the dead bodies have been removed to the grave, and the wounded to the hospital. I visited the hospital, and the scene presented there was of the most dreadful description. The Egyptian governor, after taking the oaths of allegiance to the Porte, was re-elected, and our men and the Austrians are busy clearing away the rubbish and fortifying the castle, and now, I may say, we can defy the strongest enemy. An addition of 10,000 troops to the Turkish army is expected in Syria. We need no assistance from the Russians; everything can be accomplished without them. 100 Egyptians will fly before a handful of marines. It is astonishing the estimation in which Englishmen are held in this country."

DINNER AT A HONG MERCHANT'S HOUSE.

ON dinner being announced, we were conducted to a circular table, and each of us prepared with a pair of ivory chopsticks, mounted with silver, a silver ladle, with the handle much curved, a small cup of soy, a saucer or stand for the bowls out of which we were to eat, and an elegant silver cup, richly gilt, with two handles, mounted on a stand of similar material, and resembling in form an inverted saucer.

This cup was used for drinking *suey-sung*, the wine of the country, and did not contain more than the old-fashioned Chinese tea-cup; but, after drinking the health of one of the party, it was usual to turn the inside of the cup towards him, to show that it was empty.

The wine was presented to us boiling hot, and our cups replenished at every remove.

In addition to the above, each European was supplied with a knife and fork, and some bread.

The table was laid out with eight small dishes, containing articles to whet the appetite, such as cold dried pork, called chin-chew, grated so fine, that it resembled red-coloured wool; some chips of dried salt fish and ham, roast chicken, cut into small pieces shaped like dice; pig's tongue; salt fish, torn into shreds like flax; legs of ducks, cured in the same manner as hams; and a salad, composed of greens, onions, garlic, salt-fish, and eggs, mixed up with tea-oil.

These delicacies were cold, remaining on the table throughout the entertainment, and were paid uncommon attention to by the Chinese, at every opportunity afforded them by the removal of the bowls.

The dinner commenced with a large bowl of bird's nest soup,* from which each person helped himself.

* For an engraving and description of the nests which constitute this favourite Chinese dish, see our last number of the *Mirror*, p. 339.

The second dish was shark's-fin soup, with portions of crab.

After the soups came stewed mutton; this was followed by roasted pigeon's eggs.

Next came roast pork, roast capons, stewed veal and pigeons, mushrooms, and a variety of other dishes; and, lastly, a bowl of rice, as hot as possible.

WONDERFUL CLOCKS.

Two very extraordinary clocks were, some time since, presented by the East India Company to the Emperor of China, being entirely manufactured by English artists. They were in the form of chariots, each of which contained a lady seated, leaning her right hand on a part of the chariot, under which was a clock little larger than a shilling, that struck, repeated, and went for eight days without requiring to be wound up. A bird was on the lady's finger, finely modelled, and set with diamonds and rubies, with its wings expanded as if to fly, and which was made to flutter for a considerable time on touching a diamond button. The body of this curious bird, in which were the wheels that animated it, was less than the sixteenth part of an inch. In the lady's left hand was a golden tube, with a small round box on the top, to which was fixed a circular ornament set in diamonds, which went round in three hours. A double umbrella was over the lady's head, supported by a small fluted pillar, and under which was a bell that struck the hour, though apparently unconnected with the clock; and at the lady's feet was a golden dog, before which were two birds, set with precious stones, and apparently flying away with the chariot, which, from another secret motion, is contrived to run in any direction, while a boy appears to push it forward. There were also flowers, ornaments, and a flying dragon, all set with precious stones, or formed of them, and the rest was made of gold most curiously executed, and presenting a wonderful specimen of ingenuity and talent.

HERMIONE PURPLE.

A pretty correct conception may be acquired of the value of this imperial-tinted cloth formerly; from the circumstance that when Alexander took possession of the city of Susa, and of its enormous treasures, among other things there were found five thousand quintals of Hermione purple, the finest in the world, which had been treasured up there during the space of 190 years; notwithstanding which, its beauty and lustre was by no means diminished. Some idea may be formed of the prodigious value of this store, from the fact that this purple was sold at the rate of 100 crowns a pound, and the quintal is a hundred-weight of Paris.



GOFF'S OAK.

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of the Trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state; and in three more decays.
Dryden.

ABOUT five miles beyond Enfield, through Bull's Cross, and about the same distance from the Railroad Station, at Waltham, stands, on Cheshunt Common, Goff's Oak; a formidable rival, and, certainly, a survivor, of the far-famed Fairlop Oak, which, not many years since, was cut down in the Forest of Hainault.—A respectable public-house is now within a few yards of the oak. Its predecessor was burnt down in 1814—a tablet over the porch recording this event—

"J. C. 1814. J. C.
The Original House
was burnt down
the 12th of September,
1814."

The traditional history of this tree, inscribed under a rude drawing of the oak at the inn, is, that the oak was planted in the year 1066, by Sir Theodore Godfrey, or Goff, who came over with William the Conqueror; and it is not improbable that some neighbouring lands, called Cuffley, belonged to this person, at that time.

The dimensions of the oak are very considerable, being 20 ft. in girth 3 ft. from the ground; the trunk is hollow, and several persons can stand in the cavity which time has made. This venerable tree is not generally known; the drive to the spot is truly delightful, and few would regret the time spent in its examination, especially in these

days, when an accurate knowledge of the ancient and true British oak may lead to a great improvement in the plantations, forests, and shipping of the United Kingdom.

The following lines are from the pen of a talented Correspondent:—

THE MONSTER OAK.

I was rooted and bound, in the marble ground
And my trunk grew bulky and free;
Through my branches strong, rushed the hurricane-
song,
Of the trumpeter tempest's glee;
The Zephyr's young sigh, and the Boreas blast,
Fell alike on my giant-made form;
Though tost to and fro, by the sleet and the snow,
Still I scoffed at the sun-stroke and storm.

Years passed—but I gallantly still grew on,
Yea, mightier day by day;
Spite of buffets sore, and the fire-bolt's roar,
I should live, I methought me, for aye;
But a scourging tempest ran riot one day,
Armed high with its perilous thunder—
The electric shell on my vesture fell,
And clove my trunk asunder.

And now I lie in the forest wide,
A branchless wreck and blasted;—
Who years ago was the Ranger's pride,
And he loved me while I lasted.
But now am I utterly all forgot,
Since struck by the lightning's stroke—
Save the hunter who chatters to hail the spot,
None thinks of the Monster Oak.

F. GLAESTONE.

RETROSPECTIVE TRACINGS OF STERNE'S CELEBRATED JOURNEY.

Calais.

In January and March, 1825, appeared in the "London Magazine and Review," an admirable paper, tracing Mr. Sterne through Calais, Montreal, Paris, and Versailles, exhibiting the warmest admiration of "his genius, his wit, his pathos, his acute and masterly sketching of character." It will be painful to me to be obliged to abbreviate, or to omit, any part of this delightful paper. I could have wished to have given my reader the whole of this fascinating tribute to Mr. Sterne's memory, I am sorry therefore to dispirit even a line of this interesting review, but must, however, only quote a detached part:—

"Having finished my dinner, I sent for mine host. '*Monsieur Dessin*,' said I, 'I have journeyed all the way from Paris to Calais for the express purpose of making some inquiries concerning Sterne. You have heard of him, perhaps?' 'Heard of him!' ejaculated he, at the same time pulling off his fur cap; then adding, with a low bow, and a look of extraordinary complacency, 'Sir, I have the honour to be grandson to the great man whom your illustrious countryman, *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick*, has rendered so famous by his admirable *Voyage Sentimental*.' 'Then, *Monsieur Dessin*, I trust to your complaisance for the information I require.'

"The *Hotel Dessin* retains but few vestiges of its ancient appearance. Here, too, the accursed spirit of improvement has been at work: it is now merely one of the most comfortable inns in Europe.

"I trembled whilst I listened to the accounts of the family prosperity; for, at each stage of aggrandizement, some trace or relic of my favourite was threatened with destruction. *Monsieur Dessin* perceived this,—'*Ne craignez rien, Monsieur*. No material changes have taken place since *Monsieur Sterne's* visit (the hard-hearted Frenchman thought nothing of the *Remise Door*!); I will even show you the very room he occupied!!'

"But now to 'the very room,'—*Monsieur Dessin* very politely led the way into the garden. 'The room, Sir,' said he, 'is No. 31, and *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick*, being a studious man, my grandfather selected that particular apartment for him, on account of its quiet: *on n'y entend que les oiseaux*.' On the outside of the door, is painted, in large characters, STERNE'S CHAMBER. A portrait of Sterne—a fine impression of the large mezzotinto after Sir Joshua—which occupied a prominent place, conjured up images that instantly overpowered the faculty of vision, as applied to the unpoetical objects before me. I saw Yorick at dinner, upon a fricasseed chicken and a bottle of burgundy; I saw him kick aside his portmanteau; I saw father Lorenzo enter that very door: I saw—Heaven knows how much more I might have

seen if an unlucky qualm had not come over me. I must needs doubt; I must needs be inquisitive, and be hanged to me!—'Pray, *Monsieur Dessin*, is this apartment in nearly the same state as when Sterne was its tenant?'—'*C'est absolument la même chose, Monsieur*.'—'And pray, *Monsieur Dessin*, what evidence have you to prove even that this was the apartment?' 'The evidence is traditional: the waiter who attended *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick* died no longer than two or three years ago.' 'He must have been very old,' said I doubtingly. '*C'est égal, Monsieur*.' But *Monsieur Dessin*, perceiving that it was not altogether *égal* to me, said he could produce one proof of the authenticity of Sterne's chamber, sufficient to set all doubts at rest—the date of the erection of the building was sculptured immediately beneath the window. The whole of the edifice being overgrown by a prodigious vine, a man was sent up a ladder to cut away that part of it which concealed the important stone. '*Ah! ha! nous voila*!' exclaimed *Monsieur Dessin* triumphantly. I looked, when lo! there appeared, in astounding numerals, the date 1770!

"This was a most unlucky discovery. Mine host, who expected nothing less than the unconditional surrender to him of all my doubts, soon perceived (to use a play-house phrase) that there was a hitch in the scenery. '*Eh! bien, Monsieur?*'—'*Eh! bien, Monsieur Dessin*, this particular part of your hotel was not ushered into its brick-and-mortar existence until 1770; and *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick*, as you are pleased to call him, was quietly lying in his grave in 1768!' '*Sacristi! c'est bien mal-à-propos!* but, Sir, do not imagine that I intended to deceive you—I am incapable of such an act—I repeat nothing more than I have heard from others—that rascally waiter upon whose veracity I depended!' I assured *Monsieur Dessin* that I imputed no blame to him. '*Monsieur, ne me croyez pas charlatan; je ne le suis pas, je vous le jure*. You have decided that Sterne could not have occupied this room; and to convince you that I have no interest in countenancing the error which has so long existed, do you give yourself the trouble to examine the house, and any other room you may please to select, shall, for the future, be STERNE'S CHAMBER.'"

I cannot refrain from lengthening the above, by an extract from a spirited topographical account of France, by De Villars, published in 1816:—"La plus belle maison de la ville est la fameuse auberge connue sous le nom d'*Hotel-Dessin*, et tenue aujourd'hui par M. M. Quillac et Duplessis, qui, après quinze ans de stagnation, l'ont remise sur le pied brillant où elle était avant la révolution. C'est un immense bâtiment, où se trouvent réunis, avec toutes les ressources d'une auberge, tous les genres d'agrément que peut offrir une villa à des voyageurs, notamment la poste aux chevaux, des bains publics, une salle de spectacle, un superbe jardin, etc. Le

merite particulier de cet hôtel renommé dans toute l'Europe, ne détruit pas celui des autres auberges de Calais, dont plusieurs sont encore fort bonnes."

Montreuil.

"I need scarcely remind my readers (I am quoting from the before quoted pleasing paper) that it was here Sterne hired La Fleur. Every inn in the place asserts a claim to the honour of having been the scene of that event. . . . I will not drag my reader about with me to all the little inns in Montreuil, but take him at once to the *Hotel de la Cour de France*, which I pronounce to be that where Yorick and La Fleur became first acquainted. Every point of evidence is in its favour. The first aspect of this inn, is by no means inviting, though it must have been a house of very considerable pretensions half a century ago. But, to me, it appeared to possess more elevated claims to respect, than the most magnificent hotel in all France. It is not altogether safe to rely on the grave assertion of the waiter, that Sterne honoured them with his express permission to insert in their cards of address, 'Sterne's favourite house.' But we have 'proof more relative than this.' The *auberge* is the oldest in the town—it was the only one of any importance existing at the period of Yorick's journey; and has been kept *de pere en fils*, (that is to say, in the same family) by *Varennés*, from that time to this. It may happen that some of my readers, should they travel the same road, might think it worth their while to visit the undoubted scene of the '*Tant pis pour Mademoiselle Janatone*, (the landlord's, old *Varennés*' daughter,)' and the first introduction of *La Fleur*; so, to guard them against mistake, I take leave to present them with the card of

VARENNES,

HOTEL DE LA COUR DE FRANCE,

A Côté de la Poste aux Chevaux,

MONTREUIL.

STERNE'S FAVOURITE HOUSE."

In Mr. Davis's Olio, are "Notitia respecting Sterne and his valet La Fleur." From this, we find that La Fleur, after surmounting poverty and many difficulties, made his way to Montreuil, where he introduced himself to *Varennés*, who, fortunately, took a fancy to him, and promised to get him a master; and as he deemed the best not better than La Fleur merited, he promised to recommend him to an *Milord Anglois*, and he introduced him to Sterne, ragged as a colt; but full of health and hilarity.

Nampont.

Mr. Davis observes, "that the dead ass was no invention. The mourner was as sim-

ple and affecting as Sterne has related. La Fleur recollected the circumstance perfectly. No one could have painted this scene, but Mr. Sterne." The late admirable Mr. Mathews, thus speaks of this place:—"Sterne's Nampont, a little dirty town, which is much more indebted for its celebrity to one dead ass, than many cities are for thousands of living ones." In 1816, came out the "Itinéraire Descriptif" of De Villiers, and he thus mentions it:—"Nampont est un village aussi peu considérable que Nouvion, et devisé en deux parties; c'est dans la première, qu'on relate on y trouve une *auberge* passable."

Amiens,

Was the scene of La Fleur's visit to the hotel of Madame Lamberti. She, who had won him to her interest by her "unprotected look of distress. Here, too, the very celebrated letter was written. "I have already expressed my belief (says the above first-quoted writer) that every adventure related in the Journey (highly embellished as it may be) is founded on fact, and every initial alludes to a real personage." Some one else justly says:—"that in this journey, Sterne tells us more of the character of the French nation, in two small volumes, than all that modern travellers have done put together."

(To be concluded in our next.)

* What must Mr. Sterne, or millions of other persons have felt, if he or they had read the following judgment remark of Mons. de Voltaire on some hospital surgeons having dissected a living dog:—"Des barbares saussent ce chien, qui l'emporte si prodigieusement sur l'homme, en santé; ils le clouent sur une table; ils le dissèquent vivant, pour le montrer les veines mœziques. Tu découvriras dans lui, tous les mêmes organes de sentiment qui sont dans toi." Before this dog was nailed to the table, Mons. de Voltaire observes, that this same dog might have lost his master, "qu'il le cherche dans tous les chemins, avec des cris douloureux, qu'il entre dans la maison, agite, inquiet, qui descend, qui monte, qui va de chambre en chambre, qui trouve enfin dans son cabinet le maître qu'il aime, et qui lui témoigne sa joie, par la douceur de ses cris, par ses sauts, par ses caresses." The following commendable letter appeared in the *Times* of the 8th of August last, directed to its editor:—

Sir,—The following shameful affair "came off," as the phrase is, yesterday evening, at Jackson's grounds. An Irishman, of the name of Burke, of some notoriety for another similar feat in riding two horses from London to Hereford three or four years ago, backed a horse to go twenty miles over twenty hurdles within an hour. The poor animal accomplished the jumps and nineteen miles of the distance within the time, and was then dead beat, scarcely able to move or stand, and in such distress that a skilful farrier, to whom I am indebted for the information, was of opinion that he could scarcely survive the night; the horse was not previously trained for the work but purchased out of an omnibus a day or two previously.

Surely some means must exist of checking such infamous brutality. At all events, your known humanity will induce you to hold it up to public reprobation.

I am, Sir, yours obediently.

G. S.

Phenomena of Nature.

AVOIDANCE OF RAINS AND STORMS.

As air cannot move upwards without coming under diminished pressure, and as it must thus expand and grow cooler, and consequently form cloud, any cause which produces an up-moving column of air, whether that cause be natural or artificial, will produce rain, when the complement of the dew point is small, and the air calm below and above, and the upper part of the atmosphere of its ordinary temperature.

Volcanoes, therefore, under favourable circumstances, will produce rain—sea-breezes, which blow inwards every day towards the centre of islands, especially if these islands have in them high mountains, which will prevent any upper current of air from bending the up-moving current of air out of the perpendicular, before it rises high enough to form cloud, such as Jamaica, will produce rain every day—great cities, where very much fuel is burnt, in countries where the complement of the dew point is small, such as Manchester and Liverpool, will frequently produce rain—even battles, and accidental fires, if they occur under favourable circumstances, may sometimes be followed by rain.

Let all these favourable circumstances be watched for in time of drought, (and they can only occur then,) and let the experiment be tried; if it should be successful, the result would be highly beneficial to mankind. It might probably prevent the occurrence of those destructive tornadoes which produce such devastation in the United States; for if rains should be produced at regular intervals, of no great duration, the steam power in the air might thus be prevented from rising high enough to produce any storm of destructive character.

Independently of its utility to the farmer, it would be highly useful to the mariner in the following way:—As the very time and place of the commencement of the rain would be known, it would be easy to find out in what direction from the place of beginning it moved along the surface of the earth, and also its velocity of motion, and the shape that it assumed from time to time in its progress.

Now this knowledge is the principal thing wanting to enable the mariner, who has the power of locomotion, to direct his vessel, so when one of these great storms comes near him; as to use as much wind in the borders of the storm as will suit the purposes of navigation—for heaven undoubtedly makes the wind blow for his use, and not for his destruction, provided he becomes acquainted with the laws to which it is subject. From the preceding principles, he will be able to know in what direction a great storm is raging when it is yet several hundred miles from him, for the direction of the wind alone points it out.

If, however, the storm should be of such

great length, moving side foremost, as to preclude the possibility of avoiding it, he will at least be enabled to know in what direction to steer his ship, so as to get out of the storm as soon as possible. For example, if it shall be found that storms between the United States and Europe always move towards the east, then it will manifestly be improper to send with the wind in the latter part of the gale, when the wind is blowing from the westward, because this would be to keep in the storm as long as possible.

The sailor also will be able to know when he is out of danger; for when a great storm has passed off to the east in middle and high latitudes, and to the north in low latitudes, on the north of the equator, he will know that it never returns; and therefore he will not be afraid to spread his sails to the wind, before the calm of the annulus comes upon him.

The mariner will finally be able, by observing storm clouds on their approach, to ascertain the direction in which storms move; for these storm clouds frequently exhibit themselves above the horizon in the form of an arch; and if the highest part of the arch approaches towards the zenith, then is the storm coming from the point where the arch first appeared.

FEAT OF SOME SPIDERS.

ROLAND LYMAN, of this city, jeweller, recently left a gold ring, with a piece of paper, for a label, lying within it, upon his watch-bench. The next morning he found that a large black spider, from the ceiling, over head, had attached his web to the paper, and raised it, and the ring, one inch. In the course of the week he raised it eight inches. He was then driven away by a small brown spider. Another black one afterwards attached his web to it, and in three days raised it to the height of fourteen inches from the table, when, by some means, the web was broken. The weight of the paper and ring was twelve grains.—*Lowell Courier*.

ANCIENT ALMANACS.

THE earliest almanac that was ever published in Europe was by John Muller, in 1474, who was at that time a learned professor of Königsberg, and whose assumed name was Regiomontanus, of Monterogius. This publication was nearly in the same form as they now appear. The first that was published in England is usually represented to have been in 1577; but, from the perfect manner in which it is compiled, there is reason to think that some had been published previously. In 1546, appeared "Prognostycacion and Almanacs of two Shepherdes, necessarye for all Householders;" but this is not an almanac in the sense of the term as now used. The number published in this country in the present day is enormous, of all kinds, prices, and sizes, from miniature almanacs of the lowest value, to thick volumes, sold for many shillings.

The Naturalist.

QUICKSILVER MINES OF ALMADEN.

(From the Polytechnic Journal.)

THESE mines belong to the Spanish crown, and a few years ago were considered the best, if not the only security, which the Madrid government could offer to Messrs. Rothschilds for advances of money, to whom their produce, to a certain extent, is at present mortgaged. They are situated in the province of La Mancha, near the confines of Estremadura and Cordova. The town, called Sisapona Cotobrix by the Romans, and Almaden by the Arabs, is built on a hill rising gently between two mountain ridges, evidently ramifications of the Sierra Morena, which commences near the eastern confines of La Mancha. The town contains a population of about 7,000 souls, including the garrison and six adjoining villages, and is administered under a military *regime*. There is also a director of the mines, presiding over a separate department. The only remarkable edifices in the place are the hospital and a prison for convicts.

The hill on which the mines are situated is chiefly composed of sandstone, and on its summit rises a crest of naked rocks, streaked with cinnabar,* indications which unquestionably led to the discovery of the mineral wealth concealed below. The direction of the hill is from north-east to south-west, and its elevation about 125 feet. Two veins, from two to fourteen feet wide, and varying in richness, cross it in a vertical manner. These veins meet near the most convex part of the hill, when they expand into a bed, equal to 100 feet wide, constituting the prodigious mass of ore known by the name of *El Rosario* (The Rosary,) the discovery of which was at the time deemed so miraculous, that it was attributed to the special intervention of the Virgin, and of course dedicated to her. These two veins are the only ones worked at Almaden, and they have already been dug to such a depth, that the drainage has become the heaviest item in the expense; the application of steam would, however, materially reduce it.

Hitherto the labouring department has been carried on by *prosidarios*, or convicts, each of whom costs the government at the rate of eight rials, or two shillings per day; whereas the peasants would perform the same drudgery for less, and besides do double the work. This appropriation of men condemned by the laws of their country, gives a valuable mining district the character of a penal settlement, more abhorred than the dungeons of Ceuta, or the galley stations of the old *regime*. These *fernados*, or convicts, are persons of the lowest order, chiefly smugglers, bandits, or

murderers, who would otherwise have been employed as galley-slaves, or, chained two and two, compelled to drag out a miserable existence in the dock-yards.

Although these mines appear to have been primarily known to the Romans, the first active working of them was commenced by the Brothers Fuggers, Germans, and called in Spain Fucaros, who in their undertaking gained so large a fortune, that it gave rise in Spain to the proverbial expression, "Ser rico como un Fucar," "As rich as a Fugger," and which occurs in Don Quixote. During the administration of the Messrs. Fuggers it was, that the Spanish government learned the value of the Almaden Hill; and at the expiration of their lease, the mines devolved to the crown. This lease expired in 1645.

The mineral wealth of this interesting hill was not, however, scientifically explored till towards the middle of last century. In 1752, Mr. William Bowles, an Englishman, and a naturalist of some eminence, became acquainted at Paris with D. Antonio Ulloa, the distinguished navigator, and author of the well-known work of travels. Bowles was recommended by him to the Spanish ministry, and commissioned to make excursions into the interior, to survey the mines, and improve the working. From the period of Bowles' visit, the works were conducted on a better principle.

The quicksilver is collected in oblong troughs, built up with masonry, but the weight more than once has been so great as to burst the inclosure, when the metal was seen coursing down the hill in streamlets and globules. In this manner quantities have been lost beyond the power of redemption. Formerly, quicksilver, like wine, was packed in goatskins; but this method, more particularly when intended for shipment, was found unsafe. At present it is put into thin cast-iron bottles, in shape resembling an imperial quart bottle, only larger, with half the neck cut off. To these bottles, each of which, filled, weighs about 75 lbs. nett, there is no handle, which renders the dead weight extremely inconvenient. The mouth is secured with a screw, fitted in like the stopper of a decanter, excepting that the top tapers to a fine edge, so as to enter a hand-vice, by means of which a purchase is obtained to force the screw when it is rusty, or has been wound too tight. These bottles, called by the Spaniards *frascos*, are made in the Basque provinces, chiefly at the foundry of Iraeta, a beautiful estate belonging to the Duke de Granada, on the road from Azpeitia to Cestona. This establishment is situated on the river Urola, about half a league from the port of Zumaia, on the Guipuscoa coast, where the bottles are shipped for Seville. Here they are filled at the Almacén del Azogue, the government depôt, to which the quicksilver is brought down from the mines in skins, where it is emptied into wells, or troughs, and there kept till wanted for shipment.

* This is of a beautiful red colour, and, when poured and finely sifted, is made into vermilion.

The uses of quicksilver in England are too generally known to require any specific enumeration in this place. Formerly, manufacturing chemists, and the makers of looking-glasses, were the principal consumers; but within the last few years it has been applied to a new purpose. One of the valuable discoveries of the age is the prevention of dry-rot in timber, a result obtained by a solution of mercury, of which Kyan's Anti-Dry-Rot Company alone take as many as fifty-two tons, or 104,000 lbs. annually, with every prospect of an increase.

The contracts with the Spanish government for the exclusive sale of the Almaden quicksilver had, for some time, been held by Bordeaux houses; but, during the late fluctuations in the Madrid ministry, it was natural to expect that competitors would enter the lists. Accordingly, under the Toreno administration, and at a moment when the pressure on the treasury was severely felt, notice was given that tenders for a new contract would be received, and the preference fell to the lot of Messrs. Rothschild.

Messrs. Rothschild, in this affair, in order to cover their advances, eventually became the purchasers of 30,000 bottles of Almaden quicksilver, as it is generally believed, at fifty-two dollars per bottle, which, at the exchange of thirty-nine pence, would make 253,500*l.* sterling. Adding to this sum for charges and agencies on the spot, say 1,907*l.* sterling, the prime cost appears to have been about 255,407*l.* sterling; whereas the quantity contracted for and sold in England, even as low as 2*s.* 9*d.* per lb., must have realized as much as 309,375*l.* sterling; from which sum, deducting largely for charges and discount, say 14,384*l.* sterling, the nett produce cannot have been less than 294,991*l.* sterling; thus leaving a profit of 39,584*l.* sterling, on what may be called one year's produce of the Almaden mines.

ÆOLIAN HARPINGS.

AFTER a pause this fairy harp is often heard beginning with a low and solemn note, like the bass of distant music in the sky; the sound then swells as if approaching, and other tones break forth, mingling with the first, and with each other. In the combined and varying strain, sometimes one clear note predominates, and sometime another, as if single musicians alternately led the band; and the concert often seems to approach, and again to recede, until with the unequal breeze it dies away, and all is hushed again. It is no wonder that the ancients, who understood not the nature of air, nor, consequently, of simple sound, should have deemed the music of the Æolian harp supernatural, and in their warm imaginations, should have supposed that it was the strain of invisible beings from above, descended in the stillness of evening or night to commune with men in a heavenly language of soul, intelligible to both.

New Books.

Jest and Earnest. [Cunningham, 1840.]

["*Jest and Earnest*" is a book, kind reader, which belongs to the school of Heraclitus, as well as Democritus; which will be lemon as well as sugar in thy punch, and make thy right eye weep, while thy left smileth.

The authors chief *forte* consists in his satiricism on the follies of the world. Now, much instructive thought is to be gathered by him, who is a watcher upon the vicissitudes of human life; for that "warped and woof," made up of human actions and passions, which, to common ken seems entangled and gloomy as the grave, to the calm and philosophic eye reveals itself as a web, sable indeed for the most part, yet not without bright and golden interthreadings, which manifest the presence of a special and kind Providence, intent on saving the old beldame world from utter wreckage. Here was a fine moral to be drawn, but our author has not drawn it.

Nevertheless, the gay incidents or grievous casualties which chequer this poor life, are pathetically, as, also, humourously, struck off in the book before us. Well-conceived, and in keeping with the work, the frontispiece displays on one side, the grave "Athenian sage," and, on the other, the "merry masquer," with his abundant broad laughs. The delineator deserves much praise.

The ability of the book will be best set forth by sample, and none can crown the author with happier effect than:—

FIVE MINUTES.]

I was sitting in Kensington Gardens on a calm and beautiful summer evening. A clock at some distance struck eight; and I took out my watch to see if they agreed. They did so to a second. Unconsciously I fell into a deep reverie, induced by the stillness of all around; and, on awaking from it, found that I had still my watch in the same position. I glanced at it, and found that it was exactly five minutes past eight! so that I had dreamily meditated away five minutes, without being at all aware of the lapse of time. This circumstance brought me to speculate how this Five Minutes, which had passed so unconsciously with me, had passed with others.

Let imagination assist us to pencil down some of the effects of this Five Minutes.

A girl is watching beside her dying sister. A little French clock on the mantel-piece strikes eight, and, as the sound faintly reaches her ear, the gaze of the sufferer is directed with a melancholy expression towards the spot, as if conscious that she has heard it for the last time. Her sister marks the action, and turns away to conceal her emotion. In a little while she bends once more over the invalid—she is dead! The hands of the clock denote that it is Five Minutes past eight.

Jack Easy, as he hears the hour strike, says, "Faith, I must go and dress for this evening." He then stretches himself luxuriantly—yawns slowly—and utters these

words, "Gad—it is immensely warm to-day!" These several operations take him exactly Five Minutes to perform.

It is eight o'clock when a youth, whose uncle has bequeathed him six thousand a-year, takes a dice-box into his hands for the first time. He throws, and wins, and, in the space of five minutes has secured a large sum. How fortunate, and yet the chances are that, eventually, he will pay at the rate of one hundred pounds a moment for that fortunate Five Minutes.

Two friends, who have known each other from boyhood, met this evening, at eight o'clock, to decide a foolish quarrel, which arose from a hasty word. They arrive punctually—preliminaries are settled—fire—and one falls mortally wounded. His opponent runs to him—every feeling of enmity is vanished—he calls upon him to look up, but in vain! How gladly would he give twenty years from his future life to recall that Five Minutes.

An old man is hastening along, and, as he hears eight strike, he increases his pace; for it is the hour he has appointed to meet his lawyer on important business. His only son has offended him to the last degree, by privately marrying a penniless cousin who had been brought up with him, and the old miser had sworn never to forgive them. He is this night to get a now will drawn up, in which his son will be left totally destitute—he will cut him off with a shilling—"let him starve with the beggar he has married!" But whilst these thoughts fill the brain of the old man, a sudden giddiness overpowers him—he falls to the ground—he is stricken by apoplexy! At Five Minutes past eight the miser is no more.

Tom Dennison, a poor devil "about town," weary with the ill success of his efforts to live, had resolved to emigrate to that Land of Promise, Australia. He had appointed to meet a man at the Salopian coffee-house, to negotiate the sale of a small property, in order to fit him out. The appointed hour—eight—sounds forth from the steeple of St. Martin's, and Tom arrives punctually at the coffee-house. His friend has not yet come; and, whilst waiting, he takes up the *Morning Chronicle*. Suddenly he changes colour and trembles—his eyes are rivetted to one advertisement—"Next of kin—Thomas Dennison—hear something to his advantage." Perdition seize Australia! England for ever. The "man about town" is a poor devil no longer; and Five Minutes bestowed on a newspaper has wrought the change.

A tall and handsome man is standing beneath a window which is half-hidden by honeysuckle and roses. The village clock strikes eight—it is the appointed time—a white handkerchief is waved amongst the roses at the window. In a moment he is in the chamber, embracing a beautiful and weeping girl. She is irresolute, and the name of her father escapes her lips. Her lover is

frantic at the delay—he vows—he reminds her of her promise—he has prevailed. Five Minutes have sealed her happiness or misery for life.

Is all this mere imagination, or did something like what I have related occur, whilst I was sitting absorbed in my profitless musing.

RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

THE Prince of Wales, or heir apparent to the Crown, and also his Royal Consort, and the Princess Royal, or eldest daughter of the King, are of course peculiarly regarded by the laws. For, by the statute 25th Edward III., to compass or conspire the death of the former, or to violate the chastity of either of the latter, are as much high treason as to conspire the death of the King, or violate the chastity of the Queen. And this upon the principle which follows: because the Prince of Wales is next in succession to the crown, and to violate his wife might taint the blood royal with bastardy; and the eldest daughter is also alone inheritable to the crown on the failure of issue male, and, therefore, more respected by the laws than any of her younger sisters; insomuch, that upon this united with other (feodal) principles, while our military tenures were in force, the King might levy an aid for marrying his eldest daughter, and her only.—*Blackstone*.

EARTHQUAKE.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us, that a shock of an earthquake was felt at Portstewart, last Tuesday morning, between the hours of three and four o'clock. It was perceived by a number of families, the beds and windows vibrated for at least twenty seconds, and a sound as of heavy waggons passing over the ground, was heard. Many who were startled from their slumbers, jumped out of bed, astonished by the phenomenon, and apprehensive for their safety. Some thought the shaking of their houses might be occasioned by the setting in of a storm; others that it arose from the firing of guns at sea; but, on looking out of the windows the sea was calm, and everything around wore an air of tranquillity. The shock was followed in about twenty minutes, by a most vivid flash of sheet lightning, and almost at the same instant, a terrific crash of thunder shook every house in the town. The influence of the earthquake was likewise felt at Coleraine and different parts of the coast, extending from Macgilligan to the Giant's Causeway. We learn from the Scotch journals, that a part of that country was recently visited by a similar phenomenon, which has been of pretty frequent occurrence of late.—*Derry paper*.

The Gatherer.

For a woman to look on knowledge, grace, and accomplishments, only as baits with which to entice a husband, and not as precious in themselves, is like shooting game with diamonds, or flinging sceptres at fruits.

Largest Volcano in the World.—Kiruca, a burning mountain in Owyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, has a crater of more than nine miles in circumference, and lately threw forth a lake of liquid lava, one mile long by half a mile broad, emitting intense heat, and glowing with extreme brilliancy.—*Communication to the Geographical Society.*

English and American Rivers.—By J. Smith, one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses.

In England rivers are all males—
For instance, Father Thames;
Whoever in Columbia sails,
Finds them ma'melles or dames.
Yes, there the softer sex presides,
Aquatic, I assure ye.
And Mrs. Hippo rolls her tides,
Responsive to Miss Sour.

"Why is the letter D like a Ring?" said a young lady to her accepted one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because we can't be wed without it."

Penny Irish Zoological Gardens.—The Gardens of the Zoological Society of Ireland, Phoenix Park, have been thrown open to the public, on Sundays, after church, until May 1st at a charge, it is said, of one penny.

Sam Slick's Notion.—Give me your preserves, tho', aunty, when you marry; your quinces, and damsons, and jellies, and what not, for you won't want them no more. Nothing ever tastes sweet arter lips. O, dear! one smack o' them is worth——. Do get along, said Miss Hetty, &c., &c.

M. Munck has lately discovered, amongst other works at Cairo, different portions of a gigantic commentary on the bible, as old as the tenth century.

The absence of sea-birds forms a singular trait in the character of the Indian seas; scarcely a single living thing appeared in the sky above, or the sea below, betwixt Bombay and the Indus.—*Kennedy's Travels.*

Wordsworth, the Poet, had, the week before last, a narrow escape, from the mail-coach coming in contact with his gig; fortunately, however, he was unhurt, though precipitated some distance.

One of the old brass guns raised from the Mary Rose, after having remained 297 years under water, and bearing evidence that it was cast in the year 1542, was weighed lately, and found to be 44 cwt., worth, as old brass, 176*l.*

Courage and Modesty are both manifested by the same colour.

The Winters of Pekin are like those of Tobolsk, and even on the great Chusan island, in the latitude of Madeira, the hills of moderate elevation are covered with snow during the winter. Spring and winter seem there to go together in harmony; while the fields are still covered with snow, the tall hedges dividing them put forth their new leaves, and the crops of peas and beans blossom in the gardens on the sea side.

Instinct.—Instinct is 'Balaam's ass, which knew the angel before its rider did. It is the great standing miracle of nature.

Mozart.—Before he was eighteen years old, he had written fugues in all the old church modes, one of which fugues, most ingeniously composed in the Mixo-Lydian mode, is preserved in the library of the court at Vienna.

Meteor.—On the 18th of May, 1840, a meteor larger than the full moon, was seen at Albany, Boston, Newhaven, Rhode Island; there was a brilliant train left behind some seconds after its explosion.—*Silliman's Journal.*

Employment for Convicts.—It is said that there are eight millions of acres in England, and in Ireland, five millions, of unreclaimed land, all of which might be improved and made productive; why should not the able-bodied convict population be employed in cultivating these barren wastes, making roads, erecting buildings, and otherwise reducing them to the service of man? To cultivate such land by free labour would be unprofitable, but apply convict labour, and the result would be very different.

News from Beyrout, Tyre, and Sidon.—

Each Bey from Bey-rout has absconded fast,
First kept at 'bry,' then put to 'route' at last;
Despatches came from Tyre, good news to tell,
Some readers think these 'go to tire' as well;
While ancient Sidon, beaten in the row,
Proves that 'true Sidon,' is 'wrong side on' now.
Morning Chronicle.

Painted Glass Window.—The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have determined on decorating the marigold window in the north transept with a scriptural subject. Many of the parishioners of St. James, Westminster, are also desirous of decorating the oriel window of their church with a painted history.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted;—"Time," by James Wylson. Tale of a Brigand, by Laura C. R.—.

We beg to decline;—Juvenis "To Discretion."—R. J. J.—Sonnet by Emma W.—Stanza and Meditations by "Ethel."—"The Departure of Autumn," by R. B.—"The Pauper Beg,"—"To my Pipe."—Impromptu on "The Floods in France."

Many other Contributions are under consideration.

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The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1035.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.]



FREE SCHOOL, CHESHUNT,

THE Free School in Church Field, Cheshunt, Herts, is a picturesque and interesting edifice, and although of a plain style of architecture, its pointed gables, and massive buttresses, invest it with a very monastic appearance.

The following account of its foundation is affixed to the front of the gallery at the west end of the parish church:—

“Robert Dewhurst, Esq. erected a fair School-house in Church-field; in this parish, with the land inclosed, to wit,—To teach poor children born here to read English, and to write, and cast accounts; and by deed dated 31 December, 18 Car. I., he gave a farm, called Fitzwilliams, of the yearly value of 80*l.*, situated in the parish of Clavering, in Essex, to twelve trustees, to be disposed of as follows:—One to the master, (who is not curate of the parish,) 20*l.* per annum, to teach in manner as aforesaid, that they know God the better; and 40*l.* per annum to provide a dinner for the Fcoffees in Whitsun week, when they shall yearly meet, and bind out six of the poorest and aptest scholars born in this Farm, apprentices to an handicraft trade in some corporation; and shall give twenty nobles a-piece, with every such poor child, whereof 5*l.* a-piece to put them forth apprentice, and five nobles a-piece for their apparel, and the charges of binding them.” The same person gave to ten poor persons residing in the Almshouse, sixpence a-piece, to be paid weekly, in

good and wholesome wheaten bread, and five chaldrons of sea-coal for fuel, to be yearly laid out in ten parts, to be equally divided among them in the said house.

In 1819, the school room was enlarged, and incorporated with the national school. It is 50 feet in length, by 18 in width, and 14 feet in height, and will accommodate 120 boys, 40 of whom are on the foundation, out of which 6 are annually apprenticed, and a fee given with each. The salary of the school-master is now 80*l.* per annum, with other emoluments. The present master is Mr. William Sawrey Gilpin. In front of the porch is an aged yew tree, even with the building.

The above-mentioned Robert Dewhurst, Esq. possessed Cheshunt Nunnery, and was Custos Brevium of the King's Bench: he died without issue. A marble tablet, with his arms, accompanied by the following inscription, is fixed on the wall of the chancel, opposite the pulpit, in Cheshunt Church. The inscription erected to his memory, informs us, that he was Secretary to Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer under Queen Elizabeth; and it was in this parish that Lord Burleigh had his favourite residence, Theobalds, which, on his decease, was afterwards occupied by James I. Lord Burleigh died in 1625, twenty-nine years after the decease of Mr. Secretary Dewhurst. The inscription is verbatim as follows:—

Deposita* BARNARDI DEWHURST, Armig^r,
ex familia Dewhurstorum e Lancastrensi agro oriundi)
Olim, Gulielmo Cecilio Baroni de Burghley
Summo Thesaurario Angliæ, Secretarii,
qui obiit 30 Decembris, 1596,
Anno suo climacterico, 63.

THOMÆ DEWHURST
Filii ejus primogeniti
qui obiit 7 Januarii, 1612,
Ano. ætatis 35.

BARNARDI DEWHURST,
Æquitis aurati, Filii ejus quarti,
qui obiit 24 Septembris, 1617,
Ano. ætatis 35.

JOHANNIS DEWHURST
Filii ejus quinti
qui obiit 2 Junii, 1616,
Ano. ætatis 34.

PRUDENTIÆ DEWHURST
Uxoris Roberti Dewhurst, Armig^r filii prædicti Barnardi
secundi, filie Thomæ Dacres, Æquitis aurati
quæ obiit 24 Junii, 1621,
Ano. ætatis 29.

ANNÆ DEWHURST
Uxoris secundæ prædicti Roberti, filie Rogeri Dye,
Mercatoris Lond'nenis
quæ obiit 10 Junii, 1631.
Ano. ætatis 23.

Prædictus autem ROBERTUS DEWHURST, Custos
Brevium de Banco Regis est adhuc superstes, suo tamen
ordine, depositarius, qui postea obiit
4to. Maii, 1645, æt. 68.

Mortuus in Domino felix, sua facta sequuntur.
Mors est in terris vivere, vita mori.
R. D. . . . t anno Salutis 1635.

Ex consensu et licentiâ
Proprietarii hujus Rectoriæ.

Other relics of this venerable family are
dispersed elsewhere over the county; and
among them, there exists, in Jewin Church,
near Hertford, this inscription:

Here lyeth the Body of
JULIA DEWHURST
Wife of Robert Dewhurst of Cheshunt Nunnery, Esq.;
Eldest daughter of Beckingham Butler, sometime
of Jewin, Esq.,
who died 19th day of April, 1637.

* Here are deposited the remains of Barnard Dewhurst, Esq., (descended from the family of the Dewhursts, in the county of Lancaster,) formerly Secretary to William Cecil, Baron de Burleigh, High Treasurer of England, who died the 30th December, 1596, at the remote age of 63: Thomas Dewhurst, his first-born son, who died 7th January, 1612, aged 35: Sir Barnard Dewhurst, his fourth son, who died 24th September, 1617, aged 35: John Dewhurst, his fifth son, who died 2nd June, 1616, aged 34: Prudence Dewhurst, wife of the said Robert Dewhurst, Esq., son of the beforesaid second Barnard, daughter of Sir Thomas Dacres, who died 24th June, 1621, aged 29: Ann Dewhurst, wife of the before said second Robert, daughter of Roger Dye, Merchant of London, who died 10th June, 1631, aged 33: also the before said Robert Dewhurst, Keeper of the Bricks in the King's Bench, hitherto remaining, but who, in his turn was buried here, when he died 4th May, 1645, aged 68.

Happy and blessed in the Lord he died,
While his good virtues followed him on high
'Tis death within this weary world to bide—
'Tis death assured to live, but life to die.
R. D. A. D. 1635.

By consent and licence of the
Proprietor of this Rectory.

TO THE INFANT PRINCESS ROYAL.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

WELCOME, bud beside the rose,
On whose stem our safety grows;
Welcome, little Saxon Gaeleph;
Welcome for thine own small self;
Welcome for thy father, mother,
Proud the one, and safe the other;
Welcome to three Kingdoms; nay,
Such is thy potential day,
Welcome, little mighty birth,
To our human star, the earth.

Some have wished thee boy; and some
Gladly wait till boy shall come,
Couniling it a genial sign
When a lady leads the line,
What imports it, girl or boy?
England's old historic joy
Well might be content to see
Queens alone come after thee;
Twenty visions of thy mother
Following accepted, each the other,
Linking with their roses white
Ages of unborn delight.
What imports it who shall lead,
So that the good line succeed?
So that love and peace feel sure
Of old hate's discomfiture?
Thee appearing by the rose,
Safety comes and peril goes;
Thee appearing, earth's new spring,
Fears no winter's "grisly King;"
Hope anew leaps up and dances,
In the hearts of human chaces,
France, the brave but too quick-blooded,
Wisely has her threat re-studied;
England now is safe as she,
From the strifes that need not be;
And the realms thus hush'd and still,
Earth with fragrant thought may fill,
Growing harvests of all good,
Day by day, as planet should,
Till it clap its hands and cry,
Hail, matur'd humanity!
Earth has outgrown want and war;
Earth is now no childish star.

But, behold, where thou dost lie,
Heeding nought, remote or nigh!
Nought of all the news we sing
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
Nought of planet's love, nor people's;
Nor dost bear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heaven had rain'd them wine;
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctors' learned looks,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank a pin.
E'en thy father's loving hand
No-ways dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost know thy very mother's
Balmy bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind lips pursue it;
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee.

Mother true and good has she,
Little strong one, been to thee,
Nor with listless in-door-ways
Weaken'd thee for future days,
But has done her strenuous duty
To thy brain and to thy beauty,
Till thou cam'st a blossom bright,
Worth the kiss of air and light;
To thyself, a healthy pleasure;
To the world, a balm and treasure.

Morning Chronicle.

TALE OF A BRIGAND.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

AMONG the numerous interesting stories which abound in Italy, and which give a charm to many a desolate and ruined spot, there is one which attracted my attention more than any other. The events it describes occurred in and near Rome, some few years ago, and one portion of the noble ruins of the mighty ancient aqueduct, which extend for many miles on the Neapolitan side of Rome, is to this day a spot of awful veneration and dread to the surrounding peasantry, by whom the crumbling arches are declared to be frequently visited by the spirit of the bright young creature who forms the heroine of the following "over true tale." Of all the black-eyed Roman maidens, Nina Latrozzi was said to be the most beautiful, as she was, in truth, the most generally beloved—she was the only joy and earthly hope of her aged grandmother, who had from early infancy protected and cherished the little orphan, she had been brought up a pious Catholic, and was the darling of her spiritual father, "il buon padre" Jeronimo, and her slight and graceful form was daily seen to bend before the altars of the Virgin, whose purity scarcely surpassed the innocence of Nina; and at evening, no voice was so sweet in the simple, but beautiful evening chants, as that of Nina. She had reached her fifteenth year untouched by sorrow, untainted by a thought of sin; beautiful and bright as her own blue and cloudless skies, had hitherto been the days of Nina.

It was one day of fast, and general holiday, when she first met the eye of Pietro. It was the 25th of March when, in high and grand procession, the pope proceeds to the favoured church, where, on that day, in honour of the Virgin, he always himself officiates. Nina and her aged grand-dam repaired to the street through which his holiness must pass, in the hope of catching a passing breath of benediction from his revered lips. And there it was, whilst standing in the thronging street, that first Pietro's eagle-eye discerned the budding loveliness of Nina; he accosted the aged woman, and offered his arm for her support, the proffered kindness was accepted, and from that day, Pietro was a welcome guest in the humble apartments of the old woman, for he was one well calculated to win the affections, and command the esteem of all who knew him—the busy tongue of slander, it is true, did sometimes mention his name, but these rumours never reached the ears of the happy, tranquil pair. Nina now loved him as her own Pietro, he had received the maiden's pledged faith, and the old woman regarded him as her son. How happy and how proud did Nina feel, when, after the time of daily labour, her handsome lover came to seek her in his gala vest, and gayest air, and they would sometimes repair to the quiet shades of ruined Rome, and whisper their tale of love

amid the crumbling arches of the Coliseum, or the broken columns of the Forum, and at others, they would seek the gay promenade of the Corso or the Villa Borghese. Pietro, after joining in the sweetly-chanted evening litanies, with his beloved, before some beauteous image of the Virgin, would escort his Nina home, and always take his leave soon after dark. Nina never inquired whether he repaired to his own home when he left her, or whether he sought other scenes; she went to her happy, innocent couch, never doubting that her Pietro was also preparing to enjoy a tranquil slumber. We will now leave Nina, and we will visit the ruined arches of the aqueducts; and see who, at the midnight hour, can assemble in so lonely a place.

The moon is shining in all the bright effulgence she exhibits in a Roman sky, and countless myriads of stars bespangle the deep blue heavens. In the shade of those dark arches are seen some half dozen figures; who appear anxiously looking out for some expected one. At last, a solitary man appears in the distant moonbeams, he approaches the assembled party, whose accoutrements are somewhat strange; they wear the high conical hat of the Italian peasantry, it is true, but on one appears a lofty plume of feathers; weapons are in their belts—they are surely some of the dreaded Gasparoni's band! He who wears the plume approaches the new comer, "Saluti Pietro! we have long awaited thee, what has retarded thy approach! Come man, we long to hail thee as our brother,"—and Pietro, for it was he—the gentle Nina's own Pietro—approached the bandit chief, and taking Gasparoni's dreaded hand, declared himself most anxious to own so brave a man his lord. The oath of fidelity was given—his pledge of faith received, and Pietro ranked among the men upon each of whose heads a price was set.

Months passed away, and Nina thought she saw a shade of care obscure the handsome brow of her beloved. Her companions, too, had frequently thrown out allusions to some suspicious abroad, respecting his honourable fame;—but she, tender and confiding, harboured no injurious doubts concerning one so dear.

One day, when, according to his usual custom, he had repaired to seek his love, and she mentioned her fears of his health, he turned the subject, and requested her company for their accustomed walk.

Immediately she complied, and Pietro, giving vent to his feelings, and wishing to try the sentiments of his intended bride, spoke of Gasparoni's daring deeds, and asked Nina how she would like such a lover as the outlaw chief. A thrill of horror ran through Nina's gentle frame, at the bare mention of so terrible a name. Pietro laughed at her dislike of the renowned robber, and told her he admired

the bravery of the bold bandit, and he also felt convinced that he was much belied. Nina hoped her lover spoke in jest, and yet she wished he had *not* spoken so. To hear so depraved, so terrible a character advocated and admired by *him* had caused her some uneasiness, it is true, but it was a passing cloud, which Pietro's bright smile soon chased away, the subject was soon forgotten, and the happy Nina again returned to her peaceful home.

The next day passed, but Pietro came not, another evening came, and no Pietro sought poor Nina—but on the third day he again appeared, telling his anxious love he had been forced to go on business to Albano, and that he had been there detained. And now he began to press his suit, and urged their speedy union. Nina blushing consented that the following week he should lead her to the altar. The appointed morning came, when, radiant with happiness and joy, the beauteous pair received the benediction of the good old padre, who loved Nina as his own child. The happy bridegroom had taken a habitation at Albano, whither he was to convey his bride, at least, so he said. The good old woman, who had acted the part of father and mother to Nina, dropped a few tears of natural sorrow at parting from her child; but that parting was for Nina's happiness, therefore, there was more joy than grief in old Rita's tears. She gave the youthful pair a fervent blessing, and they departed in the little carriage, which Pietro had obtained, for their new abode. Merrily they passed the city's gate, and, after pursuing their journey about ten miles, a lonely cot appeared; to this, Pietro directed his bride's attention, as being her future home—"But this is not Albano, caro mio!" exclaimed Nina. Pietro replied that he had preferred living a few miles from town or city, as now they must be all in all to each other, and he added, a few miles' walk, occasionally, would be no hardship to either of them, if they required to visit Albano. "But Pietro, caro, where will your employment be?" Pietro answered with a smile, "Oh, that at all times depends upon chance circumstances, Nina, but this place will suit me well." Nina sighed! Yes, on her bridal day, she drew her first deep sigh, and yet she scarcely could tell why, but she had some sort of presentiment that all was not *quite* right; but still one glance at the handsome countenance of her beloved, beaming with love to her, again dispelled her doubts, and she felt that with him she could not but be happy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Fossil Remains.—Some remarkable fossil remains, apparently of an "antediluvian forest," have been discovered at Dixon Fold, on the Bolton Railway. Professor Agassiz has visited them; and casts of the trees are being made in plaster of Paris, for the Manchester museum.

LINEAL DESCENT OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND FROM WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

A. D.

- 1066. William I.
- 1100. Henry I.
- Matilda, Empress of Germany.
- 1154. Henry II.
- 1199. John.
- 1216. Henry III.
- 1272. Edward I.
- 1307. Edward II.
- 1327. Edward III.
- Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
- Philippa, Countess of March.
- Roger, Earl of March.
- Ann, Countess of Cambridge.
- Richard, Duke of York.
- 1461. Edward IV.
- Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII.
- Margaret, Queen of James IV. of Scotland.
- James V. of Scotland.
- Mary, Queen of Scots.
- 1603. James I.
- Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.
- Sophia, Electress of Hanover.
- 1714. George I.
- 1727. George II.
- Frederick, Prince of Wales.
- 1760. George III.
- Edward, Duke of Kent.
- 1837. Victoria.
- 1840. The Princess Royal, born Nov. 21.

MEM. The Queen being 27th in regular descent from the Conqueror, and at the same time 36th Sovereign in succession from the Conquest, gives nearly 29 years to a generation, and 22 years to a reign, in respect of the 774 years which have elapsed since that period. The commonly received average is 30 years to a generation, and 20 years to a reign; according to which it appears, that the cares or luxuries, or both, of a crown, occasion a sacrifice to the wearer of it, of one year of life, as compared with ordinary mortals.

SILK RAIMENT.

It has been supposed that the famous Median vest, invented by Semiramis, was silken, which might account for its very great fame in the west. Be this as it may, it was so very graceful, that the Medes adopted it after they had conquered Asia; and the Persians followed their example.

In the time of the Romans, the price of silk was weight for weight with gold, and the first persons who brought silk into Europe were the Greeks of Alexander's army.

Under Tiberius, it was forbidden to be worn by men, and it is said that the Emperor Aurelian even refused the earnest request of his empress for a silken dress, on the plea of its extravagant cost.

Heliogabalus was the first man that ever wore a robe entirely of silk.

THE DISCOURSE OF COLERIDGE.

"SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE! Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!"—such were the style and titles by which Charles Lamb apostrophizes his illustrious friend. Coleridge was, indeed, all this; and with a princely pre-eminence in each of the several worlds in which he had achieved his conquests. Even into his poetry, the mere efflorescence, as it might be deemed, and ornamental produce of his mind, he infused no small portion of the subtle and far-seeing spirit of his philosophic speculations. And these, again, thrilled with the finer animation, and were suffused with the coloured lights of poetry, to a degree of which there has been no example since the days of Plato.

But who ever heard him talk, will fully bear us out in the averment. That wonderful eloquence!—it would be to say little to affirm that no other conversational discourse we ever chanced to come within the spell of, either resembled or approached that of Coleridge—was, in respect of its apparently miraculous character, and the fascination which it exerted, *aut simile aut secundum*;—the most successful effort of public oratory we ever listened to—the happiest formal or premeditated harangue—the most impassioned declamation—was something commonplace and uninspiring compared with the full and majestic tide of words and thoughts, like a river of rubies rolling in liquid gold, which, beguiling his hearers of all sense of the flying time, would be poured forth by him for hour on hour, and seemed as if it might flow the same as ever.

It would have been impossible, we think, by any previous description, to have raised an expectation in regard to Coleridge's discourse, which the reality would not have far transcended. Here, be it observed, was no brilliant verbal or dialectical gladiatorship, like that of the ancient Sophists, or the disputants of the schools—no mere clever cutting and shuffling of commonplaces, such as is practised by the improvisatori of Italy—it was throughout a strain of high philosophy, in which the reason, guiding the imagination, on whose wings it soared, traversed often the farthest fields of human thought, or, if the theme chanced to be even the simplest and most familiar, rarely failed to shower over it a new light.

In developing his views upon paper, Coleridge seems, in general, to have tasked himself to the severest possible exposition, and to have systematically striven to clear his speculations from everything save the pure dry light—the *lumen siccum* of reason. The effort thus made gives frequently an air of constraint, of heavy and operose endeavour, to the statement or demonstration, which is so far, at least, objectionable, inasmuch as it is unnatural to the writer, and opposed to the proper character of his genius.

There never was a mind to which might have been more truly applied the praise bestowed on Shakspeare by his brother-players, the first editors of his works—that, of the conceptions of which his brain was continually teeming, he was, with the lips at least, "a most gentle expresser"—that "what he thought, he uttered with that easiness," that his words flowed almost with the uninterrupted continuousness of a piece of perfectly performed music. And, to heighten the enchantment, there was the mellowest, the richest, the most flexible voice in which it was ever given to human eloquence to modulate its cadences—not round, voluminous, and trumpet-toned, but yet coming deep and strong from the chest, and after having been crushed into softness as it passed, issuing forth in a gush of dulcet abundance, like the juice from the wine-press.

On the whole, it was the likeliest thing to wizardry we ever experienced, to sit resigned to the spell of that murmuring voice, as the "noticeable man, with large grey eyes," under the inspiration of some theme that still farther swelled their orbs and kindled all their fires, uttered forth his thick-coming fancies, mingling together reasoning, and poetry, and multifarious learning, but still in every illustrative digression holding by the line of logical method and progress, and ever wheeling back again from each excursive flight to the point where he had left the direct course of his elucidation, till, as the river, after ever so many windings, is still sure to find the ocean at last, he reached the consummation of his argument in the establishment and display of some magnificent truth, the spirit of which, though itself perhaps as yet undiscerned by the hearer, had animated all that had been previously spoken, and to the vindication or adornment of which, each most seemingly vagrant deviation in which the expositor indulged, was now seen to have tended.

T I M E !

BY JAMES WYLBON.

O HAVK you e'er thought of the greybeard Time,
As he steadily onward stole?
When joy's merry bells their peal did chime,
Or the muffled one did toll?
The child reacheth manhood as Time looks on,
And his youth's but a sunny beam—
To-morrow he totters and grey is grown,
And his life's but a troubled dream.
'Tis true that the Father is rather old;
Yet he's hearty and hale e'en now:
And it takes a good thousand years, I'm told,
Ere a furrow imprint his brow!
It maketh him merry the sorn to see,
Where the city so dinsel stood:
For frailty best keepeth old Time in glee,
And endurance mars his mood.
He sneers at the pomp and the pride of men,
As their baubles of state they away;
And laughs as he cometh agen—agen,
And the scene shifteth day by day:
His eye, like his scythe, I trow, is keen,
For when grimly he looks a-sance,
The moss and the ivy alone live green,
While the stone moulders 'neath his glance.

RETROSPECTIVE TRACINGS OF STERNE'S CELEBRATED JOURNEY.

[Concluded from page 347.]

Moulins.

DR. BUCHAN, in his justly esteemed "Domestic Medicine," thus speaks of this town:—"a place consigned to immortal fame by Sterne's affecting story of *Maria*." Sterne, in his *Tristram Shandy*, thus describes it:—"There is not a town in all France, which, in my opinion, looks better in the map, than Moulins. I own it does not look so well in the book of post-roads; but when you come to see it, to be sure it looks most pitifully." "Moulins," says le Nouveau Voyage de la France, 1724, "est une des plus jolies villes, et des plus riantes qu'il y ait en France." A "Voyage au midi de la France," published about sixty years after Sterne was there, thus speaks of it:—"C'est une cité de plaisir plus que d'affaires, tous les environs sont vraiment enchantours. L'Allier baigne ses murs, et fertilise ses campagnes, ornées de plantations nombreuses et surtout d'arbres fruitiers."

Mr. Davis, from the *Olio*, thus states from La Fleur:—"There were moments in which my master appeared sunk into the deepest dejection—when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom, that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy, to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well-meant zeal, and I could see he was happy to be relieved. At others, he seemed to have received a new soul—he launched into the levity natural à mon pays, and cried, gaily enough, *Vive la Bagatelle!* Poor *Maria* was, alas! no fiction. When we came up to her, she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head; and yet, few were more lovely! Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself, and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service of the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived; there he talked earnestly to the old woman.

"'Every day,' said La Fleur, 'while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulins, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother. How much,' added he, 'I know not—he always gave more than he could afford.'"

That La Fleur himself felt as his master did, particularly when Mr. Sterne called on the poor girl's mother, we have the authority of his master:—"Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this! and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes as the woman stood, and told it!"

Hotel de Modane.

Sterne, when at Paris, lodged at this hotel. He received, from the most distinguished characters, every mark of admiration and respect. I am obliged, unwillingly to omit the whole of the before-quoted writer's delightful attempt to discover the real hotel where Sterne lodged. The first result of his enquiry was, that there were ten or a dozen in different parts of the city; but, there is no doing justice to his inimitable recital of his tracings.

He informs us that "the present Hotel de Modane, then No. 13, Rue Jacob, is *not* the house where Sterne lodged. The undoubted scene of the 'Case of Conscience,' the 'Starling,' &c., is the very next house to it, No. 14. The latter is now a private house, and its business as an hotel, together with its name, were transferred to its neighbour, about five-and-twenty years ago. Prior to that period, No. 14 was, and had been, time out of mind, the Hotel de Modane; and it was not till within these few years that there was even a second, bearing a similar denomination, on the whole of that side of the river. This information, which I collected from several of the old inhabitants of the quarter, and from the proprietor of the house himself, was confirmed by an inquiry at the *Prefecture de Police*, where a register of all lodging-houses is kept. All this, together with its situation, which tallies so perfectly with Sterne's topographical account of his walk to the Pont Neuf, is surely sufficient to establish the *fact* of this being his Hotel de Modane; and since it is certain the house has undergone no material alteration since his time, such as choose to indulge their *fancies*, may hang their Starling in the 'very passage' along which Yorick passed on his way to the Court-yard, or may even buckle a *femme de chambre's* shoe in Yorick's own room.

"I was desirous of discovering the name of the landlord who plays so conspicuous a part in the 'Passport' and the 'Case of Conscience'; but all the registers down to within a few years of the revolution, are destroyed."

The Passport.

This was procured from the Duke of Choiseul, through the means of the Count de B * * *, which is proved to have been the Count de Breteuil, who was so charmed at the interview, that he once or twice said to him, "*C'est bien dit,*" and when embracing him, he exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu! vous êtes Yorick!*" The brilliant and high-minded Duke of Choiseul, was a liberal patron of arts and of literature. He retired from being minister from the intrigues of Madame du Barri, who closed on the scaffold, like a coward, a life of guilt, licentiousness, and infamy. "Il était né (says M. Sund) pour être un grand homme, pour faire regner son Roi au concert des acclamations publiques, mais trop noble et trop franc pour composer avec les viles passions. Lorsque Madame du Barri parut à la cour,

M. de Choiseul ne voulut pas reconnaître d'autorité à ses charmes; il continua de n'être que le ministre du Roi; il devint le favori de la nation; et son exil à Chanteloup fut comme le triomphe de son ministère." He passed the close of his life (says Wraxal) in a splendid but philosophic retreat, worthy of Lucullus or of Cicero, at his palace of Chanteloup, near Amboise, on the banks of the Loire, in one of the most delicious parts of France. Mr. Wilks, who knew him, says, "I believe in all the amiable qualities and lively wit of the Duke of Choiseul." Voltaire called him, "le plus genereux," and "le plus magnanime des hommes."

The Grace.

In Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities, he pays this just tribute to Mr. Sterne:—"I call to mind here the pleasing account *Sterne* has left us, of the Grace Dance after Supper. I agree with that amiable writer in thinking that Religion may mix herself in the Dance, and that innocent Cheerfulness forms no inconsiderable part of Devotion; such, indeed, cannot fail of being grateful to the Good Being, as it is a silent, but eloquent mode of praising him."

We should not have had this delicious page, if a shoe had not come loose from the fore-foot of the thrill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Tarare, and though he wished to have the shoe fastened on again, yet, as the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, he submitted to go on—yet as this dilemma was the lucky means of giving us his Grace and Supper, his pen has made this mount a kind of classic ground. We are informed in a "Picturesque Tour through France, Switzerland, &c.," that "Buonaparte, had begun a road from Roanne to Tarare, which would have wound round the mountains instead of climbing their summits, and would have facilitated the communication with Italy, which was probably the principal reason for the undertaking. The great works which this extraordinary personage had performed, and was performing, are not generally known.* After a descent of five miles down the famous mountain of Tarare, we reached, at its base, a small town of the same name, situated on the river Tardine, which flows through a narrow vale." The "Description routière de l'Empire Français, 1813," thus speaks:—"Tarare est un vilain séjour, la vallée une véritable gorge. Le joli ruis-

seau de la Tardine, qui l'arrose, est pour la ville un voisin dangereux, quelquefois un ennemi terrible. Il y a un ruisseau qui s'y jette à Tarare même, il s'enfile un point d'entraîner une partie de la ville et des habitants."

Perhaps, it is too late now to discover this little farm-house. Mr. Sterne says, it was "about half-a-mile up the ascent of this mount, and about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, surrounded by about twenty acres of vineyard, a *potagers*, and a little wood."

The "Case of Delicacy" is the concluding chapter in this Journey. The writer of the present article, has made a very unsuccessful attempt to discover the "little decent kind of an inn," where he supped with the Piedmontese widow. It is in the *Mirror* of the 19th of September last. The inn must have been about five miles this side of Modane.

We have now to lament that the hand of death deprived Mr. Sterne from giving the world the remaining volumes of his Journey, which one of his letters, from his favourite village of Coxwold, had partly promised us. He had hoped that the balsamic air of Italy would have benefitted him, but his debilitated and worn-out frame was obliged to submit to fate on the 1st of March, 1768. La Fleur, as Mr. Davis, in his *Olio*, informs us, said, that "upon our return from this tour, there was a large trunk completely filled with papers—they were miscellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations he visited."

The Dublin University Magazine, for September, 1836, contains an exquisite and masterly biography of Sterne, and he thus forcibly alludes to the loss of this continuation of his Journey:—"It appears that Sterne had, during his stay in Italy, been indefatigable in study and inquiry, and had actually collected very ample materials for the purpose of a projected work. It will reasonably be doubted, whether anything of much value, on the subjects of history or philosophy, religion or government, could be expected from the habits of his intellect. Yet, if we recollect his keen insight into all that regards human character—his pictorial eye and graphic pen—his sensibility to all that addresses the more refined tastes, either in nature or art, we may conclude, that the world has lost a book, *the loss of which cannot easily be supplied*. The just, yet playful reflection, the characteristic touch, that conveys the picture—the well conceived or selected incident, heightened by sportive invention, yet faithful to life and nature—such must have been the teeming beauties of his intended volumes. Of these, the Sentimental Journey exhibits a broken specimen, which, like the foot of Hercules, attests what the masterly whole might have been." S. F.

* Buonaparte, when young, was much attached to literature, and, we are told, was so struck with the Sentimental Journey, that he amused himself in attempting to sketch something similar, and meant to have called it "A Journey to Mount Cenis." He shewed his attachment to the name of Virgil, when at Mantua—and when at Erfurt, in 1807, he expressed a strong desire to be introduced to Goethe. They had a long and animated conversation; at the end of which, the emperor detached from his own button-hole, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and bestowed it on the poet.

CONTRARIETY.—Canova used to listen with indifference to the admiration of his sculpture, but would flush with delight when his (very indifferent) attempts in oil were bemoaned.

THE BRITISH SHIP.

A POEM.

By "One of the Crew."

[MANY are the gifted singers in the homes of England, whose fingers touch most tuneably the poetic lyre, yet whom it oftentimes befalls that they are never heard beyond the private sphere in which they move, or the circle of their intimate friends.

It is, therefore, the enviable privilege of the periodical class of literature, that it can in many cases gratefully repay the pleasure received in private, by pointing out the object of its admiration to public notice; and the critic thereby protracts his own satisfaction, by dwelling before the world upon the beauties which charmed him in his study.

The "British Ship" is one which walks the "mountain-wave," with consummate beauty, and by the symmetry of its construction and fairness of colours, captivates the heart both of landsman and seaman. We wish that we had more room for the plot, and much more for its true poetry; but, nevertheless, a few only of the gem-like passages will of themselves bestow a lustre on our page.]

A Good Ship.

For lo! in her cabins, and lo! in her hold,
An altar was reared to the Ruler of all.
That his hand might keep watch on her stores and her gold,
Within for a blessing—without for a wall;
And it rested aloof like the arch of a bow,
Wrote peace on her pennon, and power on her prow.

Conspiracy in the Ship.

"Twas night on the land,
And along the strand,
The watch-fires were blazing bright;
In the courts of kings,
There were strange dark things,
That would not bear the light,—
In the murky midnight of manderous minds,
Conspiracy's plots were brewed,
And whispered out from man to man,
Through that fiercely plighted blood.

The Evil Ship in Peril.

Pity that on the treacherous sea,
No tempest that bark belied;
A child in the wisdom from above,
Might have marvelled much to see,
That its weight of guilt had not sunk the whole,
Like a stone in the depths of the sea;
But its measure of crime was not filled up,
And its end was not yet to be;
So it glided calmly the waters o'er,
On its darkening path alone,
Till the busy hum of the city's tribes,
Was lost in the sea-wind's moan.

A Picture for Stenfield.

Yet all was serene,
The mid-way between,
The ship stood unmoved by the gale,
And the moonbeam pictured its light and shade
On the canvass of her sail.

A Vision of Wrath.

I saw the wrath of an angry God
O'erhanging the ship in clouds,
And lightning wreathing its serpent's coils
Round her sheels and round her shrouds;
It moved in the firm of an eastern wind,
And pestilence hung on its breath;
And I saw the young, and the proud, and the fair,

In the livid hues of death;
It traversed the air as a deadly blight,
And the corn withered up at its tread;
It blasted the vines—it wasted the streams,
And the flowers in its wake lay dead.

Separation of the Crew—the Ship saved.

There are islands enough in the great wide seas
With timber and freedom as much as they please,
Let them build to their own set station.
Now the rainbow of hope throws a ledge o'er the clouds,
Our ship's a three-decker from stern to prow,
We've a refuge yet left in our upper hold—Hera,
Should ruin pour in from below.

Providence her Safeguard.

His favour again on our vessel will rest,
And the rays of His sunshine emblazon her crest,
His love her sheet-anchor, His power her defence,
Her sentry the Eye of Omniscience.

[The above are but a few of the passages which are pearls in this poem. Such graces of mind as they display, were not surely intended for a shade; and we confidently hope that the accomplished writer will, from this time forth, appear more largely before the world, and not be backward in receiving at its hand the just tribute of praise and admiration.]

POPE JOAN.

THE following is an extract from Higden's Polychronicon, published in the year 1527, and before the Reformation, proof presumptive that the story of Pope Joan is not fabulous. The work is scarce, but there is a copy in the College Library, marked pp. 3, 87:—

"After Pope Leo, Johan Englyshe was Pope two years and fyve monethes. It is sayd yt Johan Englyshe she was a woman, and was in yonge the ladde with her lemman in manne's clothyng to Athens, and learned there dyverse sciences, so that thereafter she came to Rome, and had the grete mon to sooleres, and tedde ther three yere, than sho was chosen by favour of al men. And her lemman broughte her with chyld. But she knew not hor tyme when she should have chyld, as she went from Saynte Peter's to the chyrche of Saint Johan Lateran, she began to travayle of chyld, and had a chyld bytwene Colossen and Saynte Clementes Trevisa. Colossen was ye place of the ymages of the provynces, and londes as it is sayd in the first book, cap. 24. Thenne it foloweth in the story, that she was buried there, and for the Pope turned there out of the waye, men suppose yt it is for hate of that wonder mayhap. This Pope is not reckned in ye books of Popes, for she was a woman, and ought not to be Pope. She was born at Magounce, at Almagn upon the Ryn."

The date of this work is, as we have already remarked, sufficient to place the story of Pope Joan above suspicion. No motives of interest could then have had an influence in practising a deception upon the world.—*Dublin States-*

EGYPTIAN OBELISKS.

ALEXANDRIA, one; Heliopolis, one; Karnack, four; Luxor, one; Philæ, one sandstone, uninscribed; Rome, twelve; Florence, two; Paris, one; Arles, one; British Museum, two; seat of Mr. Banks, one; Alawick Castle, one.

If to this list, we add the prostrate obelisk of Alexandria; the nine among the ruins of Saïs, or Tanna, and the two of Karnack, (of which fragments only remain) in all, twelve of the colossal order, and of the period of the eighteen and twenty-second dynasties, the total number of Egyptian obelisks will be augmented to forty-two.—*Literary Gazette*.



SEAL OF MILO,

Constable of England, and Governor of Gloucester.
Temp. Henry I.

THE chivalrous and daring Milo shone forth as one of the brightest heroes in the turbulent days of Henry and of Stephen. He successfully opposed the encroachments of the latter monarch, in his attack on Hereford, for which eminent service, a few days before his arrival at Manchester, he was created Earl of Hereford, by the Empress Maud.

From the patent, [dated July 25, 1141,] which is still extant, and was the first ever granted for the creation of an Earl, the reader may form a notion of the advantages then annexed to that dignity. With this title, Milo obtained the castle and moat of Hereford; the services of three knights, or barons, and of their retainers; three manors from the royal demesnes; a forest, and a right to the third penny of the rents of the city; and the third penny of the sums arising from causes tried in the courts of the county, to be held by him and his heirs in fee. But Stephen having again laid siege to Hereford, reduced it, and divested Milo of his recent honours.

Earl Robert Fitzwalter had previously created Milo, Sheriff of Gloucester; and in that office he supported, at his own expense, the household of the Empress.

AMUSEMENTS OF GAINSBOROUGH AND DE LOUTHERBOURG.

NEVER were two inventive geniuses more happy in each other's society than Gainsborough and De Louthembourg. The first, even from the period of his boyhood, was richly fanciful and ingenious; for he would employ himself whole days in forming landscapes of clay, sand, rude and small ramifications of trees, with the grey bark and mosses upon them, from which, with his knowledge and taste, he would copy, and form into the most captivating rural pictures.

De Louthembourg being an adept in the same sort of invention, and being both alike enthusiasts, the hours glided away in these pursuits, leaving a charm upon their minds of indescribable happiness.

Among other things, De Louthembourg formed the skeleton of a theatrical stage, on the plan of that of Drury Lane, where he was employed, and, on the diminutive scale of one inch to a foot, he carefully painted for this, the design of every large scene for the theatre; these amusements, trifling as they may appear to many, were, nevertheless, by men of cultivated taste, viewed as graphic curiosities of intense interest.

The foreign painter designed an exhibition which he entitled the *Edophusikon*; a sort of moving picture, where all the scenes were accompanied by homogeneous sounds, and other aids so skilfully contrived and curiously wrought, as to surprise and delight the lovers of art. Gainsborough's fancy was so entirely engrossed by this exhibition, that he talked of nothing else, and could not rest until he had invented and completed a series of scenery, which were lighted by lamps, and privately exhibited to his friends, with magical effect; these, however, were wrought as transparencies.

During the period of this exhibition of De Louthembourg's *Edophusikon*, the scene, at the moment, being that of a storm at sea, off the coast of Naples, a *real storm broke over London*, which terrified many ladies, and even some gentlemen amongst the audience; meanwhile Gainsborough and a chosen few were privately admitted to the roof of the theatre, where the display on the small stage, by looking down, was still visible; when, hearkening first to the hurly-burly in nature, and then to the imitative thunder, the enthusiast clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Bravo, our thunder is *decidedly* the best!"—*Stars of Old Pall Mall*.

SUMMERS OF KAMTSCHATKA AND SIBERIA.

THE winter is long and severe. The summer is short, but brilliant and beautiful; when the features of nature doff the veil of snow, and present, for certainly too brief a period, a face of beauty not exceeded elsewhere, although perhaps the very transitoriness of its appearance heightens its charms.

HOSPITAL OF ST. KATHERINE.

This ancient hospital* was razed to the ground in 1826, to make room for those extensive wet Docks, named after the Hospital, and which are situated on the east side of the Tower. The Hospital was then removed to the Regent's Park; and it now consists of a very handsome chapel, (which contains the curious pulpit, monuments, &c., brought from the old hospital) dwellings for the Brethren and Sisters, and a handsome villa and pleasure-grounds, on the opposite side of the road, for the Master.

Ancient historians seem to have mistaken its original foundation, some making Matilda, wife of King Stephen, and others, Alienore, widow of Henry the Third, the foundress of this hospital. But it appears from the register-book of the priory of the Holy Trinity of Christchurch, within Aldgate, that two hospitals, dedicated to St. Catherine, were founded upon this site, by the above mentioned queens. The register book also informs us, that Matilda did, with consent of her husband, in the year 1148, found and richly endow a hospital, dedicated to Saint Katherine, for the repose of the souls of her son Baldwin, and her daughter Matilda, who dying in her lifetime, were both buried in the church of the priory. The hospital was founded for a Master, Brothers, and Sisters, and other poor persons, but the exact number cannot be ascertained.

The prior and convent enjoyed the custody of the hospital, and the nomination of the brothers, sisters, and other members, till the year 1255, when Alienore brought a suit against them, and found means not only to strip them of all their interest therein, but likewise to dissolve the hospital. Alienore having thus compelled the rich monks to surrender into her hands the custody of the former hospital, dissolved it, and founded the *Royal Hospital*, dedicated to the same saint, for a master, three chaplains, three sisters, ten poor women, and six scholars.

Strype and Maitland inform us, that

"There belonged to this hospital a mill and a garden, which were both taken away for making the Tower Ditch; for there is a charter in the Tower made the 18th of Edward II., concerning 5 marks 6 shillings and 9 pence, granted heretofore by Edward I., to be received every year at the Exchequer, in recompense for a loss which they had sustained by the enlarging of the ditch about the Tower."

In the beginning of the reign of Edward III., Raymond Lully (the famous hermetic philosopher) resided in or near this hospital. He was one of the most learned men of that age, and being a famous alchymist, pretended to have found out the art of making gold; but happening to counterfeit the coin of the realm,

he is said to have been banished by the king. A work was published by a Mr. Osborne, entitled, "*Raymond Lully's Testament.*" At the conclusion of the book, Lully says,

"He made it in the chyrche of Seynte Katerine, next London, towards the part of the east-fl after the Thamyse, reignyng the King Edward of Wedetuk, by the grace of God, King of England; in the hands of whom we putte in keepyng by will of God, the present testament, in the year after the incarnation, 1832, with all my volums, which have been named in the present testament, (relating to the 'praetyek of Alkamy')."

William de d'Erdesby, master of this hospital, first began to rebuild the Church, A. D. 1340.

The next benefactress to this hospital, was Queen Phillipa, wife of Edward the Third, who founded a chantry, and gave 10*l.*, in lands, per annum, for the maintenance of an additional chaplain, besides the Manor of Upchurch, in Kent, and that of Queensbury-in-Reed, in Hertfordshire. The statute ordains, among other articles, the following;

"And also that they shall wear a straight coat or clothing, and over that a mantel of black colour, on which shall be placed a mark signifying the sign of the Holy Katharine; but green cloaths, or those entirely red, or any other cloaths tending to dissoluteness, shall not at all be used. And that the brethren assembled shall have their heads shaved in a becoming manner. And likewise the brothers shall read nine lessons on the vigils of the dead, and likewise there shall be celebrated every day three masses. No brother or sister to be out after ringing the curfew-bell, and also no brother to have any private conference with any sister whereof suspicion might come. And also that if any of the brethren shall turn disobedient or negligent, or shall find fault with the quality or quantity of the victuals, which it shall please the master to order, they shall be duly punished by being curtailed of their allowance of victuals and drink, but not to be punished by stripes; according to the ancient laudable custom of the said hospital. But if any brethren be confined by bad state of health, they shall have their whole allowance. And every brother shall receive 40 shillings a-year for his clothing; to wit, 20 shillings on the Feast of St. Katharine, one mark at the Feast of Easter, and half-a-mark at the Feast of St. John the Baptist. And also that each of the sisters shall receive her whole allowance in her chamber; to wit, every day two loaves, one of them to be white of the weight of 6oz., and the other brown of the same weight, and one flagon of ale, or one penny in lieu thereof, and two pieces of meat of the value of three-halfpence, or fish of the same value, and, besides, a pittance or portion of the value of one penny. And that fifteen days in the year shall be given to the brothers and sisters a double portion."

King Edward III., in the fiftieth year of his reign, founded here, in honour of his Queen, Phillipa, a chantry, dedicated to St. Fabian, and St. Sebastian, and endowed the chaplain thereof, with an annual stipend of 10*l.*, to be taken out of the issues of the Hanaper Office.

Robert de Dentone, clerk, [A. D. 1378] obtained from Richard II., a licence to found a chantry in this hospital, and granted two messuages, situate in the parish Barking-church, for the maintenance of one chantry priest, who was to say mass daily, and who, by this benefaction, became an additional chaplain to the hospital, and was directed by the king's charter to wear the same habit as the other brothers of the house.

* The above account of the Hospital and Collegiate Church of St. Katherine, has been taken from various authorities, but, principally from the *Hibb. theca Topographica Britannica*, published under the superintendence of the Society of Antiquaries, in 1782.

Richard II., in the fifteenth year of his reign, (in consideration of 60*l*., paid into the Hanaper Office) granted to the hospital, the Manor of Rishynden, in the Isle of Sheppey, and one hundred and twenty acres of land in the parish of Monstra.

This year, [A. D. 1440] Henry VI., appointed Thomas de Beckington master; and he, finding that the revenues were not sufficient to maintain the members, obtained a charter, granting many privileges; the following is an abstract:—

The king grants this house a fair, to be held upon Tower Hill yearly, for twenty-one days, with piecage,* stallage;† likewise the chattels of felons, and all manner of chattels, called waif;‡ and all manner of cattle found straying, and other goods and chattels called manowere,§ and all fines for trespass, or misdoings whatsoever, cognizance of all pleas; the assize of bread, wine, and beer; and frees them of all manner of aids, subsidies, contributions, quotas, and tallages, and discharges the hospital from any tenth, subsidy, or imposition, laid on by the clergy of the realm.

Wylson, [A. D. 1560, temp. Elizabeth] was appointed master, and surrendered up the charter of Henry VI., and obtained a new one, artfully leaving out the liberty of the fairs granted to the hospital. By this contrivance, he was enabled to sell the fair, which he did, to the Lord Mayor and Commonalty of the City of London, for the sum of seven hundred marks, (466*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*.) which became his own property.

His avarice not being yet satisfied, it was discovered that he had formed a plan for securing to himself all the estates of this house, within the precincts of the hospital. The inhabitants being greatly alarmed at this attack upon their rights and privileges, presented a petition to Secretary Cecil, in October, 1565, wherein they set forth their liberties and privileges, and concluded, by saying,

"And also that yt may please your good honour to call before you the comptroller, surveyour, and sergeante plomer, of the queene's majestie's works, who of late have surveyed the howse of the said hospitall, and they are able to informe your honour of other abuses of the saide howse."¶

This spirited petition put a stop to Dr. Wylson's intention, and preserved the revenues of the hospital.

On the 18th of June, 1658, the protector nominated Samuel Slater minister of this hospital.

The 22d of June, (in the same year) at the council at Whitehall, the trustees for the maintenance of ministers, ordered the yearly sum of 40*l*. to be granted to, and for, the increase of the maintenance of Samuel Slater, and certified the same to his highness and the council, who approved thereof, and ordered the same to be paid for so long as he shall

continue minister there, or further order of the trustees.

May 26, 1672, a dreadful fire happened in the precinct, without the Iron Gate, which burnt about one hundred houses.

A. D. 1698, in consequence of many complaints against Sir James Butler, a master of this house, John, Lord Somers, Baron of Evesham, Lord High Chancellor of England, visited the house, and removed the master from his office, and drew up rules and orders for the better government of this hospital.

During the dreadful storm of wind on January 8, 1734, a fire broke out, which destroyed thirty houses.

The number of seafaring men who lived in this precinct, is astonishing, and it is remarkable that no riot or breach of tranquillity happened here during the present century, until the unfortunate month of June, 1780, when William Macdonald, a soldier with one arm, and two women, named Mary Roberts and Charlotte Gardner, the former, a white, the latter, a black woman, headed a numerous mob, crying "Down with Popery." They destroyed the dwelling-house of a publican in St. Katherine's Lane, and during the time that the work of demolition was going on, the mob continued crying out, "Well done, soldier, though you are lame;" and were about to destroy the Church of St. Katherine, had they not been happily prevented. Macdonald was tried at the Old Bailey Sessions, June 29, 1780, and the women on the day following, and being convicted, were soon after hanged upon Tower Hill.

The most remarkable object of curiosity in the church, was the pulpit, having six sides, representing the north, south, east, and west views of the hospital, the outer gate of the hospital, (the site of which is still called Iron Gate) and the inner gate of the hospital. Round the six sides of the pulpit are the following words, in capital letters.

"Eysa, the Scribe, stood upon a pulpit of wood, which he had made for the preacher."

This very curious and elaborate piece of workmanship was removed to the fraternity's new hospital, in the Regent's Park, between Cumberland Terrace and Macclesfield Gate, when the hospital and church were taken down for the purposes before mentioned.

From the account given of this hospital, it appears to have existed since the year 1273; but this house must not be considered as a monastery, since it appears, by the charter of foundation, &c., that the brothers were secular priests, and that the sisters made no vows, nor took upon them the veil, and were permitted to go abroad, in the City or elsewhere, with leave of the master, but not to stay out after the ringing of the church-bells for putting out fires, commonly called *coversees*. It is remarkable that the church was at no time so near its dissolution, as in the reign of

* Money paid in fairs to the Lord of the Manor for breaking the ground to set up Booties or Stalls.

† The right of erecting stalls, or the money paid for the same.

‡ Goods stolen.

§ Goods taken upon a thief apprehended in the fact.

¶ The petition at length was, some years since, (and I believe now,) in the State Paper Office at Whitehall.

Queen Elizabeth, at the instigation of — Wylson, then master.

It is to be deeply lamented, that such ancient and handsome structures as adorn our land, should fall a prey to the rage of modern improvements. If the mania that has begun, continues, we shall soon be left without anything that will shew the beauty of ancient architecture. One structure after another, gives place to modern ones, and historians have to record the history of buildings which were once, the ornament of towns and cities.

ANTIQUARIUS.

SHAKSPEARE'S POEM OF "VENUS AND ADONIS."

THE poem of "Venus and Adonis," was the first composition of our immortal bard, as we learn from his dedication to Lord Southampton. He calls it "the first heire of my invention." The poem acquires an additional interest from the circumstance of Shakspeare having only published two of his compositions—namely, "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece." There is a motto from Ovid prefixed to it:—

"Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo,
Pocula Castalis plena ministrat aqua."

Dr. Farmer has not adverted to this circumstance in his admirable essay on the learning of Shakspeare; but his selecting this motto seems to confirm Ben Jonson's assertion of his having, at least, "small Latin," as there was no English translation of Ovid's *Amores* at that period.

This Shakspearian jewel was sold at Evans's, on Saturday last, at the tenth day's sale of the late Baron Bolland's valuable library, and the excitement in the room was very great.

The first bidding was fifteen guineas, and that went on at a guinea a bidding, till the sum was fifty guineas.

The next bidding was 54*l.*, and the contest continued sharply till the amount reached 91*l.* At that sum, it was knocked down to Mr. Thorpe.

An individual present calculated the cost per leaf. There being twenty-six leaves (and each leaf was not half the size of a bank-note), the purchaser paid 3*l.* 10*s.* for each leaf of a small volume that was not even bound. It was of small, but clear print, and on 16mo. paper.

* Vulgar people love low things;
But my cup, from purest springs—
From the fair Castalian rills—
Golden-haired Apollo fills.

THE difficulties chosen by artists, are oftentimes not the difficulties which the best ambition would propose; and it is far more easy for a person to distinguish himself by standing on his head, than by carrying his head more nobly or gracefully than the rest of mankind.

Public Journals.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY. No. XLVIII.
December, 1840.

[HERE begin, reader, the glorious convivialities of Uncle Tim, and Mr. Bosky, the Drysalter, in the parlour of the Horns, at Highgate, and if thou wouldst plunge thyself in full and unctuous fun, and allow thy good humour to grow big amid foaming beverages and roaring songs, thou must forthwith enlist thyself among the *compotatores* at the jovial board, which Mr. Daniels has this month spread.

Uncle Tim delighteth us amazingly. He is like a barrel of rich wine, whose new-trashed juices are all in a fine fiery sparkle and ferment—he is like one of the sweet-water pears of the season, full of juicy and over-abounding deliciousness; he is like, in short, all that is pleasing, good, and jovial.]

Uncle Tim, the "satirical-nosed" gentleman.

There is a certain "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell," feeling, and an "I do," that have rarely deceived us. With the latter, the satirical-nosed gentleman inspired us at first sight. There was the humourist, with a dash of the antiquary, heightened with a legible expression that nature sometimes stamps on her higher order of intelligences. What a companion, we thought, for "Round about our coal-fire," on a winter's evening, or "Under the green-wood tree," on a summer's day!

"Further particulars" of Uncle Tim.

"Never knew Uncle Tim was like all the world. Would, for all the world's sake, that all the world were like Uncle Tim!"

"A worthy character."

"Sir, he holds in his heart, all the four honours, Truth, Honesty, Affection, and Benevolence, in the great game of humanity, and plays not for lucre, but love! I fear you think me strangely familiar—impertinent too, perhaps. But his portrait, so graphical and complete, is a spell as powerful as Odin's to break silence. Besides, I detest your exclusives—sentimentalising! soliloquising!—their shirt-collars, affectedly turned down, puts my choler up! Give me the human face divine, the busy haunts of men, the full tide of human existence."

Convivialism in full bloom.

The conversation now took a more lively turn. Mr. Bosky fired off his jokes right and left; and if there be truth in physiognomy, the animated countenance of Uncle Timothy beamed with complacency and joy. He was in full song, and showered forth his wit and eloquence in glorious profusion, beauty following upon beauty. Thus another Attic hour glided imperceptibly away. The midnight chimes at length admonished us to depart. A galaxy of stars had risen in the unclouded firmament, and a refreshing air breathed around. And as we had many times, during

the evening, filled our horns, the haryest moon had filled hers also to light us home.

A picture from Highgate.

"Pleasant prospect from this window; you may count every steeple in London. There's the 'tall bully,'—how gloriously his flaming top-knot glistens in the setting-sun! Would'n't give a fig for the best view in the world, if it didn't take in the dome of St. Paul's! Behshrew the Vandal architect that cut down those beautiful elms—

'The rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
'And bears the like antipathy to trees,'—

and run up the wigwam pavilions, the Tomfoolery baby-houses, the run mad, shabby-genteel, I-would-if-I-could-but-I-can't cottages *ornées*—*ornées*?—horney!—the cows popping in their heads at the parlour windows, frightening the portly proprietors from their propriety and port!"

The Beggarman's Craft.

"Were not the beggars once a jovial crew, sir!" addressing ourselves to the middle-aged gentleman with the satirical nose.

"Right merry! Gentleman—

'Sweeter than honey,
Is other men's money!'

"The joys of to-day were never marred by the cares of to-morrow; for to-morrow was left to take care of itself; and its sun seldom went down upon disappointment. The beggar, though his pockets be so low, that you might dance a jig in one of them without breaking your shins against a half-ponny; while, from the other, you might be puzzled to extract as much coin as would pay turnpike for a walking-stick, sings with a light heart; his fingers, no less light! playing administrator to the farmer's poultry, and the good house-wife's sheets, that whiten every hedge! Mendicinity is a monarchy; it is governed by peculiar laws, and has a language of its own. Reform has waged war to the knife with it. The *soap-eater*, whose ingenuous calling was practised in the streets of London as far back as Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, is admonished to apply the raw material of his trade to an exterior use; and the tatterdemajons of the Beggar's Opera no longer enjoy the privileges that belonged to their ancestors three centuries ago, when Barbican, Turnmill Street, and Houndsditch, rang with their nocturnal orgies; and where, not unfrequently, "an alderman hung in chains," gratified their delicate appetites; as in more recent times, the happy, but bygone days of Dusty Bob and Billy Waters. The well-known mendicants of St. Paul's church-yard, Waithman's crossing, and Parliament Street, have, by a sweeping act of the legislature, been compelled to brush; their brooms are laid up in ordinary, to make rods for their backs, till the very stones they once swept, are ready to rise and mutiny. Well might Epictetus say, 'Poverty, when cheerful, ceases to be poverty.'"

FRASER'S MAGAZINE. NO. CXXXII.
December, 1840.

[OUT of the four thousand cafés, which the good city of Paris holds, the Café de la Régence stands prominently forth as the grand vestibulum of chess-players. Here Voltaire, the two Rousseaus, Richelieu, Robespierre, Franklin, Marmontel, Philidor, and Grimm, have in turns made their strong minds wrestle together like Titans in the "game of the philosophers."

Napoleon, too, upon the chess-board, and in the same café, began "conquering and to conquer;" many times he abased the ivory kings on the chess-field, before he ever had a dream that they were to be unto him as types of his subjugation of the actual and crowned.]

Napoleon at Chess.

Buonaparte, at one time, played chess at the Régence daily; whilst waiting, like the sailor whistling for a wind, to get employment of the Directory. The sun of Montebello was yet to rise. I can believe I see Napoleon before me now; here, seated at the adjoining table, calling, like a soldier of fortune, for his "demi-tasse," but yet giving the order as one having authority, in a tone of voice like trumpets sounding.

Napoleon was a great advocate for chess, which he practised constantly. He was even wont to say, that he frequently struck out new features relatively to a campaign, first suggested by the occurrence of certain positions of the pieces on the chess-board. He played chess all his life. In his youth, at college, in manhood, on shipboard, in camp, *en bivouac*. He solaced himself with chess in Egypt, in Russia, in Elba; and, lastly, on that darksome rock which yet contains his bones. It was while captive in St. Helena, that the magnificent chess equipage sent to Napoleon as a grateful offering for personal favours, by an English noble family, was refused free passage, because the pieces bore the imperial arms of France. A chess board on which Buonaparte constantly played at St. Helena, is now in possession of the officers of the 91st regiment, there in garrison.

As might be anticipated, Napoleon, as a chess-player, was not really of great force. His soul demanded a larger field for the expansion of its faculties. His chess was that of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Eylau. Upon our mosaic of sixty-four squares, I could have given him the rook; upon his own board he could afford odds to Julius Cæsar. Buonaparte had no time to make chess a study. He played the openings badly, and was impatient if his adversary dwelt too long upon his move. Each minute of the clock was life to a mind so energetic. In the middle stage of the game, when the skirmish was really complicated of aspect, Napoleon frequently struck out a brilliant *coup*. Under defeat at chess the great soldier was sore and irritable; although it is presumed that those favourites with whom he played were far too courtly to carry victory unpleasantly far.

Had the scene of battle been the humble, forgotten Régence, and the time twenty years back, the chief might have won fewer games than he did in the Tuileries.

In the thousand-and-one tomes of memoirs printed, relatively to the modern Charlemagne—Bourrienne, Marchand, and others have recorded several anecdotes connecting Napoleon with chess. I shall here introduce one, hitherto inedited, which comes to me direct from M. de la Bourdonnais; who received that, and other curious details upon the subject, verbally, from the Duc de Bassano, Count Merlin, and M. Amedée Jaubert. It is well known, that in Egypt, Buonaparte constantly played chess with M. Jaubert; his chief opponents, that way, during the Polish and Russian campaigns, as well as during the armistice of Vienna, previously, in 1809, having been Murat, Berthier, Bourrienne, and the Duc de Bassano. It is a fact, that the majority of Napoleon's marshals were chess-players. Eugene de Beauharnois patronised the art; and Murat many times kept the Duc de Bassano planted at the chess-board the greater part of the night. But now for my Napoleon anecdote, in almost the very words of de la Bourdonnais.

While about to enter upon the famous Polish campaign, the emperor was one day playing chess in the Tuileries with Marshal Berthier, when the Persian ambassador was announced, as requesting an audience. The game was at an interesting crisis, and Napoleon would no more permit it to be suspended, than would Charles of Sweden leave his chess-board when the Turks commenced battering down his house in Bender. Buonaparte ordered the ambassador to be shown in, and M. Amedée Jaubert was commanded to the presence as interpreter. The emperor continued his game with Berthier, overwhelming the astounded Persian with questions all the while, in his usual rapid mode of asking to gain information. The Mussulman found it difficult to plant his replies suitably; the various topics being Turkey, Persia, Mohammed, and the Koran; Eastern harems, wives in sacks, the vaccine, military discipline, and ten thousand other matters. The Persian, however, steered his way like the really skilful diplomatist he was. He exalted Persian institutes to the seventh heaven, or a little higher, and dwelt especially upon the horse-soldiers of Ispahan, as being the finest cavalry in the world. Napoleon good-humouredly disputed the assertion, and interrupted the son of Fraun more than once; but the ambassador constantly returned with his pet cavalry to the charge, and, getting warmer by degrees, pronounced his judgment with even more and more decision. "There could be no doubt about it,—the foot soldiers of Europe were exorbitant—but the Persian horse!" Napoleon laughed outright as the interpreter rendered the sentences in French; and carelessly addressing Jaubert in reply, said, "Tell him

to-morrow we'll shew him a little cavalry here." The Persian made his salaam, and quitted the palace. The long-contested chess-game was not even then finished. While pondering over the subsequent moves, the emperor found time to issue certain brief orders upon slips of paper, centralizing upon Paris the instant march of various bodies of horse-soldiers from their cantonments in the vicinity. Like the knights on the chess-board, he had them all in his hand. The subject was not again alluded to; the game was played out; but the next morning saw forty thousand French cavalry defile before Napoleon and the Persian envoy, in all the glittering pomp of military decoration. Paris beheld that cavalry almost for the last time. Moscow awaited them.

Arts and Sciences.

BLASTING ROCKS.

MR. MAYER, mining superintendant at Gengenback, in the Duchy of Baden, has discovered that colophonium (rosin,) mixed with gunpowder, in the proportion of one ounce to a pound, doubles the strength of the powder, so that in blasting, one ounce may be used instead of two, and with greater effect. The gunpowder and resin should be intimately blended. Mr. Mayer made this discovery accidentally, from putting a piece of paper, on which there happened to be some sealing-wax, into his gun, as wadding, when, on firing his gun, the effect being as if he had used a double charge, he was knocked down by the recoil. This he imputed to the resin,—the principal ingredient in sealing-wax,—and which he has since proved to be the potent cause.—*Surveyor, Engineer, and Architect's Journal.*

MIDDLE AGE ART.

An ancient stained glass window has been lately erected in the church of St. George's, Hanoversquare. It belonged formerly to a convent at Malines. The subject is, "The Genealogy of Our Lord," according to his human nature, as derived from Jesse, through the twelve Kings of Judah, previous to the Babylonian captivity. In the centre of the lower part is the figure of Jesse seated, the roots of a vine are on his head. On his right are Aaron and Esaias; on his left, Moses and Elias.

NEW MUSKET.

THE French papers give an account of experiments which have been making at St. Etienne with a new musket, the invention of M. Philippe Mathieu. These muskets, called *fusils à six coups*, are capable of making six discharges, all independent of each other, and so to be fired singly, or, according to will, altogether. One of these new muskets fired 8,000 charges, without effecting the slightest derangement of any part of the instrument.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOSS OF THE MARY ROSE, AT SPITHEAD.

IN JULY, MDXLV.

MUCH interest having been excited by the recent recovery of portions of this ill-fated ship, and a very erroneous opinion circulated that she was sunk by the fire of the enemy, it may not be inopportune to quote the account given by an eye-witness, Sir Peter Carew, of Mohum Ottery, county Devon, whose narrative has been preserved by his biographer, John Vowell, alias Hooker, of the city of Exeter, and published in the 28th volume of the *Archæologia*, from a MS. in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillipp, Bart. After the account of the engagement between the English and French fleets, he proceeds thus:—

“Not long after, the seas being waxed calm, and the weather very fair, the French galleys, having wind and weather at will, they would also needs range and scour the seas; and finding them clear, and the English navy to be laid up in harbour, they came along all the south coast of England, even unto the Isle of Wight, where some of them landed, and did much harm; and some came unto the haven of Portemouth, there being never a ship at that instant in that readiness. The king, who, upon the news hereof, was come to Portemouth, fretted, and his teeth stood on an edge, to see the bravery of his enemies, to come so near his nose, and he not able to encounter with them; wherefore immediately the beacons were set on fire throughout the whole coast, and forthwith such was the resort of the people as were sufficient to guard the land from the entering of the Frenchmen; likewise commandments were sent out for all the king's ships, and all other ships of war, which were at London and Queenborow, or elsewhere, that they should with all speed possible make haste and come to Portemouth; which things were accordingly performed. The Frenchmen, perceiving that they could do no good by tarrying there, departed again to the seas. The king, as soon as his whole fleet was come together, willeth them to set all things in order, and to go to the seas; which things being done, and every ship cross-sailed, and every captain knowing his charge, it was the king's pleasure to appoint Sir George Carewe to be vice-admiral of that journey; and had appointed unto him a ship named the Marye Rose, which was as fine a ship, as strong, and as well appointed, as none better in the realm. And at their departure the king dined aboard with the lord-admiral, Viscount Igle, in his ship, named the Greate Henry, and was there served by the Lord-admiral, Sir George Carewe, this gentleman, Peter Carewe, and their uncle, Sir Gawen Carewe; and with such others only as were appointed to that voyage and service. The king, being at dinner, willed some one to go up to the top, and see whether he could see anything at the seas. The word was no sooner spoken, but that Peter Carewe

was as forward, and forthwith climbeth up to the top of the ship, and there sitting, the king asked of him, what news!—who told him that he had sight of three or four ships, but, as he thought, they were merchants; but it was not long before he had descried a great number, and then he cried out to the king that they were, as he thought, a fleet of men-of-war. The king, supposing them to be French men-of-war, as they were indeed, willed the board to be taken up, and every man to go to his ship, as also a long boat to come and carry him on land; and, first, he hath secret talks with the Lord-admiral, and then he hath the like with Sir George Carewe, and, at his departure from him, took his chain from his neck, with a great whistle of gold pendant to the same, and did put it about the neck of Sir George Carewe, giving him also therewith many good and comfortable words. The king then took his boat and rowed to the land; and every other captain went to his ship appointed unto him. Sir George Carewe, being entered into his ship, commanded every man to take his place, and the sails to be hoisted; but the same was no sooner done, but that the Marye Rose began to heel, that is, to lean on the one side. Sir Gawen Carewe, being then in his own ship, and seeing the same, called for the master of his ship, and told him thereof, and asked him what it meant! who answered, that if she did heel, she was like to be cast away. Then the said Sir Gawen, passing by the Marye Rose, called out to Sir George Carewe, asking him how he did! who answered, that he had a sort of knaves, whom he could not rule. And it was not long after, but that the said Marye Rose, thus heeling more and more, was drowned, with 700 men which were in her; whereof very few escaped. It chanced unto this gentleman, as the common proverb is, “the more cooks, the worst potage.” He had in this ship 100 mariners, the worst of them being able to be a master in the best ship within the realm, and they so maligned and disdained one the other, that refusing to do that which they should do, were careless to do that they ought to do; and so, contending in envy, perished in forwardness. The king, this meanwhile, stood on the land, and saw this tragedy, as also the lady, the wife to Sir George Carewe, who with this sight fell into a swooning. The king, being oppressed with sorrow on every side, comforted her, and thanked God for the other, hoping that of a hard beginning there would follow a better ending. And notwithstanding this loss, the service appointed went forward as soon as wind and weather would serve; and the residue of the fleet, being about the number of 105 sails, took the seas. The Frenchmen perceiving the same, like as a sort of sheep running into the fold, they shifted away, and got them into their harbours; thinking it better to lie there in a safe skin than to encounter with them of whom they should little win.”

The Gatherer.

The eye of the master fatteth the cattle.

The *Kamtschatskans* drink tea like the Chinese, without sugar, the latter being exceedingly dear; so much so, that a handful of sugar is considered an invaluable present, and wins all hearts.

Barry Cornwall on True Love:—

Let who will admire—adore
Her whom vulgar crowds do praise;
*I will love my Love the more
When she falls on evil days!*
Truer, firmer, will I be,
When the truth-like fast or flee.—*Keepsake*, 1841.

Newspaper Press in Australia.—The state of the newspaper press in Australia may serve to give some idea of the condition of the island. There are, altogether, no less than twenty-one journals. The *Colonist*, the *Australian*, the *Sydney Herald*, the *Australian Chronicle*, and the *Sydney Gazette*, come out three times a-week; the *Sydney Monitor* comes out six times a-week; the *Commercial Journal* twice; the *Government Gazette* once a week. Of the rest, three are published at Port Phillip, two at New Zealand, six at Hobart Town, and two at Launceston.

"Densissimus Imber."—In the Torrid Zone, the rains are so deluging, and their pour so terrible, as to compel even a duck to use an umbrella.

Stormy Petrel.—Two stormy petrels, or as they are commonly called, "Mother Cary's Chickens," have been driven on the English coast by storm. This augurs a severe winter. The first was taken up in a state of exhaustion, in a field about four miles from Birmingham, on Wednesday, the 18th ult.; and the other was picked up on Bagshot Heath, during one of the late hurricanes, by Lord William Beresford.

The Circassians only consider a woman as of one-half the value of a warrior; our fair readers will be shocked to hear, that the legal fine for slaying one, is only one-half the fine for killing a man.—*Longworth*.

The Revolutionary Mob.—When Castine was about to ascend the cart, the revolutionary crowd surrounded it, shouting, "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!"—"I'm going there, *canaille!*" exclaimed the old soldier, "can't you wait?"

"Go to Church when the bell rings."—In the Theatre, a place cannot be kept after the first act; but in a Church, those who have pews, think they are entitled to keep them until the middle of the service.

Pigs are said to resemble a *fortnight*, because they go *week, week*, and are the only jewels which a Jew may not touch.

A Shepherdess:—

Fair as Baby—pure as Pearl,
Was the faith of that young girl,
Who led forth her Nurse's flock,
On the plain of Antioch.

First Coach in England—It appears that the first coach was brought from Holland by William Boonen, a Dutchman, in 1564, who was Queen Elizabeth's coachman. "And, indeed," says a contemporary, "a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of it put both horse and man into amazement; some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China; and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples, in which the cannibals adored the devil."

The Country in England.—There is a character about the country in England, which we find nothing to resemble on the Continent of Europe; its peculiar greenness, the richness of its hedges, the venerableness of its trees, the abundance of its streams and rivulets, and the beauty of the cattle which dapple its meads, are unrivalled and almost unresembled.

Time.—Time is a forest in the land of eternity—we are travelling through it. This forest is a vast one; there are things great and beautiful in it, and the mind of man shall render it more beautiful still; but it will at last be cleared away from the land it encumbers, and our dwellings will then be in the region of infinite delight.

Spirit of the Age.—We measure time by the little space over which our life is spread, and lose sight of the great past and future, which form the rainbow-arch of time, in which our life and our age is but a single trembling drop.

Perugino is seen to advantage in Florence, the celebrated picture formerly in Sta. Chiara being now in the Palazzo Pitti. Having been always exposed to the sun in its original place, it is now somewhat faded, but Vasari speaks of the beauty of the colouring as new in the art when the work appeared; and, in describing the subject, the disciples and others mourning over the dead Saviour, says—"The Marys, having stopped weeping, look on the dead with wonder and love."

Hawks.—In the reign of Edward the Third, it was made felony to steal a hawk; and to take its eggs, even in a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, besides a fine at the king's pleasure.

The Dewdrops.—A child, one too wise and good for this world, saw on a summer's morning, that the dewdrops did not lie and glitter upon the flowers, for the angry sun came in its might, and dried them up, and they were seen no more. Soon a rainbow was seen in the clouds, and his father told him, "There are the dewdrops over which thou didst grieve, and they now shine in splendour in heaven, and no foot can crush them; and, remember, my child, if thou vanishest soon from earth, it will be to shine in heaven."

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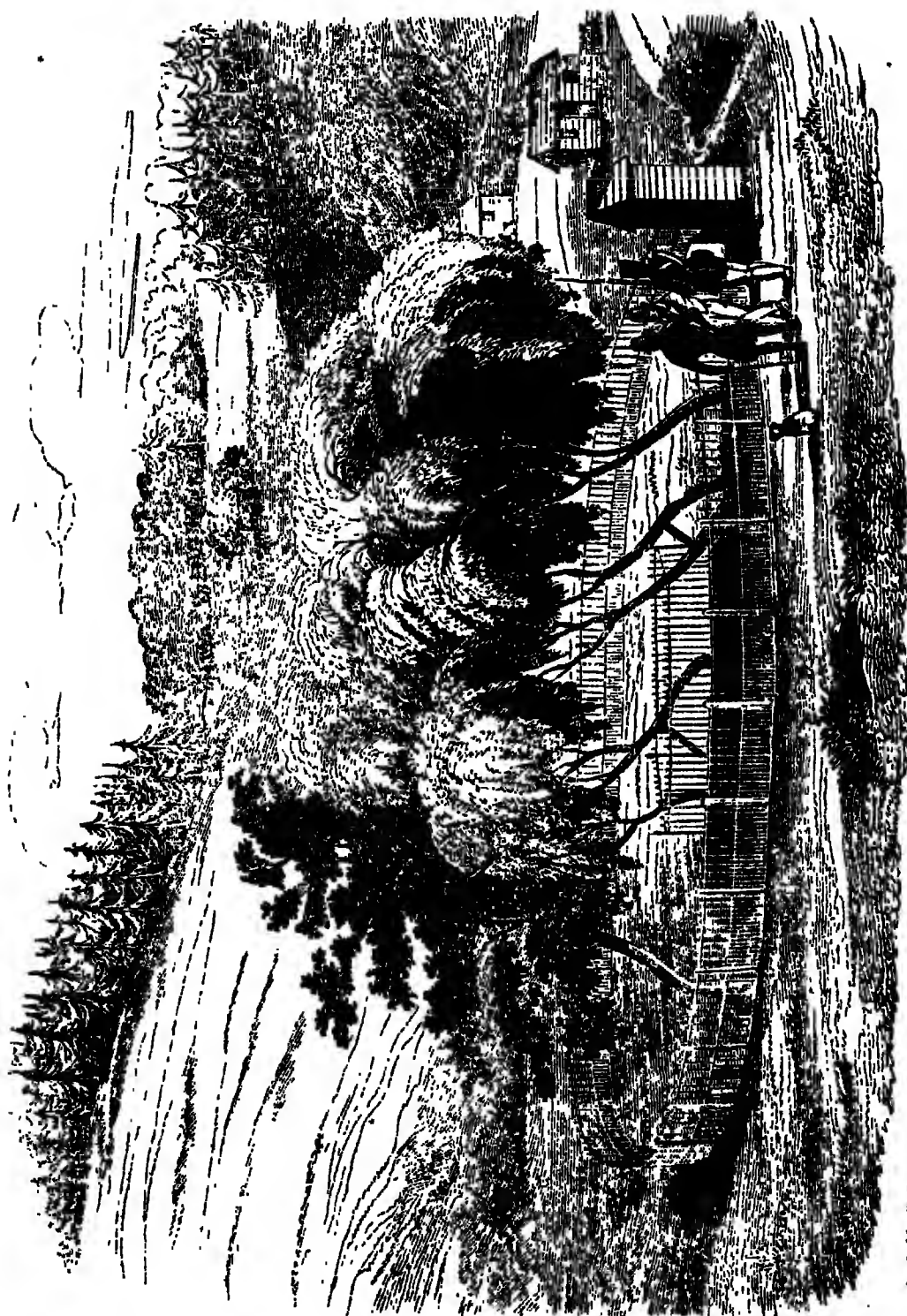
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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1036.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

GRAVE OF NAPOLEON,

AT ST. HELENA.

[THE following original account, appended to our engraving, of Napoleon's Tomb, is from the pen of the same talented Correspondent who furnishes us with the drawing :—]

On the left side of James Valley, a road, aptly enough called "Sido Path," winds gradually up the barren and rugged side of the mountain, and leads to the interior of the island, affording several fine panoramic, but not any that can be termed picturesque, views. The first object of interest which meets the eye on this mountain track, is the Briars, the house occupied by Napoleon for some time after his arrival in the island, and until old Longwood could be divested of a slight portion of its wretched garb, and be reported in a *fit* state to receive within its miserable walls, the *ci-devant* occupant of the most splendid palaces under the sun. It is prettily situated, on the sunny side of the hill, in the midst of a neat garden, and possesses somewhat of our English notions of cottage comfort; while a run of water, gurgling over the rocks in the background, and leaping upwards of a hundred feet into an old volcanic crater, throws a little life into the scene; but the great characteristic feature of the surrounding country is that of sterility and stern inhospitality. When the summit of the hills is gained, a rather agreeable and unusual change takes place, the land being more cultivated than in the lower parts of the island adjoining the town. Plantation House, the residence of the Governor, and several neat villas, with some thriving young timber around them, are scattered rather thickly over the landscape. The American aloe, set out in rows as fences for the enclosures, is very luxuriant, and its magnificent appearance quite sets at rest the erroneous old notion that it flowers but once in a hundred years. The climate of St. Helena, indeed, appears particularly suitable to the plant, as its splendid flower is seen in thick clusters at every joint of the stem. The flowering of it appears to depend solely upon the growth of the plant, which is rapid according to the temperature of the climate; and while at the Cape of Good Hope it is seen in as full perfection as at St. Helena; in the more northern latitudes, as in England, it is longer arriving at maturity.

The island* is perhaps cultivated as far as

* The entrenched coast of St. Helena counts as many cannon as there are men in the garrison, namely, 400; during the captivity of the Emperor, there were 4,000 soldiers. At the present day, the total population of the island is composed of the garrison, Europeans, slaves, the greater part of whom are of mixed blood, and some Chinese; and very certainly, this number, small as it is, will materially decrease, so soon as the ashes of Napoleon are removed. Its commercial influence has likewise fallen off sensibly, and will perhaps do so yet more, for, at the present day, there is not a ship coming from the Cape, and carrying passengers, which does not oblige itself, after agreement among the crew, to put in at James Town. Its commerce with China is already a blank. As to the rest, everything is exorbitantly dear.—*Letter per the Astrolabe, Sept. 9, 1840.*

the broken and volcanic nature of the ground will admit; but its produce is extremely small; and an English farmer would say that the approaches to anything like agriculture were very limited and unpretending. The lower class of islanders subsist principally upon salt provisions; and the troops, during the period from 1815 to 1821, when there was a strong garrison, were solely confined to such rations, except on their Sovereign's birthday, and on other high days and holidays, while the richer portion of the inhabitants depend on vessels touching from the Cape, the commanders of which, allured by the tempting bait offered, have ever been too prone to part with the stock laid in for cabin consumption, leaving their passengers on short comm- during the remainder of the homeward voyage. Mackerel is plentiful enough in its season, and all forestalling is so strictly forbidden, and the injunction of it attended to, that we could not prevail upon some fishermen to sell us a few, which they had taken on the anchorage ground, until my chief as he fairly exposed in the market, ~~was~~ ^{was} be imagined, is extremely scarce; for although furze is cultivated for that purpose, it is too quick in burning, even with the strictest economy, for a sufficient supply to be obtained. Vegetables and fruit of every kind thrive well, but they also command high prices, owing to their great demand by the shipping. Our host, however, furnished us with the best practical illustration of the cost of keeping house in St. Helena, and spared us endless inquiry on that score, by charging us at the rate of 23 shillings per head for a moderate dinner, and 15 shillings for the hire of a single saddle horse for a couple of hours.

But to come at once to the great and leading feature of the island—the Grave of Napoleon. A narrow path, partially covered with rankling weeds, turns to the left from the road between James Town and Longwood, and descends abruptly into the most fertile little valley in the island. The tomb, situated in the trough, if it may be so termed, of this little dell, consists of three plain slabs of stone, slightly elevated above the level of the ground, and is surrounded by an iron railing, over which five old willows droop their branches. An outer palisade of wood encircles a considerable area of grass, and serves as a protection to the willows against cattle; but they have sadly suffered from the hands of other ruthless visitors, who apparently were resolved upon carrying them away, root and branch, being anything but satisfied with obtaining some slight memento of this interesting spot. At the wicket of the outer railing stands a sentry-box; in this is deposited the "Visitor's Book," filled as usual with a strange compound of names, and station- in life, and an unusually strange quantity of lachrymose effusions, many of which bear the stamp of having been laboured and coned over through many a weary day before the author caught a distant glimpse of St. Helena.

Many a visitor had given to the world, in crude and unpolished rhyme, the wild and worthless thoughts that rushed upon his imagination at the time, in compliance with the request of the old veteran in charge of the tomb, that "he would write what his thoughts were;" and many a humble and devoted follower of Napoleon had wept over the page until he had obliterated the very record he had struggled so to make. Had I not been an eye-witness of the strange emotions displayed by these last, I could scarcely have credited that such scenes were acted in real life. The spring from which water was daily carried to Longwood for Napoleon's table, rises in the bank immediately in rear of the entry-box, and it was here he used to sit for daily with Bertrand or some member of his family, who lived on the height by the road side at the head of the valley. The spot where his remains were interred was of his own selection, provided that his original request, that they might rest on the banks of the stream, might not be complied with. For some time they immediately subsequent to his death, a military guard was stationed over the grave, two little wood cabins being erected for the officer and men, a short distance from the spot; but now an old sergeant, (Wallis,) of the 53d regiment, (the grenadiers of which corps bore the body to the grave,) has sole charge of the place, and stands in a fair way of amassing a tolerable fortune, in his double capacity of showman and retailer of slips (so called) of the willows, which have taken root in his garden, to all visitors who do not feel high enough to obtain a *bonâ fide* cutting from one of the trees; but I being fortunately in possession of the great master-key to the veteran's heart, he charitably permitted me to help myself to a healthy branch of the willow, and to carry away a handkerchief filled with earth from the head of the grave, between the stone slabs which cover the vault, and the iron railing. My prize soon took root and flourished in its parent earth; but, like everything on which we set too great a value, it was too much *petted* and fondled, and it withered and died. A friend, who was lately there, tells me, that permission is no longer granted to visitors to enter even the outer area, in consequence of the injuries done to the willows, three only of which remain—the others had doubtless arrived at a good old age, as they were propped long before I saw them; but at the time I speak of, three of the iron rails were raised out of the sockets, so as to allow me to creep in and stand on the tomb—not a name, not a word, was engraved upon it: it is said that his countrymen would not be satisfied with the title of "General," and that our home authorities would not allow that of "L'Empereur." A few short years, however, have wrought a wonderful change; still I should doubt whether the marble tomb under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, with all its pomp and grandeur, will ever have a tithe of the interest possessed by the simple rough slabs in the deep valley at St. Helena. Within the railing at the head of the tomb, a circle of dead twigs marked the spot where Madame Bertrand had planted that beautiful little flower, the "forget-me-not." In this simple act, as my fellow-pilgrim observed, "there was something pathetic and affecting: the flowers were watered by her tears; each other weed was plucked away by her hand, nor allowed to rankle over the grave; but this flourished and was cherished, and in a short time over-ran a great portion of the tomb—but even it died; when the rains set in, and the chilling blast swept over the valley, it perished." And he, too, my enthusiastic, generous friend, whose name, had he been spared, would have been enrolled high on the list of the gallant sons of his country; he, too, died—and his bones, like those, alas! of too many of my unfortunate comrades, have long since whitened on the plains of India.

E. T. C.

DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.

THE disinterment of the remains of Napoleon, according to the official report, took place on the 16th of October last, and began at ten o'clock.

"On the removal of the exterior wooden coffin, a leaden coffin was discovered, and next to this a wooden: the cover of this third coffin being removed, a tin ornament, slightly rusted, was seen, which was removed, and a white satin sheet perceived, which was removed with the greatest precaution by the doctor, and Napoleon's body was exposed to view. His features were so little changed, that his face was recognized by those who had known him when alive. The different articles which had been deposited in the coffin were found exactly as placed. The uniform, orders, and hat, were very little changed. The entire person presented the appearance of one lately interred."

Dr. Guillard, (Reni Julien,) the surgeon of the Belle Poule frigate, who was present at the disinterment, gives the following account of the state in which he found the body of the Emperor:—

"The body of the Emperor had an easy position, the same as when he was placed in the coffin; the superior members were stretched out, the lower part of the arm and the left hand resting on the corresponding thigh; the inferior members somewhat depressed. The head, a little raised, rested on a cushion; his skull of ample volume, and his high and broad forehead, were covered with

* A visitor to the tomb, so recently as the 9th of September, thus writes of other flowers:—"Near the slab, where the ashes of Napoleon rest, springs up a tuft of lilies, and a clump of geranium, planted by the hand of Madame Bertrand, and which bloom there as a token of devotion. My conductor gave me leave to cut one of these leaves."

yellowish teguments, hard and very adherent. The orbs of the eyes offered the same appearance, and the upper part was lined with eyelids; the balls of the eyes were entire, but had lost somewhat of their volume and shape. The eyelids completely closed, adhered to the under parts, and were hard; the bones of the nose, and the teguments which covered them, were well preserved; the tube and the sides alone had suffered. The cheeks were full. The teguments of that portion of the face were remarkable for their soft supple feel, and their whitish colour; those of the chin were slightly bluish, and derived that colour from the beard, which appeared to have grown after death. The chin itself was not in the least altered; and still preserved the character peculiar to Napoleon's countenance. The lips were thinned and asunder, and three of the front teeth, extremely white, were seen under the upper lip, which was slightly raised to the left. The hands were perfect, and did not exhibit any sort of alteration; if the articulations had lost their motions, the skin appeared to have preserved the colour of life; and the fingers bore long, adherent, and very white nails; the legs were enclosed in boots, but in consequence of the threads of the latter being worn, the four last toes were visible on both sides. The skin of these toes was a dull white, and the nails were still adherent. The front region of the thorax was strongly depressed in the middle; the coats of the abdomen hard, and fallen in; the members appeared to have preserved their shape under the clothes which covered them. I pressed the left arm, it was hard, and had lost somewhat of its volume."

The body was not exposed to the air longer than two minutes at most, which were necessary for the surgeon to take measures to prevent any alteration; the coffins were then immediately closed, the leaden soldered down, and strongly fixed in the new leaden coffin sent from Paris, which was likewise carefully soldered down. It was then afterwards placed in the "Chapelle Ardente" of the Belle Poule frigate, anterior to its sailing for France. Having reached Cherbourg, it is now on its road to Paris.

MISTLETOE.

THE magical properties of the Mistletoe, are mentioned both by Virgil and Ovid.

Apuleius has preserved some verses of the poet Lelins, in which he mentions the mistletoe, as one of the things necessary to make a magician.

In the dark ages, a similar belief prevailed, and even to this present day, the peasants of Holstein, and some other countries, call the mistletoe, the "Spectre's Wand," from a supposition, that holding a branch of mistletoe in the hand, will not only enable a man to see ghosts, but to force them to speak to him.

The mistletoe is peculiar to Christmas and its revels.—*Daniel's "Merrie England."*

TALE OF A BRIGAND.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

(Concluded from page 356.)

THEY arrived at the cottage; a neat serving girl came to welcome her new and lovely mistress, and Nina also was surprised to see signs of other inhabitants. She questioned Pietro, who replied that some friends of his from a distant part of the Campagna were at present in that neighbourhood, and that he had offered them a home in this cot during their stay. "Who are your friends, Pietro, love?" asked his young bride—and what intelligence did not Pietro's answer convey to her fond heart. "Now hush thee, dearest Nina, thou art mine own—my own most darling wife; man cannot part thee from me now—thou wilt not throw a gloom over thy Pietro by thy anger, neither wilt thou betray thy husband, love. My friends are—*Gasparoni and his men!*—and thou, most lovely Nina, art a *bandit's bride!* Nay, Nina, look not in such speechless horror, but prepare thee to receive my chief as becomes his faithful servant's wife." During this speech, poor Nina's heart had been the scene of many contending feelings; first, horror inexpressible had filled her mind, but she adored Pietro, she was his wife, in him, therefore were concentrated all her feelings; all her duties upon earth regarded him, and Nina murmured not. With calmness, and with a look of unutterable love, she replied, "A bandit's bride! no, no, Pietro, thy bride, most true, but do not call thyself a robber. Yet, Pietro, husband, I am thine, I will serve thee in all I can with honour to myself; I will receive thy chief with courtesy; but, Pietro, remember, not even for *thy* safety can I ever assist thee to pursue thy lawless course. Oh, leave this band, beloved Pietro. Let us return to Rome; I will labour for thy honourable support, and no toils shall ever draw a murmur from me, but thine ill-gotten wealth I will not help thee to obtain; nay, more, Pietro, I shall feel it my duty to oppose thy chief, and endeavour to forewarn his intended victims of their impending danger; and thee, beloved! oh, can I ever enjoy thy riches!" At this moment a stranger entered, his gallant mien and lofty bearing spoke of a most dauntless heart; his dress was dusty and way-worn, pistols and stiletto were in his vest, and a carbine in his hand, proclaimed him to have been on no peaceful mission. He advanced to Pietro saying, "Comrade and dear friend, I pray thee introduce me to thy lovely bride." And the name of "*Gasparoni*" faltered on Pietro's lips. Nina came forward and gracefully received the bandit's homage; she had already determined upon her future conduct; she consented to appear content among a horde of robbers, and Pietro still more idolised his wife. Days passed on, he went far, and was away for weeks together, but when he returned laden with spoil, Nina would not look at the jewels he offered, but silently and quietly she

performed a wife's best duties to her guilty husband, never breathing a murmur of complaint, but resolutely resolved never to partake by any voluntary act, in his crimes. At last the time arrived when she had to summon all her virtuous resolution; when she had to use her power to save helpless victims from a cruel fate. * * * The bandit's cot was filled with fierce and armed men. The Marchese D'Alvola was expected to pass on his way to Rome. The Marchese, an old and most wealthy man, was, with his fair daughter, about to return to his palace in Rome. They would be a rich prize for Gasparoni's band—they were to be attacked, plundered, and taken prisoners, until a heavy ransom should be received for their liberation. The attack was proposed for the next day. How then did Nina plead for the old man and his helpless child,—and how did she implore her husband to abstain from joining in the fray. Her entreaties were unheeded; and Gasparoni and his men sallied forth that evening, saying they should lie in ambush among the ruins of the aqueducts, until they should perceive the carriages of the old Marchese. Nina wept a sad adieu upon Pietro's breast, but she dared not say "God bless thee." She devoutly, however, offered many prayers for his protection; and, invoking the assistance of the Holy Virgin, she prepared to save the victims, marked out for the prey of lawless men. Quickly she sped along the road between the cottage and Albano. She sought the officer who commanded the troops there; and to him she imparted the danger which awaited the Marchese on his route. She resolutely refused to give her name, or to withdraw the veil which covered her lovely, but now ashy countenance. She had performed the duty of a Christian woman; she had given warning to the helpless of their danger, and she now returned to her cottage to weep and watch, and pray for the preservation of her still beloved Pietro. The weary hours of the night passed on, dreary and wretched. She could no longer resist the impulse she felt prompting her, to repair to the ruined aqueducts, and be witness to the scene of terror which was likely to ensue. Wrapping a large cloak around her fragile form, she went forth trembling and alone, in the hopes of being able to save her beloved Pietro in the moment of danger. She gained the ruins which she knew concealed her husband and his daring band; she heard their voices as in close debate. Secreting herself beneath a solitary and crumbling arch, she resolved with patience to await the dreadful crisis she felt approaching. Presently the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and the bandits prepared their weapons for attack—soon they rushed into the road, pistols and carbines flashed, and cries loud and shrill were heard. When the smoke cleared off, poor Nina was seen in the midst of the conflict, and she was calling for mercy for Pietro. The bandits had little suspected the resistance they would meet with, they dreamt not of the escort of military which followed the marchese's carriage—they dreamt not of arrest. Some of the bold fellows laid bleeding and dying on the ground, others were sullen captives in the soldiers' hands. Few, very few escaped of the bold outlaw band. Poor Nina beheld her husband wounded and dying—she flew to him—she told him the whole part she had taken in the dreadful scene. He raised his dying eyes to her with a look of inexpressible love, and his faint voice uttered, "Bless thee, Nina, thou deservest a happier lot than thou hast had with me. O bless thee, angelic goodness, would I had followed thy pure counsels. I had not then left thee an outlaw's widow. Return to Rome, dear Nina, forget thy guilty Pietro, and be happy as thou art good and pure." She raised his drooping head to her fond and faithful bosom only in time to receive his last sigh. Pietro's spirit fled; she, poor thing, fell senseless on the bloody ground. They raised her, and carried her to her desolate home, but when she revived from that long swoon, she awoke not to consciousness, the bright spark of reason had fled when Pietro breathed his last. For many months the lovely maniac was seen to wander mid those fatal ruins, seeking for him whom she could not find, until, one day, the pale corpse of Nina was discovered by a peasant, lying as if in a sweet sleep, beneath that arch where she had been concealed on the dreadful night of the combat. Her gentle spirit had at last found rest, and all her woes had ended there. But the Roman peasantry still say, that a form, like that of Nina's, often seems, in the stillness of night, to hover round that melancholy spot, for they say that Nina still seeks her husband there. LAURA C. R.—s.

PANTHEISM OF THE HINDOOS.

PANTHEISM, a very mischievous rule of faith, prevails, no doubt, in the modern creeds of a large portion of the Hindoo population, of which the prodigious multitude of their deities, amounting to *three hundred and thirty millions*, is, of itself, a sufficient attestation; in fact, every thing in nature is deified. In order to elevate the supremacy and universality of the one only eternal and omnipotent agent, they multiply him into principles, in number unapproachable by human computation; and by this minuteness and multiplicity of separation, reduce all his mighty attributes from their supreme greatness to the most trifling insignificance. The stupendous majesty of the Godhead is attenuated to a mere shadow, and under three hundred and thirty millions of uncouth forms, modelled after the caprices of jugglers and enthusiasts, we behold the Deity of Hindostan a monster in seeming—a chimera, as repulsive as the gorgeous, and more hideous than the fabled, hydra.

ERASMUS ON EARLY RISING.

[THE subjoined paper on "Early Rising," taken from the Colloquies of Erasmus, not only furnishes a very superior instance, from the masterly manner in which the argument is developed, of the Socratic mode of reasoning, but is simple and powerful in its persuasions towards a good and commendable habit.]

A. To day I was desirous to have met with you, but you were denied to be at home.

B. They did not lie altogether. I was not indeed *for you*, but I was then very much *for myself*.

A. What riddle is that?

B. You know that old proverb: "I do not sleep for all men;" nor does the jest of Nasica escape from your memory, to whom, when he was desirous to visit his friend Ennius, the maid, by order of her master, denied that he was at home. Nasica perceived it and departed. But when Ennius in turn entered the house of his friend Nasica, and asked the boy whether he was within, Nasica shouted from the parlour, saying, "I am not at home." And when Ennius, knowing his voice, said, "You impudent fellow, do not I know you are speaking?" "Nay," said Nasica, "you are more impudent, who do not give credit to me, whereas I trusted your maid."

A. You were perhaps busy?

B. Nay, sweetly idle.

A. Again you trouble me with a riddle.

B. I will tell you then, plainly. Nor will I call a fig anything else than a fig.

A. Tell me.

B. I was fast asleep.

A. What say you? But the eighth hour had passed then, whereas the sun rises this month before the fourth.

B. It is free for the sun, for me indeed, to rise even at midnight, so that it be allowed me to sleep to satisfaction.

A. But does that happen by chance, or is it a custom?

B. Custom entirely.

A. But the custom of a thing not good is very bad.

B. Nay, no sleep is pleasanter than after the sun is risen.

A. What hour, I pray you, do you usually leave your bed?

B. Between the fourth and ninth.

A. Time long enough. Queens hardly are so many hours a-dressing. But how came you into that custom?

B. Because we generally prolong our feasts, games, and jests, till late of night. We make up that loss by morning sleep.

A. I scarce ever saw a man more prodigally than you.

B. It seems to me frugality rather than prodigality. In the mean time I neither consume candles nor wear clothes.

A. Preposterous frugality, indeed, to save glass that you may lose jewels. That philoso-

pher was otherwise minded, who, being asked what was the most precious thing, answered, "Time." Moreover, since it is agreed that the morning is the best part of the whole day, you love to lose what is the most precious in the most precious thing.

B. Is that lost which is given to the body?

A. Nay, it is taken from the body, which then is most sweetly affected, and most of all recruited, when it is refreshed with seasonable and moderate sleep, and is strengthened with morning watching.

B. But it is pleasant to sleep.

A. What can be pleasant to one that perceives nothing?

B. This very thing alone is pleasant, to perceive nothing of trouble.

A. But they are more happy in that respect who sleep in their graves; for sometimes dreams are troublesome to a man asleep.

B. They say that the body is fattened most of all with sleep.

A. That is the fattening of dormice, not of men. Animals that are prepared for feasts are rightly fattened. What signifies it for a man to procure fatness, but that he may go laden with a heavier pack? Tell me, if you had a servant, whether you had rather have him fat, or lively, and fit for all services?

B. But I am not a servant.

A. It is enough for me, that you had rather have a servant fit for service than well fattened.

B. Indeed I had rather.

A. But Plato said that the soul of man is the man; that the body is nothing else than a house or instrument. You, however, will confess, I suppose, that the soul is the principal part of man, the body the servant of the mind.

B. Let it be so, if you will.

A. Since you would not have a servant heavy, with a huge belly, but had rather have one nimble and brisk, why do you provide a lazy and fat servant for the mind?

B. I am overcome with truth.

A. Now hear another loss. As the mind far excels the body, so you confess that the riches of the mind far excel the good things of the body.

B. You say what is likely.

A. But amongst the good things of the mind, wisdom has the first place.

B. I confess.

A. No part of the day is more useful for the getting of this than the morning; when the sun rising fresh, brings vigour and briskness to all things, and dissipates the fumes that are accustomed to be exhaled out of the stomach, which are wont to cloud the habitation of the mind.

B. I do not say "Nay."

A. Now, reckon up for me how much learning you might get to yourself in those four hours, which you lose in so unseasonable sleep.

B. Much indeed.

A. I have experienced that more is done in

one's studies, in one hour in the morning, than in three in the afternoon, and that with no damage to the body.

B. I have heard so.

A. Then consider, that if you cast up into a sum the loss of every day, how great a mass it will be.

B. A huge one truly.

A. He that squanders away jewels and gold rashly, is reckoned a prodigal, and receives a guardian; he who throws away these good things, so much more precious, is not he much more scandalously prodigal?

B. So it appears, if we examine the matter by right reason.

A. Now consider that which Plato writ, that nothing is more beautiful, nothing more lovely than Wisdom; which, if it could be seen with bodily eyes, would attract incredible love of itself.

B. But that cannot be seen.

A. I confess, not with bodily eyes, but it is seen with the eyes of the mind, which is the better part of man, and where there is incredible love, there must be the greatest pleasure, as often as the mind confers with such a mistress.

B. You say what is likely.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

CAPTURE OF LINCELLES.

ON entering the town, there was not a house in the place of which the doors and windows were not carefully closed. Some of the inhabitants appeared to have deserted it—the remainder kept close within their dwellings, and to the applications of us, their deliverers, for food, they paid no attention. It seemed however, as if they had not adhered to this plan of seclusion all day long, for the dead which lay in the streets were plundered; and, in some instances, stripped naked.

One fair, delicate-looking youth, an officer, as I understood, of artillery, with light-brown hair, and a skin as white as alabaster, had been thus served; and a more piteous spectacle than he presented, it would be difficult to conceive.

Poor boy! a musket-shot had passed quite through his head, and there he lay, his smooth and pure cheek stained with his own blood, instead of resting, as it ought to have done, on his mother's bosom.

War is a fearful calamity, at the best, which we cease to regard, except with horror, when we look upon its effects as they show themselves on the mangled remains of full-grown men; but, when such a child as this has become its victim, our horror deepens well nigh into agony.

I declare that the vision of that slight fair corpse haunted me for many a day after; and that not unfrequently, I have started from my sleep, so vivid was the impression of its very presence near me.—*Rev. G. Gleig's "Chelsea Veteran."*

DEATH OF THE CHILDREN BEFORE THE FATHERS.

THAT instead of the rose, thorns and thistles should sprout up—that in lieu of felicities and pure hymns of Eden, should prevail the cries of a distressed creation—and instead of the "voice of God, walking in the cool of the garden," harmonious with all accents of melodiousness and love, there should be a conversion of it into tones of anger and expulsion—all these were as nothing, in comparison, to the ominous shadow that fell upon the heart of our First Parent, when he saw the paleness and exanimating power of Death spread over the form of his second son Abel. This was the shaft, directed by God's anger, that drove more deeply into his soul, than any former visitation, for it was the virtual wounding and excoriation of his "own flesh and his own blood."

Among all the afflictions of human life, there is none which causes such sickness of heart as the loss of children. The death of parents is a part of the order of things. "One generation goeth and another cometh." The fall of the worn-out ancient Autumn, is but a natural and necessary precursor of the germination and leafing of the Spring. Consonant with our notions of general fitness, and the usual course of nature, old things becomingly "pass away" before the new: but when the bolt smites the young, and spares the aged, the general current of providential rule appears to be reversed, and Nature revolts at the infraction of her most steadfast law.

Adam, indeed, must have severely felt this first visitation, and have been appalled at its strangeness. True that this death was not effected in the usual course of nature; for it was the result of violence, but that the "rich case of mortality"—the outward form—that was in Abel of such singular glory, should be subject to so dire mutation—that the flower-bloom should die off the cheek—warmth desert the glossy-white skin—dim and unearthly glassiness fill the eye but late so lustrous with bright life—these were things passingly fearful in the eyes of Adam, who had yet no notion of a stoppage to existence; but whose ideas, imbibed in Paradise, were corresponsive with those of the Angels, whose bloom and juvenescence were to be existible for ever.

That he should "die the death" was a doom which Adam now began to understand, and that in a most terrible shape; for there would have been comparatively a richness of mercy in the decree, had the parents first been allowed to pass away before their child, that in the contrary case, endued with tenfold depth and horror, the words of the perilling curse. That the righteous Abel, endeared to them by every precious association, should have been felled by the "butcher death," served as a fearful and hideous example to his parents, what was the "dying of the death."

At a later period, however, in sacred history, when to "die the death" was become familiar to mortal men, and acknowledged as a law of their nature, still does this occurrence—the death of children before their fathers, appear so uncommon and singular an event in the eyes of the holy writer, as to be the only apparent reason for his insertion of one particular passage in his precise record. It is thus stated:—

"And Haran died before his father, in the land of his captivity, in Ur of the Chaldees."*

Here, in Ur of the Chaldees, the old patriarchal cedar, Terah, who, at this early postdiluvian period, had clambered up to the heavens with his weight of years, and around whom they had passed, yielding him sweet concord and undisturbed serenity of existence, beheld the Roses, Vines, and Olives—the children that grew around him, flourish in strength and beauty, hoping and expecting that he should be the first to fall, as the course of nature made it usual, among the younger offspring of his vineyard.

But there was one of these tender plants which outwardly appeared to luxuriate by the rivers of waters, but at whose core preyed a secret malady; and one fair day, when all the rest of that rising forest was buoyant with pride and pleasure, Terah saw the loveliest of the group, prostrated by the hand of death. O rose and glory of the young world, what weeping was there in Chaldea, over thy early fall!—snatched from the parent bed, in thy early vernal age, few were the years that poured sweetness on thy head—few were the dews whose softness nourished thee—few the perfumed winds that fanned thee with the waftage of their sweets. Made desolate, indeed, must the father's heart have been, at this troublous calamity—he who had hoped to have had his honoured head laid in the quiet grave by those whom he gave birth to, was now himself the mourner over him whom he had borne. How much is expressed in that passage, apparently containing only a simple announcement—"And Haran died before his Father."

The narratives of real life, and the incidents of fictitious history, supply no pictures so deeply affecting, as the exhibition of parents lamenting over their offspring. In Home's drama of Douglas, the scope and purpose of which is to display the workings of maternal tenderness, there is no passage that comes home so intimately to the heart, as that fine burst of passion into which the bereft lady breaks over the dead body of her last hope.

"My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee, and of thy valour! my fond heart
Gleamed this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine."

But the most touching, and, indeed, most explicit instance of this kind, is to be found in that pathetic and heart-stirring lament of

the poet-king, over his wayward, yet beloved Absalom:—

"Oh, my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom!
Would God that I had died for thee. Oh, Absalom,
my son, my son!"

This passage, containing the finest possible burst of natural feeling ever uttered, contains in itself, also, a bitter cry against apparent violation of the steady laws of nature. Weighed down with years, his hairs white as the driven snow with age, his eye-sight dim, and strength dry and withered—here was he, in his "age's lateness," suffered to remain, while his son, in the bloom and virility of manhood, was ruthlessly torn away. The bolt had spared the powerless and old—while the green and tender plant had succumbed under Death's indiscriminate smiting. Would God that I—cries the hoary king in his anguish—who am stricken in years, and ripe and ready for the grave—"Would God I had died for thee." Fitter had it been, than for thy fresh and flushy pride of being, to be so untimely consigned to darkness.

Cato, the Elder, had likewise a beloved son, and he, too, cut off in the most promising period of his life. Him, the great master of Roman oratory, who was his friend, and who felt as a father for a father's losses, speaks of in his *Treatise on Old Age*, and describes how that even the anticipations of Elysium will receive their principal zest from the meeting again of Sire and Son, and the redressing of that strong grief which the premature departure of the latter never fails to leave behind it. It is august and majestic to read, how the father is represented as forgetting all the sublime visions and exalted pleasures which this lofty state of being would confer, and how, passing by his meeting with the shining spirits of the departed, and the company of souls divinified, he lays all the stress, and yearning of his mind, upon the last part and subject of the sentence, and gratulates himself, above all, at the again beholding his noble and worthy son:—

"Oh præclarum diem," exclaims he, speaking in the person of the elder Cato, "cum ad illud divinum animarum concilium æstusque proficiscar, cunctique ex hac turbâ et colluvione discedam! proficiscar enim non ad eos solum viros, de quibus ante dixi; sed etiam ad Catonem meum, quo nemo melior natus est, nemo pietate præstantior; cujus à me corpus crematum est; quod contra decuit ab illo necari."

But the regret of the elder Cato, for the fall of a "tabernacle of decay," in the outward decoration of which, Nature had been so lavish, was small compared with that to which the loss of the bright jewel, which the casket gave earnest of, naturally gave rise. What might not have been anticipated, thought the noble Roman, of one whose younger years were so thick with shoots of promise, and with so many manly and superior virtues.

And this last, is the chief and most afflicting point of view on which the parent dwells, when subjected to the sad privation; for it is

on the yet unexpanded bud, and not on the fully-developed flower, that fancy loves to ponder. In old age, we can anticipate little that we have not seen. On our seniors, calm experience has already sat in judgment. If the bright portions of their characters have attracted regard, the dark have not passed unnoticed. Our imaginings of their career have been swallowed up in its cold realities.

But in our estimate of the young, we are at full liberty to create his character and deeds. We are able to invest the future with all glorious anticipations; to clothe the track of his ascending path, with imagination's lustre,—“sunbright or brighter;” and to close the far-off end of his life's vista with the purple splendour of magnificent hopes. And, therefore, when death comes unexpectedly on a being of fine capability, it is not only the past innocence, or the present beauty of the object that we alone have to lament, but a whole glorious future, irradiated with splendid promises, thereafter to have been creative of full and perfected fruits. W. A.

BOOK-WORMS.*

THERE are various species of book-worms, the one probably most familiar, is the allegorical book-worm—man. He is a very voracious devourer, generally in proportion to the extent of his intellect, but he is pantophagous.

The other animals, called also book-worms, confine their appetites to the food in the various materials of books, whether paper, leather, or parchment.

They spare neither sacred nor profane literature—neither the most pious, the most eloquent, the most learned labours of our most zealous divines, the most sublime musings of our poets, nor the most elaborate investigations of our lawyers and critics. All these have, in their turn, fallen a sacrifice to the depredations of the *Anobium*, the *Dermestes*, and *Lepisma squamatum*, *argenteum*, *cauda triplici*.

Thus even the most precious treasures have hidden and insidious insect-enemies.

The larvæ of *Crambus pinguinalis*, will establish itself upon the binding of a book, and spinning a robe, which it covers with its own excrement, will do it no little injury.

A mite (*Acarus eruditus*,) eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding, and so loosens it.

The caterpillar of another little moth takes its station in damp old books, between the leaves, and there commits great ravages; and many a black-letter rarity, which in these days of bibliomania would have been valued at its weight in gold, has been snatched by these destroyers from the hands of book-collectors.

* Abridged from a Description given before the Ashmolean Society, by the Keeper of the Museum, Oxford.

The little wood-boring beetles, *Anobium pertinax*, and *striatum*, also attack books, and will even bore through several volumes. They also destroy prints and drawings, whether framed or preserved in a portfolio.

A recent instance occurred in a public library but little visited, wherein twenty-seven folio volumes were perforated in a straight line, by the same insect, (probably one of the last-mentioned species,) in such a manner that in passing a cord through the perfect round hole made by it, these twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once.

The *Termes pulsatorius*, which is accused of frightening the timid at night, as the death-watch, is also accused of being a depredator among books.

PARAPHRASE OF THE 80th PSALM.

(For the Mirror.)

ISRAEL'S Shepherd, hear, O hear!
Joseph's Leader, turn thine ear!
Thou that sitt'st enthron'd on high!
Show thy radiant Majesty!
Let thy saints who lived of yore,
In thy greatness thee adore,
Save, O save us, God of light,
Shield us with thy holy might!

Will thy anger never vanish?
Wilt thou peace for ever banish?
See the tears thy people shed,
Tears for drink, and tears for bread,
Lo! our angry neighbours chide,
Lo! our enemies deride:
Save, O save us, God of light!
Shield us with thy holy might.

Lo! the vine thy guardian hand
Planted in the heathen's land!
Where is now its verdant bough?
Where its shadowy branches now?
Riven and uprooted see
All its wonted verdancy!
Save, O save us, God of light!
Shield us with thy holy might!

See thy vineyard's gen'rous fruit,
Trampled on by forest brute!
Burnt by flame, by axe laid bare,
All is ruin! all despair!
Smite! Avenger great and dread!
Vengeance on the spoiler's head!
Save, O save us, God of light!
Shield us with thy holy might!

E. M.

NEEDLES.

NEEDLES are said to have been first made in England by a native of India, A.D. 1545, but the art was lost at his death.

It was, however, recovered by Christopher Greening, in 1560, who was settled, with his three children, Elizabeth, John, and Thomas, by Mr. Damar, ancestor of the present Lord Milton, at Long Crendon, in Bucks, where the manufactory has been carried on from that time to the present period.*

* It is worth while to remark the circumstance, that by a machine of the simplest construction, being nothing in fact but a tray, 30,000 needles thrown promiscuously together, mixed and entangled in every way, are laid parallel, heads to heads, and points to points, in the course of three or four minutes.

PEN-AND-INK PORTRAITS.

AN OBLIGING MAN.

THIS is a stoutish, oldish, single gentleman, with a ruddy, merry, countenance, and manners to match. He tells facetious stories, rallies the young people, and is perpetually making brisk observations, which he follows up by a loud laugh, thereby indicating them to be jokes. He is a most useful man in parties. He will sing a song directly he is requested, and sometimes without being requested at all; he will take a hand at whist on the shortest notice; he will dance, if another couple be wanted; he will wait on the ladies at supper more diligently than any professed waiter—and, in one word, will do anything to "oblige." A pic-nic is a mere nothing without him. He will take two pies in each hand, half-a-dozen plates in one coat pocket, and three bottles of wine in the other. Then he carves everything for everybody, laughs, almost to suffocation, at his own awkwardness, and drinks liqueurs out of an egg-shell. In every family he visits, he is treated quite like one of themselves. He accompanies the children to the theatre when papa is detained on business, fills his pocket with sugar plums for them, spins a top to show them the way, and earnestly advises them to "knuckle down" at marbles.

An "obliging man" must not marry if he wish to retain his popularity. He cannot be any longer teased about Miss Arabella Taylor, whom he was suspected to have flirted with ten years ago; nor Miss Mary White, who always takes his part when he is called an old bachelor. All the amusing badinage as to his matrimonial intentions would then be over, and he and the ladies most insipidly at peace with each other.

He dies, aged about sixty, and leaves all he has, divided into nice little legacies, amongst his friends; thus proving, even at the very last, his anxiety to "oblige."

A DEAR CREATURE.

THIS is a young lady, whose character is somewhat similar to that last sketched. She enjoys great popularity, because, as she has few pretensions, she appears to interfere with the selfish views of no one, and is, moreover, willing to "make herself generally useful."

Oh! Charlotte Newton is such a dear creature! Everybody likes her, and she is so useful in company, and so ready to do what she can! Poor thing, it is a great pity she has no money; for, really, though not pretty, she looks very well by candlelight. But all the world knows her father was nothing but a poor captain in the army.

So Miss Newton is asked to every party as a matter of course. She waltzes with Alfred Beville; but if "dear Fanny" should happen to indulge a penchant for Alfred Beville, she will waltz with Ensign Huggins rather than make her uneasy. She has but little voice, she knows; but it is better to sing when you

are asked, than refuse and be called affected. She knows the first of all duets, and all trios, but will take the second if agreeable. Italian is the same to her as English, and indeed she greatly prefers it, as being more soft and silky. She likes the harp much better than the piano, and would practise on it three hours a day—if she had one. Her papa promised to buy her a harp—but he is a naughty, tantalizing papa!

She marries excellently at the age of twenty; but, alas! the happy man is the admired of "dear Fanny;" and, whilst she appeared so disinterested, she was all the time artfully manoeuvring for herself. The whole family is indignant at her deceit, and the *ci-devant* "dear creature" is henceforth "that odious creature, Mrs. Beville."—*Jest and Earnest.*

RUINS OF SOOR.

IT was one of those scenes that may be only witnessed in the East. At home, the antiquary gloats over the remains of a castle or fortress existing near some modern mansion, or, generally, near some populous city, to which, we may suppose, the inhabitants of the former to have migrated; but, in the East, as we wander through the desert, and imagine it, from time immemorial, abandoned to the hunter and his prey, we stumble suddenly on a whole town, whose deserted mansions, and broken temples, announce that our fellow-man had once been there; that the wilderness had not been always desolate; that, in the present waste, the voice of affection and hope had once awakened its echoes in homes, adorned with the elegancies and comforts of life. We trace the very streets along which multitudes had moved. We enter the palace where authority had reigned, or the home where domestic peace had reposed, and the eye meets but with the ravages of time; and as we tread the deserted halls, we almost fancy we may meet at each turn, with some of their former inmates. The earthquake has not overwhelmed them, the work of ruin has been gradual; yet, to all, it seems to have commenced from the same moment. 'Tis as though a whole people, in agreement, had arisen as one man, in the one hour, and had departed—whither!—

Such was the case at Soor. All was silence amid the ruins. There was a solemn dignity in the total stillness which pervaded, as it were—an entire town, in the broad day, that weighed upon my spirits as I passed along the ancient causeway—a nearly vertical sun was pouring an intense glare of light and heat on the ruins, peering into every dark hole and nook, as it were in impertinent mockery of the secrets of other times which slumbered mid the present desolation.—*Scenes in the Desert, Fraser's Magazine, No. cxxxi.*

First Books.

Sketches and Legends amid the Mountains of North Wales. In verse. By JAFFET W. WILKINSON. [T. and W. Boone. 1840.]

[THE strain of the *Annals* is this year a true swan-song, and almost tempts us to indite a *threnodium* upon them, more especially on all such as are Books of Beauty—things “to be edited by Patty Pretty-face, and dedicated to Prince Pretty-man.”]

But it truly delights us to turn from these, and dwell on the charming compositions of true merit, which occasionally spring up like hyacinths before us. Coloured with a beauty that will grace our page, and perfumed with a scent that will pervade it, the poems of our fair author (who has numbered but fifteen blue summers of life,*) for the first time appear before the reader. Free from all that feeble commonplace—that Rosa-Matilda-ish talk about love and the tender sentiment, with which *ad nauseam*, many lady-writers abound,—the lines of our youthful *Sarsonet*† are of a fine and superior order, and worthily take their part as a sweet soprano by the deeper bass of Hemans.

A few fragmentary harp-tones will lend full affirmation to our remarks :—]

A dignified Apostrophe.

Earth! Earth! with all thy splendour everlasting!
Raising our spirits to the far-off heaven,
And from our nothingness the mantle casting,
Till we can only pray to be forgiven
For the vain murmurings of our stubborn life—

Snowdon on a Summer-evening.

The snow of countless ages
Looks as if peace were written on its pages.
The breath of June is in the sultry air,
Like a sweet song, whispering of visions fair,
And pleasant regions where each fresh green bough
Within hath nansen minstrels, who do grow
A part and portion of its verdant life.

A Lady leading a Mule.

With one small hand she seems to guide
A laden mule, that by her side
Obedient trudges; and with gaze
Of love and faith duth frequent raise
Its glance to him, as in surprise,
Or as in sorrow that she flies.
While she, sometimes, with kindly press
Its long sleek ears with tenderness,
As if her feelings warmly ellug
E'en to the love of that dumb thing.
Her mantle (wound around her brow,
Shading its rich and sunny glow,
And falling in long folds of night
Upon her form of beauty slight,
Halt veils the charms it cannot hide.

Scenery of Wales.

Never in dim Arcadia's woody maze,
Nor on the high Olympu's fabled brow,
Breathed there more lofty theme for poet's lays
Than 'mid these dark and purple mountains now.

* “I feel that a girl of fifteen cannot do better than dedicate, &c.” See the Author's Preface.

† *Sarsonet*,—which Miss Wilkinson, among her notes, explains as meaning an Englishwoman, in the Welsh language.

“Owen Glendower.”

Thou sought'st to tamper with a magic creed,
And arm thyself with shield of darker lore,
With demon-learning that could gladly feed
Thy love of rule which thirated still for more.

A capricious Stream.

It is a fount of pleasure, clear and deep,
Gliding through many a varied, lovely spot,
Sometimes when drooping woods around it sweep,
And veil its current, till almost forgot
By careless wanderer; then once more it flings
Itself 'mid open plains or meadows gay;
Methinks 'tis like a spirit, for it brings
Life and sweet minstrelsy where'er it stray.

The Wanderer's Return.

Through that enchanting and most fair domain,
In summer hours have I full often strayed;
Yet to each spot where'er I come again,
It ever seems with beauties fresh arrayed;
Smiling unto my pleased and wondering view
Some novel charm, I heeded not before;
The banks, the groves, still wear some softer hue,
The very skies a brighter radiance pour.

Transcendentalism of Thought.

Oh, mortals! it is Thought alone that raised
Our minds from dust,—then leaves her glories free!
Oh! Thought is like the whirlwind sweeping by
Unaged, untamed,—
The frame of man may moulder to decay,
The sky itself be robb'd of heavenly light,
The earth, the ocean, may be swept away,
But Thought, shall live through every storm and blight!

Snowdon.

Snowdonia towers above us with its throng
Of gloomy clouds and hoodyhowling gales,
Which sweep their savage hands the cliffs along,
And screen each summit from the peaceful vales;
This is the realm which wild romance hath made
Her hallow'd region, her most mystic shrine;
Where every lofty peak and dreary shade
Thrill through the heart with promptings half divine;
Surely the soul must draw from yonder height
Some portion of its grandeur, which may swell
The trembling pulse with intellectual might,
And cause more noble feelings there to dwell.

A Cataract.

The waters gather in a sheet
Of clear, broad crystal, whose fresh glories flash
Like lightning.

Influence of Nature.

The heart us'er thrills
With blither feelings than when o'er us droop
Green branches, and, beyond, vast lofty hills
Spread to our gaze.

An Image of Prayer.

She, with trembling finger, tells
Her holy beads :—the sacred spells
Are moisten'd by her falling tears;
Her agitated soul appears
To pour itself away in prayer,
Which to her forehead pure and fair,
Fresh beauty lends :—lip, eye, and heart,
In the low-whisper'd sound have part.

[From these extracts it will be seen that the rosary of our fair poet, possesses many choice and beauteous beads :—let her go on counting as sweetly as she has heretofore done, and presently her lips, that now only lisp the numbers, will resolve themselves into a marvel of sweetness and full song.]

Public Journals.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE. NO. CXXII.
December, 1840.

[FRASER has this month, a large and noble paper upon Pascal. This great thinker is drawn by one who understands him, and the colour of whose pencil glows.]

PASCAL.

The name of Pascal is one of the mightiest of the seventeenth century; it shines undimmed even by the side of Bossuet and Bacon. Locke called him a prodigy of parts. If he had not been the sublimest author, he might have been the profoundest philosopher of his time; and we may be permitted to apply the metaphor of a living poet, and to say, when Pascal wandered into the regions of metaphysical inquiry, that "Science saddened at his stay." She had visited him almost in his cradle; and instead of lisping in numbers, he began to examine the laws of geometry. In his childhood, he wrote a treatise upon sound. The ringing of a common plate awoke the spirit of analysis. Geometry was to him a new world of intellectual discovery; and no boy-poet, upon whom the muse had shone in the dreams of night, ever lingered over the sunny legends of Spenser with more enamoured devotion, than Pascal laboured to unfold the properties of figures. The walls of his room were blackened with curves. Before he had seen a definition of Euclid, he began to solve his thirty-second proposition,—that the production of the side of a triangle makes the exterior angle equal to the two interior and opposite angles, and that the three interior angles of every triangle are equal to two right-angles. The theorem is an easy one; but its proof involved a series of deductions, in which the young mathematician had no guide but genius to direct him. Pascal's father found him in the midst of the operation; and his surprise and admiration are said to have been mingled with alarm. The great Alexandrian himself was at length put into the child's hands, and he ran over the problems as it were for play. But the crown of fame, which he had already begun to wear, was to be a crown of death. Learning's self "destroyed her favourite son;" and that mighty wing by which he rose, supplied the arrow to pierce his heart.

Meanwhile the stream of Pascal's thoughts was taking a different direction; some alteration in the current had been previously perceived; but it was in his thirtieth year that he formed the resolution to abandon his scientific studies, and to consecrate all his faculties to the service of religion. He took an iron girdle full of points, and placed it round his naked body; and when any vain thoughts happened to enter his mind, or any place or circumstance afforded him unusual gratification, he struck himself with his elbow, to increase the poignancy of the prickings, and

to put himself in mind of his duty. The great principle of his Christianity, as applied to the duties of life, consisted in the demolition of self. This golden image of human worship he not only despises, but defaces and overthrows. It is never flattered or soothed by any flattery from his pen.* It is known to every reader of French literature, that a work on the Christian religion occupied the maturer mind of Pascal,—a work, for the completion of which he affirmed, that ten years of health would be required. After his death, his friends, who were acquainted with the design, anxiously searched for any fragments that might exist of his noble argument. They found a collection of detached thoughts, written upon separate pieces of paper, and tied up in bundles. Their arrangement and publication were intrusted to Arnauld, Nicole, and others. The first edition appeared in 1669, and raised the author at once into the highest seat of modern fame. A diligent gleaning from his MSS., now preserved in the Royal Library of Paris, brought forth a few more sheaves from that harvest of thought which the sower was never to carry home into the garner. It is in these fragments that the genius of Pascal rears itself into all its dignity of stature; it is from them that his piercing intellect looks out with unclouded lustre. "They burn," is the expression of Hallam, "with an intense light; condensed by expression, sublime, energetic, rapid; they hurry away the reader till he is scarcely able, or willing to distinguish the sophisms from the truths they contain." Slight as they frequently are, the handwriting of Pascal is everywhere visible. When Nicole compared the thoughts to blocks, well cut and fit to adorn some splendid building, he gave to the remains of his illustrious friend their proper title. Blocks, indeed they are, of exquisite clearness and beauty; hewn out of the precious mines of Christian wisdom; and if death had not struck down the hand of the architect, they might have been built up into a temple worthy of being consecrated to Him, whom Pascal loved and adored. In all his works we find a fulness of thought often struggling in the bonds of language. Nicole said that his greatness resided in his mind, and that his memory was chiefly mighty in the preservation of things. He was an extensive reader; the Bible and Montaigne—strange alliance!—formed his principle study. His affection for this agreeable, but abandoned essayist, might seem to cast a shade on his own fervid and glowing piety; but it has been suggested, with great propriety that he would find much to harmonise with his

* Whether Coleridge was a reader of Pascal, we know not; but in his *Table Talk* there is a sentiment almost identical with that of the friend of Arnauld. "Let a young man," he said, "separate I from me as far as he possibly can; and remove me till it is almost lost in the remote distance. 'I am he,' is as bad a fault in intellectuals and morals, as it is in grammar, whilst none but one—God—can say, 'I am I,' or, 'That I am.'"

sentiments, in that contempt of human opinion, and that perpetual humbling of human reason, which characterise the disquisitions of Montaigne.

The result of Pascal's narrow course of reading was naturally favourable to the development of all his varied powers of argument and reflection. Instead of drawing water from any neighbouring well, he dug for it in the recesses of his own mind, and the springs gushed forth with equal abundance and impetuosity. They are clear as they are deep. By constant meditation, and unwearied application of soul to one particular subject, he opened a channel for his thoughts into some of the hardest and most rocky places of metaphysical research. Drop by drop, if we may so speak, his wisdom softened that flinty soil. The stream widened every day and every hour, for it was fed from a hundred sources. The compass of his fragments may be briefly indicated. He commences with a general view of man, and proceeds to display his vanity and self-love; the uncertainty of his natural knowledge; his unhappiness; the contradictions that exist in every mind, in reference to truth and happiness; the necessity of studying religion, and the advantages of religious belief; the marks of true religion he dwells upon; the Jews; the Types; our Saviour: his proofs; God's partial revelation of himself; knowing him only through Christ; his miracles, and death.

Let us begin with his noble lamentations for man:—

"Man is but a reed, and the weakest in nature; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him; a breath of air, a drop of water, will kill him. But even if the material universe should overwhelm him, man would be more noble than that which destroys him; because he knows that he dies, while the universe knows nothing of the advantage which it has over him. Our true dignity, then, consists in thought. From thence we must derive our elevation, not from space or duration. Let us endeavour to think well; this is the principle of morals."

Mr. Craig's version is not a very good one, but it will answer our purpose. He has dropped the forcible image of Pascal, where he represents the universe arming itself for the destruction of man. A collection of the eloquent thoughts on man, scattered so profusely over English literature alone, would make a large and valuable book.

But the following is the most splendid of all Pascal's fragments on the weakness of our nature:—

"Man knows not in what order of beings to rank himself. He is evidently out of the right path, and perceives in himself the traces of a happy state from which he is fallen, and which he cannot recover. He gropes in every direction, restless and unsuccessful, amidst impenetrable darkness.

"This is the source of the disputes of philosophers, some of whom attempted to elevate man by exhibiting his grandeur, others to abase him by depicting his misery. And what is most striking to observe, each party has employed the arguments advanced by the other, to support their own opinions. For the misery

of man has been inferred from his grandeur, and his grandeur has been inferred from his misery. Thus the fact of his misery has been rendered more apparent by the consideration of his original grandeur, and his original grandeur has been evinced more strongly from the exhibition of his present wretchedness. All that one party has been able to say in demonstration of his grandeur, has only served the other as a proof of his wretchedness; since a being must be wretched in proportion to the elevation from which he falls; while the former again have deduced his original grandeur from his present state of degradation. Thus the two parties have argued, in a perpetual circle; for it is an indubitable fact that, in proportion as men's minds become enlightened, they discover more both of the misery and the grandeur of their nature. In a word, man knows that he is miserable; then he is miserable, for he knows that he is so; but he is very great, because he knows that he is miserable.

"What a chimeric, then, is man! what a novelty! what a chaos! what a compound of inconsistencies! A judge of all things, yet a feeble earth-worm; a depository of truth, yet a heap of uncertainty, the glory and the outcast of the universe. If he magnifies himself I abase him, if he abases himself, I magnify him; and persist in contradicting him, till he admit that he is an incomprehensible monster."

It was of this sublime passage that Lord Brougham, we believe, observed that it contained all that has ever been, or ever can be, said for and against universal scepticism. Of its eloquence, nothing need be spoken. It has inspired the lips of poetry; Pope's splendid paraphrase is familiar to every person; nor is the prose amplification of the accomplished Italian scholar, Cesarotti, undeserving of notice. The contempt of man forms the key of Pascal's philosophy: all his illustrations radiate from the same centre. When Swift said, that "the longer we live, the more we shall be convinced that it is reasonable to love God, and despise man, as far as we know either;" he only reproduced the great and pervading doctrine of Pascal.

It cannot be concealed that religion wears a very different aspect in the page of Pascal and Fenelon. Her garments are no longer scented from the Garden of Paradise; her features no longer shine with the bloom of immortal beauty. Voltaire said, in his scoffing way, that Pascal always speaks in the character of an invalid. There is truth in the remark. One black cloud of horror and night overspreads the face of the universe; and if it were not for his sublime conception of the presence of God, there would scarcely be a single gleam to light up the journey of human life. He would not suffer himself to unbend even for a moment, into the easy attitudes of the natural affections. He rebuked his sister for caressing her children. There is an injustice he declared in permitting any mutual attachment. Death, the speedy and inevitable, must soon overwhelm the fondest lovers, however devoted or virtuous they may be. Why gather the golden bough, when the whirlwind is ready preparing to rend it from the tree?*

* Isaac Taylor contrasts these sentiments with the natural and manlike warmth of St. Paul towards his personal friends. The whole Gospel refutes the austerity of the creed. Our love to our neighbour is commanded in the same page with our love to God. The

The melancholy of Pascal might be traced partially at least, to physical causes; the sufferings of his frame gave an edge to his genius. Among the prominent symptoms of an excited and feverish brain, is particularly mentioned a preternatural acuteness of the sense of hearing: a distant footstep rings upon the ear—"the half-uttered sigh" is painfully audible. So, in some measure, it was with the afflicted moralist, in his researches into the constitution of man. Every faculty was quickened by disease, and the mental eyesight acquired an intenser power. He was himself unconscious of any disposition to magnify the depravity of the mind. "I blame equally," he declared, "those who make it their sole business to extol man, and those who take on them to blame him, and also who attempt to amuse him. I can approve none but those who examine his nature with sorrow and compassion." Pascal was no pallid victim of the passions—such as our own days have witnessed—bissed into misanthropy by the indignation of insulted society. He arrayed himself in no scenical costume, and practised no startling attitudes of melodrama.

Nor should it for a moment be forgotten that, from all the gloom and tempest, with which Pascal blackens the horizon of this world, he points to a constant, a never-failing, an omnipotent refuge, in the mercy and grace of God. By the pure lustre of this light of light, he disperses every lowering vapour, and pours a sunshine, sweeter than that of summer, upon the mournful scenery of life. Kindled by these beams, every cloud turns out a "silver lining" to the night. Death—the valley of shadows—is irradiated with a flood of glory; and the world seems to have been darkened only to present, in more resplendent majesty, the descending band of angels. If he overwhelms the strength of man with a torrent of weakness and temptation, it is but to display with more dazzling grandeur the standard of divine protection. He overturns, it is true, the temple of human nature, but not without declaring the might of Him who is able, not only to rebuild it in three days, but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. The regeneration, the moral resurrection of man, is the absorbing theme of Pascal's contemplation. To baptize the dis-

holy kiss of apostolic affection was to accompany the reading of the apostolic exhortation. Pascal, indeed, never chilled his feelings into that coldness which benumbed his manner; he had the Samaritan's heart, and the Samaritan's wine and oil, for every wounded traveller through the world. "I have," were his own words, "a peculiar tenderness for those to whom God has united me most intimately." Nor, dark and melancholy as the colours are with which he paints the character of man, does he contemplate him otherwise than as a splendid ruin of divine workmanship. Man, said he, was so great, that his greatness appeared in the very knowledge of his misery. His calamities declare his grandeur, and are the signs of his departed empire. The magnitude of the rent and the desolation, affects the original majesty of the edifice.

ceased and corrupted soul in the waters of truth—to heal the leprosy that defiles every member of the frame—to illuminate with gospel-glory the dark chambers of unbelief—such are the objects of this admirable writer.

Pascal, on these subjects, abstained from every indulgence in the luxuries of fancy. Compare his estimate of mortality with the gorgeous lamentations of Sir Thomas Browne. In both we see an urn-burial; but with the first it is of clay; with the second, of gold. In that most eloquent of English writers, the obsequies of human greatness are performed with dignity and splendour; and the squalid misery of Lazarus is outdazzled by the sumptuous trappings of Dives. The drapery of death glows with the pearl of Ind. Man is, with him, "a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." They certainly resemble each other in one element of thought—the noblest and loveliest of all—the fervid earnestness of their piety. Pascal never gazed with more reverent eyes upon the Sun of Truth, than the contemplative physician of Warwick. The tree of heavenly knowledge, in the belief of both, grows only in the Paradise of the Gospel. As a teacher, Browne may be mentioned with Pascal. Everywhere he humbles the pride of man; everywhere he elevates the dignity of virtue. "In thine own circumference, as in that of the earth, let the rational horizon be larger than the sensible, and the circle of reason than of sense; let the divine part be upward, and the region of beast below. Otherwise 'tis but to live invertedly, and with thy head unto the heels of thy antipodos."*

* Sir T. Browne's Christian Morals.

THE GRANGER SOCIETY.

ANOTHER company has started, called "*The Granger Society*," and they intend to publish a series of whole-length English Portraits:—those that have not hitherto been engraved are to appear first. The prospectus, which is very indefinite, does not state either the size of the work, the style of the intended Engravings, what artists are to be engaged, or the number of Portraits to be published in the course of a year. We shall keep a very watchful eye over these *Grangerians*, for we feel assured their present moddling is unnecessary; if the portraits be not vividly and accurately engraved, as in Lodge's and other Collections, they will not be sought after; and if the Society go to greater expense, the subscription will not cover the immense outlay. But, however, we shall see:—at any rate, we hope the "Council" will not call in any foreign aid. If *Associations*, such as the above, are patronized, what is to become of the single-handed publisher?

Phenomena of Nature.

FOSSIL CAVE IN MORAYSHIRE.

WITHIN the last fortnight, a cave was discovered in the old red sandstone at Hopeham, near Elgin. An eminent geologist, Mr. P. Duff, has furnished a description of this geological treasure:—"A considerable part of the cave had been quarried away before its interest was suspected, nor until considerable quantities of bones had been exposed. It would appear, from the quantity of calcined wood and burnt stones which strewed the outer entrance, that the cave had been used by man as a shelter, in which the process of cooking had gone on; subsequently it had been taken possession of by foxes, or other predacious animals, which had hoarded the bones now found of deer, dogs, hares, rabbits, seals, birds, and fishes; but the most interesting feature of the cave is, that it proves by its contents, the upheavement of an ancient sea-beach, with its rolled pebbles, sea sand, and shells, lying undisturbed, and above them a mass of brown mould, evidently derived from the decomposition of animal matter. Many of the shells, such as the turpo and patella, may have been carried there for food, but the sand, besides being nearly half made up of fragments of shells, contains many entire specimens of minute shells, which could not have been brought thither for any economical purpose either by man or animals. Here, then, we have a portion of the sea shore or beach elevated from seventeen to twenty feet above high-water mark, with its sand, shells, and pebbles lying undisturbed on the beach, which is every day washed by the ocean waves. Admiral Duff stopped the operations of the quarrymen near the cave, until such part of it as had been laid open had been thoroughly explored and its contents examined. When the bones were first collected and examined, some of them seemed to have belonged to animals too large for a fox to master, such as a deer's horn of large size, the tusk of a wild boar, &c.; but after the indications of fire having been used in the cave, it occurred that these spoils of the chase had been brought there by man, who had used fire near the entrance of the cave wherewith to dress them for food, and that by this means the larger exuviae had been brought to it."—*Elgin Courant*.

PRINTING.

PREVIOUS to its discovery, the thoughts of men were ever in danger of sinking with them into their graves, or if they survived, the individuals who originated them, were deprived of their just fame—through printing, the intellectual labours of mankind are preserved and perpetuated. Fabric upon fabric is continually added to the structure of human intelligence, and from the living monuments of the past, men gather the experience that enables them to ascend still higher, and to take their own upward flight.

THE HUNTSMAN MONKEY.

SOME time since, two Italian musicians, who travelled with four dancing dogs, and a kind of hound, on which a monkey was seated, went to Stowe House, and after exhibiting to the servants, took their departure through the stable-yard. A herd of deer had congregated on the outside of the archway during their performance, which the hound no sooner perceived than he set off in pursuit, in spite of all control, with the monkey mounted on his back, equipped in a red jacket and cap, and a grill collar; the other dogs, also in full dress for dancing, joined in the chace, presenting such a scene as was never witnessed before in Stowe Park. The monkey, which chattered and screamed with affright, at a sudden turn to the right, fell off; but here his case was worse than before, as he was chained to the dog's collar, which still kept on his merciless pace, dragging the monkey behind him. The monkey, tumbling and rolling over and over all the time, and the other dogs in full mouth. At length, the hound was secured by one of the grooms, but not until the whole of the monkey's dress was destroyed. Neither persuasion nor force could induce the monkey to mount again, he having, doubtless, had enough of deer-hunting. W. G. C.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALL.

THE pall is a pontifical vestment, considerable for the matter, making, and mysteries thereof. It is made of lamb's-wool, and worn by the archbishops only, who, when going to the altar, put it about their necks, over their other pontifical ornaments. Three mysteries were couched therein. First, humility, which beautifies the clergy above all their costly copes; secondly, innocency, to imitate lamb-like simplicity; and, thirdly, industry, to follow him who fetched his wandering sheep home on his shoulders. One of these Archbishop of Canterbury's palls was sold for five thousand florins, (£1,125)—*Fuller*.

INDIVIDUALITY IN AUTHORSHIP.

LITERARY men seem to be incapable of writing in crowds; they jostle each other's ideas out. When a man composes for himself and by himself, the responsibility rests wholly on himself, and all the glory, if any should accrue, is his own. Authors require the aid of every wholesome stimulus; when they write in large bodies, they are depressed by the apprehension of being excelled, of offending, and interfering with the opinions and tastes of their copartners. The hope of surpassing, which might be supposed to animate some, is but a baleful inspiration in most cases, and seems in joint-stock literature wholly to fail; at any rate, it forms no counterbalance to the paralyzing effect of non-individuality. The practical proof of such paralysis might be exhibited in

detail; since Johnson with his Dictionary far excelled the efforts of the joint labour of the whole French Academy, "beating forty Frenchmen," as Garrick said, and able "to beat forty more."

The Gatherer.

Few could talk of love in sweeter accents, than the honey-tongued, but broad-shouldered, Plato.

Graceful Emotion.—Her lip—her beautiful lip trembled; tears were gathering in her eyes—those eyes which, like Pliny's own Acanthus, were "soft and almost liquid;" her bosom became flushed with crimson, and a slight shudder quivered about her delicate frame, as a gentle air at Napoli about the rich silver lilies in the grass.

Speaking in Public.—The late Duchess of Gordon, coming out of an assembly, said to Dundas, "Mr. Dundas, you are used to speak in public; will you call my servant?"

The Banks of the Tigris are well wooded and picturesque. The quantity of large wood is greater than on the Euphrates.

How dignifying and noble is it to read of the mighty men—the princes, and princesses, and priests of Israel, who are known to us for good or evil, in the grand simplicity of the books of Numbers, Chronicles, and Kings.

Fire no Guard against Serpents, &c.—Mr. Ainsworth, who is now travelling in the east, mentions the fact, interesting to travellers, that, although a fire may keep off the larger animals, it is no security against the smaller. A serpent, he says, found its way into the fire, though they were sitting round it; and, at Al-Hadhr, the same thing occurred with regard to a scorpion, while hundreds of coleopterous insects kept wandering round the verge of the ashes.

Philosophy of Bacon.—The philosophy of Bacon often melted into the rich hues of poetry; and his wisdom is frequently uttered with the voice of Apollo's lute. He loved to saunter along shady avenues, and to listen to sweet birds, and to inhale the breath of summer blossoms. He always had a vase of flowers before him when he composed.

The coast of British Guiana is an immense tract of swamp and marsh, covered with forest, and only a few feet above the level of the ocean.

Metamorphosis.—By dint of digesting ten-penny nails, and marlinespikes, the ostrich has been turned to an iron-grey.

A Gem, sui generis.—Mr. Smith gave an account, at a recent meeting of the Antiquarian Society, of a very curious ouche or brooch in his possession, found in digging a sewer in Thames-street, nearly opposite Dowgate-lane:—in the centre is a crowned head, of which all the lines are shown by a fine gold thread,

the intermediate spaces being filled with enamel, and surrounded by a border of flagree in gold, with four pearls. It was very difficult to guess at the age of this gem, but Mr. Smith considered it to be Saxon, of English workmanship, from a Byzantine model.

Translated from Politian's Italian tragedy, "The Orfeo:"—

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed around about with flowers;
And the flowers—they all were mine.

Sleepers.—A celebrated contractor for the timber sleepers of the railways, being urged by the directors to make some disadvantageous alteration in his contract; asked, in the heat of the argument, "How can I do it with eight thousand sleepers staring me in the face?" "What, do they sleep with their eyes open?" asked one of the simple directors.

Algiers.—The country round Algiers is fine. The grape is so universally cultivated, that, within a circuit of four leagues, there are said to be not fewer than twenty thousand vineyards.

A magnificent Organ is in progress of erection at the restored Cathedral of St. Denis. This is the handiwork of MM. Cavallé-Coll, and will be the largest and most perfect instrument of its kind in France, containing eighty stops—those already finished are of a very superior tone—and a touch which is presumed to be unparalleled in lightness; a new invention having been applied to the key-board, for which an Englishman, Mr. Barker, has obtained a *brevel* in France.

Advantage of losing Sight.—Theodore Hook was asked the other day the following question:—"If a bill be drawn, payable so many days after sight, and proved to have been accepted by a man who had fallen blind, when would you recover your money?" "When he recovers his sight!" was the ready answer.

The path of glory, as it is called, proverbially leads to the grave—but what a grave!

Insensibility to Sound.—Old artillery men sometimes sleep while the cannon are thundering round them; and an engineer has been known to fall asleep in a boiler, while his fellows were hammering the outside of it.

Carriers of Walking Sticks.—The loungee rabs his mouth, his cheeks, his chin, with the handle of his stick; the happy man holds his cane by the middle and taps the palm of his other hand; the sad or reflective man carries his cane stuck perpendicularly to his leg; the absent man hits everything that lies in his way, without excepting the legs of the passengers; the student twirls his stick in every one's face; the dreamer holds it with both hands behind his back.

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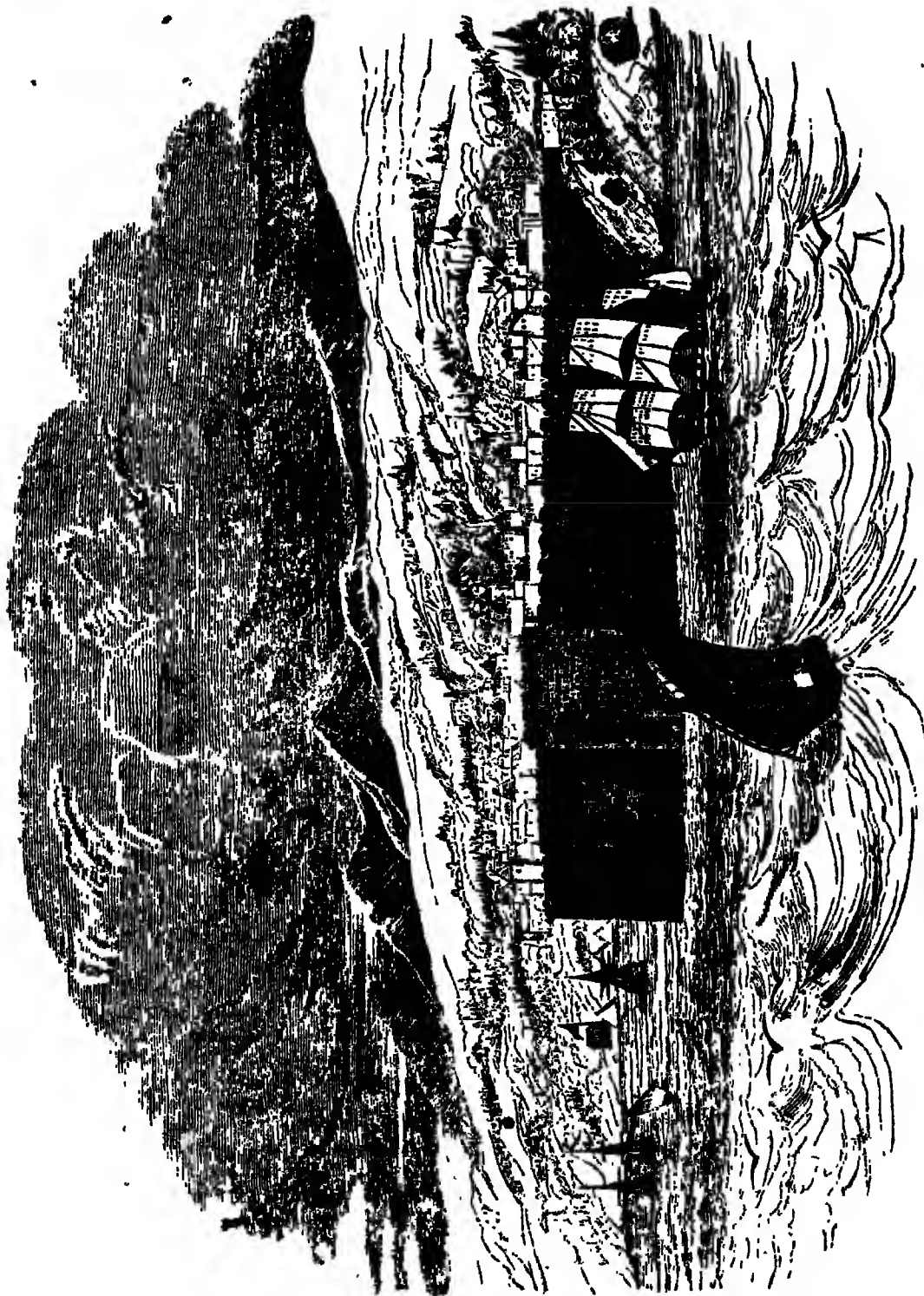
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ST. JEAN D'ACRE

ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

ACRE (ST. JEAN D'), a town of Syria, on the sea-coast, (N. lat. 32° 54', E. lon. 35° 4') and on a small promontory, which, with Mount Carmel lying to the south, forms a circular bay. Acre has been differently named at different times: it was first the Accho of the Scriptures.* During the sovereignty of the Greeks in Syria, and under the liberal auspices of the first Ptolemy, who enlarged and beautified it, it took his name, and was called Ptolemais.† The name of Acco was revived after it fell into the hands of the Saracens. Since then, it has borne the title of Acre, or, as rendered in French—Acro.

Acre is well known in the history of the Crusades, having been taken in 1191 by Philip Augustus of France, and Richard I. of England. This siege commenced A.D. 1189, and was concluded in July, A.D. 1191. Gibbon thus finely speaks of it:—

FIRST SIEGE OF ACRE.

"I shall not expatiate on the story of this memorable siege, which lasted nearly two years, and consumed, in a narrow space, the forces of Europe and Asia. Never did the flame of enthusiasm burn with fiercer and more destructive rage. At the sound of the holy trumpet, the Moslems of Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and the oriental provinces, assembled under the servant of the prophet, Conrad. Nine battles, not unworthy of the name, were fought in the neighbourhood of Mount Carmel, with such vicissitude of fortune, that in one attack, the Sultan (Saladin) forced his way into the city; that in one sally, the Christians penetrated to the royal tent. The Latin camp was thinned by famine, the sword, and the climate; but the tents of the dead were replenished with new pilgrims, who exaggerated the strength and speed of their approaching countrymen. The vulgar were astonished by the report, that the pope himself, with an innumerable crusade, was advanced as far as Constantinople, and the march of the emperor filled the east with more serious alarms.

At length, in the spring of the second year, the royal fleets of France and England cast anchor in the bay of Acre, and the siege was more vigorously prosecuted by the youthful emulation of the two kings, Philip Augustus and Richard Plantagenet. After every resource had been tried, and every hope was exhausted, the defenders of Acre submitted to their fate; a capitulation was granted, but their lives and liberties were taxed at the hard conditions of a ransom of two hundred thousand pieces of gold, the deliverance of one hundred nobles, and fifteen hundred inferior captives, and the restoration of the wood of the Holy Cross.‡

* Judges, c. i. v. 31—33.

† Eusebius, *Palestina Illustrata*, lib. p. 534.

‡ Gibbon's *Hist. of the Roman Empire*, Youngman's edition, p. 1161.

SUCCESSIVE SIEGES.

Having fallen, with all its Saracenic ornaments, into the hands of the Christians, it next passed from these to the Mahomedans* by conquest, and from the Mahomedans to the Christians again, till at length it fell under the power of the Arabs, after a long and sanguine siege.† It is said to have been then laid utterly waste, in revenge for the blood it had cost its besiegers; after which, in the emphatic language of one of the most eloquent historians, "a mournful and solitary silence prevailed along the coast, which had so long resounded with the World's Debate."‡

ANCIENT REMAINS.

Of the three periods above mentioned, in which it was successively under the sway of the Greeks, Saracens, and Christians, there exist many remains.

Of the PTOLEMAIC splendour, no perfect monument remains; but throughout the town are seen shafts of red and grey granite, and marble pillars, used as thresholds to large doorways, or lying neglected on the ground. Of these nearly two hundred are to be counted in the town.

The SARACENIC remains are only to be partially traced in the inner walls of the town, which have themselves been so often broken down and repaired, as to leave little visible of the original work; and all the mosques, fountains, bazaars, and other buildings, are in a style rather Turkish than Arabic, excepting perhaps an old Khan or caravanserai, which might perhaps be attributed to the Saracen age.

The CHRISTIAN ruins are altogether gone, scarcely leaving a trace of the spot on which they stood. The Cathedral church of St. Andrew, the church of St. John the Almsgiver, the magnificent palace of the Knights Hospitallers, all mentioned by Maundrell, are no longer to be seen. Even the three Gothic arches mentioned by Dr. Clarke,§ and called by the English sailors "King Richard's Palace," have been razed to the ground.

ACRE REBUILT.

Maundrell, even so late as the year 1696, after recapitulating the advantages of its situation both by sea and land, says, "Notwithstanding all these advantages, it has never been able to recover itself, since its last fatal overthrow. For besides a large Kane, in which the French factors have taken up their

* Sultan Serapha, upon the Christians breaking their oath, and massacring in one day nineteen Saracen merchants, laid siege to Acre, with an army of 160,000 infantry, and 60,000 cavalry, and took the city A.D. 1291. This took place upon the fifth of April, during so great a tempest, that the fugitives from the garrison, unable to reach the ships in the bay, perished in the waves. The spirited description of the confusion and slaughter that ensued on the capture of the city, may be seen preserved in the "*Gesta Del per Francos*," *Hansoe*, 1611.

† Buckingham's *Travels in Palestine*, p. 73.

‡ Gibbon's *Hist. Youngman's edition*, p. 1107.

§ Clarke's *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 379.

quarters, and a mosque, and a few poor cottagers, you see nothing here but a vast spacious ruin." It has risen again, however, from its ashes since that period, as its recent state will testify, for it was much strengthened, beautified, and improved. This restoration was due to Shoik Daher, who, in the middle of the eighteenth century, strengthened the town, and revived its commerce. Djezzar Pasha, his successor, fortified the place very strongly, and built a new mosque, according to the Turkish fashion, adorning it with columns that once belonged to the old Greek edifices of neighbouring cities. The streets of Acre are narrow, and the houses, which are of stone, have flat roofs. Europeans carry to Acre, cloth, lead, tin, &c., and receive in exchange cotton and rice. The port is small, and not deep, yet it is one of the best along the coast.

DEFENCE OF ACRE BY SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

The great celebrity of Acre, in modern times, is owing to Bonaparte's attempt to storm the place in the spring of 1799, when he entered Syria at the head of 12,500 men. The obstinate defence of the garrison, commanded by Djezzar, and aided by Sir Sidney Smith,† with English sailors, saved Acre from the repeated assaults of the French general, who, after spending more than sixty days before it, and losing nearly 3,000 men, retreated to Egypt. After the siege of 1799, the fortifications were repaired. In 1832, Acre stood another siege, whereby it fell into the hands of Mehemet Ali, the present Pasha of Egypt, who took it from the Sultan of Constantinople, his master, on the 2d of July.

TAKING OF ACRE, NOV. 3, 1840.

An officer on board the *Thunderer*, thus describes the late bombardment, whereby the British arms have been crowned with such success:—

"With the Admiral, six other line-of-battle ships, besides five or six frigates, four steamers, and the Turkish Admiral, we attacked Acre. The sight of the ships going in to engage, and taking up their positions under the heavy fire of the batteries, was the most magnificent I ever witnessed. One line of fortifications mounted eighty 24 and 32 pounders, besides twenty or thirty 13 and 18 inch mortars. The ships poured in their broadsides in the most terrific manner. It was one continued roar of guns, and the smoke darkened the atmosphere.

* Maundrell's Journey, p. 72.

† But for the arrival of Sir Sidney Smith, Djezzar Pasha, who had actually evacuated Caissa, a well-fortified town at the foot of Mount Carmel, was preparing to make good his retreat, and convey away his women and treasure. Our gallant countryman, however, having anchored in the road of Cabaa with an English squadron, deputed a French engineer (Col. Philippeaux) to aid him in fortifying the town. The Pasha, thus assisted and animated, determined to co-operate with the English squadron in the defence of the town. The result is well known.

"We commenced the action about two o'clock; and about 4, the most terrific explosion that could be imagined took place on shore. One of their magazines, containing five hundred barrels of powder, blew up, over which were stationed two thousand soldiers, the whole of whom were buried in the ruins, which covered the space of one acre. Many women and children were also killed by the explosion. By 6 o'clock, we drove them from all their guns except two or three. At sunset we ceased firing, and the batteries also stopped their fire. We then hauled off into deep water for the night. At 12 o'clock, a boat came off from the shore to say that the troops were evacuating the town, and a force was immediately sent ashore, and possession taken.

"The ruins of the magazine were the most dreadful sight the mind could imagine. The Turks, and Egyptians in the Turkish service, were busy pulling the dead bodies from the rubbish, and possessing themselves of every article of clothing, which better suited their taste than their own.

"We found in the town, two or three hundred pieces of brass cannon, fifty or sixty mortars, and I do not know how many iron ones; but there were one hundred and twenty mounted on the sea batteries, from 24 to 84 pounders. The town is filled with stores and ammunition. The largest magazine contains eight thousand barrels of powder, and a very large quantity of shot and shells. The mountaineers have brought in three thousand prisoners, and three Frenchmen amongst them."

Another letter from St. Jean d'Acre, by an eye-witness, dated Nov. 5, thus glowingly describes the aspect of the desolated town:—

"The town having surrendered yesterday morning, I went on shore and explored the scene of death. The sight of the place was truly piteous—a more heart-rending spectacle cannot be conceived. Both in the streets and round the walls of Acre, death, desolation, extreme misery, and wretchedness, are the only words I can use. Indeed, in the present moment of excitement, I feel myself quite incapable of writing a calm description. The town is a complete mass of ruins—not a house in the place, however small, that has escaped the fury of our shot. Guns burst, some dismounted, others damaged, appear in all quarters. Everything bears the most ample witness of the matchless precision of our guns. The place was deemed impregnable, and I must say I never have yet seen a fortress more amply provided with all the munitions of war. The walls are armed with one hundred and fifty pieces of heavy ordnance, besides eighteen heavy mortars on the sea fences, and I should certainly say, that in the hands of an European garrison, no force could take it. The ordnance stores of every description, and all in excellent order, are incredible—in this respect, the value of the place is immense. Excepting as a strong fortification, Acre is

nothing—a wretched town. ‘I visited the place where the magazine blew up yesterday.* The havoc is truly dreadful, as at the moment of explosion it was full of men, and the whole neighbourhood was torn up, as it were, from the very bowels of the earth, and scattered in great masses in every direction—men, women, children, horses, and asses, intermingled in the most ghastly manner. The appearance of the spot reminded me most strikingly of the crater of Vesuvius. A vast hollow, about a mile in circumference, is now presented, surrounded to a great distance with dead bodies.”

Poetry has also crowned this terrific taking of Acre, as will be seen by the following nervous lines from “The Times” :—

(*Britain loquitur.*)

Now ye ramparts! I am near you,
Strengthening your inviolate town,
For the flag of England hastens,
Not to save, but smite you down.

From a thousand mouths of terror,
Bolt on bolt is volleying fast,
And above the smoky darkness,
England's banner crowns the mast.

Slowly yields each solid bulwark,
To that iron tempest's power;
'Till, as from a flaming furnace,
Leaps to heaven the central tower.

Death is now in Acre's chambers,
Horror cramps each living heart, !
And the few surviving warriors,
O'er the shattered walls depart.

JOHN STERLING.

Acre has been called “the key-stone of the East;” and how important the possession of this fortified citadel is, Daniel Clarke, the traveller, has forcibly related. It is in good hands now, and such as bid fair to retain it.

Clarke thus speaks:—

IMPORTANCE OF THE PORT OF ACRE.

The port of Acre is bad; but it is better than any other along the coast. The possession of Acre extends the influence of its governor even to Jerusalem. It enables its possessor to shut up the country, and keep its inhabitants in subjection. All the rice, which is the staple food of the people, enters by this avenue; the lord of Acre may, if it so please him, cause a famine to be felt even over all Syria. Djeddar Pacha used to insist that the key of a public granary is the mightiest engine of military operation, and thus it was, that he, an old man pent up in a small tower by the sea-side, possessed so extraordinary an empire. Hence, too, we find Acre to have been the last place from which the Christians were expelled from the Holy Land; and hence, its

* The *Eastern Observer*, of Smyrna, in alluding to a second explosion which has taken place at Acre, reports that a number of poor Arab women were there, seeking among the ruins the dead bodies of their husbands and relations. These, he supposes, amounted to one hundred, and it is probable they all met a melancholy fate by the explosion.

tranquil possession, notwithstanding the insignificant figure it makes in the map of this great continent, is of more importance than the greatest armies, under the most victorious leader ever sent for the invasion of the country.*

SONG.

(*For the Mirror.*)

There's a mystical joy ever beaming
That enchants every hour of our days,
In youth, be we waking, or dreaming,
That lights the whole world with its rays:
Oh! ask and the lover will name,
Whence had this bright magic its birth,
“Like a star, he would answer, it came
From heaven to unite us on earth!”

For the lights of the planets above us,
So chaste, nor so lovely appear,
Till the eyes of the sweet ones that love us,
Look up to that love-lighted sphere!
Yes, 'tis love! in whose halo our faces
With youth's vernal freshness renew,
If we walked in the footsteps she traces,
'T would be summer the whole year through!

J. F.

THE “MAITRE DE DANSE” IN AMERICA.

NATIONAL characteristics are not easily effaced. It has been remarked, and with truth, that in the foundation of a colony, the Spaniards commence by building a church, the English a tavern, and the French a dancing-saloon. I was travelling in America, and had arrived at the frontier of the country inhabited by the Indians. It was within the recesses of an extensive forest that my guide conducted me, where we encountered the Cayongas, a tribe belonging to a nation of the Iroquois. In a large barn-like structure, we discovered about twenty of these savages, both men and women, ludicrously bedecked, the ears fantastically ornamented, plumes of feathers upon their heads, and rings through their nostrils. A Frenchman of diminutive stature, powdered and frizzled a-la-mode, dressed in a light green coat, satin waistcoat, the front of his shirt and ruffles of muslin, was scraping on a fiddle, and dancing to an old French air, before the delighted savages. Monsieur Violet, (that was his name) it appears, was “maitre de danse” to these barbarians, receiving in return for his lessons, beaver skins, &c. He had been a lackey in the service of General Rochambaud, during the American war. Remaining at New York after the departure of our army, he resolved to teach the beaux-arts to the unenlightened Americans. His views extending with his success, our modern Orpheus, aimed at the civilization of the wandering hordes of the New World. In speaking to me of the Indians, he always addressed them as “the Messieurs Sauvages,” and “the Dames Sauvages.” We extolled the agility of his pupils, and I must confess I never before witnessed

* Clarke's Travels, vol. iv. pp. 89—90.

such antics. Monsieur Violet, placing his little violin scientifically upon his breast, and turning his instrument, cried out "to your places!" And the whole gang leaped like a band of demons. Monsieur Violet is illustrative of the peculiar characteristic of his countrymen.

T. H.

ROSE BENGALI.

You know well the famous Rose Bengali! Rose, the Italian-singer, who was so lively, so beautiful, and who made beautiful days for nearly all the theatres of Italy; Rose Bengali, so delicious in comedy, so sublime a lyric tragedian; Rose, who inspired Donizetti with his most impassioned creations, Bellini with his sweetest breathings, and all contemporary masters with their most dulcet and touching melodies; Rose, who was born like the birds, to sing and to love, and who had loved so much and sang so well all her life; Rose, who made the noblest seigniors of Naples, Milan, and Venice, die of ennui and despair; Rose, finally, the very sister of pleasure, but whose warm heart made her a sister of charity—this child of the world as good as a child of heaven—she, with all this brilliant youthfulness, this beauty almost divine, all this talent, all this genius, this royalty without sceptre or diadem, which commanded all hearts—Rose Bengali, alas!—But I dream; you, perhaps, do not know the woman—the marvel of whom I speak; I will enlarge my *dénouement*.

For such as love material forms, behold the portrait of Rose Bengali, designed by a Florentine artist, and which I have here before me, to distract or sooth me as I gaze; it is a portrait of the simplest kind, the most natural, graceful, and ravishing, that you can imagine. Judge yourself! Rose is standing against a bush of roses, at her feet a harp; the young girl contemplates the heavens, the infinite and unknown, while at the same time, her fingers make one of the chords of that harmonious instrument tremble, as with a sigh, or with a prayer, a tone of enthusiasm or love. She is clothed in white; her tunic, with its floating folds, is gathered in a knot, leaving her arms exposed—arms the best made, and most charming in the world. The beauty of Rose is one of those perfections with which one sometimes meets in the south of Italy; the clearness of the lines, the delicacy of the contours, the fire and vivacity in the glance, which yet excludes neither sweetness nor modesty, the lustrous expression of the features which reveals the soul upon the face, the thousand treasures which the dazzling palette of the painter can produce, but which escape, alas! the puissance of the writer. When one admires altogether those large glorious eyes, which fascinate from afar with their glance, those magnificent tresses which play upon her nude neck, those graces which haunt her movements, and flit about her transparent

robes, that front whose purity is exquisite, that mute mouth which breathes perfume in its sighs, all that delicious person, elegant, beautiful, and perfect, it is difficult, it is impossible not to surrender one's self up to the charms of such a spectacle, to the ravishing ideas with which you are surrounded, and to the splendid effect of which she is the cause.

For those who love the realities of biography, here are biographic details. Rose Bengali was young, feeble, and little; she was unfortunate, and of poor parents. At the age of ten years, she met with a celebrated actress, whose name I do not know, and asked alms of her. The actress took pity on the pretty child, and kissed her beautiful eyes, and shook her hand dearly; she spoke to her, questioned her of her home, clothed her in choice garments, placed her at her table, and took her to her heart; she even gave her a piano, masters, and music, and Rose became, in a few years, all that I have told you, as if in an instant.

Lastly, for those who love romantic histories, here is an adventure which very much resembles a romance. In 1838, Rose Bengali was the favourite actress of the Theatre of La Scala, at Milan; her dramatic triumphs had made the young prima donna a veritable woman of fashion; she had a palace of marble, a villa on the borders of the lake, a carriage drawn by horses of Bohemia, numerous and skilful servants, flambeau-bearers, negroes, and a pack of hounds. The apartment of Rose herself, resembled a vast saloon, swimming in waves of golden light; every evening, thither crowded, to throw themselves at her feet, all the youth, opulence, and aristocracy of Milan; it was they who spread at the feet of this worshipped idol, their wit, love, gallantry, ducats, bouquets, and madrigals. But, alas! listen a little; in this pillow so soft and so downy, and so beautifully adorned with rich things, there glided in soon a something—a crumpled leaf, a thorn, which came to interrupt these dreamy joys, and dissipate these happy dreams. This that happened to the sweet chantress of Milan was something very simple, very natural, and very sad. Rose, who had for so long a time played the fool, who took so much pleasure in making all the world adore her, without ever loving any one, Rose fell herself in love, and to adore a young man named Leonard Massi, a musician of the orchestra of La Scala, a wretched violinist! What an idea!

To tell the truth, Leonard was much below his proper position, he had youth, intelligence, and extraordinary handsomeness; he thought like an artist, like an artist who thinks; he discoursed as a gentleman, and improvised as a poet. Leonard was poor—Rose wished to be poor as he, at least she tried to appear so. From that moment adieu to the marble palace! adieu to the pretty villa which shone glassily down in the crystal lake, as a palace that the sun tinselled every morning! Adieu the met-

blesome steeds and the glittering coaches. Adieu the servants, the nobles, and the negroes. One and all are ready to forsake her, as soon as they know of her love for Leonard. It is all done; adieu all luxury, all magnificence, all the amiable follies of other days. Hail to the Magdalen, the loving and repentant sinner!

The stage was now forgotten, and Rose devoted herself wholly to her Leonard. Her marbles the most rare, her jewels the most precious, her stuffs the most sumptuous, she changed, she sold, in order to administer to the tender weakness she had for Leonard. Excellent and singular girl! She felt the highest joy in clothing herself in garments of a modesty without show; she attached a virtue to plainness, and gave her toilet a simplicity, which rendered it yet more original and charming.

Two years she had now yielded herself up to her home. She had sacrificed herself to a man—to a lover—forgetting her fortune, and her once brilliant prospects. Rose had now no longer at her feet, friends, flatterers, slaves, or poets; she had long laid aside the glittering crown and the magnificent draperies of the theatre; she had renounced that fairy empire of the imagination: she had sold one by one the lofty spoils of her ephemeral royalty; in a word, she had deigned to make herself humble and modest. But poverty now began to knock at the door. Leonard, rejected and despised by other men, was unable to obtain engagement at the theatre. Rose, unsought after, now sought in vain, engagement. Many and deep were the pains she had to endure, disappointment and grief, but, worst of all, poverty.

At this time, however, owing to her cogent persuasions, she obtained an engagement. The news of her return to the stage had been widely spread by a *vi-devant* admirer, and he crowded the house with his friends and retainers.

The part chosen was Norma. The evening of this representation, announced five days beforehand, made the theatre of La Scala present to the eye, a dazzling and bewildering picture; and when the curtain rose, and the scene proceeded, Rose was still the sublime tragedian, the incomparable singer, that had ravished Milan of old.

At the fall of the curtain, Rose was called for with thundering applause; the scene was heaped with flowers, with sonnets, and with crowns; they prayed her, amid acclamations and bravos, that she should again return to the stage—to the theatre of La Scala, the scene of her first success. Rose fell overpowered, almost dying, through fatigue, joy, and grief.

When she returned to her senses, she was pale, her form without movement and voiceless, and she found that they had gently carried her to her own chamber; Leonard was bending sorrowfully over her. But though the night's entertainment would make her

comparatively rich, yet the bare walls were still staring her in the face, and all the chill remembrances of their late state rushed on her mind. At last, after some moments of reverie and distraction, Rose gazed for a long time round her chamber; she then pointed out to Leonard her solitary music-case, on the pulpit of her piano, and her eyes seemed to say—"Sing, sing for me!" Leonard obeyed this strange prayer; he threw his fingers over the instrument; at the first sounds played by his hands, at the first notes of the prelude, Rose lifted lively her head, in the attitude to listen. Leonard then commenced to sing that noted elegy which Rossini has composed on the love-agonies of a young girl—but all at once, falling against the side of her couch, her eyes half-closed with grief, and the sigh yet between her lips, Rose endeavoured to continue singing that which Leonard had commenced, with a voice of trembling; but the inspired voice of Rose appeared to lose itself, and, without finishing the song, ended in a murmur that was yet a melody. Leonard ran to her, called her by all the names that are most sweet, and was prodigal of the tenderest promises, but, alas! of what good were his charming words for one who had no need, in this world, either of carresses or kindnesses.

After all, it was beautiful to die as did Rose, to expire near him whom she had so tenderly loved, her soul singing a melodious hymn, and wafted away at the same time by poesy, love, and music.

TRAITS OF GENIUS.

(From a Correspondent.)

RICHARD BONNINGTON,

On his offering a drawing to a friend, which he had expressly made for him, he said:—

"My object has been to affect your feelings by the imagery of beauty, as they might be affected when viewing the same scene at the dawn of day, as I have often done.

"I humbly think I have effected this purpose, for I am pleased at hearing you exclaim, 'How beautiful!—how expressive the effect of morning-light!'"

This ingenuous youth quitted his native village, and his playmates, as simple Richard Bonnington.

In after years he returned, the cultivated and well-known Bonnington of civilized Europe.

One of the first of those he encountered was an intimate and early friend, to whom he warmly extended his hand, but the other, who had heard the trumpet of his fame, in a tone of cautious distance and respect, addressed him as *Mr. Bonnington*, at which the artist burst into tears.

His days were but few after this.

IRRELIGIONISM OF THE OLD WORLD.

(From *Fraser's Magazine*, No. cxxxii.)

ONE painful fact is obvious on the face of all ancient history; the common people were kept not only in slavery, but in a state of deplorable ignorance. Many causes will account for this. The *cannille*—the *οι πολλοι*—were never looked on in that lofty and enduring light in which they were regarded in Christian lands. They were the drudges and the servitors of the philosophers, the statesmen and the warriors—the beasts of burden—the helots of the earth. They had a birth-day and a death-day—a commencement and a close of their being on earth. Their physical comfort was their *summum bonum* in the universal estimate; their glory the toughness of their muscles, and the beauty and proportions of their frames. There was not seen in the helot's breast the germ and rudiment of an endless being, a fragment of eternity; and no treatment which excludes this great idea, can elevate or refine. They had no seventh portion of time allotted to rest and to moral investigation. No Sabbath sun ever shone on them. No day overtook them on which they could burst the chains that bound them to the oar, and hold free and full communion with the Father of Spirits. There was no power able to multiply and diffuse the maxims of sages, the prescriptions of virtue. There was no hero. The truth is sufficiently made out, that the common people, in the meridian of the luminaries of Athens, were a degraded and uncultivated people, and that most of the sceptic and sentimental descriptions of that period are absurd.

The great defect in all the literature of ancient times, is its destitution of a true religious principle:—"When we look back, we see that literature has been originated and modified by a variety of principles; by patriotism and natural feeling, by reverence for antiquity, by the spirit of innovation, by enthusiasm, by scepticism, by the passion for fame, by romantic love, and by political and religious convulsions. Now we do not expect from these causes any higher action of the mind than they have yet produced. Perhaps most of them have spent their force. The very improvements of society seem to forbid the manifestation of their former energy; for example, the patriotism of antiquity, and the sexual love of chivalrous ages, which inspired so much of the old literature, and now seem to be feverish and vicious excesses of natural principles, have gone we trust never to return. Are we asked, then, to what impulse or power we look for a higher literature than has yet existed? We answer, to a new action or development of the religious principle. By revealing to us the supreme purpose of the Creator, it places us, as it were, in the centre of the universe, from which the harmonies, true relations, and brightest aspect of things,

are discerned. It unites calmness and enthusiasm; and the concord of these seemingly hostile elements is essential to the full and healthy action of the creative powers of the soul. It opens the eye to beauty and the heart to love. Literature, under this influence, will become more generous and single-hearted; will penetrate further into the soul; will find new interpretations of nature and life; will breathe a martyr's love of truth, tempered with a never-failing charity; and whilst sympathising with all human suffering, will still be pervaded by a healthful cheerfulness; and will often break forth in tones of irrepressible joy, responsive to that happiness which fills God's universe. To us hardly anything seems plainer than that the soul was made for God. Not only its human affections guide it to Him—not only its deep wants, its dangers and helplessness, guide it to Him; there are still higher indications of the end for which it was made. It has a capacity of more than human love—a principle or power of adoration, which cannot bound itself to finite natures, which carries up the thoughts above the visible universe, and which in approaching God rises into a solemn transport, a mingled awe and joy, prophetic of a higher life; and a brighter signature of our own end and happiness cannot be conceived."

The disclosures of revelation have unquestionably opened up new fields of literary pursuits—unfolded new springs of hope, of action, and development. Under the inspiration of Christianity, literature will rise from a lowly shrub, creeping upon earth, and interweaving itself with ruins and decay, and raise its branches to the heavens, giving refreshing shelter to mankind, and communicating beauty to the world. Let it only be grafted on the Tree of Life, and it will wave with golden fruit. Heretofore it has borne but crabs—sour to the taste, and unfit for food, even when outwardly beautiful to the eye. Parnassus must be improved by accessions from Mount Zion, and Helicon filled with sweetened and living waters; and the pilgrim poets that dwell amid these ancient resting-places must look up for a richer inspiration than Apollo or the Muses can yield them. Apart from every other and loftier consideration, Christianity is a new world; and presents in that new world a new and loftier eminence, on which standing we can trace more lucidly the sympathies, relationships, harmonies, and extended treasures of the old. * * *

At the present day, we most certainly possess scope for the expression of mind in all the formulas of speech and human utterance, such as the ancient republics never realized. If in modern times our literature pinos, and is inferior to that of the ancient world, the true cause must be in ourselves, not in our circumstances. We have the accumulated fruits of induction—the loading-strings of profound experience throughout the labyrinths of human investigation,—our knowledge of the

once-buried treasures of geology, of the forms and classification of minerals, of the stars in the skies,—our intimacy with the secrets of nature as divulged in chemistry, and with the properties of all productions, as fixed and propounded in our pharmacopœias; and all these, thrice illumined by the lights and glories of revealed religion, place us on a point from which we command the resources of the universe, and, if possessed of genius, we may breathe into them quickening energy, and render them the formulas of a great and sublime literature. In addition to all this, the fields of nature are ever varying, and ever beautiful; its lights and shadows present ever-endless and ever-evanescent loveliness. We only want mind to stamp upon the ore the shape and the superscription of its might, to set forth its compressed and selected imaginings in lucid order, and in striking forms. It is not at present an increased importation of raw material we want,—it is rather an increase of intellectual might, concentrated and converging on the materials already subjected to our use. We can conceive no greater mischief than dormant intellect enshrined in material but dumb creation, or embalmed like a fly in amber, visible by another light, and its torpor the only condition visible. We are persuaded that mental power has not reached its maximum even in Milton or in Shakspeare; mightier conquests are still before it. More magnificent monuments still remain; let not those raised by the master-spirits of the past be used as mausolea, wherein shall be entombed the souls of the present; but rather as scaffolding to yet more gorgeous and glorious erections—as platforms on which genius shall feed high its giant strength, and prepare and plume itself for a more sublime flight.

APARTMENT IN THE RIALTO.

I was shown up a broad winding staircase of mosaics, into an apartment whose unparalleled splendour burst through the opening door with an actual glare, making me sick and dizzy with luxuriousness.

In the architecture and embellishments of the chamber, the evident intention had been to dazzle and astound. Little attention had been paid to the *decora* of what is technically called *keeping*, or the proprieties of nationality. The eye wandered from object to object, and rested upon none—neither the grotesques of the Greek painters—nor the sculptures of the best Italian days—nor the huge carvings of untutored Egypt.

Rich draperies in every part of the room, trembled to the vibration of low, melancholy music, whose unseen origin doubtless lay in the recesses of the crimson trellis-work which tapestried the ceiling. The senses were oppressed by mingled and conflicting perfumes, reeking up from strange convolute censers, which seemed actually endued with a mons-

trous vitality, as their particoloured fires writhed up and down, and around their extravagant proportions.

The rays of the newly-risen sun poured in upon the whole, through windows formed each of a single pane of crimson-tinted glass. Glancing to and fro, in a thousand reflections, from curtains which rolled from their cornices, like cataracts of molten silver, the beams of natural glory mingled at length fitfully with the artificial light, and lay weltering in subdued masses, upon a carpet of rich, liquid-looking cloth of Chili gold.

Here, then, had the hand of genius been at work. A chaos, a wilderness of beauty lay before me. A sense of dreamy and incoherent grandeur took possession of my soul, and I remained within the doorway, speechless.—*Bentley's Miscellany*, NO. XLVIII.

ERASMUS ON EARLY RISING.

(Concluded from page 375.)

A. Go now and change sleep, the image of death, for this pleasure, if it seems good.

B. But in the meantime all my dear night-sports are lost.

A. He looses lead well who turns it into gold. Nature has given the night for sleep. The rising sun calls up both every kind of living creatures, and especially man, to the offices of life. "They who sleep," says Paul, "sleep in the night; and they who are drunk, are drunk in the night." Therefore, what is more scandalous than, when all animals awake with the sun, some also salute him, not appearing, but coming, with singing; when, too, the elephant adores the rising sun, that man should snore a long time after the rising of the sun? As often as that golden splendour enlightens your chamber, does it not seem to upbraid you asleep—"Thou fool, why dost thou love to lose the best part of thy life! I do not shine for this, that you may sleep in private, but that you may mind the most honourable things." Nobody lights a candle that he may sleep, but that he may do some work; and dost thou nothing else but snore by this candle, the finest of all.

B. You declaim prettily.

A. Not prettily, but truly. Well, I doubt not but that you have frequently heard that saying of Hesiod's—"sparing is too late at the bottom."

B. Very frequently; for wine is the best in the middle of the cask.

A. But the first part of life, to wit, youth, is the best.

B. Truly, so it is.

A. But the morning is that to the day, which youth is to life. Do not they do therefore foolishly, who lose their youth in trifles, and their morning hours in sleep?

B. So it appears.

A. Is there any possession which is to be compared to the life of man?

B. Not indeed all the treasure of the Persians.

A. Would you not hate the man very much, who could and would shorten your life by evil arts for some years?

B. I had rather take his own life from him!

A. But I think them worse, and more mischievous, who voluntarily make life shorter to themselves.

B. I confess, if any such are found.

A. Found? Nay, all like you do that.

B. Good words!

A. Very good. Think thus with your mind. Does not Pliny seem to have said very rightly, that life is a watch, and that man lives so many the more hours, by so much the greater part of his time he spends in his studies. For sleep is a sort of death. From whence, also, it is pretended, to come from hell, and is called the brother-german of death by Homer. Wherefore, those whom sleep seizeth are neither thought amongst the living, nor amongst the dead, but yet rather amongst the dead.

B. So it seems indeed.

A. Now cast up the account for me, how great a part of life they cut off from themselves, who every day lose three or four hours in sleep.

B. I see an immense sum.

A. Would you not reckon the alchymist for a god, who could add ten years to the sum of your life, and call back advanced age to the vigour of youth.

B. Why should not I reckon him so?

A. But you may do this so divine benefit to yourself.

B. How so?

A. Because the morning is the youth of day, youth keeps warm till noon. By and by the manly age, after which comes the evening for old age; sunset succeeds the evening, as the death of the day. And frugality is a great revenue, but no where greater than here. Has not he therefore procured to himself a huge gain, who has ceased to lose a great part of his life, and that the best?

B. You say true.

A. Wherefore this complaint seems very imprudent, who accuse nature for having bounded the life of man within so narrow a compass, when they of their own accord cut off from themselves so much of that which was given them. Life is long enough for every one, if it be disposed of sparingly. Nor is it a mean proficiency, if a man does everything in its time. After dinner we are scarce half men, when the body, loaded with meat, oppresses the mind. Nor is it safe to call off the spirits from the workhouse of the stomach, performing the office of concoction to the upper parts, much less after supper. But a man is wholly man in the morning hours, whilst the body is fit for all service, whilst the cheerful mind is vigorous, whilst all the organs of the mind are quiet and serene, whilst the particle of divine air breathes, as a certain one says,

and has a tincture of its original, and is carried out to honourable things.

B. You preach indeed finely.

A. A brazier, for poor vile gain, rises before light, and the love of wisdom cannot awake us, that we may hear at least the sun calling us up to inestimable gain. Doctors commonly give not physic but in the morning; they knew the golden hours to relieve the body. Do not we know them to enrich and cure the mind? But if these things have little weight with you, hear what that heavenly wisdom with Solomon says, "They that watch for me," says she, "in the morning, shall find me." In the mystical psalms, how great is the commendation of the morning time. In the morning the prophet extols the mercy of the Lord, in the morning his voice is heard, in the morning his prayer prevents the Lord. And in Luke, the Evangelist, the people desiring health and instruction from the Lord, flock in to him in the morning. Why do you sigh?

B. I scarce refrain from tears, when I think how great a waste of life I have made.

A. It is needless to be tormented for those things which cannot be recalled, but yet may be cured by future care. Apply yourself to this therefore, rather than make a waste of the time to come, too, by a vain lamenting of what is past.

B. You advise well, but long custom has now brought me under it's dominion.

A. Puh! a nail is driven out by a nail, custom is overcome by custom.

B. But it is hard to leave those things to which you have long been used.

A. At the beginning, indeed, but a different custom first mitigates that trouble, by and by turns it into the greatest pleasure, that you ought not to be concerned for a short trouble.

B. I am afraid it will not succeed.

A. If you were seventy years old, I would not take you off from what you were used to, now you are scarce past the seventeenth year, I believe. And what is it which that age cannot conquer, if there be but a ready mind.

B. Truly I will attempt it, and endeavour that I may become a philologer of a lover of sleep.

A. If you do that, I know well enough, after a few days, both you will rejoice in earnest to yourself, and give me thanks who advised you to it.

THE commencement of the bathing season, in Holland, is annually announced with as much form as the opening of the sessions of the States General. The chief place in the neighbourhood of the Hague, is Scheveninge, which is situated about three miles distant. Here there is a kind of large boarding-house, which is often frequented by the Royal Family. The season is opened by an official bulletin, which announces that the proper time is arrived, the temperature of the air upon the shore being seventy-nine degrees of Fahrenheit.

W. G. C.

New Books.

Money. A Comedy, in Five Acts. By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. [Saunders and Otley.]

[COMEDY call it if you will, but assuredly there was never one before, possessed with so lugubrious a moral. The gist of the play is this:—

As independent in mind as in expression, Evelyn, a poor scholar, is, by the will of an eccentric millionaire, of congenial spirit, suddenly made inheritor of a vast fortune. Him we admire: but beyond this person, the majority of characters is to be despised. On this accession to wealth, Acts and actors, which beforetime invested him with contempt, thereupon as grovellingly beset him with their homage, as ever did the Babelonite slaves the "golden-calf," at Dura. The mammon-god, in truth, is in their hearts, and to that "molten-image" unequivocally they bow. These things are sad,—nay, shameful—yet are they but faithful to the truth.

As to beauty of composition, the play has little; penned wholly for stage effect, it is chiefly commendable for good attitudes and showy points.]

Evelyn tells his History.

Left fatherless, when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food, to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land—that's a lie, Graves.

Graves. A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

Evelyn. On the strength of that lie I was put to school—went to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge he is a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished—I looked to a high degree, leading to a fellowship; that is, an independence for myself—a home for my mother. One day a young lord insulted me—I retorted—he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar!—a Pariah!—a thing to be struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horse-whipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole College! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the curer of a life blasted. That is the difference between Rich and Poor: it takes a whirlwind to move the one—a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived I had one to toil for—and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned myself to my fate; the Alps above me seemed too high to ascend—I ceased to care what became of me. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey.

An Ambitious Student.

And thus must I grind out my life for ever!—I am ambitious, and Poverty drags me down!—I have learning, and Poverty makes me the drudge of fools!—I love, and Poverty stands like a spectre before the altar! But, no, no—If, as I believe, I am but loved again, I will—will—what?—turn opium-eater, and dream of the Eden I may never enter!

Virtue and Beauty in the World's Eye.

Look you, now—robe Beauty in silk and cashmere—hand Virtue into her chariot—lackey their caprices—wrap them from the winds—fence them round with a golden circle—and Virtue and Beauty are as goddesses, both to peasant and to prince. Strip them of the adjuncts—see Beauty and Virtue poor—depen-

dent—solitary—walking the world defenceless; oh, then, the devotion changes its character—the same crowd gather eagerly around—fools—foes—libertines—unt to worship at the shrine, but to sacrifice the victim!

Is she in Love?

Let me think. It was yesterday her hand trembled when mine touched it. And the rose I gave her—yes, she pressed her lips to it once when she seemed as if she saw me not. But it was a trap—a trick—for I was as poor then as now. This will be a jest for them all! Well, encourage! it is but a poor heart that a coquet's contempt can break! And now that I care for no one, the world is but a great chess-board, and I will sit down in earnest and play with Fortune!

Evelyn's Declaration of Love to Clara.

No—speak not!—my heart has broke its silence, and you shall hear the real. For you I have endured the weary bondage of this house—the fool's gibe—the hireling's sneer—the bread, purchased by toils, that should have led me to loftier ends: yes, to see you—hear you—breathe the same air—be ever at hand—that if others slighted, from one at least you might receive the luxury of respect:—for this—for this I have lingered, suffered, and forborne. Oh, Clara! we are orphans both—friendless both; you are all in the world to me: turn not away—my very soul speaks in these words—I LOVE YOU!

Clara. No—Evelyn—Alfred—No! say it not—think it not—it were madness.

Evelyn. Madness!—Nay, hear me yet. I am poor—peniless—a beggar for bread to a dying servant. True!—But I have a heart of iron! I have knowledge—patience—health—and my love for you gives me at least amhitlan! I have trifled with my own energies till now, for I despised all things till I loved them. With you to toil for—your step to support—your path to smooth—and I—I, poor Alfred Evelyn—promise at least to win for you even fame and fortune! Do not withdraw your hand—this hand—shall it not be mine?

Sir John Vesey, a Man of the World.

There are two rules in life—First—Men are valued not for what they are, but what they seem to be. Secondly, if you have no merit or money of your own, you must trade on the merits and money of other people. My father got the title by services in the army, and died penniless. On the strength of his services I got a pension of 400*l.* a-year—on the strength of 400*l.* a-year, I took credit for 800*l.* on the strength of 800*l.* a-year, I married your mother with 10,000*l.* on the strength of 10,000*l.* I took credit for 40,000*l.*, and paid Dirty Gossip three guineas a-week to go about everywhere calling me "Stingy Jack."

A Gentleman in Black.

So, Mr. Graves is the executor—the will is addressed to him? The same Mr. Graves who is always in black—always lamenting his ill fortune and his sainted Maria, who led him the life of a dog?

Sir John. The very same. His liveries are black—his carriage is black—he always rides a black galloway—and, faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to his deceased wife, the sainted Maria, by marrying a black woman.

Reading of the Will.

Sir John. How d'ye do!—Ah! How d'ye do, gentlemen? This is a most melancholy meeting! The poor deceased!—what a man he was!

Blount. I was christened Frederick after him! He was my first cousin.

Sir John. And Georgina, his own niece—next of kin—an excellent man, though odd—a kind heart, but no liver! I sent him, twice a-year, thirty dozen of the Cheltenham waters. It's a comfort to reflect on these little attentions at such a time.

Stout. And I, too, sent him the Parliamentary Debates, regularly, bound in calf. He was my second cousin—sensible man—and a follower of Malthus; never married to increase the surplus population, and fritter away his money on his own children. And now—

Sharp. The will is very short—being all personal

property. He was a man that always came to the point.

Sir John. I wish there were more like him!—(Groans and shakes his head.)

[Chorus groan and shake their heads.]

Sharp (reading). "I, Frederick James Marlandus of Calcutta, being, at the present date, of sound mind, though Indian body, do hereby give, will, and bequeath—imprimis, to my second cousin, Benjamin Stout, Esq., of Pall Mall, London—

[Chorus exhibit lively emotion.]
Being the value of the Parliamentary Debates, with which he has been pleased to trouble me for some time past—deducting the carriage thereof, which he always forgot to pay—the sum of 1*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*

[Chorus breathe more freely.]

Stout. Eh, what!—1*l.*? On, hang the old miser!

Sir John. Decency—decency! Proceed, Sir.

Sharp. "Item.—To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my nearest male relative—

[Chorus exhibit lively emotion.]

Blount. Poor old Boy!

[Georgina puts her arm over Blount's chair.]

Sharp. "Being, as I am informed, the best dressed young gentleman in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of 500*l.* to buy a dressing-case.

[Chorus breathe more freely; Georgina catches her father's eye, and removes her arm]

Blount (laughing confusedly). Ha! Ha! Ha! Vow pour wit—low!—vow!—vow!—vow! low!

Sir John. Silence, now, will you?

Sharp. "Item.—To Charles Land Glossmore—who asserts that he is my relation—my collection of dried butterflies, and the pedigree of the Mandarins from the reign of King John.

[Chorus as before.]

Glossmore. Butterflies!—Pedigree!—I disown the plebeian!

Sir John (angrily). Upon my word, this is too revolting! Decency—go on.

Sharp. "Item.—To Sir John Vesey, Baronet, Knight of the Guelph, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.—[Chorus as before.]

Sir John. Hush! Now it is really interesting!

Sharp. "Who married my sister, and who sends me every year the Cheltenham waucos, which nearly gave me my death—by bequeath—the empty hostles.

Sir John. Why, the ungrateful, rascally, old—

Chorus. Decency, Sir John—decency!

Sharp. "Item.—To Henry Graves, Esq., of the Albany—

[Chorus as before.]

Graves. Pooh, gentlemen—my usual luck—not even a ring. I dare swear!

Sharp. "The sum of 5,000*l.* in the Three per Cents.

Lady Franklin. I wish you joy!

Graves Joy—pooh! Three per Cents!—Funds sure to go! Had it been land, now—though only an acre!—just like my luck.

Sharp. "Item.—To my niece, Georgina Vesey—

[Chorus as before.]

Sir John. Ah, now it comes!

Sharp. "The sum of 10,000*l.* Indian stock, being, with her father's reputed savings, as much as a single woman ought to possess.

Sir John. And what the devil, then, does the old fool do with all his money?

Chorus. Really, Sir John, this is too revolting. Decency! Hush!

Sharp. "And, with the aforesaid legacies and exceptions, I do will and bequeath the whole of my fortune, in India stock, Bonds, Exchequer bills, Three per Cents, Consols, and in the Bank of Calcutta, (constituting him hereby sole residuary legatee and joint executor with the aforesaid Henry Graves, Esq.,) to Alfred Evelyn, now or formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge—

[Universal Excitement.]

Sharp. Bring, I am told, an odility, like myself—the only one of my relations who never loaned on me, and who, having known privation, may the better employ wealth."

What is Honesty?

Evelyn. Sharp, come here—let me look at you? You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest;—but what is honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Evelyn. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches' pocket! Observe, I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both;—the man there—the gold here! Now, there is many a man in those streets honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul, too, for that little coin? Is that the fault of the man?—no! 'tis the fault of mankind! God made man; behold what mankind have made a man! When I was poor I hat'd the world; now I am rich I despise it! Fools—knaves—hypocrites!—By the by, Sharp, send 100*l.* to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yesterday.

An Even Temper.

Clara. Such a misfortune! poor Smith is in tears—I promised to break it to you. Your little Charley had been writing his copy, and spilt the ink on the table; and Smith not seeing it—and taking out the turban to put in the pearls as you desired—she—she—

Lady Franklin. Ha! ha! laid it on the table, and the ink spilt it. Ha! ha! how well I can fancy the face she made! Seriously, on the whole, it is fortunate; for I think I look best, after all, in the black hat and feathers.

Clara. Dear Lady Franklin, you really have the sweetest temper!

Lady Franklin. I hope so—for it's the most becoming turban a woman can wear!

The Newspapers.

Ay—read the newspapers!—they'll tell you what this world is made of. Daily calendars of misery and woe. Here, advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap warehouses, and spotted boys with two heads. So much for dopes and impostors! Turn to the other column—police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgery, and a biographical sketch of the snail-nosed man who murdered his own three little cherubs at Prunusville. Do you fancy these but exceptions to the general victim and health of the nation?—turn to the morning article! and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness in melancholy idiotism of that half the population who think differently from yourself. In my day I have seen already eighteen crises, six annihilations of Agriculture and Commerce, four overthrow of the Church, and three last, final, awful, and irremediable destructions of the entire Constitution! And that's a newspaper!

A Marriage of Pride but Poverty.

Shared? Never let the woman who really loves, comfort her selfishness with such delusion! In marriages like this the wife cannot share the burden; it is he—the husband—to provide, to scheme, to work, to endure—to grind out his strong heart at the miserable wheel! The wife, alas! cannot share the struggle—she can but witness the despair!

Bible Stories. From the Creation to the Conquest of Canaan. By G. M. Bussey. With illustrations from Westall and Martin. [Thomas.]

THE beautiful succinct histories of the earlier Scriptures are here presented to the juvenile reader, in fair and pleasant chapters; but their value is especially enhanced by the additional circumstance, that every story is embellished by two, and sometimes three engravings, not mere pictorial coinages from the brains of secondary artists, but reduced copies from the large paper tableaux—the grand and gorgeous idealities of Martin and Westall. A more superior book for youthful people could not be; inculcating, as the text does, the great things written for our good in the books of

Genesis and Exodus, and conveying to the mind by its pictures, vivid notions of them than can anywhere else be met.

The Christmas work before us is, without equivocation, one of true intrinsic merit; it reaches at present to the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan, the "purple promised land." A grand field is still open—the historic books of Kings and Chronicles are yet untouched; these we sincerely hope the author will continue, and thereby bestow a benefit on the generations of the day.

A Love Gift for 1841. [Bell. London.]

THIS Gift is a well-chosen selection of beautiful effusions on "Love," from the works of the most admired poets. It is plentifully bedewed with sparkling gems, shedding a warmth and lustre which must enliven the heart, improve the taste, and subdue the asperities of its readers.

Magazine for the Blind. No. iv.
[Simpkin and Co.]

WE have had our attention called to the above truly useful periodical; and, certainly, it is impossible a more desirable production could have been published, for it will, doubtless, prove a great blessing to those of our unfortunate fellow-creatures, who are suffering under so severe a visitation. The work is printed in *embossed letters*, so that although the eye cannot see, the fingers may, by *feeling*, convey the various words to the head and to the heart, thus giving "eyes to the blind."

It is impossible to speak too highly of a work like the one before us, which was projected by its editor, who is, alas! himself in a state of blindness; and we most ardently recommend it to the serious attention of all our subscribers, as a pearl above price to those of their friends, who may unfortunately be visited with the deprivation of sight.

The following quotation shows the moral nature of the work:—

ON HAPPINESS.

The beginning, middle, and end of happiness is contentment. There is, therefore, no condition of life in which happiness is unattainable. It may be enjoyed by the peasant who delves the soil, no less than by his wealthy lord. The insect which satisfies its thirst with the dewdrop contained in the floweret's cup, has as much enjoyment as the elephant which drinks from the stream of some mighty river. Let it not then be supposed for a moment that there is not an individual in the world, who is necessarily unhappy.

The philosopher's stone, which turns everything it touches into gold, is within the reach of all, since, to possess himself of it, a man has only so to tutor his mind, as to be able in truth to exclaim with the apostle, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository for 1841. [Longman and Co. London: Pawsey, Ipswich.]

IT is our pleasing task again to speak in terms of commendation of the above Annual, which, like its predecessors, is richly embellished with several engravings of buildings, remarkable for their architecture, their antiquity, or the worth of their possessor, with copious topographical notices. The Repository, as usual, contains many choice pieces of poetry, with an abundant selection of amusing charades, &c., and tables for Memoranda and Cash Accounts are also appended.

UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

LET us view the interior of this place. Here is an incongruous mass! On all sides are displayed, mingled in the strangest manner, the spoils of the plundered! Yet there is much eloquence in this confusion! These mementos of poverty are not mute to one who can interpret their language!—these odd characters are not unmeaning to one who reads them rightly; but tell of the doings of rogues and of fools, of the sufferings and tears of the hopeless and miserable! Yes; a pawnbroker's shop is the history of the neighbourhood, and its pages are "pledges." It is a motley and curious register, and may provoke sighs and smiles. Shall we dip into it?

This picture was the very great hope and solace of a talented, but very poor artist, painted in the intervals that he could snatch from the drudgery of his profession and from sleep. He had placed all his desire for fame on the embodiment of a grand historical subject, whilst he was content to paint portraits in the meantime for subsistence. Think how he must have felt, when compelled by stern necessity to raise money on this darling and yet unfinished work! his future recompense for all present poverty and obscurity! He lives but in the hope of redeeming it, and carrying out his design. May he do so! and may the public look on the picture in the gallery with half the fondness of the lonely painter in his studio!

This pair of ear-rings was pledged, in the person of her waiting-maid, by a very respectable lady, that she might pay Mrs Jones the amount of her losses at short whist. She pathetically laments to her husband the unaccountable disappearance of the ear-rings; but expresses great hope that she may be able to find them some day.

This silver candle-stick was stolen from a rich, good-natured old bachelor, by his trusty factotum, Timothy, who is continually hinting to his master that John is not to be trusted.

That splendid military cloak was left here yesterday by a "man about town," who perhaps may call for it to-morrow. He is an

adventurer by profession. When flush of money, he dresses superlatively, and drinks claret and champagne; when, on the contrary, coin is scarce, he wears a thread-bare frock-coat, and patronizes Barclay and Perkins. He is condemned, for his sins, to a sort of moral tread-mill—perpetually mounting Fortune's ladder, but always finding himself the next minute at the bottom!

This diamond-ring belonged to a young fellow of education and talent, who finds it difficult to turn either profitably to account. With a powerful letter of introduction to a nobleman, he has been unable as yet to get beyond the threshold of his door. Made wise by experience, he yesterday pawned his only article of finery, and intends making a handsome present to his lordship's porter.

This battered Dutch clock was pledged, with the utmost agony of reluctance, by a rich old miser, that he might pay the doctor to keep body and soul together a little longer. He was attacked by a sudden and alarming illness, in consequence of having dined the preceding day on stale muscles, and was reduced to the ruinous expedient of parting with his clock, as his property is laid out so cleverly, at interest, that he leaves himself almost starving. And yet, amidst all his want and poverty, he is mightily consoled by the reflection that he is a rich man.

Yonder blue coat was pledged by Pat Ryan, that he might buy the wedding-ring for his dear Norah. This provident couple will begin the world completely unencumbered by the cares of wealth.

Here is a large brass-clasped Bible, whose leaves are blistered by tears. It was pledged by a girl to procure medicines for her sick mother. Almost as soon would the old woman have parted with her life as with this valued relic of former and more prosperous days. She had preserved it through all the changes of fortune, and had communed with it as her best friend, during her present illness. But it was of no use; she died four days afterwards! When she pawned this Bible, she parted with her last hope; and yet you may have it for three shillings.

This brooch was left here by an accomplished "Chevalier d'Industrie," who (though rather reduced) could not resist going to hear Grisi, in "Amina." His intention was to amuse himself with a little business between the acts, and to call for his brooch as he returned. But who can foresee the decrees of fate! A lynx-eyed myrmidon of the law pounced upon him—he passed that night in the station-house—and is now inhaling the air of New South Wales.

This brace of pistols was pawned by an Irishman, that he might purchase a guitar. Having shot his rival, he intends now to commence courting his mistress.

This old-fashioned silver tea-pot was pledged by a poor widow, that she might, in part, pay the debts of her only son, and keep him, if possible, from a prison.

On returning home, however, from this pious errand, she found that the grateful and warm-hearted youth had considered it better to run from his debts than to pay them, and had taken the opportunity of her absence to decamp, carrying with him everything valuable and portable that he could lay his hands on.

Of such materials is made up a Pawnbroker's Shop. Our laughter, our pity, and our indignation, are called forth by turns; and still, whilst we moralize, the concern prospers, and victim succeeds victim without end.—*Jest and Earnest.*

PRESENTS TO THE QUEEN.

AMONG the numerous votive presents remitted to Buckingham Palace for the queen, the following elegant article of curious and costly workmanship, enclosed in an outward case, was received and graciously accepted. The donor, a venerable spinster, residing in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, seems, as the *on dit* goes, to have taken especial care that the creation of her fairy fingers should suffer no damage *in transitu*. Like the conjuror's puzzle, there was case within case, one of curiously wrought wickerwork; a second of Spanish mahogany, with the royal arms and the letters "P. R." in a lozenge, richly emblazoned on the lid. This was again enclosed in a strong tin case, superscribed "For the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, Buckingham Palace, London." These mysterious cases contained an infant's cap and robe worthy of a princess. They are described to be of the most chaste and fanciful design. The cap is composed of that delicate, but almost exploded fabric, called "cushion" lace, in the manufacture of which, dames of high degree formerly delighted to excel. On the crown-piece the royal arms of England are embroidered in dead gold, the circular fillet exhibiting the national insignia of the rose, thistle, and shamrock, wrought in gold and colours, within an interminable scroll of raised needlework. The robe is equally unique. The material is of the finest cachmere, lined with eider down, and the colour royal purple. The hood, which is quilted and padded, is lined with rose-coloured satin, the loops of flock gold, with tassels of small pearls. The robe is edged all round by a broad stripe of crimson Genoa velvet, bearing the royal arms, and the insignia of the three nations embroidered in dead and burnished gold, and relieved with silver fretted work in points. The great merit, however, of these elegant articles of infant apparel is said to consist in the elaborate beauty of the needlework.

Another beautiful present, worked by the blind of the Royal Victoria Asylum, at the Spital, has also been made to the queen, according to the *Newcastle Chronicle*. It consists of a shawl, which is six feet square, knit of the finest Berlin wool in a tasteful manner, the centre being pure white, and the border displaying no less than fourteen different shades of pink.

PERSONAL SOVEREIGNTY.*

We all play certain parts upon the stage, less important, perhaps, than our vanity dreams of, but yet parts which are real, active, and influential, as well as indispensable, to the *dénouement* of the grand drama. In creating us free and intelligent beings, Heaven has assigned us a share in its work, and a share in our own destiny. Such is the course of action proscribed for us. It is for our interest, as well as for our honour, never to renounce it. "When man exalts himself," says Pascal, "I would reduce him to his proper level; when he sinks below it, I would exalt him." It is the part of duty and of true wisdom to regulate our conduct by the rule of Pascal, and to acknowledge at once the dignity, and confess the weakness of our position. We exist and think in the bosom of profound darkness, and the lamp with which we are supplied is but small; nevertheless, such as it is we possess it, and by its light we are destined to pursue our steps under the protection of that Sovereign Power who has bestowed it upon us, and who is himself our guide.

Let us consider the principle of Personal Sovereignty.

Men of wrong mind pronounce, that man is lord over himself. No authority, say such, no law, are to be considered legitimate by him, unless sanctioned by his will. In other words, and this is the popular form of the principle, no one, according to them, is bound to yield obedience to laws to which he is not himself a consenting party.

Upon this evil principle, Rousseau has denounced all government founded upon representation. "The will," he says, "does not admit of being represented, it is the same, or it is different, there is no medium." Since man's own will is the sole legitimate source of his power over himself, how can he, continues this reasoner, delegate that power to another! Can he cause his will to reside away from him? He would then create, not a representative, but a master. All representation then, says he, is tyrannical; for liberty consists in the sovereignty over ourselves, and man is only free in so far as he obeys no other will than his own.

The consequence is unavoidable. Rousseau was wrong but in one respect; he did not carry his argument far enough. Had he carried it to its full extent, he must have declared the unlawfulness of every durable law, and of all permanent power. What does it signify that a law received my sanction yesterday, if to-day my will is changed? Can I only exercise my will once? Does my will exhaust its authority by a single act? And as that is the sole master that I am bound to obey, must I submit for the rest of my life to the slavery of obeying those laws, from which this master

who made them commands me to liberate myself?

Now when philosophers have considered man in himself, with respect only to the connection between his activity and his intelligence, they have never for a moment ventured to assert that his will was his only legitimate law, that is to say, that every action would be reasonable or just, solely because it was free and voluntary. They have all recognized as superior to the will of the individual, a certain controlling law, known by the name either of reason, morality, wisdom, or truth, from the dictates of which he cannot permit his conduct to depart, without making either an absurd or culpable use of his liberty. In all systems, whether we speak of interest, innate sense, human custom or duty, whether it be the spiritualist or the materialist, the believer or the sceptic, all agree that there are actions which are reasonable or unreasonable, just or unjust; all agree that if a man possess the liberty of acting, either in opposition to, or in accordance with, reason and truth, this liberty by no means causes an act, in itself absurd and criminal, to lose that character because it is voluntary; nor does it sanction the act as reasonable or right, merely because the will prompted its performance.

As soon as the individual consulting his intelligence before employing his liberty, recognizes that rule which prescribes reason or morality to his conduct, he cannot fail at the same time to acknowledge that he did not institute this rule; that it is not the arbitrary offspring of his will, and that its abolition or its alteration is alike beyond his control. His will is free to obey, or to disobey his reason, but his reason in its turn is independent of his will, and possesses the privilege of judging, after the rule it has recognized, the will which does not submit to it.

Considered, therefore, separately, and with reference to himself, the individual does not act arbitrarily, and according to his own will; his will is not his sole legitimate sovereign; it is not the power which creates and imposes upon man those laws of obligation, the existence of which he cannot deny. He receives them from a higher source; they issue from a more exalted sphere than that of liberty; from a sphere where the question lies not between what man desires, or disapproves, but between what is true or false, just or unjust, conformable or contrary to reason. In descending from this sublime sphere to that of action and of life, these laws traverse the domain of liberty, which is situated on the confines of the two worlds; and there arises the question whether free-will shall or shall not conform to the laws of sovereign reason. But in whatever manner this question may be decided, the right of imposing the law, that is to say, the sovereign power, does not depart from reason in order to reside with the will. In no case does the will possess the privilege of conferring upon acts which it

* From an Essay in the "Revue Française," by M. Guizot.

sanctions, the character of being legitimate; they either possess this character or not, in proportion as they accord with, or oppose the laws of eternal reason, the sole source of all legitimate power.

In other words, man does not exercise by virtue of his liberty, an absolute sovereignty over himself. As an intelligent and moral being, he is subject to laws which are not of his own creation, and which are binding upon him in right; although, as a free being, he has the power of refusing his obedience to them, but not his assent.

Quitting the consideration of man separately and in himself, in order to consider him in his relations with other men, man, in his intercourse with his equals, exercises over them a sovereignty, according as he brings into action his intelligence, his moral nature, and his reason, the image more or less complete of that intelligence, that reason, and that nature, which are divine. In both cases, the legitimacy of law and power depends upon the same conditions, and emanates from the same source; this source being far above the will, either of him who commands, or of him who obeys.

Two facts will occupy the place of arguments:—

Who has ever denied the legitimacy of the paternal authority? It has its limits; and, like all human power, it may also have its excess; but has it ever been pretended that it becomes illegitimate so soon as obedience on the part of the child is involuntary? Nevertheless, the will exists in the child; it partakes of the same nature as that of the full-grown man, and is equally dear to the individual. Whence, then, is derived the legitimacy of this power, even when obedience is no longer voluntary? Is it from the bodily strength of the father? No! It is from his moral superiority! Legitimate empire belongs neither to the will of the child that is deficient in reason, nor even to the pure will of the father; for the will neither of the old nor the young, the weak nor the strong, is capable, in any case, of conferring a right of itself alone; that power belongs only to rational and superior intelligence. The right is founded purely upon the superiority of intelligence and reason in the father: neither the will of the latter, nor that of the child contains the principle of that right, nor arbitrarily directs its application.

Another fact:—When the madness or mental weakness of a man becomes established, although society might have nothing to fear from that man, he is, nevertheless, deprived of his liberty. By what right? Has the will that existed in him perished? If it be the only source of legitimate power, is it not always in its place to exercise that power? Yea, the will is there; but the true sovereign of man, the legitimate lord over the will itself, *Reason*, is extinct in the individual. It is,

therefore, necessary that some law should be provided for him from without; that the reason of others should direct him, since his own is no longer capable of presiding over his will.

What is true of the child, the madman, and the idiot, is true also of mankind in general. In all social relations, as in those just alluded to, in the intercourse between man and man, as in his relation to himself, no one possesses the right to make a law, according to his own will, or to refuse obedience to a law only because he disapproves of it. Whether viewed as a question of command or of resistance, of government or of liberty, the will alone confers no right, no legitimate power: Reason and Justice are completely supreme over all will.

Thus falls to the ground the theory of personal sovereignty—the mortal enemy no less of moral than of social order, and calculated to produce, in the mind of man, nothing but disquietude; in society, nothing but anarchy.

Instead, then, of elevating the wills of individuals to the rank of sovereigns,—indeed of rival sovereigns,—they ought rather to be classified as subjects obeying the same sovereign. In the place, therefore, of declaring that every man is lord over himself, and that no man possesses power over him, unless he consent to that power being exercised, we must declare that no man is lord either over himself or any other man, and that none have a right to refuse obedience to Truth.

Arts and Sciences.

WHITELAW AND STIRRATT'S PATENT WATER-MILL.

THE speed of this new hydraulic machine is well suited for every purpose: and it has a governing apparatus, which renders its motion as uniform as that of the best constructed steam-engine. There is scarcely any wear and tear in the new mill, and it takes up remarkably little room. No very expensive building, or other erection, is needed for its fixing, and the cost of the machine itself is trifling in every case. On a fall of very great height, where to erect an over-shot wheel would be impossible, and the building and excavation enormously expensive, the new water-mill may be used to great advantage.

A machine erected lately for Messrs. Neil, Fleming, and Reid, at their works, Shaws-water, Greenock, gives, when tested by the friction apparatus invented by M. Prony, 75 per cent. of the whole power of the water which works it; the power of the water being 79 horses, and the power of the machine equal to that of 59.25 horses, or 75 per cent., as stated. Mr. Stirratt's water-mill of 2½ horses' power, is the first that was made; it was tested in the same way as M. Prony's, and the result of the experiment equally favorable.

The Gatherer.

News from the East.—"Fine day, Sir; any news from the East?"—"Yes! all the wise men have gone back there!"

Last Moments of Goethe.—And now that noble figure is but mould. Only a few months ago, those majestic eyes looked, for the last time, on the light of a pleasant spring morning. Calm, like a God, the old man sat. Books were near him, and the pen had just dropped, as it were, from his dying fingers. "Open the shutters, and let in more light!" were the last words that came from those lips.

Patriotic Feeling.—"An Englishman owes something to his country!"—"He does, indeed! East winds, fogs, rheumatism, pulmonary complaints, and taxes!"

Thurso Fisheries.—When the present Duke of Sutherland dined, many years ago, at Thurso Castle, our fishermen were eager to prove the productiveness of this coast; therefore, two-and-twenty different kinds of fish were placed on the table at once, including salmon, eod, turbot, ling, tusk, haddock, and every thing that swims, besides an odd fish, called, from its resemblance to the feline species, the cat-fish, and considered a great delicacy, though not a very prepossessing one. The salmon-fishing of this river was then let for 1,000*l.* a-year. It is recorded in the parish books of Thurso, that in 1786, no less than two thousand five hundred and sixty salmon were taken out of the river at one sweep of the net.—*Shetland and the Shetlanders.*

Roman Excavations at Fescote.—The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos still continues the excavations of the Roman villa at Fescote, on the farm of Mr. Roper. Many interesting discoveries are daily made, amongst which was a wooden spout or tube, which when uncovered at the top, threw up water the height of several feet. Oak piles have also been taken out, the wood of which, although completely saturated with water, is as sound as when put down.—*Bucks Herald.*

Self-Praise.—The poorest wheel of a wagon always creaks the loudest.

There is an eastern Booby-bird, which seeks concealment by thrusting its head into the sand, forgetting that its body is only the more offensively perked up in the face of its laughing enemies.

Napoleon's Remains.—M. Isabey, the great marine painter, a few days since, left Paris for Cherbourg, to be present at the setting out of the funeral flotilla, to make a picture of it for next year's Louvre.

The Bear.—When dealing with his human enemy, he prefers to use his mouth, rather than hug with his arms; his antagonist usually comes off with his arms and legs bitten in innumerable places, and most frequently

with the loss of his crown—for it is somewhat odd, that a bear has a vast pleasure in stripping the skull of its scalp.

The short, thymy pasture of the Mendip hills, makes sweeter, crisper, more partridge-like mutton, and therefore lamb, than any in England.

Consolatory for a bad World.—This is an atrocious world!—but it will be burnt one day, and that's some comfort!

Irish Antiquities.—A farmer lately discovered in a bank in a bog, in the townland of Kinnigo, near Armagh, a beautiful antique *bull*. It is nearly the shape of a heart, and is made of fine gold. The back and front are without ornament, but the sides are covered with fine twisted wire, ending in loops at the top. Along with it he found other antiquities, all in high preservation, and now in the possession of Mr. Corry, Armagh.

History.—The perfection of history is to be disagreeable to all parties.

Brandy and Salt.—At a late meeting of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society, a non-professional member inquired the opinion of the medical men present respecting the real virtues (1) of the popular remedy of brandy and salt. An opinion was expressed that in some slight cases of external disease, it might serve as a substitute for opodeldoc, but beyond that it was useless, and in a vast majority of cases pernicious, either by its direct action, or by its preventing the use of more efficacious measures. The addition of the salt to the spirit produces no other effect than that of rendering it very nauseous. It is an old recipe of Paracelsus [1541]; thus again proving the truth of the old adage—"There is nothing new under the sun."

Norwegian Novembers.—November is, in the language of Norway, called "slaughter month;" because they then kill as many sheep and cows as the size of their herds will afford, and salt them for consumption during the winter.

No. 18, the Ruling Number in the Fate of Napoleon.—The circumstance of the Belle Poule frigate having left St. Helena with the remains of Napoleon on the 18th of October, has led to an article in a German paper, stating several events of importance connected with the career of the emperor as having taken place on that day of the month. The article names—the Revolution, which gave him the consulate; the battle of Tolina, on the Berezina; the battle of Leipsic; the battle of Waterloo; and his arrival at St. Helena.

Oliver Cromwell had also his signal number—it was 30—the 30th of September. On that day, he gained the battle of Worcester, the battle of Dunbar, and died on that day.

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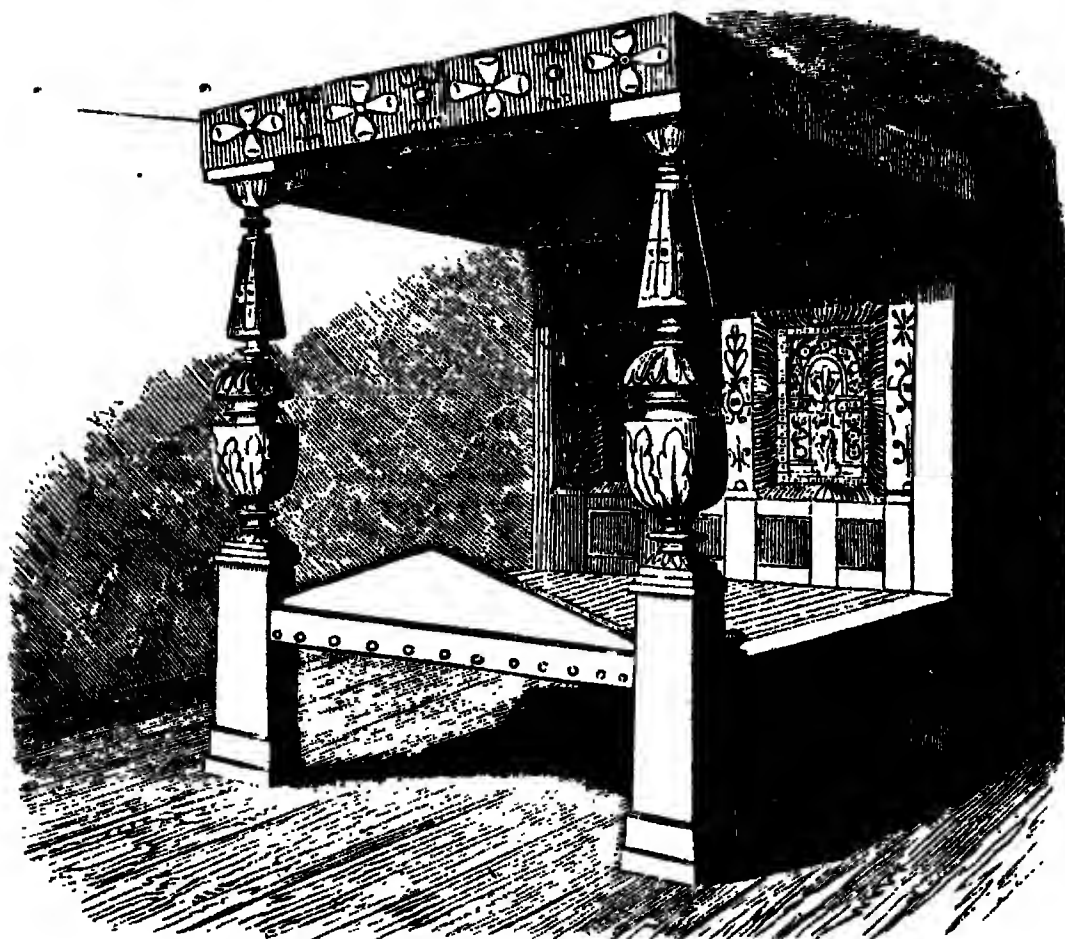
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1038.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1840.

[Price 2d.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOT'S
ANTIQUE-CARVED BEDSTEAD.

JOURNAL OF A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION THROUGH DERBYSHIRE.

IN AUGUST, MDCCCXL.

PERHAPS there is no part of England, which presents the lover of nature with more to admire, than Derbyshire.

I left London on Saturday, 22d of August, on board the Victoria steam-ship for Hull; and proceeded from thence up the Humber, and, by coach, to Sheffield. Evening advancing, presented new and unaccustomed scenes; immense fires from the various smelting foundries, &c., shot up in every direction; giving the appearance of immense conflagrations to different parts of the surrounding country. Having crossed the moors which divide the

counties of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, the spire-crowned church of Hopa presents itself; a short distance beyond which, perched on the summit of the Peak—a range of immense high hills bounding the view—stand the ruins of Peveril Castle. Here, the principal object of attraction is the far-famed cavern called Peak Hole.

The Peak Hole, and Roger Rain's House.—Within the huge entrance, several persons of both sexes are employed in spinning twine; while listening to their light-hearted, but, to me, perfectly unintelligible songs, I was accosted by the guide, who exhibited the interior of the cavern. Lights being brought, we each took a candle, and proceeded towards the inner entrance, where a stream of water

rushed through a small aperture in the rock, only large enough to admit a boat, in which lay, for the space was not sufficient to admit of any other attitude, myself and the guide; who propelled us along by placing his hands against the roof, which was within a few inches of our faces. After proceeding some distance in this manner, the cavern gradually expands, and we at length resumed our feet.

It is impossible for the imagination to conceive the scene now exhibited to us; the light of day was totally excluded, and our glimmering candles, (more of which were now lighted and arranged at different spots) showed us a dreary vault, extending far beyond and above.

Proceeding onwards, we came to Roger Rain's house, so called from drops of water incessantly filtering through the roof of the cavern; from this, crossing a small stream, and passing under a range of natural arches, we arrived at a huge cavity, called Tom of Lincoln, from its fancied resemblance to the bell so called.

In the course of our penetrations, I inquired, amongst other things, whether there were many ladies visited the cavern; and whether awkward results did not sometimes arise from their timidity! He replied, there were a great many female visitors, and they generally displayed more courage than my own sex; furthermore, he stated that, on the previous Friday, two gentlemen and a lady came from Buxton to view the cavern; that on their arrival at the boat, the gentlemen became timid, and the lady explored the cavern without her companions.

Mam Tor, the Speedwell Mine.—Journeying towards the Winnats or Windgates, a kind of opening or separation in the peak, I next saw an extraordinary work of nature, called Mam Tor, or "The Mother Mountain," by some called, "The Shivering Mountain," from the circumstance of the earth and stones of which it is formed, continually detaching themselves from its summit and sides, without in the least apparent manner, lessening its own dimensions; it is asserted, that from twelve to twenty cart-loads are thus detached daily, and yet, within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, there is not the least apparent diminution. Contiguous to this spot is situated the Speedwell Mine—a subterraneous passage cut for the purpose of draining other mines of their water, and, also, in the expectation of finding a vein of lead in their progress, but this speculation failed. The guide conducted me (after procuring lights) down an immense long flight of steps, at the foot of which runs a stream through the before-mentioned passage or tunnel; we then embarked in a boat, the guide propelling us along with his hands by the side of the blasted rock. Previously to starting, a lighted candle was placed at the commencement of the passage, which, being perfectly straight, was beautifully reflected on the water at a great distance, presenting the appearance of a comet's tail. When

about three hundred yards from the commencement we stopped, and the guide informed me, that at that spot a concert was held by Miss Stephens, Miss Baily, and Mr. Clarke; and, while remaining here, my conductor, who was a tolerably proficient musician, favoured me with that beautifully pathetic air, "Oh Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me;" the effect was thrilling and sublime. Proceeding onwards a short distance, a sound of rushing waters fell upon the ear, which became louder as we advanced, until, at length, the soft murmurs first heard, became the thunders of the cataract. We reached the spot from whence issued those deafening and awe-inspiring sounds, but my humble attempts are totally inadequate to describe the scene which, on landing, presents itself. On the right is an immense terrific dome, reaching upwards towards the surface of the earth its dimensions beyond human ken; while, on the left, the roaring cataract impetuously hurls its flood of waters to depths far beyond the possibility of calculation. A slight railing stands between the looker on, and the fearful abyss beneath. At my request, a Bengal light was ignited, and held so as more plainly to observe the appalling cavern beneath, into which, it is stated, sixteen tons' weight of rubbish, arising from the blasting of the rocks, was hurled daily for seven years, without making the slightest alteration. After gazing awhile on this fearful spectacle, we returned to the surface of the earth. It may be as well to state that, both here and at Peak Hole, a list of charges is conspicuously placed on a board, so as to prevent any fear of exorbitant demands—a circumstance not unusual in some parts of the county.

I now proceeded (not, however, by the main road) but across the Peak, which was ascended with some little difficulty, but was amply repaid by the delightful view obtained from its summit, of the town and valley of Castleton. Leaving this spot, the next object which attracted my attention, was a kind of rude enclosure of stones. On approaching, I found it to be a lead mine, where a great number of miners were employed. Further on, a similar, but smaller object of the kind, presented itself. This latter mine had been but recently commenced, and was not above forty yards in depth.

Eldon Hole.—I next journeyed to Eldon Hole, which, being situated in the middle of a field, is surrounded by a small wall, composed of stones placed on each other, to prevent accidents to the cattle. The above-named place is a fearful-looking, fathomless chasm, supposed to have been caused by some violent convulsion of the earth; its dimensions appear to be about forty yards in length, and twenty in breadth, descending perpendicularly; its great depth could never be discovered. After throwing in stones, which we could hear rebounding in their descent, we contrived to roll a huge one to its brink, and tumbled it down; it struck the side of the rock with ter-

rific force, and was broken into several pieces; each piece continued to strike, while, as they sank deeper, a sound was emitted like a continued roar of distant thunder, which gradually died away.

Antique Bedstead, and Queen Mary's Gold Ear-rings.—When about two miles further on my journey, I called at an inn in Peak Forest, to take refreshment, and soon became convinced that chance had led me to the abode of a person of taste. The room was hung with pictures of a superior class; but my attention was rivetted to an exceedingly curious antique piece of furniture, in fine preservation. My host, observing my admiration, offered, after a little conversation, to show me his collection of antiquities and curiosities, and conducted me to a room entirely fitted up with antique furniture, the principal object being an elaborately-formed oak bedstead of an early date. The head-board was divided into two compartments, each richly carved in a florid style. The foot-posts were also rich specimens of antique carving. On inquiring whether it was ever slept on, my motive was guessed, and I was told it was quite at my service. We spent the evening very agreeably together, during which time a pair of plain gold ear-rings were shewn me, which had been presented by the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, to a female ancestor, who acted in the capacity of waiting woman, during her imprisonment at Chatsworth. He possessed proofs of their originality, and of their having been handed down to different generations of his family, with strict injunctions respecting them.

Church at Peak Forest.—In the morning, during breakfast, I was informed that the church at Peak Forest formerly possessed the right of marrying at any hour of the day or night, from which circumstance it was frequently designated, "Little Gretna." A traditional story was told me, of a young couple who had eloped from some part of Yorkshire, for the purpose of being married during the night, at the church of Peak Forest. Taking with them a considerable sum of money, which was concealed in the saddle-bags of the horses, they rode. It was near midnight, when, in passing the Wiunats, they were stopped by footpads. One of the assailants was in the act of striking the unfortunate bridegroom with a pickaxe, when his fair companion arrested the ruffian's arm, and, prompted by a woman's love, implored him to take her life, but to spare his. The first part of her wish was complied with, for the instrument was immediately buried in her bosom; his massacre directly followed. The terrified horses escaped, and, being stopped in their furious career, suspicion was created of the dark deed just enacted. Search was made, and she was discovered clinging to the corpse of him she loved. The tide of life was ebbing fast; and, before further assistance could be procured, her sufferings had terminated; the perpetrators of this tragedy were never dis-

covered; although strange stories were rumoured respecting an individual in the neighbourhood who became suddenly and unaccountably rich.



ANCIENT CROSS, NEAR WHESTON HALL

Poole's Hole.—I next visited Wheston Hall, contiguous to which is a kind of courtyard. Near the road stands a curious antique cross, in excellent preservation, which is now used for the purpose of exhibiting hand-bills or parish notices upon.

Passing the wild and romantic Choe Tor, the delightful scenery of Ashwood Dale, and the neat little town of Buxton, famed for its waters, about half a mile's distance, I came to the remarkable subterraneous cavern, called Poole's Hole, the entrance to which is low and narrow, but, on proceeding, opens to the view loftily and spaciouly; the water continually dropping from the roof, congeals into large masses on the floor. On penetrating further into the interior, the cavern becomes contracted, but again expands to an immense height, until we reached Mary, Queen of Scots' Pillar—a clear bright massive column, supposed to be the extent reached by that unfortunate princess, during her visit to this extraordinary spot.

Ash-hillocks.—Near Poole's Hole, are the remains of several singular habitations called

Ash-hillocks, none of which are now inhabited. The one I visited was a hole scooped out from the side of the rocky hill, which led to a kind of subterraneous dwelling, divided into three rooms, admitting a scanty supply of light from the roof; it was the last which had been occupied, and the former inmates had left behind them the remains of a cupboard fastened to the wall, and other remnants of their homely furniture, which were now fast falling into decay, from the water having oozed in at several parts.

Vale of Taddington.—Forced by rains to repass Ashwood Dale, I came into the quiet and secluded village of Taddington, whose vale offers its "green clad hills on either side," to the admiring gaze of the passer-by. Here, the golden-headed staff of life seemed to invite the sickle, as its promising form was yieldingly waved by the passing breeze; while, in other directions, the harvest had commenced, and busy hands (with, let us hope, grateful hearts) were gathering in the munificent bounties of a kind Providence.

Black Marble Quarry.—A short distance from the village of Ashford are a marble quarry and works, at which I witnessed the process of blasting. At the works, the black marble—the only kind procured at this quarry—was being cut into the shapes required, and, afterwards, highly polished.

Chatsworth, and the Village of Edonsor.

I next proceeded to Chatsworth, the seat of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. This magnificent fabric stands within a delightful and extensive park, through which runs the river Derwent, near the foot of a high mountain. During the absence of its proprietor, it is, under certain regulations, open to the public. It would be impossible to enumerate a tithe part of the interesting objects here exhibited, each of the rooms is adorned with the finest works of art, and fitted up in a most princely style; a view from the windows into the gardens and pleasure-grounds beyond, where cascades and fountains are interspersed in those sylvan scenes, seemed perfect fairy land.

Adjoining the park is the village of Edonsor, which formerly consisted of a few small cottages, but, owing to the munificence of the duke, is now being converted into one of the most delightful villages in England; the buildings are all being constructed in the Swiss style.

A school, under the immediate patronage of his grace, was just completed, and about to commence; bestowing a more than usually liberal education upon the children of the surrounding country; it was exceedingly gratifying to hear the very high terms in which this nobleman was invariably spoken of; he appears to be beloved by all, and numerous anecdotes were related to me, which portrayed his goodness of heart and affable disposition.

Curiosities of Haddon Hall.—Proceeding

towards Matlock, near the high road, about two miles from Bakewell, is situated that exceedingly interesting abode of olden times, Haddon Hall, which is allowed to be the most perfect of the ancient baronial mansions in England.

On seeing the interior, my *cicerone* exhibited to me the cradle in which the first Duke of Rutland had his "lullaby," also the chest which formerly contained the family papers; the chapel, fitted up in a rude style, but its windows possess some rich specimens of painted glass, of a very early period. Ascending by the great hall, or dining-room, we come to the long gallery, which occupies the whole south side of the upper court; this, as well as being the largest room in the edifice, is also in the best preservation, the wainscoating is enriched and ornamented with the arms of Sir John Manners, the Duke of Rutland's ancestor, and those of the Vernon family; the richly painted glass, capacious window recesses, oaken floor, and elaborately ornamented wainscoating, gives to this apartment a most noble and imposing appearance.

Richly-worked Bed of Mary, Queen of Scots.—We next visited several rooms, hung with rich specimens of ancient tapestry, leading to the great bed-chamber, in which is a bed formerly occupied by Mary, Queen of Scots, and which is represented in our engraving. Its drapery and coverlid are of the richest description, and decorated by the fair hands of ladies living at that period; the walls of the room are hung with Gobelin Tapestry, in fine condition, ornamented with designs from *Æsop's fables*; over the fire-place is a rude bas-relief in plaster, of Orpheus charming the beasts; in the window recess is the looking-glass used by the fair unfortunate, in which, no doubt, her beautiful form was often reflected, that was afterwards doomed to such graceless mutilation. I next descended to the kitchen, larder, and beer-cellars. In the former apartment are still remaining vestiges of the hospitality which anciently distinguished the residence of an English Baron. There are two vast fire-places, an enormous chopping block, kneading troughs, &c.; on the wall is an iron fastening, sufficiently large to admit the wrist, to which, as a punishment, was secured any person attached to the household, who refused his usual allowance of ale, &c.

The Town of Matlock.—On quitting these interesting relics of former times, I journeyed to Matlock, which is much celebrated for its baths, and museums (most of which are designated "Royal,") and for the sale of numerous petrifications, &c.

About a mile from Matlock bath is the village of Cromford, possessing the cotton manufactory of the late Sir Richard Arkwright.

From Matlock I returned by way of Chesterfield to Sheffield, and from Gainsborough down the river Trent to Hull, where I again embarked for home, after a fortnight's absence.

W. S. LINCOLN.

LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

NAY, MIRA, blame me not,—I stole a kiss!
 A kiss, than incense sweeter, or the gale
 That sighs luxuriant o'er the blossom'd vale,
 Riffing nectareous dews—ecstatic bliss!
 Not all the honey'd stores of balmy spring,
 Nor autumn bearing the replenished horn;
 Nor pleasures of the bright-eyed Fancy born,
 Which flit across the brain on sylphid wing,—
 And ever as the fond ideas hold,
 Diffuse their raptures o'er the charmed mind,
 Can yield such joy, and all the feelings bind
 As sweet affection's kiss! Then be not cold,
 But chaster than the mate-enamour'd dove,
 Impart the sacred pledge, the bond of love.

J. WRIGHT, JUN.

FABLES FROM LESSING.

THE OSTRICH.—“Now I am going to fly, now then!” said the huge ostrich, and all the birds crowded round in anxious expectation. “Now,” he said, and spread his vast wings, but, instead of rising, he only tumbled over, and lay flat on the ground.

When a poet invokes all the Muses, and gives you notice that he is going to fly up to heaven, he frequently ends by such a fall as the ostrich's.

THE PEACOCK AND HEN.—A peacock once said to a barn-yard hen—“See how proud and haughty your spouse struts about! and yet men never say, as proud as a fowl, but always, as proud as a peacock.” “Because,” said the hen, “men are willing to excuse pride which has a proper foundation. My spouse is proud of his courage and watchfulness, while you boast of your—colour and feathers!”

THE WILD APPLE-TREE.—A swarm of bees settled in the hollow trunk of a wild apple-tree, and filled it with honey, whereupon the tree grew proud, and despised all the other trees of the forest. And a rose said, “This is a paltry pride. Is thy fruit any less bitter for all thy borrowed sweetness! Transfer a little of it to thy own fruit, and we will acknowledge thy excellence.”

THE DOGS.—“How degenerate our race is among us here!” said a travelled hound. “In that distant region which men call India, there you find something like dogs. Dogs, my dear fellow—you won't believe me I know, yet I saw it myself, who don't even fear a lion, but fly boldly at him.”

“But,” asked a steady house-dog, “do they overcome the lions?”

“Why, as to that—no—I can't exactly say they do—but then only think, to attack a lion!”

“Oh,” was the answer, “if they don't conquer him, these boasted Indian dogs of yours are—not much better than ourselves—but a good deal sillier.”

THE MISER AND THE OWL.—A miser went

to an old ruin to bury a treasure, and there saw an owl devouring a mouse. “Is this the proper employment for Minerva's philosophical favourite?” he asked.

“Why not,” was the answer. “Do you suppose, because I am fond of quiet meditation, that I can live on air! I know, however, it is what you never require of the learned.”

THE ASS AND THE LION.—Æsop's ass was once walking in the woods by the lion's side, when another ass that he was acquainted with, met him and cried, “Good day, brother.” “Impudent fellow!” was the only reply. “Come, come, don't take such airs,” said the other, “because you happen to be walking with a lion, are you any better than I! Are you anything but an ass?”

THE STORK.—Jupiter gave the frogs a new monarch, a hungry stork, in place of their indolent log. “If you are our ruler,” croaked the frogs, “why do you devour us?” “Because you asked me to reign over you,” was the answer. I never asked to have you reign over us,” muttered one of the frogs. “Didn't you? so much the worse for you,” rejoined the stork, and gobbled him up on the spot.

A BURIAL-GROUND FOR LONDON.

It would be vanity to attempt a French Père-la-Chaise in the suburbs of London; the myrtle blooms not there, and the cypress grows as a stranger. The genius of the people is even more opposed to it than the climate. Our's is a branch of the great European family very different from that of the French—to whom the Franks have left little but their name, and in whose veins the Celtic blood is mixed, but not tempered with Gothic and Burgundian. By whatever name they be called—Saxon, Jute, or Dane—Northmen, Norwegian, or Norman—our fathers are from northernmost Germany, and the yet remoter wilds of Scandinavia; and the genius of our countrymen, sombre and pensive, still savours of the primeval forests whence issued the founders of their lineage. Their fancy crowns not Death with roses, nor strives to subdue his sternness into a smile, as is attempted, and not without success, in the French Père-la-Chaise. There, not a skull, nor a bone, nor the image of one, is to be seen. Death's hollow eyes are lighted up with lilies—they have screened his bald pate with myrtle—they have plumped out his fallen chaps and flushed them with roses—that he smiles and smiles, and knows himself not. The Teutonic imagination, on the contrary, invests him with a gloom deeper than his own, and solaces itself by adding to his terrors,—

“Black he stands as night,
 Fierce as a Fury, terrible as Hell
 And shakes a dreadful dart.”

It courts him in the long-drawn aisles of cathedrals, in vaults where the cheerful day

is a stranger all too wanton for admission. It conjures him up in all his blackness; and to divest him of his thick clouds and dark, were to rob him of all his dignity, and forfeit the pleasing horror which the contemplation of him inspires.

Reverence for antiquity, your Frenchmen have but little; the organ of veneration is but little, if at all, developed among them; and the anxious foresight that would penetrate the mystery even of Death and the grave, is precluded by a thoughtless and reckless disposition. "Hang sorrow—care killed a cat!" such, in homely phrase, is their motto; tight, whole, and sound, they are ever ready, ever on the *qui vive*. The tear, if it spring, is chased by the laugh that hurries after; and spleen and hate, and care and forethought, are alike forgotten in the ardour of pursuit, or drowned in the uproar of merriment.

But with what solemn awe does the Scandinavian ear listen; for example, on solemn occasions, to the midnight bell, when his iron tongue tolls one "unto the drowsy ear of night." How intense is the stillness of an English audience, when the knell is rung that ushers *Pierre* to his grave! That single incident would, on the French boards, have procured for "Vonico Preserved," as deep a damnation as ever play was damned withal. What is the midnight bell!—the poker striking on an iron pot. What is a ruined wall crowned with the verdure of time!—rubbish, to be removed as a nuisance, or *exploited*, if it will pay. What are ancestral observances!—something absurd, "*avant la Revolution*." What is Death!—a thing not to be thought of where he is not, and to be made to look pretty where he is. The French pride themselves on a genius turned to the "positive;" and the positive is an enemy to the awful, the shadowy, and the sublime, which enter largely into the composition of the highest flights of poetry. They are equally remote from melancholy—a fearful gift, but the secret of much that is moving, both in poetry and prose; having it not, they conceive of it as they can, and strange work do their romanticists make of it.

The English people, following the bent of their genius, will attempt no pretty funeral garden in the vicinity of London. What would it be but a miserable account of dripping shrubs, and moss-grown walks, edged with dank grass; rows of square slabs, bearing stonecutter formulas by way of inscription, with large provision of death's heads and thigh bones; and here and there a heavy sarcophagus, garished with a coat of arms, supported by blubbery cherubs, *dodds et bouffis*; the whole reflecting neither the sentimental elegance of the French, nor the simple elegance of the English character.

On the east of the British metropolis, or more near east by south, rises an eminence bearing on its shoulders a plain of wide extent, the ground for the most part unenclosed, and in every respect adapted to the purpose,

even to the name, BLACKHEATH. There may the traveller's eye discover, with a feeling not unlike dismay, more near, a forest of masts—beyond, a boundless Pandemonium of buildings, here, dimly descried in the gloom, there, lost and buried in the blackest gloom of Tartarus—the modern Babylon, unique of cities, everything great and everything mean, sublime in fog, and smoke, and vastness—LONDON!

How ill, mighty queen, would a pendant like Pere-la-Chaise—pretty, and sentimental, become thy swart and colossal neck! Instead thereof, let the plain above-mentioned, stretched out, "if need be," in yet wider circumference, be crowned with a fitting canopy of those lugubrious trees, that love our soil and climate—the Norway fir, the mountain pine, the yew-tree's "venerable shade," and every son of the forest, "*cui suus horror inest*,"—a grove tremendous and inviolable for ages—

"Obscurum cingens conexis æera ramis
Et gelidas alto summois solibus umbras."

Here might the generations of the dead—the departed millions that once toiled from morning to night in the vast workhouse below, find a stern, but deep and inviolate repose. Why bring roses, or plant myrtles, to mock with a smile the graves of those on whom nothing ever smiled in life. There, in that overgrown, clay-built capital—sublime in spite of its brick—whose boundaries lie beyond ken, even when Jupiter has cleared the heaven of the dim cloud that mostly overhangs it—are to be found, cheek by jowl, the widest extremes of human vanity and human wretchedness. There, the starving female, as she drags herself miserably by the rich man's door, sickens at the effluvia of savoury and sweet, that steam from his kitchen. There, they carve them cornices, and gild them, and set off their effulgence by crimson of velvet, exquisitely wrought and devised, and pour on them a blaze of light from lustres that flash intolerable day; while all without is dark and dripping discomfort, the portion of thousands that wander houseless, or, worse, that find in their houses no protection against the inclemency of the weather.

"Take physic, pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
And show the heavens more just."

Mighty bard! poet of humanity! in that city where haply these lines were written, they will not scruple to take thy words in vain; and, thrown their listless length on soft couches, will, from creamy and hot-pressed pages, lisp forth thy lines in the accents of a pseudo-pity, while the wretch dies not the less at their gates. There, in the capital of the British empire, on which the sun never sets—the core is rotting with squalor and disease.

So should the great London burial-ground be awful from vastness, and shrouded in the gloom proper to the King of Terrors; but never should it be a Pere-la-Chaise, to throw a *couleur de rose* over the bare ribs of mor-

talities; but let it wear the character of death in all its sternness, as in the living cemetery hard by, is life in all its hardships. Enough—the wretch asks but this—grief will there be hushed, and carking cares disquiet no more. Disease will there be cured, and sad old age rid of his burden; fear will no longer palpitate, nor hunger persuade to evil deeds, nor poverty be disgraceful; labor will there find rest, and death, and his half-brother, sleep, reign paramount. For this, in the eye of the Britannic people in Parliament assembled, would be no place for privilege to usurp and exclude his brother dust. Dives might lie here, if he pleased, or rot elsewhere, but he must submit to lie by Lazarus. Lords and curls may pitch their mausoleums there, but the humble stone, the wooden cross, the hoop-bound grave, shall lie around and have equal honour. It would be the people's burial-ground—THE GRAVE OF LONDON—where bones that ached from seven until seventy, should rest in peace, protected by public law, and subject but to *one* resurrection. Distinctions of sect should be there unknown, as of rank—sharers in one common humanity—brethren at least in death, if divided by difference of creed in life. No priest should say, “This is *my* demesne—this is *my* freehold—you are a Papist, and hold seven sacraments, and therefore shall not have seven feet of your mother earth”—miserable bigot amongst a free and generous people! admired by foreign nations as an obscene bird of night, in the brightness of the noon-day grove. Catholic should this burial-ground be, for it should be universal. A public road running through it should make it more classical, as well as more useful. The “ways,”—Appian or Flaminian—that ran to the farthest corners of the empire, were accompanied, for leagues out of the imperial city, by the monuments of departed Roman generations. The stranger from the Continent would send his eye religiously through the dark retreats—*loci nocte silentia late*—where glimmered the monumental marbles like sheeted ghosts; and emerging, as from a Cimmerian region, into the splendid day of the great city, confess, with respect, the countrymen of MILTON, and a people capable of the grand, and careful of the dead.

Thither, too, should the high-minded, eloquent, energetic, honest man—hero or sage—who had paid his debt to nature, breathing his last sigh for the people he loved, be borne by the people on their shoulders to his grave; they would build him his tomb high up among those whom his benevolence had relieved, and his generous heart defended; they would come, the poorest among them, to seek out his grave, and bid him, hail, and farewell! the poet should write his praise, and the people sing it with their evening hymn.

Nor, though our sky be murky, and our cemetery dark and drear as death, should beauty lack her rose—“sweets to the sweet,”

—nor the poet his bays, nor the hero his laurel. Only let what affection planted be affectionately tended. It would grieve one to see aught withering or neglected *here*. Not there at all, its absence would not be remarked; but an inscription defaced, or full of love and overgrown with nettles, a myrtle that dies, a crown rotting unplaced, a marble column broken and not repaired, a chair for communing with the defunct—wife or husband—and dropping to pieces from disuse,—these are sad outrages on human feeling, and mortifying commentaries on the brevity of man's affections—“O heavens! died two moons ago, and not forgotten yet!” “Perish the roses and the flowers of kings!” but let the love of friends be at least coeval with themselves, also were life “tedious as a twice-told tale.”

THE WEDDING FINGER.

THERE are few objects among the productions of art contemplated with such lively interest by ladies, after a certain age, as the wedding-ring.

This has been the theme for poets of every calibre; for geniuses of every wing, from the duckling to the solar eagle.

The mouldy antiquary can tell the origin of the custom with which it is connected, and perchance why a ring is round; and account for many circumstances concerning the ceremony of the circle, on the most conducive evidence, amounting to absolute conjectural demonstration.

Amidst all that has been said and written in reference to the ring, I believe the more lovely part engaged in the mystic matter,—the taper residence of this ornament, has been neglected.

Now this is rather curious, as there are facts belonging to the ring-finger which render it in a peculiar manner an appropriate emblem of matrimonial union.

It is the only finger where two principal nerves belong to two distinct trunks.

The thumb is supplied with its principal nerves from the radial nerve, as is also the fore-finger, the middle finger, and the thumb side of the ring-finger; whilst the ulnar nerve furnishes the little finger and the other side of the ring-finger, at the point of extremity of which a real union takes place: it seems as if it were intended by nature to be the matrimonial finger.

That the side of the ring-finger next the little finger is supplied by the ulnar nerve, is frequently proved by a common accident, that of striking the elbow against the edge of a chair, a door, or any narrow hard substance; the ulnar nerve is then frequently struck, and a thrilling sensation is felt in the little finger, and on the same side of the ring-finger, but not on the other side of it.

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.

(For the Mirror.)

"ITALIA'S skies—how beautiful and bright!
 Italia's fields—how lovely to the sight!
 The graceful vineyard with its purple fruit,
 The rock-built fane that tempts the pilgrim's foot,
 The glancing river, and the pillar'd dome,
 These are thy beauties, these thy blessings, Rome!

Thrice happy spot! the pow'r that blest thy land
 Hath giv'n protection from the spoiler's hand,
 For who shall climb yon rock's forbidding brow,
 Its rugged peaks, and its eternal snow?
 The invader's sword, resistless though he be,
 Must conquer Nature, ere he conquer thee!

What then the menace of Carthage's arms!
 Laugh on, and revel in the wine-cup's charms,
 Drink, sons of Rome, and sheath your needless blades,
 Drink to the laughing eyes of Roman maids,
 Drink to yon Alps, that guard our favour'd home,
 They are the weapons, they the shield of Rome."

Thus sung Rome's youth, and mid their reckless
 mirth,

Rade rash defiance to the pow'rs of earth,
 Each hostile name provokes a louder laugh,
 To every friend a deeper bowl they quaff,
 While loud and oft they mock'd the threat'ning foe,
 And drown'd remembrance in the goblet's flow.

But hark! what shout the jovial band alarms?
 Each street reechoes the fearful cry "to arms!"
 On yon high cliff that frowns o'er sunny Rome,
 The Chief of Carthage, and his armies come:
 A banner waves where foot ne'er trod before,
 A helmet gleams above the eagle's soar,
 And the wild solitude of Alpine snows
 Yields to the heavy tramp of steel-clad foes.

Awile they gazed, in speechless terror lost,
 A breathless moment, on the distant host,
 Till loud and shrill the stirring war-cry rose,
 "To arms! to arms! Destruction on the foes!"
 Then rang the temples with the tread of feet,
 Rome's iron legions pace the crowded street,
 Their clashing arms the fearful silence broke,
 With every step the echoing Forum shook,
 And richly gleam'd their banner's silken fold
 With massive splendour deck'd, and stiff with gold;
 Well might Italia boast of such a band!
 'Gainst such an host what mortal foe might stand!

Deserted now the feast, and hush'd the song,
 Loud rose the wailing of a tearful throng;
 To each stern warrior clings his weeping wife,
 Invoking heaven to shield him in the strife;
 With throbbing heart she speaks her last farewell,
 For who, this day, the battle's fate may tell?
 Perchance a widow ere the sun be set—
 To-morrow's light may ne'er behold them met!

A sleeping infant clasps the soldier's breast,
 And twines his fingers in the lofty crest;
 His mother's tears to him are all unknown,
 He sees no sorrow in his father's frown;
 Yet may he lose that father in the fight—
 A helpless orphan ere the fall of night.

Here weeps a maiden on her lover's neck,
 Whose tears not glory's golden dreams can check;
 With bitter sobs she hears the impassion'd youth—
 He may not live to keep his plighted troth.

Or here, perchance, a youthful warrior stands,
 And begs a blessing from his father's hands,
 The aged sire bestows it with a tear,
 'Tis hard so soon to part with one so dear!
 This day may perish in the battle's rage,
 The only comfort of his waning age.

Meanwhile, the foe pursues his toilsome way,
 Nor rocks, nor snows, his labour'd progress stay;
 With warlike skill he levels every part,
 And smoothes his passage with the aid of art:
 Does some vast rock obstruct the dang'rous pass?
 With fire the chieftain melts the rugged mass.
 Or subtle streams dissolve the harden'd snow,
 Which bade defiance to the axe's blow;
 Does the tired soldier faint beneath his load?
 His hardy Leader cheers him on the road,
 With his own hands prepares the ley soil,
 The first in danger, as the first in toil;
 Till, every danger, every toil subdued,
 On Alps' high top the chief of Carthage stood,
 Around, his warriors shine in burnished steel,
 His ponderous elephants beside him kneel;
 Beneath lies Italy, the look'd-for land,
 A wealthy prize to tempt the soldier's hand;—
 Now, tremble, Rome, yon stalwart soldiery
 Has conquer'd Nature, and shall conquer thee!

The sun's bright beams upon the hill-top blaze,
 And helm and blade reflect his angry rays,
 With scorching fury on the host they fell,
 As if to guard the land they loved so well;
 The victor smiled—that sun but served to show
 The fields of Italy more fair below,
 Those fields were his—the pathless barrier cross'd
 From that proud hour the might of Rome is lost;
 And while his bosom heav'd with warrior-pride,
 Well had the chieftain thus exulting cried,—

"Shade of my father, leave thy deathful sleep,
 His plighted oath behold thy offspring keep,
 Behold thy son—and gladden in thy tomb,
 Thus prove his deathless enmity to Rome,
 Before you sun shall cease this eve to shine,
 Or death, or fertile Italy is mine!"

J. E. M.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THEIR FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND INSECTS.

THE larks now carol the same song, and in the same key, as when Adam first turned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in a flat; and it still loves the key, and screams through no other octaves. In the same key, has ever ticked the death-watch; while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have ever been in B, since Tubalcain first heard them in his smithy, or the Israelites in their ash-ovens. Never has the buzz of the great gnat risen above the second A; nor that of the house-fly's wing sunk below the first F.

Sound had, at first, the same connection with colour as it has now; and the right angle of light's incidence might as much produce a sound on the first turrets of Cain's city, as it is now said to do on one of the Pyramids. The tulip, in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted heat four-and-a-half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day.

In the first migration of birds, they passed from north to south, and fled over the narrowest part of the seas, as they will next autumn. The stormy petrel much delighted to sport amongst the first billows which the Indian Ocean ever raised, as it does now. The cuckoo and nightingale first began their song together, analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Nimrod. Birds that lived on flies, laid blueish eggs in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence, if the sun should not fall from his throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first bird that was caged, oftener sung in *adagio*, than in its natural spirit. The rat and the robin followed the footsteps of Noah, as they do ours!

Corals have ever grown edgeways to the ocean stream. Eight millions two hundred and eighty thousand animalculæ could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth, as now. Flying insects had on their coats of mail in the days of Japhet, over which they have ever waved plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped. The bees that afforded Eve her first honey, made their combs hexagonal; and the first house-fly produced twenty millions eight thousand three hundred and twenty eggs in one year, as she does at present. The first jump of the first flea was two hundred times its own length, as it was the last summer.

There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, as there is to-day, from whatever country or men you collect. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter, one hundred and fifty-nine feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed seventeen cubic inches of air, as do those of every adult reader.

ARTS OF THE
OLD MAGICIANS.

ALTHOUGH some gleams of historical light guide us to the recesses of the temples of antiquity, yet, as a great branch of human science flourished only in the depths of the sanctuaries, under the guise of religious mysteries, great obscurity must, upon many points, prevail. All the miracles not springing from craft or imposture were the fruit of the occult science of magic, and were, in fact, truths won from natural philosophy.

Many arts, which have now, for a long period, become familiar, passed for divine or wonderful so long as their mechanism continued secret; and, in the trial of skill which occurred between the professors of the science, whose interests were opposed to each other, to veil from profane eyes the bounds of magic power, a tacit or formal contract existed between the *Thaumaturgists*. In the Grecian mythology, one god could not undo what another had done. In the contests of the *Thaumaturgists*, the same principle appears to have been admitted and acted upon.

As it was necessary to show in appearance a supernatural power and conceal the hand of man, a religious secrecy hid the principles of science, and a peculiar language, with figurative expressions, allegories, and emblems, veiled from the eyes of the people, the minutest clue to the unravelling of the mystery. Hieroglyphics, an unknown writing, the enigmatical language of conjurors, gradual and partial revelations, and which were communicated in their plenitude to a small number, and a fearful religious oath, contributed to wrap them in an impenetrable mystery.

The art of magic seems, in fact, to have been the result of a science laboriously acquired, and with difficulty preserved. To carry on magical operations, there must have been numerous experiments on the powers of nature, over which was spread a mysterious veil. Moses Maimonides informs us, that the first part of the magic of the Chaldeans was the knowledge of metals, plants, and minerals, and the second pointed out the times when the works of magic could be performed, that is to say, the precise moments, when the season of the year, the temperature of the air, and the state of the atmosphere, would assist the completion or perfection of the chemical or physical operations. Add to this, mechanical inventions, gestures, attitudes, words unintelligible and mystical, the quackery of legerdemain, the various kinds of devices more or less gross, oracles consulted continually and managed by stratagem, and we shall possess the system of delusion almost complete.

Let us now proceed to a more particular recount of the *Thaumaturgic* arts and powers:—

I. Mechanics, acoustics, optics, and hydrostatics, were all sciences which were known to

the Thaumaturgists, and carried to a height of perfection such as the moderns have only till very lately attained, and, even at the present day, have not surpassed. The moveable or sliding panels—the machifres which seized the candidates for initiation, and caused them to disappear—are found in almost all temples; the statues which moved of themselves prove that the construction of automata is not a recent invention; and the words that, by universal accounts, they distinctly uttered, sufficiently show that the ancients had discovered the secret of those *androides* which, in our days, have excited so much admiration.

The optical illusions were not less extraordinary. The Thaumaturgists possessed mirrors which represented multiplied images, objects turned upside down, and, what was still more surprising, which, in a particular position, lost the property of reflecting.

They regulated, with adroitness, the effects of light; the delicious gardens, the splendid palaces, which, from the midst of profound darkness, appearing suddenly, dazzling and brilliant as the sun, would almost entitle us to suppose the existence of a *Diorama* in ancient times.

On the other hand, the apparition of gods and the shades of dead men was probably owing to nothing more than phantasmagoria. Orpheus, inconsolable for the loss of Eurydice, betakes himself to Aornos, in a cave consecrated to magical evocations; he believes the shade of Eurydice follows him, he looks behind, and, finding himself deceived, kills himself in despair.

The magician had acquired the secret of deluding the sight, so as to render persons invisible, or, at least, to cause them to appear under the forms of beings of a different species. It will suffice to mention Proteus, Cratisthenes, and the account of Eustathius surrounding himself with flames which seemed to issue from his body. This fact, of which the ancient writers give so many examples, has been observed lately, in Mexico and Peru. The Naquals, national priests, suddenly took upon themselves a frightful aspect, and transformed their bodies, in the eyes of the spectators, into eagles, tigers, and monstrous serpents. These miracles were only performed after preparation, and in chosen places, so that all circumstances combine clearly to indicate the existence of machinery, though its springs and movements cannot be explained.

The ancients were also acquainted with alcoholic liquors, distillation, liquids changing colour, and a great number of chemical results: but they possessed, at the same time, a book of secrets, which we have taken a pretty long time to decipher. The method of preserving the body from fire, so often employed in religious ceremonies and judicial trials, was practised in Asia, Italy, and the Lower Empire, and, more lately, in Europe. The art of weaving the asbestos, which has been lately revived by the Chevalier Alini, was an ancient

invention; but the Thaumaturgists had means of rendering wood incombustible, which we have not been successful enough to recover.

II. Their perfect acquaintance with plants and their properties, furnished matchless weapons to the initiated. There can be no doubt that the charms of music and kind treatment must act upon the senses of animals, and how often has not the sense of smell served to subdue them? To give a single example; the power possessed by the Psylli over the bites of serpents (put beyond doubt by experiments made in our days in Egypt) was gained by means of perfumes, which affected the senses of reptiles, but did not act on those of the human kind.

The imagination predisposed, by constant belief in extravagant tales, and the senses excited by imaginary fears and presentiments, proved of powerful assistance to the Thaumaturgists. We daily witness the strange effects the imagination produces; the miraculous cures wrought by its aid alone; the assistance it renders to medicine, which, born in the temple, made part of the occult science, and was long practised by the priests alone. Credulity and quackery strengthened their influence. The extraordinary cases of abstinence mentioned so frequently by the ancients, prove the fact of nutritious substances being condensed into an almost imperceptible compass, which permitted persons to remain a long time without taking any perceptible nourishment. Matthioli attributes to the Scythians the use of a herb agreeable to the taste, which was so exceedingly nutritious that its effects lasted sometimes as long as twelve days.

The ancient priests could inspire terror by the perfect knowledge they possessed of subtle poisons. Without doubt, they rendered immense service to mankind by their learning; but when circumstances required striking examples, they did not scruple to use the dangerous means of destruction which they held in their power. The art of graduating poisons has always existed in India.

III. What strikes us as being most remarkable about the philosophers of antiquity, is their talent for observation. In the eyes of a credulous and ignorant people, how powerful must those persons have seemed, who foretold, with accurate precision, eclipses, earthquakes, rain, storm, the changes of the wind—who, in short, held the thunderbolt and the tempest; and yet a deep research into meteorological phenomena, and the signs which are generally the precursors of such events, afforded a sufficient foundation for those predictions, which seemed to the vulgar, to imply the power of controlling the elements.

Thus the Thaumaturgists employed magical operations to prevent the fall of hail, when they very well knew the clouds did not contain any. They knew, beyond doubt, the vast resources afforded to them in electricity. M. Salverte has shown, that Numa Pompilius had made the same experiments as our Frank-

lin, and the same also, from the repetition of which, with too little precaution, Professor Reichman was killed with lightning in 1753; he proves that the existence of this art runs back to the time of Prometheus—that it elucidates the mythos of Salmoneus—that it was known to the Jews, then to Zoroaster, who used it to light the sacred fire, and assist in the initiation of his disciples.

The science of the Thaumaturgists included many other subjects. They had observed that particular modes of culture were noxious to each other; that certain chemical mixtures were injurious to harvests of every kind of seed, and tended to dry up the trees, and render the fruit abortive. From this they were enabled to foretell the sterility of trees or land, when the imprudent husbandmen had placed useful vegetables in the vicinity of noxious ones, or when they themselves had predicted the same in their rites of sorcery.

They also possessed the infernal art of rendering the air pestilential. The *Soanes*, not content, according to Strabo, with wounding their enemies with envenomed weapons, suffocated the warriors they could not reach, by shooting at them arrows containing a prepared powder, which diffused an odour so infectious, that it carried death to all who were so ill-fated as to breathe it.

The first philosopher who is known to have studied the science as it ought to be studied, namely, by experiments, was Democritus, who said the whole art of magic consisted entirely in the application and the imitation of the laws of nature.

Finally, the Thaumaturgists had, without doubt, numberless ways of imposing on the ignorant classes; and if we enter into the details of juggling, or the amusements of experimental philosophy, which, assuredly, were not unknown to persons interested in surrounding themselves with everything that could tend to increase their power, we must certainly conclude that such causes have given rise to many miracles; and that it would be absurd to deny all of them, because the facts themselves were veiled in allegories or figurative expressions.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

THE Baltimore Clipper tells a good story, of which the following is the substance:—A board of "School Commissioners," who encumber a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspaper for "a well-disposed, moral man, who could teach the dead languages, and did not drink whiskey, or chew tobacco." After a fortnight of this advertising had elaborated, a raw-boned Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and a pine-stick in one hand, and a *Cape Cod* protection, alias a cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:—

"Well, sir," said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school-teacher?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin," asked one of the committee-men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick, again rounding the end of the stick with the knife.

"Well, let's hear some of your Latin," said the chairman.

"Quambo hic squashium et punkinitum linguum," said Slick, drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "ist dat Latin? Who's te author?"

"Josephus," replied Slick; "he says in his life of Governor Hancock, Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hlanecokibus quad erat demonstrandum."

"Dat's goot," exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his hands, "tere never was better Latin!"

"Now, sir," said the chairman, "I suppose you understand geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the Deestriect of Columby."

"What state is it in?"

"A state of desperation."

"What latitude are we?"

"According to the thermometer we're ten degrees below zero."

"Which is the most western part of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir, let us see how far you have studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends upon the quality," replied Slick, snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well, suppose it to be good corn land?"

"Why, then, it depends upon the number of hills."

"Say—five hundred."

"Guess, you mought as well tell a feller how many grains you plant to the hill?"

"Five."

"Then, according to Euclid, it would be seven hundred and forty-two feet horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent. Pray where are you from?"

"Staunton, down in the bay state—and I can do most anything."

"No doubt; but there is one thing which you cannot do—you cannot humbug us; you may go."

STORMS ON THE GRAMPIONS.—The wind careered onward at some 120 miles an hour, and thundering upon every jutting cliff and mountain peak, in sounds more terrific than if all the Titans which fabulist ever fancied, were smashing the earth with their hammers of adamant.

HOW TO READ AUTHORS.

(From "Jest and Earnest.")

To commune with WORDSWORTH; cast yourself, at full length, on the soft sward, by the margin of a rippling stream, with green boughs hanging over your head, and the merry chirping of birds heard all around. In the distance, are the blue mountains, and there rises up against them the smoke from an encampment of gypsies.

SCOTT should be read in an apartment hung with relics of the feudal ages, and lighted by windows painted with heraldic ornaments. A richly carved, high-backed, old chair, is occupied by the student, and in a few minutes, he is in the days of chivalry and romance.

To sympathize with the spirit of BYRON, seat yourself on a rock by the sea-shore, when the sky looks wild and stormy. A few distant white sails are all that tell of the existence of man, and no sound breaks the feeling of utter loneliness, save the faint murmur of the tide on the beach below.

Choose POPE for your companion in a boudoir of an apartment fitted up with the most fastidious elegance. Pictures, busts, and vases, are disposed around, and the light falls gently from windows half-veiled by curtains of rose-coloured silk. There feast on the exquisitely refined wit and philosophy of Pope, whilst coffee is served at intervals in cups of the richest china.

Read MILTON in some sequestered nook of a cathedral, where the "dim, religious light," of the gorgeous painted window, and the distant swell of the choir, illustrate the page of the great Christian poet.

Seat yourself on a stile in the country, and read GOLDSMITH. The corn-field is full of reapers. Some are at work, and others are lying in the shade of a hedge, laughing and drinking. Over the trees, peeps the spire of the picturesque old village church, and the red-brick house of the squire looks down from the hill. All around breathes of English rural life, and of Goldsmith.

Study the philosophic FIELDING in the traveller's room of a country inn, which is a little world of itself. Guests are arriving—others are departing—bells are ringing—the landlady is calling; but let not this disturb you, for, probably, the very same thing is occurring on the page before you.

Enjoy the mirth-moving SMOLLETT at an open window which looks down into a crowded street. Fine gentlemen, adventurers, sailors, ladies of easy virtue, catchpoles, pass along and form a living portrait-gallery to illustrate the volume.

MOORE must give forth his fascinations in a bower of vine-leaves, intermixed with roses. Let a cup of wine be at your side, and read and quaff until you feel that this world is full of sunshine and happiness, and that he who grieves, is but a fool.

The ruins of some old abbey shall be your

study for SHELLEY. There read; and, in the pauses of your reading, look around on the memorials of a past state of man, and meditate on his future destiny.

And where shall be our study for the master-mind, SHAKSPERE! The lonely sea-shore—the green shades of the forest—the busy resorts of the town—all those spots which we have singly claimed for others, may be successively claimed for Shakspeare; for all have inspired his universal genius. Each play shall have a different study; and this devotion, I solemnly declare, I will require only of the student of Shakspeare.

Thus, by our vagabond and eccentric mode of reading, is every shabbily-printed book converted into a pictorial edition.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

SINCE the days of Napoleon, the activity of the French press has greatly augmented. The number of printed sheets, *exclusive* of newspapers, amounted, in 1816, to 66,852,883, and in ten years there was an increase of 16,158,600. At present, that number is about doubled.

The French booksellers are *brevetés*, that is, regularly licensed, and bound to observe certain rules.

French dealers regulate their discount by the *subject*, and not by the size of the volume, as we do in England. For instance, on history and general literature, they allow 25 per cent; on mathematics and other scientific works, from 10 to 15 per cent; but on works of fiction as much as 50 or 60 per cent.

The piracy practised by booksellers in France and Belgium is well known. Baudry's and Galignani's catalogues show the immense number of English works which are re-printed in Paris for almost nothing, the bookseller paying merely for paper and printing.

On the other hand, Belgium gluts herself upon the brain of the French author, and the result of many a weary hour and aching brow is immediately caught up by the Brussels' bookseller, who thus robs the poor author of his just profits.

Switzerland is more particularly famous for the immense number of publications reprinted there. A single bookseller, in the first six months of 1837, reprinted 318,615 French volumes.

It would be a useless and weary task for our readers were we to enter with any minuteness into the subject of the importation of foreign works into the United Kingdom. The average duty paid to government for the importation of foreign works is 5*l.* per cwt.; and, on looking at the returns for the last ten years, we find that there has been no material increase or decrease during that period.

According to the list laid before the House of Commons, we find that the total for the last

nine years in England amounts to 77,005*l.*, giving an average per year, of 8,556*l.*; in Scotland, 733*l.* and an average of 81*l.*; and in Ireland, of 2,041*l.*, and an average per year of 249*l.*; and the net produce of the last ten years for the United Kingdom, amounts to 91,590*l.*, making an average of 9,159*l.* per year.

PHARISEES OF THE TALMUD.*

[THE Rabbins had some shrewdness and satire at command. Their Talmud says that there were seven sorts of Pharisees, and the following is the category it draws up:—]

1. *A Shechemite Pharisee.*—He turned Pharisee for gain, as the Shechemites suffered themselves to be circumcised.

2. *A Pharisee with his feet cut off.*—So called as if he had no feet, because he would scarcely lift them from the ground when he walked, to cause the greater opinion of his meditation.

3. *A self-mutilating Pharisee.*—He would shut his eyes when he walked abroad, to avoid the sight of women, so that he often dashed his head against the walls, that even the blood gushed out.

4. *A "What ought I to do? and I will do it" Pharisee.*—Of this sort was the man who asked, "Good master, what shall I do?" &c., and who at last replied, "All those have I done from my youth upward."

5. *A "Mortar of a Pharisee."*—So called because he wore a hat in manner of a deep mortar, such as they used to bray spice in, so that he could not look upward, or on either side, but only downward on the ground, and directly forward.

6. *A Pharisee from Love.*—Such a one as obeyed the law for the love of virtue.

7. *A Pharisee from Fear.*—Such a one as obeyed the law for fear of punishment. He who conformed for fear, had respect chiefly to the negative commandments; but he who conformed for love, especially respected the affirmative.

THE DOORGAH POOJAH.

IN the month of October occurs the most popular and celebrated of all the Hindoo festivals observed by the natives of Eastern India, viz., the Doorgah Poojah.

The pomp and solemnity with which it is invariably celebrated by all classes of the people, the general hilarity and universal joy to which its periodical return gives rise, and the transcendent merit of performing this religious rite, all conspire to place this festival high in popular estimation.

It commences on the third of the month, and lasts three days, during which all Hindoos, be their rank what it may, are engaged in paying their homages to this supreme divinity.

As the anniversary-day of this high festival approaches, symptoms of grand preparations thicken all around. The rich and the poor, the old and the young, the Brahmin and the Sudra, are all moved by a national impulse of propitiating a deity, who is supposed to be endowed with all the distinctive attributes of the whole host of the gods that compose the Hindoo pantheon.

To give a detailed account of the almost innumerable ordinances which are the necessary accompaniments of this Poojah, would be waste of time. Every European resident in India, must have heard of the endless multiplicity of rites which are more or less the characteristic feature of every heathen practice. It is by the magic influence of these divers rites that the priests contrive to impose on the populace, and retain their towering pre-eminence over all other human beings. Supposed as they are to possess the key of paradise and purgatory, their muners serve as a talisman for engrossing the adoration and homage of the devout Hindoos, whose blind zeal in the cause of superstition could alone be equalled by their profound ignorance.

The number of idols which are fabricated about this time of the year, and the ease with which they are disposed of, are so great, that the craft of image-making has, from time immemorial, been considered as one of the most lucrative professions.

Every Hindoo who possesses a competency is bound, as it were, by the strong tie of national superstition, to consecrate his domicile with the presence of Doorgah, and lavish a portion of his income on the celebration of the Poojah. In Calcutta and its vicinity, no less than some 10,000 or 12,000 idols are worshipped on the occasion, and the sum thus spent in their adoration exceeds 500,000*l.*

A very rich Baboo is once said to have spent a lac of rupees in one single Poojah, but such extravagant expenditure is often the forerunner of speedy ruin and bankruptcy.

An European living in his native land can never form an adequate idea of the universal prevalence of image-worship throughout India, but should he once repair to Bengal in the month of September, he will be perfectly convinced of the truth of the Scriptural passages in Isaiah and other prophets. In passing along the streets of the native part of the town, he will see nothing but the prescriptive ensigns of idolatry, emblazoned with all manner of Oriental pomp and splendour. The variety of exhibitions, the almost incessant din of the tem-tem, the loud acclamations at the time of the sacrifice, the preparations made for the guests, and the several kinds of *tamasha* which enliven the scene, bespeak the solemnization of a festival which combines in it all kinds of religious austerities, as well as sensual enjoyments.—*Calcutta Courier*.

* Talmud. Tract. Sula. cap. 3.

MAGNITUDE AND WANTS OF
ENGLAND.*(From the current Number of the Quarterly Review)*

OFTENTIMES, in contemplating the history of this empire; the greatness of its power; the peculiarity of its condition; its vast extent, one arm resting on the East, the other on the West; its fleets riding proudly on every sea; its name and majesty on every shore; the individual energy of its people; their noble institutions, and, above all, their reformed faith—we are tempted to think that Heaven's high Providence has yet in store for us some high and arduous calling. The long-suffering of the Almighty invites us to repentance; evils that have engulfed whole nations, suspended over us for a while, and then averted, exhibit the mercy—and the probable termination of it:—

—————"Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike—"

Open, therefore, your treasury, erect churches, send forth the ministers of religion; reverse the conduct of the enemy of mankind, and sow wheat among the tares—all hopes are groundless, all legislation weak, without this alpha and omega; it will give content instead of bitterness, raise purity from corruption, and "life from the dead"—but there is no time to be lost.

Let us catch at this proffered opportunity, which may never return: betake ourselves with eagerness to do the first works; and, while we have yet strength, and dominion, and wealth, and power, "break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquility."*

A BOOK.

A book! there is magic in the sound! Talk of the necromancer of old, with his charms, his wand, and his incantation! he is a driveller to that necromancer of our days—a great author.

His charm is, that we lift the cover of a book; his incantation is a preface, his wand a pen; but what can equal their power? The spell is upon us. The actual world around us is gone! We are roaming in far-distant lands! We see called up the shades of the illustrious dead! The palace—the cottage—the ocean—the battle-field! by turns claim us for their own! We love—we fear—we hate—we hope—and wake from our trance to find that we are sitting quietly with a book in our hand.

Honor be, then, to those gifted ones of their kind who can thus delight and instruct us. No praise or reward can be too much when they are amongst us, nor any homage too great when they are passed away.

* Dan'el. iv., 27.

THE BEAUTIFUL INDIAN.

BY C. E. VANDENHOFF.

I LATELY paid a visit, with a party of friends, to an Indian encampment. After we had wandered from one wigwam to another, I saw a beautiful girl (daughter, I was told, to the king of the tribe) sitting alone, gazing, with melancholy and tear-filled eyes, upon the setting sun, which that evening sank down, with more than usual glory, even for this land, on which nature has lavished her stores of loveliness—this favoured land, whose scenery of mountain and lake, forest and sea, unites the bold grandeur of Switzerland with the gorgeous skies of Italy. As the girl gazed sadly round upon the rich landscape, (the water bathed in the ruddy light of sunset, the sloping hills in the distance crowned with waving trees) she glanced at us, speaking a few words in her native tongue to one of her people who at that moment approached her, then, sighing heavily, fixed her eyes upon the sinking sun. Her voice was very low, soft, and plaintive, and the expression of her fine countenance seemed to say—"My nation is dying away, even like the sun, and will leave no trace on earth! The 'pale face' has dimmed its glory!"

TO A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN GIRL.

Thou'rt very lovely, maiden!—though thy cheek
Be olive-tinted, though thy brow doth wear
A deeper dye—enough from the summer air—
Than we are wont in woman's face to seek.
Few are there amongst Beauty's fairest daughters
Could match the splendour of thy thrilling eye,
That, through its silky fringe doth tremulously
Beam, like the moonlight o'er the dancing waters!
Thy voice is very sweet! but yet its note
Breathes more the spirit's sadness than its joy:
As if some thought—corroding, did destroy
The else glad music of thy bird-like throat!
That one heart-feeding thought I well define—
It is the glory from thy nation past!
The "white man's" thrall o'er the dead warrior cast
The royal power—the sway—that should be thine!
And all are gone!—the singing rill, the flower,
The prairie fair—the eternal flowing rock,
Forests, and seas, and gorgeous skies, that mock
Italia's heaven!—well may'st thou mourn thy dower!
Thou'rt very lovely, maiden, yet weep on!—
Thou beautiful in grief!—I would not still
Thy mule and sacred sorrow, e'en to fill
Thine eye with joy!—weep!—weep thy glories gone!

FISCHER'S HAUTBOY.

FISCHER was a humourist, and no respecter of persons. He very frequently attended the king (Geo. III.); and one morning, being at Windsor Castle, and just having made his retiring bow to his majesty, at the moment was familiarly accosted by the Earl of Harecourt.

"Oh, how do you do, Fischer?" said his lordship, "have you received a card for Lady Harecourt's party to-night?"

"No, mine lordt," said he.

"I know it was intended to invite you."

Fischer bowed.

"Ah—Fischer—but as we have met—a—a—perhaps you will put your *hautboy* in your pocket."

"Thank your lordship," returned the German instrumentalist, "*pote mine hautboy never eads no suppers.*"

This short dialogue passed in the hearing of the king, who immediately went and related it to the queen and her amiable daughters, to the delight of all the illustrious party, who mightily enjoyed this instance of the *brusquerie* of the musician—the more so, for they had not the highest opinion of the earl's liberality.

PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.

THE sea was recently sounded by lead and line in latitude 57° south, and 85° 7' west longitude from Paris, by the officers of the French ship *Venus*, during a voyage of discovery; at a depth of 3,470 yards, or nearly two miles, no bottom was found; the weather was very serene; and it is said that hauling in the lead took 60 sailors upwards of two hours. In another place in the Pacific Ocean no bottom was found at the depth of 4,140 yards.—*American Paper*, Nov. 18.

ANOMALOUS ANIMAL.

At a late meeting of the Ashmolean Society, Oxford, the Secretary read a communication made to Lord Francis Egerton, by one of the agents on the Duke of Sutherland's estate, respecting an animal said to have been repeatedly seen in Loch Assynt. In the autumn of 1837, it was observed by two young men, Kenneth M'Leod, and Donald M'Kay, who were fishing in the loch. It appeared close to the end of one of their fishing-rods, and is described by them as having large eyes, and it opened its mouth so wide, "that they could see down to its very heart." The colour was grey, the hair like bristles, the tusks large, the ears hanging down like those of a sheep-dog, the shape of the head altogether was like a bull-dog, but broader. It was seen again soon afterwards on a small island in the loch, and is described as about the size of a *stirk*, but broader in the back, about three feet high, with four legs, like those of a pig, but stouter. The description given by other persons of it, correspond generally with the above. It was seen five times in three years—the last time in 1839.

Arts and Sciences.

WILLIAMS' PATENT LOCK.

A NOVELTY has recently been added to the already numerous and ingenious inventions for affording security to property, and which will shortly be introduced to the public as Williams' patent lock. This invention pro-

sents the singularity of a lock without any key-hole, and it is said it can be made applicable to all the usual purposes, even including distillers' cocks, tavern taps, &c. The key, or means of opening it, it is stated, can be made in every variety of form—as a ring to wear on the finger, as a seal, a pencil-case, or as an addition to a whip or stick. The lock itself, can be supplied at a much lower price than any other patent lock, and possesses the important advantages, that it is impervious to dust or wet, and cannot be picked.

THE MATHEMATICAL POWER-LOOM.

By the introduction of this invention, it is expected a powerful stimulus will be given to a staple manufacture in this country—viz., the linen trade, which has for many years been in a drooping state, chiefly owing to the low price of labour in Scotland. The mathematical loom is equally applicable to the manufacture of worsted, cotton, and all other fibrous substances. This machine is called a mathematical loom, because the quantity of weft or woof is determined by calculation or measurement, thus securing, at pleasure, cloth of any fabric or stoutness, and perfectly equal throughout. The pressure upon the warp-thread can be varied to suit the strength of the warp; so that the strongest or most delicate yarns can be woven, and a firm or soft fabric produced without any difficulty. This loom performs the whole work of weaving, and will produce a piece of cloth of the ordinary length, without the alteration of any of its parts. It has woven two bolts, or thirty yards, of the heaviest sail-cloth, in 12½ hours; and the inventor has stated that he would undertake to do that quantity in less time.—*Durham Chronicle*.

Public Exhibitions.

PANORAMA OF DANACUS.

THE above heart-stirring Painting is another convincing proof of Mr. Burford's judicious selection; for, it is impossible he could have chosen one in all respects so vitally interesting, particularly at the present moment, when the East is pregnant with such startling events; but when we consider it as a delineation of that holy land, where once the thirsting sinner drank the water of eternal life from the rock, "and that rock was Christ"! we become fully impressed with the importance of the subject. Into this splendid production, the artist has thrown all his magic imagery so lavishly, that the spectator feels that he is gazing on reality itself, and not an illusion: the gorgeous scenery, with the various minarets, tombs, mosques, processions, blend pictaresquely with the imposing oriental costume of the various figures, and form a delightful *coup d'œil* of bewitching beauty and interest. There cannot be a doubt but that the tableau will become highly popular.

The Gatherer.

Unpoeticalness of the Romans.—Naturally the Romans seem to have been a stiff, unbending race. Made and feeling themselves to be the *domini rerum*—the lords of the world, they held it a condescension almost unworthy of a Roman to submit themselves to the control of the Muses. They preferred to dictate, not to transcribe. They loved to command, and only copied by necessity.

Slippers.—The best slippers are a pair of old shoes; the worst, those of plaited cloth or list, which make the feet tender from an undue warmth, and when taken off in cold weather, create chilblains. To keep the feet warm, there is, in reality, but one good and wholesome expedient—*brisk exercise*.

Woman of the Comedy-writers.—Woman is pawed rather than caressed by Etherage, Wycherley, and Vanbrugh; set up rather as a butt for compliments by Congreve, Dryden, &c., than a shrine for deep-murmured vows, prayers, and praises; while, throughout Fletcher's comedies she is treated too much as a fair animal, or little more.

Definition of Law.—As without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law!—That is law.—*Money, a Comedy*.

Royal Wager.—Elizabeth on one occasion betted that Raleigh could not weigh the smoke that escaped from his pipe; a bet which the knight very ingeniously won by comparing the weight of the tobacco with the weight of its ashes. The queen laughed while she paid her wager, and exclaimed, that she had often heard of men who turned their gold into smoke, but had never before seen any one who could turn his smoke into gold.

Arab Saying.—Science, on coming down from heaven, lodged itself in three different parts of men; in the brains of the Greeks; in the hands of the Chinese; and in the tongues of the Arabs.

Broken English.—A Frenchman, having a weakness in his chest, told the physician he had a bad pain in his *portmanteau*!

Reginald Heber.—There are men whose brows are aching for the mitre, whose lives are industrious and talents brilliant; but whose ends turn upon self, and with whom the desire to shine is the spring of action. Heber was not this. Heber could afford to wear a straw hat, while his lips were pregnant with wisdom.

Indian People of the Neilgherries.—One of the curiosities of this country is that everywhere correspondence, even records and registers of the Government, are written on the leaves of the cocoa-nut and betel-nut trees. Instead of a pen or reed, they have an iron spindle, which they hold like a spear in their hands at the time of writing, weighing perhaps, twenty tolas. The character looks beau-

tiful, very like Hindui. They write from the left to the right hand; and the leaves are said to last very long.

Eloquence.—Different styles of eloquence, each producing the desired effect:—

"Contribute liberally, my brethren; give such a sum as you would not be ashamed to place on the altar of heaven in presence of an assembled universe."—*Bishop Griswold*.

"Give generously, my friends; not fourpence-half-pennies, but run your hand into your pocket up to the elbow, and bring out a handful, as a sailor would if you needed his aid."—*Rev. Mr. Taylor*.

Believers in Cabalistic Prognostications will be interested with the following calculation:—If the year 1774 (death of Louis XV.) be taken, and its ciphers be successively added to the figure in the unit's place of that number, the year 1793 will be obtained (death of Louis XVI.). If 1794 (death of Robespierre) be taken, and the same operation repeated, it will give 1815 (final fall of Napoleon); the same method applied to that year gives 1830 (fall of Charles X.); and the same operation with the ciphers of 1830, gives 1842 (fall of the sun, and end of the world!!!).—*Galigani's Messenger*.

"I suppose London is very empty," said a young woman to the captain of an Indiaman at St. Helena, "at the time that the India ships come out."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted:—E. C.—to the Early Violet.—"The Franciscan Friars," by Laura C. K.—"A Night in Warden-le-Dale," by Rouge Croix.—"Morn and Even," "The Harp of the Minstrel."—J. P. S.

We beg to decline:—"Memento," by A. D. C.—"Evening," by W. W.—"The Sailor to his Mistress."—"The Minstrel's Curse," by J. E.—"Love and Friendship," by F. C. G.—"The Monk of Valle Crucis Abbey," by Rinselm.—"The Witchery of Fancy."—"Lines on Napoleon in Exile."—"Gilbert Beck."—"Peter Spriggins," by R. J. L.

We kindly thank R. S. L. for his paper on Duelling; but its length precludes its insertion.

Mr. Ling had better apply to the bookseller of whom he purchased the Mirror, who will doubtless procure him an Index.

J. E.—Nately Abbey is accepted, but waits over to be appended to an engraving.

Mr. Duff's communication lies for him at the office,—it not being able to be inserted within the time specified.

VOL. XXXVI. OF THE MIRROR.

With a Steel-plate Portrait and Memoir of Commodore Sir Charles Napier, R.N., and upwards of 400 closely-printed pages, price 5s. 6d. 6ds., will be published on the 31 of January, 1841.

Part 239, price 10d., completing the volume, will also be ready on the same day.

The SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, containing the Portrait and Memoir, with Title-page, Preface, and Index to the Volume, will be published Saturday next, January 2.

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